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INDEX TO VOLUME CXLII

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The following letters are used to indicate the type of article:

A Art
Arc Architecture
C Correspondence
Ct Cartoon
D Drama
E Editorial Article
EP Editorial Paragraph
M Music
MP Moving Pictures
P Poetry
S Signed Article

Book reviews and reviewers are indexed separately in the Book Review Section.

Pages		Pages	
1-28	January 1	433-464	April 8
29-56	January 8	465-496	April 15
57-84	January 15	497-532	April 22
85-112	January 22	533-564	April 29
113-140	January 29	565-596	May 6
141-168	February 5	597-628	May 13
169-204	February 12	629-660	May 20
205-232	February 19	661-692	May 27
233-260	February 26	693-724	June 3
261-296	March 4	725-756	June 10
297-332	March 11	757-788	June 17
333-364	March 18	789-824	June 24
365-396	March 25	825-856	June 27
397-432	April 1		

A

AAA. See Agriculture
Æ. See Russell, G. W.
Abbott, Edith
Unemployment relief, federal; S..... 346
Abyssinia. See Italo-Ethiopian war
Academic freedom
Appropriation for investigation of communism in New York state schools and colleges; EP..... 663
City college; dismissal of M. U. Schappes; E..... 634
Educators condemn invasions; EP..... 299
Pittsburgh university blacklisted by American association of university professors; EP..... 3
Teachers' loyalty oath, District of Columbia; movement to repeal. P. W. Ward; S..... 371
Teachers' loyalty oath, Massachusetts, protests against; EP..... 334
Teachers' loyalty oaths, opposition to; EP..... 87; EP..... 457
Tufts professors resign rather than sign oath of loyalty; EP..... 3
Workers' schools threatened. M. Bonner; C..... 185
Adamic, Louis
Bridges, H.; S..... 576; see also C..... 723
Cherry time in San Joaquin valley; S..... 840
Deportations to Germany; S..... 377; see also EP..... 759
Adler, Eleanor H.
Seeks letters of F. Adler; C..... 73
Adler, Felix, letters sought. E. H. Adler; C..... 73
Aeronautics; disasters, recent; E..... 500
Agricultural adjustment administration. See Agriculture
Agriculture
Agricultural adjustment administration:
Farmers' fate following invalidation; E..... 88
Killed by supreme court; EP..... 61; see also C..... 130
Large payments under; EP..... 498
Processing taxes ordered returned, by supreme court; EP..... 85
Program, new. P. W. Ward; S..... 93
Views of. P. W. Ward; S..... 93
Views of W. Lippmann. H. Broun; S..... 129
"Aid" for, in Alabama and elsewhere; EP..... 436
Alabama; conditions. C. Beals; S..... 444; 475
Rehabilitation. T. Burke; S..... 106; see also C..... 362
Share-croppers' union; on *The Nation's* honor roll for 1935..... 9
Arkansas, vigilante terrorism. P. W. Ward; S..... 440

Farm bill, new; EP..... 262
Farm program, administration; EP..... 169
Measures for aid; prospects not encouraging; EP..... 113
Packers, bill to control. P. W. Ward; S..... 471
Social planning, rural, national conference on. P. W. Ward; S..... 440
Soil conservation act escape headman's ax. Fritz; Ct..... 120
Southern; share-croppers, cotton, unite in Southern tenant farmers' union strike; E..... 794
Southern; share-croppers' misery and hope. H. L. Mitchell and H. Kester; C..... 184
Southern tenant farmers' union members in Arkansas blacklisted; EP..... 114
State aid planned under soil conservation act; EP..... 141
Ah, wilderness. M. Van Doren; MP..... 84
Airplanes. See Aeronautics
Alabama. See Agriculture
Alcala Zamora, President Niceto. See Spain
Aliens. See Immigration
Alpert, Augusta
Community school, Brooklyn, establishment; C..... 824
American artists' congress, drawings from international exhibition..... 640
American association of social workers; meeting. P. W. Ward; S..... 243; see also EP..... 207
American can company; salaries not to be made public; EP..... 58
American civil liberties union; on *The Nation's* honor roll for 1935..... 9
American federation of labor
Committee for industrial organization; on *The Nation's* honor roll for 1935..... 9
Executive council meeting; measures taken; EP..... 142
Industrial versus craft unionism, fight; EP..... 261
Lewis, John L., takes over leadership of American union movement; E..... 208
Lewis-Green battle; issue joined on steel; EP..... 629
Split with mine workers not inevitable. H. Broun; S..... 220
American league against war and fascism, conference; EP..... 87
American liberty league; activities for "farmers"; EP..... 534
American library association; Negro librarians, treatment of; C..... 691
American museum of natural history; directors; on *The Nation's* honor roll for 1935..... 9
American newspaper guild. See Newspapers
American newspaper publishers' association on Black committee's work; EP..... 566
American student union, formed; E..... 33
American telephone and telegraph company, investigation of. P. W. Ward; S..... 403
Lobbying. P. W. Ward; S..... 471; 603
Amlie-Benson bill. See Youth
Amoskeag company, holding, and Amoskeag manufacturing company, operating; EP..... 31
Amsterdam News. See Newspapers—American newspaper guild
Anderson, Mary
Women workers, laws for; C..... 854; see also E..... 727
Anderson, Maxwell; on *The Nation's* honor roll for 1935..... 9
Annie Oakley. M. Van Doren; MP..... 84
Anthologies, poetry. B. Belitt; S..... 648; see also letters..... 722
Anti-fascism. See Fascism
Anti-semitism. See Jews
Anti-trust laws; steel companies accused of violations; EP..... 398
Sugar institute; move against; EP..... 171
Arabs. See Palestine
Architect and the world. A. Mayer; S..... 43
Arkansas. See Agriculture
Armament limitation and disarmament
Japan to press for elimination or reduction of larger vessels; EP..... 86
Japan's withdrawal from London conference; EP..... 114
Naval treaty, signing; EP..... 435
Sessions, fruitless; EP..... 2
Armaments
British taxation, heavy; EP..... 567
Or collective law? E..... 238
Race. O. G. Villard; S..... 350

Soviet activity in face of war threat. L. Fischer; S..... 442
United States preparing for war; E..... 436
See also Munitions of War
Arms. See Munitions of war
Armstrong (cartoonist)
German "honor and freedom"; Ct..... 148
Art
Artist and the ice age, the; S..... 418
Artists. H. Broun; S..... 280
Censorship. See Censorship, art
Criticism and taste. J. W. Krutch; S..... 517
Works progress administration activities; EP..... 827
Associated press; Wagner-Connelly act, attack on. H. Broun; S..... 157
See also Newspapers
Athletics, school; traitor to his school. W. T. Lucas; S..... 16
Austria
Intervention by Germany, rumored; EP..... 566
Nazi flood dammed. L. Fischer; S..... 246
Politics and government; volcano. M. W. Fodor; S..... 673
Socialists and communists, trial of; E..... 402
Authors
On being contemporary. W. Troy; S..... 511
"Outmoded." J. W. Krutch; S..... 190
Smooth-paper reality. D. Van Doren; S..... 844
Automobiles; company unions. A. Luchek; S..... 74
Workers' convention; E..... 602
Aviation. See Aeronautics

B

B., B.
Room in red and white, a; D..... 167
B., F. A.
Borden company, strike, threatened; C..... 495
Bacon, Peggy; drawing, colored folks..... 411
Bacon, short-weight. R. Brindze; S..... 254
Baer, Walter E.; deportation threatened; EP..... 399; C..... 531
Baldwin, Roger N., and C. Lamont
Harvard heretics and rebels; S..... 733
Baldwin, Roger N.; on *The Nation's* honor roll for 1935..... 9
Banker Lunkhead. J. T. Farrell; S..... 642
Bankruptcy; Section 77-b of national act, attack on. P. W. Ward; S..... 795
Bargaining, collective. See Labor
Beals, Carleton
Alabama; farm conditions; S..... 444, 475
Scottsboro interview; S..... 178
Scottsboro puppet show; S..... 149
Beard, Charles A.
Supreme court and the constitution; S..... 405
Beard, Charles A.; on *The Nation's* honor roll for 1935..... 9
Bedding, black lists. A. B. Johnson and R. Brindze; C..... 104
Bell, Edward W.
Veblen and Henry George; C..... 659; see also..... 321
Bellinger, F. C., open letter to; E..... 338
Belitt, Ben
Poetry, anthologies; S..... 648; see also letters..... 722
Bendiner, M. R.
Safety at sea; and seamen's strike; S..... 542; see also EP..... 534
Berry committee on industrial policy reports; EP..... 366; see also C..... 531
Bilbo, Theodore, Senator; speech. P. W. Ward; S..... 440
Birth, painless, attacks on; E..... 699
Bisson, T. A.
Conflict in Outer Mongolia; S..... 507
Bitter stream. J. W. Krutch; D..... 559
Black, Hugo L.; on *The Nation's* honor roll for 1935..... 9
Black committee. See Lobbying investigation; Freedom of the press
Black legion; exposed; EP..... 695
Power behind; P. W. Ward; S..... 731; see also E..... 728
Blanton, Tom; record as enemy of labor, anti-semitic, etc.; EP..... 828
Blum, Léon. See France
Bolaffio, Robert
Butler, Nicholas Murray, on dead universities; C..... 159
Bonheur, le. M. Van Doren; MP..... 360
Bonner, Miriam
Workers' school threatened; C..... 185
Bonus. See Veterans
Books
Banned; E..... 34

- Murder and Karl Marx. M. McCarthy; S. 381
- Mystery and detective stories, and criticism of M. McCarthy. W. Seagle; C. 494; see also 468
- Boondoggling; habits of field mice investigated; EP. 115
- Borah, Senator William E., fight against. R. L. Neuberger; S. 610
- Borden company, threatened strike. F. A. B.; C. 495
- Bourke-White, Margaret
Photographing this world; S. 217
- Bouton, S. Miles
Germany, prophecy by Heine; C. 659; see also 505
- Boxing; Schmeling-Louis fight. J. T. Farrell; S. 834
- Brazil, fascism in. W. Frank; C. 495
- Brenner, Anita
Spain mobilizes for revolution; S. 546
- Bridges, Harry: Rank-and-file leader. L. Adamic; S. 576; see also C. 723
- Brigham, G. R.
Chain gangs, Georgia; C. 18
- Brindze, Ruth
Facts for consumers; S. 21, 77, 104, 132, 187, 254, 349, 415, 481
Comment on articles. W. Glyn; C. 463
- Brite, Mary D.
Mountjoy case; C. 496
- British cabinet. See Great Britain
- British-Italian relations; war seen as inevitable in Italy; EP. 695
See also Italo-Ethiopian war
- Britt, George
Farley and possible re-election of Mayor LaGuardia; S. 341
- Broun, Heywood
And W. H. Chamberlin; letter by Chamberlin; C. 18
American federation of labor and united mine workers; S. 220
American newspaper guild's move toward unionization; S. 745
Associated press attack on Wagner-Cornery act; S. 157
Cabinet, next; S. 514
Communist party and the united front; debate with D. Scheyer. 19
Conviction in Milwaukee; S. 551
Courts, federal, decisions by; S. 385
Green and Lewis speeches; S. 220
Hagood, General, punishment of; and McCormick comment on coming election; S. 351
Hearst, W. R.; S. 615
Hearst and Landon; S. 779
Hearst, anti-laborite; S. 584
Hearst's convention; S. 800
Hughes, chief justice, switch on AAA decision; S. 253
Judges, race-track and others; S. 647
Knox, F.; S. 843
Knox and the Newspaper guild; S. 253
Knox; thrift habits; S. 351
Lewis, J. L., not overpaid; S. 253
Lewis, J. L.; speech not adequately reported; S. 47
Liberty and license; S. 483
Lippmann, W., on AAA decision; S. 129
Loose construction; the Republican party's "Liberty at the crossroads"; S. 180
Miami, Florida; S. 483
Morgan at munitions inquiry; S. 103
Newspaper methods; S. 351
Page praised. E. M. S.; C. 723
Painting; S. 280
Pontius Pilate, chapter from possible biography; S. 711
Radio entertainment; S. 686
Radio programs; S. 752
Republican party's broadcast, "Liberty at the crossroads"; S. 129
Republican presidential candidates; S. 220
San Francisco "reds"; S. 103
Smith attack on Roosevelt; S. 157
Supreme court; S. 103
Sutherland, Justice; S. 103
Taxi driver not a good source of news; S. 253
Veterans of future wars; S. 417
Waiters' strike at Jack and Charlie's; S. 157
Winchell, W., tooth; S. 47
Wisconsin News strike; S. 320, 451
- Browder, Earl; discusses communism; EP. 333
- Brown shoe company. See Labor—National labor relations board
- Bryan, William Jennings, and the war. J. M. Leyda; C. 17
- Buchman, Reverend Frank N. D., leader of Oxford group, helps democrats; EP. 826
- Budget, federal. See Finance, public
- Buildings, New York; service strike; EP. 298; EP. 333; E. 338; E. 370; EP. 434; EP. 535
- Bullitt, William C., accused by *This week* of anti-Soviet activity; EP. 790
- Bureau of agricultural economics; doctors cotton report. P. W. Ward; S. 243
- Burke, Kenneth
New music society concert; M. 27
- Burke, Tom
Farm rehabilitation, Alabama; open letter to R. Tugwell; S. 106; see also C. 362
- Burke, Tom, on *The Nation's* honor roll for 1935 9
- Bury the dead. J. W. Krutch; D. 592
- Business
National industrial policy; EP. 366; C. 531
Pick-up in 1935; EP. 58
- Butler, General Smedley D., suggested for *The Nation's* honor roll for 1935. A. Lans; C. 73
- Butler, Nicholas Murray; dead universities and Casa Italiana. R. Bolaffio; C. 159
On child labor; E. 469
- C
- Caldwell, Erskine
Jesus Lopez; S. 545; C. 595
- California
After EPIC. L. Symes; S. 509; see also C. 660
Gallagher, L., as radical defense lawyer, in Sacramento and elsewhere. J. A. Washburn; C. 17
Jesus Lopez, and other holders of small properties, versus real estate developers. E. Caldwell; S. 545; C. 595
Labor; cherry time in San Joaquin valley. L. Adamic; S. 840
Los Angeles border patrol. R. M. Packard; C. 295; EP. 367
Sacramento criminal-syndicalism case. H. Solow; C. 158; see also C. 296
Sales tax, opposition to. J. H. Ralston; C. 660; see also 509
- California, steamship. See Shipping
- California, university of; vote against compulsory military training. L. Davies; C. 332
- Call it a day. J. W. Krutch; D. 201
- Calles, Plutarco Elias. See Mexico
- Campaign, presidential. See Presidential election of 1936
- Cannon, James P.
Hearst and Trotsky; C. 396
- Capital punishment. O. G. Villard; S. 513
- Carlson, Oliver
San Francisco waterfront; S. 105
- Cartoons. See Armstrong; Fritz
- Carver, Professor Thomas Nixon; scheme for saving country; EP. 599
- Casa Italiana, Columbia university. See Fascism
- Case of Clyde Griffiths, the. J. W. Krutch; D. 427
- Catholic church. See Germany
- Ceiling zero. M. Van Doren; MP. 203
- Censorship, art; Wyoming university bans nudes; EP. 335
- Censorship, literary; books banned; E. 34
- Censorship, moving pictures; It can't happen here, by S. Lewis, barred; EP. 235
- Chain gangs, Georgia. G. R. Brigham; C. 18
- Chamberlin, William Henry, and H. Broun; C. 18
- Chambers of commerce as fascist. E. Seeley; S. 473
- Chaplin, Charlie. M. Van Doren; MP. 232
- Chaplin, John R.
Hollywood goes closed shop; S. 225
Charlie Chan's secret. M. Van Doren; MP. 203
- Chase, Stuart
Tennessee valley authority; S. 702; EP. 727; S. 738; S. 775; S. 804
- Cheese; facts for consumers. R. Brindze; S. 254
- Cherry time in San Joaquin valley. L. Adamic; S. 840
- Chiang Kai-shek. See China
- Chicago
Milk strike, report on; EP. 631
Politics; case of R. M. Sweitzer. E. A. Lahey; S. 12
Prostitution in. T. N. Hall; C. 496
- Chicago *Daily News* and the Newspaper guild. H. Broun; S. 253
- Child-birth, painless, attacks on; E. 699
- Child labor, is it abolished? E. 469
- Children of the revolution. M. Van Doren; MP. 560
- China
Chiang Kai-shek denounced by son; EP. 235
Civil war threatened; EP. 758
Communism; news from red China; E. 89
- Chinese-Japanese relations
Anti-Japanese movement growing; EP. 790
Chinese students' activity against Japan; EP. 30; EP. 142
- Japanese smuggling operations in north China; EP. 663
- Japan's new "lifeline"; E. 5
- Mongolia attacked by Japanese; EP. 29
- News of military suppression of freedom in China withheld by American press; EP. 535
- Christ; chapter from possible biography of Pontius Pilate. H. Broun; S. 711
- City college. See College of the city of New York
- Civil liberties union. See American civil liberties union
- Civil rights
Attacked on several fronts; EP. 298
LaFollette resolution for investigation passed; EP. 758
Upheld in Seattle. C. Stevens; S. 252
Violations, investigation proposed. P. W. Ward; S. 731
- Cities. See Municipal bankruptcy act
- Clark, John A.; on *The Nation's* honor roll for 1935 9
- Clas, A. R.
Slum clearance; C. 595; see also 410
- Clerk, the, tactics and. J. W. Krutch; S. 616
- Cleveland convention. See Presidential election of 1936
- Cloistered. M. Van Doren; MP. 753
- Clurman, Harold
Krutch review of *Paradist* lost, play; C. 72
- Coal
Great Britain; government preparing to take control; EP. 31
Guffey act; and consumer. P. W. Ward; S. 303
Before supreme court. O. K. Fraenkel; C. 564
Declared unconstitutional; E. 664
Invalidation by supreme court. P. W. Ward; S. 700
- Cohan, George M. in *Dear old darling*. J. W. Krutch; D. 359
- Collective bargaining. See Labor
- College of the city of New York; academic freedom; dismissal of M. U. Schappes; E. 634
President Robinson, move for removal; EP. 170
- Colleges
Commencement addresses; EP. 789
Dead, in Italy, and Casa Italiana, Columbia university. R. Bolaffio; C. 159
Labor difficulties; E. 5
See also Students
- Colonies, demand for. O. G. Villard; S. 319
- Columnists. See Newspapers
- Columbia university. See Fascism
- Commencement address; EP. 789
- Commerce chambers, fascist. E. Seeley; S. 473
- Committee for industrial organization of the American federation of labor; on *The Nation's* honor roll for 1935 9
Reports; EP. 366; see also C. 531
Work; EP. 598
- Common man, faith in; E. 264
- Communism
Discussed by E. Browder and J. Stalin; EP. 333
In New York state schools and colleges; appropriation for investigation; EP. 663
Murder and Karl Marx, in mystery novels. M. McCarthy; S. 381
"Red" scare. Fritz; Ct. 240
See also China
- Communist party; united front; debate between D. Scheyer and H. Broun 19
- Community school, Brooklyn, establishment. A. Alpert; C. 824
- Companies, holding. See Holding companies
- Conference, naval. See Armament limitation and disarmament
- Congress
Action and non-action on bills, before adjournment. P. W. Ward; S. 763
Adjournment rush imperils needed legislation. P. W. Ward; S. 667
Business, unfinished; E. 730
Cleaning up the calendar. P. W. Ward; S. 603
Ends work; EP. 825
Investigations to continue; EP. 758
Powers, greater, by constitutional amendment needed; E. 696 (with opinions); see also 760
- Congress of associated country women of the world, meeting; E. 793
- Constitution, United States
Amendment for giving greater powers to congress needed; E. 696 (with opinions); see also 760
And her "protectors." Fritz; Ct. 212
And the supreme court. C. A. Beard; S. 405
- Consumers, facts for. R. Brindze; S. 21, 77, 132, 187, 254, 349, 415, 463, 481
- "Consumers' project." P. W. Ward; S. 303
- Consumers' research; violation of federal labor law found; decision in employees' strike; EP. 171
- Convict labor. See Labor
- Convicts. See Prisons and prisoners
- Coolidge-Kerr immigration bill. See Immigration
- Copeland bill. See Food and drug bill

- Copeland-Roper act. See Shipping
Corporations; earnings rise; EP..... 398
See also Finance, public (for articles on tax on surpluses).
Correspondents, foreign. See Newspapers
Costigan, Senator, to retire. P. W. Ward; S. 539
Cotton textiles, Japanese, tariff increased; EP 694
Cotton workers. See Agriculture
Country doctor, the. M. Van Doren; MP.. 429
Courts
Again hold labor act unconstitutional; EP 1
Federal, decision by. H. Broun; S.... 385
Lower courts, judges; and Ritter conviction; EP..... 534
Roosevelt administration and. P. W. Ward; S..... 181
Craig, Madeline
Quilts for labor; C..... 660
Cramer, Madelyn A.
Parole system; C.. 853; see also E..... 570
Creel, George, out of WPA. P. W. Ward; S. 303
Crime and criminals
"Big shots," immunity. E. H. Lavine; S. 241
Lehman prevention program; EP..... 206
Parole and murder; Titterton case; E..... 570; see also letters..... 853
See also New York state; Prisons and Prisoners
Criticism; and taste. J. W. Krutch; S.... 517
Eternal principles. P. C. Jones; C.... 73
Critics, literary. J. W. Krutch; S..... 22
Note on literary criticism. J. T. Farrell; S..... 276; 314
Responsibility of editors. J. W. Krutch; S..... 679
Cuba; M. M. Gomez elected president; EP.. 86
Curley, Governor James M. See Massachusetts
Currency; inflation talk in the air. M. S. Stewart; S..... 306
- D
- Damascus. See Syria
Dash, Karen
Slum-clearance farce, in Detroit; S.. 410; see also C..... 595
Daumier
Drawing; European equilibrium..... 348
Drawing; peace on a bicycle..... 409
Davis, Horace B.
Liberalism, test of; C..... 531
Davies, Louise
University of California vote against compulsory military training; C..... 332
Dean, Vera Micheles
Responsibilities of peace; S..... 244
Dear old darling. J. W. Krutch; D..... 359
Democratic party
National committee members. P. W. Ward; S..... 128
Smith, Alfred E., and Roosevelt. O. G. Villard; S..... 211
Smith attack on Roosevelt administration; E..... 144
Smith's "show"; H. Broun; S..... 157
Talmadge, Governor, anti-Roosevelt rally. P. W. Ward; S..... 153
Washington convention indorses production-for-use platform; EP..... 791
See also Presidential election of 1936
Dentistry; painless; discovery of Doctor L. L. Hartman; EP..... 143
Deportations; Baer, Walter E., case of; EP 399
To Germany. L. Adamic; S.. 377; see also EP..... 759
De Selincourt, Basil
Seeks letters from A. D. Sedgwick; C.. 185
Detective stories. See Books
Detectives, private, as labor spies; E..... 117
Detroit; slum-clearance farce. K. Dash; S..... 410; see also C..... 595
Dialectical materialism and nature. B. D. Wolfe; C..... 431; see also..... 288
Dilliard, Irving
Supreme court justices; C.. 495; see also 379
District of Columbia; teachers' oath bill; movement to repeal. P. W. Ward; S. 371
"Jim crowism." P. W. Ward; S..... 403
Doctors. See Medicine
Donnelly, Marion
Will neutrality keep us out of war? Prize-winning student editorial; EP 567
Drama. See Theater, the
Drawings from international exhibition, American artists' congress..... 640
Dressmakers' strike. D. Scheyer; S..... 224
Dubrovsky. M. Van Doren; MP..... 492
Duff, Dorothy Manley
Negro librarians at convention; C..... 691
Duffy, Edmund
Elephant goes west; Ct..... 796
Dutton, Charles J.
Prisoners on parole; C..... 853
Dwight, Mabel
Merchants of death; illustration..... 272
- E
- Eberle, Examiner. See Labor—National labor relations board
Editorial board, Encyclopedia of the social sciences; on *The Nation's* honor roll for 1935..... 9
Editorial, student, prize-winning; EP.... 567; 582
Editorials. See Newspapers
Editors, radical, summoned for "questioning" in New York; EP..... 114
Responsibility of. J. W. Krutch; S.... 679
Edmunds, Abe Craddock
Biography; P..... 255
Edward VIII; foreign policy; EP..... 170
Election, presidential. See Presidential election of 1936
Elections, for house of representatives and senate. P. W. Ward; S..... 538
Electric power. See Power and power industry
Elevator strike. See Buildings, New York
Elevators, hat removing in; EP.... 663; see also C..... 824
Ellenbogen-Wagner bill. See Housing
Ellis, Havelock; introduces sex to the English public; Ct..... 420
Encyclopaedia of the social sciences, editorial board; on *The Nation's* honor roll for 1935..... 9
End of summer, the. J. W. Krutch; D.... 291
Engelbrecht, H. C.
Control of sale of munitions of war; S.. 10
England. See Great Britain
Englewood, New Jersey; families feeding on garbage; EP.. 31; see also C, 130; C, 223
EPIC. See California
Ethan Frome. J. W. Krutch; D..... 167
Ethiopia. See Italo-Ethiopian war
Europe
Arms over Europe:
III. Italy at war; First impressions. L. Fischer S..... 14
IV. Why Mussolini went to war. L. Fischer; S..... 67
V. Mussolini outbluffs England. L. Fischer; S..... 123
Equilibrium; Ct..... 348
France the center of the situation; EP.. 497
Situation following defeat of sanctions against Italy; E..... 829
War; can it be averted? E..... 665
European war. See World war
- F
- Facts for consumers. See Consumers
Far east. See Japanese-Russian relations
Farm bill. See Agriculture
Farmer-labor party, Minnesota, to meet; EP. 367
Convention; EP..... 433
Convention. O. G. Villard; S..... 842
Farmers. See Agriculture
Farley, James A.; and re-election, possible, of Mayor LaGuardia of New York City. G. Britt; S..... 341
Farrell, James T.
Fall of J. Louis; S..... 834
Literary criticism; S..... 276; 314
Mr. Lunkhead the banker; S..... 642
Farrell, James T., on *The Nation's* honor roll for 1935..... 9
Fascism
American. E. Seeley; S..... 473
American league against war and fascism, conference; EP..... 87
Brazil. W. Frank; C..... 495
Casa Italiana, Columbia university, still a center of fascist propaganda. R. Bolaffio; C..... 159
French. See France
Syracuse, New York, trial city; EP.... 30
Federal communications commission; white-washes radio division; P. W. Ward; S. 243
Feinstein, Isidor
Starving on relief; S..... 186
Feinstein, Isidor, suggested for *The Nation's* honor roll for 1935. A. Lans; C.... 73
Fentrick, George
Suggests F. E. Townsend for *The Nation's* honor roll for 1935; C..... 73
Feuchtwanger, Lion
"Germany... a winter's tale"; S.. 505; see also C..... 659
Fey, Harold E.
Militarizing the Philippines; S..... 736
Field, Alice Withrow
Prostitution in the Soviet union; E.. 369; S..... 373
Field mice, habits investigated; EP..... 115
Films. See Moving pictures
Finance, public
Bonus may open way to unrestricted spending; EP..... 113
Budget, federal, in chaos; E..... 209
Corporation surpluses, tax on, proposed; E..... 337; E..... 568
Battle over. M. Lerner; S..... 669
Battle over. P. W. Ward; S..... 700
Bill amended; EP.... 434; EP..... 725
- Government income and expenditures rise; EP..... 630
Income-tax collections rise; EP..... 398
Peril to federal credit. P. W. Ward; S. 128
Processing taxes, AAA, ordered returned, by supreme court; AN..... 85
Taxation policy, Roosevelt, unsound; E. 265
Taxation program, proper, time for; EP 169
Taxation; "soaking the rich." G. Terborgh; S..... 479
Fiorenza, John, murder of Mrs. Titterton; E..... 570; see also letters..... 853
First national bank of Detroit; failure. P. W. Ward; S..... 128
Fisher, Dorothy Canfield
France; Ravage article on politics; C. 463; see also..... 347
Fischer, Louis
Anti-Nazi feeling in Germany; S..... 176
Arms over Europe:
III. Italy at war; First impressions; S..... 14
IV. Why Mussolini went to war; S. 67
V. Mussolini outbluffs England; S. 123
Austria dams Nazi flood; S..... 246
Germany prepares for war; S..... 311
Italy and Europe; S..... 643
Mail censored by soviet authorities; C.. 464
On A. Harris's review of Webb's book on Russia; C..... 756; see also..... 518
Poland; Between poverty and war; S.. 343
Soviet armament activity in face of war threat; S..... 442
Soviet constitution, new; S..... 772; see also E..... 761
"Fixed trusts." See Investment trusts
Floods; eastern states; EP..... 397
Johnstown, second. M. S. Stewart; S.. 447
Florida canal. P. W. Ward; S..... 215
Fodor, M. W.
Austrian volcano, the; S..... 673
Hitlerism, spread outside Germany; S.. 154
Follow the fleet. M. Van Doren; MP..... 360
Food and drug administration, attacks on. P. W. Ward; S..... 603
Food and drug bill; Copeland bill, "doctored." P. W. Ward; S..... 667
Drive for. P. W. Ward; S..... 603
Killed in congress; EP..... 825
Food inspectors imperilled. R. Brindze; S. 254
Foreign correspondents. See Newspapers
Foreign policy association; prize, with *The Nation*, for editorial, awarded to M. Donnelly; EP..... 567; 582
Foundations; readjustment of finances; EP.. 2
Fraenkel, Osmond K.
Coal, convicts, and the supreme court; C..... 564
France
Blum, L.; the Kerensky of France? EP 662
Center of European situation; EP..... 497
Election; EP.... 234; EP.... 536; EP.... 567
For the future. M. E. Ravage; S.. 549
Left victory. M. E. Ravage; S. 573; see also EP..... 567
Results; EP..... 597
Socialists in power. M. E. Ravage; S..... 706
Finance and politics; EP..... 630
Laval wins vote of confidence; EP.... 29
Politics; elections, coming; fascist brutality; EP..... 234
Fascism, decline of. M. E. Ravage; S..... 347; see also C..... 463
Right stiffened by Hitler. M. E. Ravage; S..... 408
Sarraut cabinet takes office; EP.. 142
Problems, political and economic; EP.... 790
Strikes, and the government; EP.. 757; see also..... 765
Frank, Waldo
Fascism in Brazil; C..... 495
Frazier, Senator Lynn J. See Social security
Frazier-Lemke bill. See Mortgages
Freedom, academic. See Academic freedom
Freedom of the press
Black committee condemned by American newspaper publishers' association; EP 566
German newspapers under Hitler. F. Höllering; S..... 151; E..... 145; S..... 182
Hughes, Rupert, and the Screen writers' guild. H. Broun; S..... 678; see also EP..... 662; letters..... 755
Menaced by American newspaper guild, R. Howard thinks; EP..... 662
Newspapers' responsibility for defending civil liberties; E..... 145
Upheld by United States supreme court; EP..... 234
Freedom of speech and press, recruit from American legion committee; EP..... 598
Freedom of the seas. See Neutrality
Freud, Sigmund, at eighty; EP..... 631
Friendships and politics. O. G. Villard; S.. 211
Fritz (cartoonist)
Constitution, United States, and her "protectors"; Ct..... 212
Morgan and war loans; Ct..... 92
New year; tight-rope walker; Ct..... 8

"Red" scare; Ct..... 240
Republican party, campaign contributions; Ct..... 64
Soil conservation act escapes headman's ax; Ct..... 120
Townsend plan; Ct.....36; see also C..... 295
Frontier, M. Van Doren; MP..... 84
Furtwangler, Wilhelm; appointment to conduct New York Philharmonic-Symphony concerts; EP..... 299
"Fury," film on lynching; EP..... 759
Review by R. Giroux; MP..... 821
Future veterans. See Veterans of future wars

G
Gallagher, Leo, as radical defense lawyer. J. A. Washburn; C..... 17
Gamble, Robert H.
Unemployment relief in Englewood, New Jersey; C..... 223
Gannett, Frank E.
Reply to inquiry on desirability of amendment of constitution..760; see also 696
Garrison, Lloyd K., reply to inquiry on desirability of amendment of constitution 697
Garrison, Paul
Committee on national industrial policy, report on; C.....531; see also EP..... 365
Gas, natural; service suppressed; EP..... 86
Gauley Bridge, West Virginia. See Silicosis
George, H., and T. Veblen. E. W. Bell; C.....659; see also..... 321
George the fifth, death; EP..... 113
George White's scandals. J. W. Krutch; D..... 55
Georgia; chain gangs. G. R. Brigham; C..... 18
Germany
Anti-Nazi feeling. L. Fischer; S..... 176
Case for tears. S. Hetzler; C..... 332
"Cultural campaign"; EP..... 299
Deportations to. L. Adamic; S.....377; see also EP..... 759
Economics; Göring supersedes Schacht as dictator; EP..... 566
Election, Hitler style; EP..... 433
Financial difficulties nearing crisis; EP..... 663
French right stiffened by Hitler's reichstag speech. M. E. Ravage; S..... 408
Fugitives in peril if deported from United States; EP.....759; see also..... 377
Gustloff affair; E..... 210
Heine's prophecy. S. M. Bouton; C.....659; see also 505
Hitlerism, responsibility for. L. A. Greenberg; C.....659; see also..... 505
Hitler's "good faith"; Ct..... 439
Hitler's remilitarization of the Rhineland. O. G. Villard; S.....416
"Honor and freedom," restoration. Armstrong; Ct..... 148
Isolation fought by attempts to make alliances; EP..... 263
Japan. See Japanese-German relations
Jews. See Jews
Locarno treaty breaking denounced by French and British; EP..... 467
Mann, Thomas, opinion of Nazism; EP..... 367
Militarism, heightened; E..... 237
Newspapers. See Newspapers
Olympic games. See Olympic games
Peace gesture, Hitler's. Low; Ct..... 407
Persecution of "non-Aryans" denounced by J. G. McDonald; EP..... 29
Prepares for war. L. Fischer; S..... 311
Refugees, McDonald report to League of nations; E.....61; see also C..... 130
Rejects powers' peace proposals; EP..... 466
Rhineland crisis. J. Gunther; S..... 407
A success? E..... 401
Crisis over; E..... 368
Violates Locarno treaty by moving troops into Rhineland; E..... 335
Roman catholic monks, trial; EP..... 726
Schurz celebration at Libar. O. G. Villard; S..... 778
Theater, under Hitler. L. T. Mowrer; S..... 477
Trade policy; EP..... 758
Trials, political; reports suppressed; EP..... 59
Underground war against Nazis. J. Herbst; S..... 41
Winter of. L. Feuchtwanger; S.....505; see also C..... 659
Youth in. S. Heym; S..... 836
See also Heidelberg, university of; Hitlerism
Ghost goes west, the. M. Van Doren; MP..... 138
Gilbert and Sullivan. J. W. Krutch; D..... 592
Giroux, Robert
Comment on Brindze articles; S..... 463
Fury; MP..... 821
Secret agent; MP..... 821
Gold, Michael
Squaring the circle, play; C..... 104
Goldwater, Doctor S. S.
Reply to Villard article, on Harlem hospital; with reply by Mr. Villard; C..... 251

Gomez, Miguel Marino. See Cuba
Goodyear tire and rubber company. See Rubber
Gorki, Maxim, death; EP..... 826
Gorman, Francis, suggested for *The Nation's* honor roll for 1935. A. Lans; C..... 73
Göring, General. See Germany
Graham, Frank Porter; on *The Nation's* honor roll for 1935..... 9
Granite. J. W. Krutch; D..... 138
Great Britain
Cabinet, a house divided. H. J. Laski; S..... 575
Cabinet rejects motion for better distribution of raw materials; EP..... 205
Coal mines; government preparing to take control; EP..... 31
Foreign policy. O. G. Villard; S..... 614
Foreign policy, new king's; EP..... 170
National government split over attitude toward Germany; EP..... 466
Royalty; EP..... 113
Taxation, heavy, due to armament; EP..... 567
See also British-Italian relations
Great Ziegfeld, the. M. Van Doren; MP..... 560
Greece; fascist dictatorship averted; EP..... 170
Green, William; reply to inquiry on desirability of amendment of constitution.. 697
Speech at miners' convention. H. Broun; S..... 220
See also American federation of labor
Greenwood county, South Carolina, grant for hydroelectric plant upheld; EP..... 262
Griffith, Virgil A.; on *The Nation's* honor roll for 1935..... 9
Gregory, Horace
On anthologies of poetry; C.....722; see also 648
Group theater; on *The Nation's* honor roll for 1935..... 9
Guffey act. See Coal
Guffey subsidy bill. See Shipping
Gunther, John
Rhineland crisis; S..... 407
Guns. See Armaments
Gustloff affair; E..... 210

H
H., A.
Curley article sells out *The Nation* in Boston; C.....628; see also..... 540
Hagood, General, punishment of. H. Broun; S..... 351
Hall, T. N.
Prostitution in Chicago; C..... 496
Halperin, Samuel
Arab and Jew; C, with editorial comment.....822; see also EP.....694; 708
Hanson, Lawrence E.
Middle class, crisis of; C..... 45
Harding, T. Swann
Prostitution—"in a nice way"; C.....531; see also E..... 369
Hardy, Lamar, appointment opposed by Association of the bar of the city of New York; EP..... 87
Case against; New York newspapers silent; EP..... 2
Harlem. See Negroes
Harlem hospital; reply by Commissioner Goldwater to Villard article, with reply by Mr. Villard; C..... 251
Harrison, Henry
On anthologies of poetry; C.....722; see also 648
Hartman, Doctor LeRoy L. See Dentistry
Harvard university, heretics and rebels. R. N. Baldwin and C. Lamont; S..... 733
Tercentenary celebration; U.S.S.R. neglected; EP..... 727
Hathaway, Clarence, questioned in New York; EP..... 114
Hats in elevators; movement for doffing; EP.....663; see also C..... 824
Hauptmann, Bruno Richard. See Lindbergh, C. A., junior
Hayden, Charles; on *The Nation's* honor roll for 1935..... 9
Haymarket riot; E..... 537
Hearst, William Randolph
And nomination of Landon. H. Broun; S..... 779
And Trotzky. J. P. Cannon; C..... 396
Anti-laborite. H. Broun; S..... 584
Committee on, suggested. G. Davis; C.....159; see also..... 63
Discovers a new secret society; E..... 6
Dodging matter of naming him. H. Broun; S..... 615
Hearst's convention. H. Broun; S..... 800
How to expose. O. G. Villard; S.....63; see also C..... 159
Objection to Black investigation overridden; EP..... 397
Reply to inquiry on desirability of amendment of constitution...760; see also 696
Restores Saint Donats. A Welsh correspondent; S..... 250

Heidelberg university, invitations to celebration; EP.....299; E, 338; C, 396
Herbst, Josephine
German underground war; S..... 41
Herndon, Angelo; on *The Nation's* honor roll for 1935..... 9
Herne, H.
People's theater associates; C..... 364
Hetzler, Siegfried
Germany, a case for tears; C..... 332
Heym, Stefan
Youth, German; S..... 836
Hicks, Granville; all under the rule of John Reed. S. Van Veen; Ct..... 586
Hitlerism; spread outside Germany. M. W. Fodor; S..... 156
Holding companies; Amoskeag company, holding, and Amoskeag manufacturing company, operating; EP..... 31
Höllering, Franz
German newspapers under Hitler; S.....151; E.....145; S..... 182
Hollywood, California; ignorance, political. M. Ryskind; S.....278; see also C.....431; 612
See also Moving pictures
Hollywood tea party. M. Ryskind; S..... 581
Holmes, Judge Edwin R. P. W. Ward; S..... 181
Holmes, Oliver Wendell. M. Lerner; S..... 746
Homestead strike; E..... 537
Honor roll, *The Nation's*, for 1935..... 9
Hopkins, Harry L.; contentions on unemployment refuted. P. W. Ward; S..... 243
Hopson's choice. P. W. Ward; S..... 795
Housing
Administration program; EP..... 169
Government program, failure to launch; E..... 145
Government program held up. P. W. Ward; S..... 243
New York state authority act upheld; E..... 401
Project at Bound Brook, N. J., called unconstitutional; EP..... 661
Slum-clearance farce, Detroit. K. Dash; S.....410; see also C..... 595
Wagner-Ellebogen bill; EP..... 466
Wagner-Ellebogen bill in peril; EP.....631; P. W. Ward; S.....635; S..... 763
Housman, A. E.; death; EP..... 599
Howard, Roy W.
On Newspaper guild; C.....755; see also EP.....662; 678
Howe, Ben
Cats, dogs and children; C.....130; see also EP..... 31
Hudeburg, Charles
Flowering, the; P..... 518
Hughes, Chief justice, Charles Evans; switch on AAA decision. H. Broun; S..... 254
Hughes, Rupert; and the Screen writers' guild. H. Broun; S.....678; see also EP.....662; letters..... 755
Hull, Cordell; on *The Nation's* honor roll for 1935..... 9
Hungary; prison, and case of M. Rakosi. L. Santo; C..... 295
Hutchinson, Paul
Methodists retreat; S..... 742
Hydroelectric power. See Power and power industry

I
I want a policeman. J. W. Krutch; D..... 138
Idiot's delight. J. W. Krutch; D..... 490
Immigration; Coolidge-Kerr bill for deportation of aliens guilty of "moral turpitude"; EP..... 367
Income tax. See Finance, public
Industrialists' maintenance of power; E..... 500
Industry; regulation before United States supreme court. O. K. Fraenkel; C..... 564
Industry and labor. See Labor and industry
Inflation. See Currency
Injunction, government of; EP..... 365
Inquirer, Philadelphia. See Philadelphia *Inquirer*
Insecure old woman, an
Social insecurity; C..... 690
Insurance, social. See Social security
Insurance, unemployment; New York law upheld; EP..... 534
It can't happen here, film. See Censorship, moving pictures
International mercantile marine company; must build successor to Leviathan; EP..... 2
Intolerance. M. Van Doren; MP..... 429
Investment trusts; London stock exchange proposals for regulation of "fixed trust"; EP..... 58
Ireland; Free state dissolves republican army; peace overtures to Great Britain; EP..... 826
Iron and steel. See Steel and iron
Isolation, United States; E..... 238
Italo-Ethiopian war
American exports to Italy jump; EP..... 263
Conquest by Italy must not be recognized; E..... 698
Difficulties in way of Italian victory not overcome; EP..... 434

- Ethiopia's collapse and Europe's peril; E 599
 Europe misses the bus. Lou; Ct. 645
 Italian victories; Mussolini demands all of Ethiopia; EP. 533
 Italian "victory." O. G. Villard; S. 646
 Italy and Europe. L. Fischer; S. 643
 Italy at war: First impressions. L. Fischer; S. 14
 League of nations. See Italo-Ethiopian war—Sanctions, League of nations
 Mutiny of two Italian regiments; EP. 59
 Mussolini outbluffs England. L. Fischer; S. 123
 Neutrality legislation, opposition to, in Washington. P. W. Ward; S. 128
 Oil exports to Italy; New York Times figures and others; EP. 206
 Peace, responsibilities of. V. M. Dean; S. 244
 Sanctions, League of Nations:
 British surrender on; E. 829
 Case for; EP. 498
 Difficulties in applying sanctions to Italy; E. 4
 Embargo, oil, to be imposed on Italy; EP. 297
 Embargo on Italy lifted by United States; EP. 826
 League council meeting to consider retention of sanctions against Italy; EP. 630
 League falters; E. 117
 Oil sanctions abandoned by United States; EP. 205
 World public opinion. O. G. Villard; S. 7
 Successes, Italian; EP. 466
 Why Mussolini went to war. L. Fischer; S. 67
 See also Neutrality
 Italy; nationalization of industry, by Mussolini; E. 438
 Universities, dead. R. L. Bolaffio; C. 159
 See also British-Italian relations; Italo-Ethiopian war
 It's love again. M. Van Doren; MP. 687
 Itto. M. Van Doren; MP. 203
 Ivens films. M. Van Doren; MP. 687
- J**
- Jack and Charlie's restaurant. See Waiters
 Japan; elections; step toward liberalism; EP. 263
 Politics; cabinet, new; militarism more firmly in the saddle; EP. 335
 Politics; fascism misses fire; E. 301
 See also Chinese-Japanese relations; Japanese-German relations; Japanese-Soviet relations
 Japanese-German relations; military agreement reported; EP. 467
 Japanese-Soviet relations
 Japanese attacks on Mongolian people's republic renewed; EP. 435
 Mongolia—red or white? E. 502
 Outer Mongolia, conflict in. T. A. Biss; S. 507
 War prospects diminished despite clashes in far east; EP.
 Jefferson, Thomas, memorial project; Saint Louis. P. W. Ward; S. 267
 Jerome, Helen; on *The Nation's* honor roll for 1935. 9
 Jesus Christ; chapter from possible biography of Pontius Pilate. H. Broun; S. 711
 Jews
 And the world. B. Stolberg; S. 766;
 see also EP. 759
 Anti-semitism, German and other. O. G. Villard; S. 279; see also C. 463; C. 691
 Anti-semitism, German, concealed temporarily, for Olympic winter sports; EP. 206
 German:
 Ghetto, possible consequences. W. Zukerman; S. 154
 St. Louis conference on measure for rescue and repatriation; EP. 143
 Persecution denounced by J. G. McDonald; EP. 29
 Palestine, need for building. L. Lewishohn; C. 130; see also E. 61
 Poland; anti-semitism rampant; EP. 535
 World congress, danger in setting up international executive body; EP. 759; see also 766
 See also Palestine
 "Tim crowism." See Negroes
 "John and Mary." H. Broun; S. 180
 Johnson, A. B.
 Black lists and bedding; C. 104
 Johnson, Alvin
 Kipling, Rudyard; S. 192
 Johnson, Alvin; on *The Nation's* honor roll for 1935. 9
 Johnson, Ethel M.
 Defense of Secretary Perkins; C. 628; see also 303
 Johnstown flood, second. M. S. Stewart; S. 447
- Jones, J. Edward, retreat under securities act held constitutional; EP. 465
 Jones, Philip C.
 Criticism, eternal principles; C. 73
 Jones and Laughlin steel company. See Labor unions
 Journalism. See Newspapers
 Judges. See Courts
 Judges, race-track and others. H. Broun; S. 647
- K**
- Kay, Helen
 League of women shoppers; C. 18; correction 464
 Kendrick, Benjamin B., and M. C. Proctor
 Farmers and planters; C. 130; see also E. 61
 Kenney, Marion Louise
 Minimum-wage law for women; C. 464; see also EP. 334
 Kent, Rockwell; drawing, 1775-1936. 414
 Kester, Howard, and H. L. Mitchell
 Share-croppers; C. 184
 Kester, Howard; on *The Nation's* honor roll for 1935. 9
 Kingsbury, John A., case of. J. Rorty; S. 801
 Kipling, Rudyard. A. Johnson; S. 192
 Klausler, Alfred
 On "Sawdust Caesar," by G. Seldes; C. 364; see also 108
 Kline, Herbert
 Hollywood fights back; S. 612; see also 431
 278; C. 429
 Klondike Annie. M. Van Doren; MP. 429
 Knox, Frank; thrift habits. H. Broun; S. 351
 See also Presidential election of 1936
 Kramer bill. See Sedition
 Kringer, Ray L.
 Brown shoe company, smashing of unions; S. 131
 Krutch, Joseph Wood
 Artist and the ice age, the; S. 418
 Authors, "outmoded"; S. 190
 Bitter stream; D. 559
 Bury the dead; D. 592
 Call it a day; D. 201
 Case of Clyde Griffiths, the; D. 427
 Criticism and taste; S. 517
 Critics, literary; S. 22
 Dear old darling; D. 359
 Editors, responsibility of; S. 679
 End of summer, the; D. 291
 Ethan Frome; D. 167
 George White's scandals; D. 55
 Gilbert and Sullivan; D. 592
 Granite; D. 138
 I want a policeman; D. 138
 Idiot's delight; D. 490
 Lady precious stream; D. 202
 Libel! D. 55
 Love on the dole; D. 329
 Mainly for lovers; D. 329
 Mid-west; D. 112
 Movies, not so hopeless; S. 585
 Murder in the cathedral; D. 459
 On your toes; D. 559
 Paradise lost; D. 72; see also letters. 72
 Poetry, modern, difficulty of; S. 283
 Political subject, in literature; S. 353
 Russet mantle; D. 167
 Saint Joan; D. 392
 Shakespeare in Hollywood; S. 107
 Tactics and the clerk; S. 616
 Victoria regina; D. 83
 Winterset, critics' prize winner; S. 484
 Ziegfeld follies; D. 231
- L**
- Labor
 And social security. P. W. Ward; S. 635
 Automobile. See Automobiles
 Child. See Child labor
 Convict; banning of goods from interstate commerce upheld by supreme court. O. K. Fraenkel; C. 564
 Difficulties in colleges; E. 5
 Minimum-wage law, New York, invalidated by United States supreme court, in Tipaldo case; E. 727; see also letters, with editorial comment. 854
 National labor relations board:
 Brown shoe company, smashing of unions. R. L. Kringer; S. 131
 Decisions for and against act, on collective bargaining; EP. 435
 Examiner Eberle's "wondrous" report on Brown shoe company. P. W. Ward; S. 243
 Guffey act creating labor board held unconstitutional; E. 664
 Madden, J. W., education at public expense. P. W. Ward; S. 440
 Saposs, D., director of board's research and statistical section. P. W. Ward; S. 440
 Party, in 1940; E. 729
 Quilts for. M. Craig; C. 660
 Railroad. See Railroads
 Shipping. See Shipping
- Wagner-Connelly disputes act declared unconstitutional; EP. 1
 Walsh-Healey bill for federal regulation of labor and hours on government business, work for. P. W. Ward; S. 763
 Welfare, *The Nation's* index. 78, 188
 Women's minimum wage law, New York, declared unconstitutional; EP. 334; see also C. 464
 See also California; Picketing; Strikes
 Labor and industry. 19, 47, 74, 105, 131, 160, 186, 224, 252
 Labor party. See Party, new, liberal
 Labor relations board, national. See Labor unions
 Labor unions
 Associated press attack on Wagner-Connelly act. H. Broun; S. 157
 Brown shoe company; smashing of unions. R. L. Kringer; S. 131
 Company, Detroit. A. Lucchek; S. 74
 See also Railroads; Steel and iron
 Efforts thwarted by activities of employers before National labor relations board. P. W. Ward; S. 440
 Federal funds used to help manufacturers dodge organization. P. W. Ward; S. 181
 Industrial organization movement gaining headway; EP. 598
 Industrial versus craft unionism, fight in American federation of labor; EP. 261
 Lewis, John L., takes over leadership in America; E. 208
 Rat, remove the; E. 117
 Unionism, opposition to. P. W. Ward; S. 503
 See also American federation of labor; Railroads; Steel and iron; Strikes
 Labor's non-partisan league; formation. P. W. Ward; S. 471
 Lady precious stream. J. W. Krutch; D. 201
 La Follette, Suzanne
 New Jersey's army of unoccupation; S. 608
 LaGuardia, Fiorello H. See New York city
 Lahey, Edwin A.
 Chicago politics; case of R. M. Sweitzer; S. 12
 Lamont, Corliss, and R. N. Baldwin
 Harvard heretics and rebels; S. 733
 Landon, Governor Alfred Mossman. See Presidential election of 1936
 Lane, Professor Arthur; resigns rather than sign loyalty oath; EP. 3
 On *The Nation's* honor roll for 1935. 9
 Lans, Asher
 Suggests additions to *The Nation's* honor roll for 1935; C. 73
 Laski, Harold J.
 British arms inquiry; S. 272
 British cabinet—a house divided; S. 575
 League of nations, remains of; S. 102
 Laval, Pierre. See France
 Lavine, Emanuel H.
 "Big shots" in racketeering, immunity; S. 241
 League of nations; remains of. H. J. Laski; S. 102
 See also Italo-Ethiopian war
 League of women shoppers. H. Kay; C. 18; correction 464
 Lehman, Governor. See New York state
 Leiser, Clara
 Seeks letters of W. E. Leonard; C. 628
 Leisure class, Morgan theory; E. 209
 Leonard, William Ellery; letters sought. C. Leiser; C. 628
 Lerner, Max
 Corporate tax battle; S. 669
 Holmes, Oliver Wendell; S. 746
 Riddle of the supreme court; first article; S. 121; second, 213; third, 273
 Supreme court, fate of; S. 379; see also C. 495
 Levenson, Lew
 Soap boxes in Hollywood; C. 431; see also 278
 Leviathan, steamship; successor to be built by International mercantile marine; EP. 2
 Lewis, John L., not overpaid. H. Broun; S. 253
 On *The Nation's* honor roll for 1935. 9
 Reply to inquiry on desirability of amendment of constitution. 697
 Speech at miners' convention. H. Broun; S. 220
 Speech inadequately reported. H. Broun; S. 47
 Takes over union leadership in America; E. 208
 Lewis, Sinclair, suggested for *The Nation's* honor roll for 1935. A. Lans; C. 73
 See also Censorship, moving pictures
 Lewishohn, Ludwig
 Palestine, building; C. 130; see also E. 61
 Leyda, John M.
 William Jennings Bryan and the war; C. 17
 Libel! J. W. Krutch; D. 55

- Liberal papers barred from Oregon penitentiary. E. Steward; C..... 660
- Liberal party. See Party, new, liberal
- Liberalism, test of. H. B. Davis; C..... 531
- Liberties, civil. See Civil rights
- Liberty and license. H. Broun; S..... 483
- Liberty and tear gas; E..... 500
- "Liberty at the crossroads." See Republican party
- Librarians, Negro, treatment of, at convention. D. M. Duff; C..... 691
- License and liberty. H. Broun; S..... 483
- Lincoln's birthday celebration; EP..... 233
- Lindbergh, Charles Augustus junior
- Hauptmann, Bruno Richard, and capital punishment. O. G. Villard; S..... 513
- Hauptmann execution; EP..... 467
- Lindberghs leave America. O. G. Villard; S..... 35; see also C..... 185
- Linville, Doctor Henry Richardson. V. T. Thayer; C..... 496
- Lipp, Frances M.
- On anthologies of poetry; C..... 722; see also 648
- Lippmann, Walter, on AAA decision. H. Broun; S..... 129
- Literary critics. See Critics, literary
- Little Lord Fauntleroy. M. Van Doren; MP 560
- Lobbying activities, investigation by Black committee; E..... 336; P. W. Ward; S..... 371
- Accused of tyranny; E..... 33
- Fight against. P. W. Ward; S..... 339
- House overrides Hearst objection; EP..... 397
- Injunction, government by; EP..... 365
- Revelations; EP..... 534
- Work. P. W. Ward; S..... 503
- Locarno treaty. See Germany
- London naval conference. See Armament limitation and disarmament
- Longshoremen. See Shipping
- Lopez, Jesus. E. Caldwell; S..... 545; C..... 595
- Los Angeles border patrol. See California
- Lou
- Missed the bus; Ct..... 645
- Lous, Joe, fall of. J. T. Farrell; S..... 834
- Louisiana; Long machine makes truce with Roosevelt; EP..... 207
- Love on the dole. J. W. Krutch; D..... 329
- Lovett, Professor Robert Morss, suggested for *The Nation's* honor roll for 1935. A. Lans; C..... 73
- Low
- Crises, war; Ct..... 443
- Peace gesture, Hitler's; Ct..... 407
- Loyalty oaths. See Academic freedom
- Lucas, William T.
- Traitor to his school; S..... 16
- Luchek, Anthony
- Company unions; S..... 74
- Lundberg, Ferdinand
- Landon build-up; S..... 833
- Lundeen, Ernest, on *The Nation's* honor roll for 1935..... 9
- Lunkhead the banker. J. T. Farrell; S..... 642
- Lynchings, in 1935; EP..... 58
- Moving picture, "Fury"; EP..... 759
- Lyons, Eugene
- Squaring the circle, play; C..... 104
- Curley and his gang; S..... 540; see also C..... 628
- M
- Macleish, Archibald
- Speech to the detractors; P..... 284
- Macmillan, Frederick
- Seeks biographical material on Æ (G. W. Russell); C..... 46
- Madden, J. Warren; education at public expense. P. W. Ward; S..... 440
- Magazines; smooth-paper reality. D. Van Doren; S..... 844
- Mahoney, Jeremiah T.; on *The Nation's* honor roll for 1935..... 9
- Mail censorship by soviet authorities. L. Fischer; C..... 464
- Making of a king, the. M. Van Doren; MP 138
- Mann, Thomas, opinion of Nazism; EP..... 367
- Man's children, a. M. Van Doren; MP..... 138
- Marble workers. See Vermont marble company
- Marburg, Anita
- Marble strike, Vermont; S..... 413; see also C..... 495
- Marcantonio, Congressman V.; arrested in WPA demonstration; EP..... 235
- On *The Nation's* honor roll for 1935..... 9
- Marder, Louis
- Privacy, new law advocated; C..... 185; see also 35
- Marshall, Margaret
- Steel workers, organization; S..... 637
- Maslow, Alexander
- Testament of I. P. Pavlov to young Russian scientists; C..... 596
- Massachusetts; Jim Curley and his gang. L. M. Lyons; S..... 540; see also C..... 628
- Massachusetts WPA refuses to recognize U. S. S. R.; letter by M. E. Sanger. 532
- Materialism, dialectical, and nature. B. D. Wolfe; C..... 431; see also 288
- Materials, raw; British government rejects motion for better distribution; EP..... 205
- Maury, Reuben
- Daily News*, New York, editorial on Titterton case; C..... 723; see also E..... 570; C..... 853
- Maverick, Maury
- Chaos and cowardice in Washington; S. 305
- South is rising; S..... 770; see also E..... 762
- Stand on hat-removing in elevators and other questions; C..... 824
- Maverick, Maury; bill against militarism. P. W. Ward; S..... 303
- Chivalrous congressman; EP..... 663
- On *The Nation's* honor roll for 1935..... 9
- May day in America and Europe; progress; EP..... 565
- Mayer, Albert
- Architect and the world; S..... 43
- May's department store strike, report on causes and workers' conditions; EP..... 499; correction..... 660
- McCarthy, Mary
- Murder and Karl Marx; S..... 381
- McCarthy, Mary, criticism. W. Seagle; C..... 494; see also 468
- McCarthy, Mary, and M. Marshall
- On advertising in *Yale Review* and *Virginia Quarterly*; C..... 18
- McCormick, Robert R.; comment on coming election. H. Broun; S..... 351
- McDonald, James G.; denounces persecution in Germany; EP..... 29
- Report to League of nations on German refugees; E..... 61; see also C..... 130
- McKillips, Budd L.
- Company unions on the railroads; S..... 48
- Meat packers, bill to control. P. W. Ward; S..... 471
- Medicine; medical care; resignation of J. A. Kingsbury from post of executive secretary of Milbank fund. J. Rorty; S..... 801
- Mendl, Lady, and *The Nation*. H. A. Whipple; C..... 46
- Methodist episcopal church, conference not anti-radical; EP..... 631
- Retreat on social questions. P. Hutchinson; S..... 742
- Mexico; Calles, P. E., exiled; EP..... 499
- Calles return bring crisis; EP..... 1
- Revolution, bloodless. G. Stern; S..... 605
- Meyers, J. O.
- Proletarian defects; C..... 159; see also 82
- Miami, Florida. H. Broun; S..... 483
- Mice, field, habits investigated; EP..... 115
- Middle class, crisis of. L. E. Hanson; C..... 45
- Mid-west. J. W. Krutch; D..... 112
- Mielziner, Jo; on *The Nation's* honor roll for 1935..... 9
- Migrants, problem of; EP..... 367
- Milbank fund; resignation of J. A. Kingsbury. J. Rorty; S..... 801
- Miles, Josephine
- Upon twelve; P..... 807
- Militarism; Maverick bill against. P. W. Ward; S..... 303
- Syracuse a trial city; EP..... 30
- See also Armaments
- Military training; California university votes against compulsory training. L. Davies; C..... 332
- Milk; control act, New York state, supreme court decisions; EP..... 233
- Strike, Chicago, report on; EP..... 631
- Milky way, the. M. Van Doren; MP..... 492
- Millis, Walter
- Last war and the next. I. Morgan, money, and war; S..... 95
- II. What does neutrality mean? S..... 125
- Millis, Walter, on *The Nation's* honor roll for 1935..... 9
- Mills, Clark
- January crossing; P..... 807
- Minimum wage law. See Labor
- Minneapolis; federal court decision in strike; EP..... 207
- Minnesota farmer-labor party to meet; EP..... 367
- Mississippi. See Negroes
- Mitchell, H. L., and H. Kester
- Share-croppers; C..... 184
- Mock, Hugo
- Anti-semitism; C..... 463; see also 279; C..... 691
- Modern times. M. Van Doren; MP..... 232; 429
- Mongolia. See Chinese-Japanese relations; Japanese-Russian relations
- Montjoy, John, case of. M. D. Brite; C..... 496
- Morgan, J. Pierpont, and world war loans. Fritz; Ct..... 92
- At munitions investigation. H. Broun; S. 103
- Theory of leisure class; E..... 209
- Morro Castle, steamship; convictions. O. G. Villard; S..... 175
- Two officers convicted of criminal negligence; EP..... 143
- Mortgages; Frazier-Lemke bill for farm relief, objectionable features; E..... 633
- Moses, W. R.
- Such as the trick chameleon; P..... 807
- Moving pictures
- "Documentary" and "social," Ivens pictures. M. Van Doren; MP..... 687
- Films, early, shown in Museum of modern art; E..... 118
- "Fury," film on lynching; EP..... 759
- Hollywood, closed shop. J. R. Chaplin; S..... 225
- Hollywood fights back. H. Kline; S. 612; see also 278; C..... 431
- Movies on trial, the (book). M. Van Doren; S..... 203
- Not so hopeless. J. W. Krutch; S..... 585
- Shakespeare in Hollywood. J. W. Krutch; S..... 107
- See also Censorship, moving pictures; Hollywood, California; and Giroux, R., and Van Doren, M., for reviews
- Mowrer, Lilian T.
- Hitler's totalitarian theater; S..... 477
- Mr. Deeds goes to town. M. Van Doren; MP 623
- Mr. Lunkhead the banker. J. T. Farrell; S. 642
- Municipal bankruptcy act, invalidated by supreme court; EP..... 694
- Munitions of war
- Guns and airplanes smuggled into Bolivia; EP..... 205
- Inquiry, British. H. J. Laski; S..... 272
- Morgan at Nye committee investigation. H. Broun; S..... 103
- Nye committee report; EP..... 533; EP..... 757
- Sale, how to control. H. C. Engelbrecht; S..... 10
- See also Armaments
- Murder and capital punishment. O. G. Villard; S..... 513
- Murder and Karl Marx. M. McCarthy; S. 381
- Murder in the cathedral. J. W. Krutch; D. 459
- Murder; parole and murder; Titterton case; E..... 570; see also letters..... 853
- Music
- New music society concert. K. Burke; S. 27
- Records, recent. H. Simon; S..... 259, 330, 393, 460, 529, 593, 657, 720, 785
- Comment on Simon articles. M. S. Weinstein; C..... 463
- Muspratt, Clifford
- On anti-semitism; C..... 691; see also 279, 463
- Mussolini, Benito. See Italo-Ethiopian war; Italy
- Mystery stories. See Books
- N
- Nation, The*
- Barred from Oregon penitentiary. E. Steward; C..... 660
- Changes; EP..... 261
- Comment on new format; C..... 395; 463
- Curley article causes sell-out in Boston. H. A.; C..... 628; see also 540
- Editors suggested for *The Nation's* honor roll for 1935. A. Lans; C..... 73
- Excerpts from *The Nation* of seventy years ago; EP..... 828; 855
- Honor roll for 1935..... 9
- Honor roll for 1935; additions suggested. Letters by A. Lans and G. Fentrack; C..... 73
- Labor welfare, index of. See Labor
- Praise for Adamic article, and Broun page. E. M. S.; C..... 723
- Prize, with Foreign policy association, for editorial, awarded to M. Donnelly; EP..... 567; 582
- Reproved (?) for comment on Lady Mendl. H. A. Whipple; C..... 46
- National bankruptcy act. See Bankruptcy
- National conference on rural social planning. P. W. Ward; S..... 440
- National education association, convention of department of superintendence for academic freedom; EP..... 299
- National labor relations board. See Labor
- National negro congress. See Negroes
- National peace conference. O. G. Villard; S. 550
- Neutrality proposal; E..... 32; EP..... 57
- National student league, executive committee suggested for *The Nation's* honor roll for 1935. A. Lans; C..... 73
- National student strike committee, suggested for *The Nation's* honor roll for 1935. A. Lans; C..... 73
- Natural gas. See Gas, natural
- Naval conference, London. See Armament limitation and disarmament
- Naval limitation. See Armament limitation and disarmament
- Navigation and steamboat inspection, bureau of; "insubordination" in. P. W. Ward; S..... 243
- Navy, United States; big-navy advocates winning; EP..... 598
- Nazism. See also Austria; Germany

- Negroes
Harlem, slumbering fires. O. G. Villard; S. 99
"Jim crowism" in Washington. P. W. Ward; S. 403
Librarians, treatment of, at convention. D. M. Duff; C. 691
Mississippi; convictions of three for murder set aside; EP. 263
National negro congress advances unity; E. 302
Republican convention, Negroes at. P. W. Ward; S. 731
Scottsboro case:
Interview. C. Beals; S. 178
Powell, O., shot by sheriff; EP. 141
Trial = puppet show. C. Beals; S. 149
Nemser, Hyman, not guilty of extortion. 464; see also 18
Neuberger, Richard L.
Political notes from the northwest; S. 610
Neutrality
Administration program dictated by business. P. W. Ward; S. 243
Bill, strengthening; E. 32
Bill, weaknesses of; E. 173
Freedom of the seas; EP. 114
Legislation delayed; EP. 141
Legislation to be abandoned at this session of congress; EP. 205
National peace conference proposal; E. 32; EP. 57
Proposal; EP. 57
Prize winning student editorial; EP. 567; 582
Roosevelt betrayal. O. G. Villard; S. 239
What does it mean? W. Millis; S. 125
See also Italo-Ethiopian war
New Jersey; army of unoccupation. S. La Follette; S. 608
Unemployed, demonstration by; EP. 565; E. 569
New music society concert. K. Burke; M. 27
New Republic, *The*; editors suggested for *The Nation's* honor roll for 1935. A. Lans; C. 73
New year; tight-rope walker. Fritz; Ct. 8
New York city; charter, proposed; EP. 566
Politics; LaGuardia's chances for re-election. G. Britt; S. 341
Prostitution in; E. 369; see also C. 531
Unemployment relief. See Unemployment relief
New York building service strike. See Buildings
New York state
Appropriation for investigating "communistic activities" in schools; EP. 663
Criminal laws; Lehman movement for revision; EP. 206; EP. 235
Election for governor; Lehman decision not to run again; EP. 693
Housing authority act upheld; E. 401
Lehman proposals to the legislature; EP. 57
Minimum-wage law. See Labor
Republicans and their presidential candidate; EP. 57
Social security program in peril; EP. 632
New York Times
Dispatch from Spain; misinformation and distortion; EP. 264
Failure to print report of attack on Tsinghua university; EP. 535
Oil exports to Italy; figures by New York Times, and other figures; EP. 206
News, lighter side of; E. 830
Newspapers
American newspaper guild:
Amsterdam News strike won; EP. 30
Associated press discharge of M. Watson. H. Broun; S. 385
Broun conviction in Milwaukee. H. Broun; S. 551
Knox, Frank, and the guild. H. Broun; S. 253
Menaces freedom of the press, Roy Howard thinks; EP. 662
Move toward unionization. H. Broun; S. 745
Philadelphia *Inquirer* opposition; hearing; EP. 3
Wisconsin News strike. H. Broun; S. 320; S. 451
Columnists. O. G. Villard; S. 147
Editorials, Six-star service; EP. 695
Foreign correspondents. G. Seldes; S. 375
German, under Hitler. F. Höllering; S. 151; E. 145; S. 182
Labor news inadequately reported. H. Broun; S. 47
Methods. H. Broun; S. 351
Printing the news. H. B. Swope; C. with editorial comment. 221
Publicity drives Lindberghs from America. O. G. Villard; S. 35; see also C. 185
See also Freedom of the press
Nichols, Dudley
On Screen writers' guild; C. 765; see also 678
Night at the opera, a. M. Van Doren; MP. 28
Nobel prize for peace; Von Ossietzky, imprisoned, nominated; EP. 498
Non-partisan league, labor's, formation. P. W. Ward; S. 471
Norris, George W., reply to inquiry on desirability of amendment of constitution 697
Northwest, political notes from. R. L. Neuberger; S. 610
Novels. See Books
Nude in art. See Censorship, art
Nye, Senator Gerald P.; suggested for *The Nation's* honor roll for 1935. A. Lans; C. 73
Nye committee. See Munitions of war
O
Oaths, loyalty. See Academic freedom
O'Connor, Representative, John; fight against "anti-red" bills. P. W. Ward; S. 215
Odets, Clifford; on *The Nation's* honor roll for 1935. 9
O'Hara, Elmer B., conviction. P. W. Ward; S. 215
Oil. See Italo-Ethiopian war
Old-age pensions, Townsend plan
Article by P. W. Ward 37
Difficulties; EP. 434
Good for Townsend. Fritz; Ct. 36; see also C. 295
Mulcting the aged; E. 470
To be investigated; EP. 264
Old curiosity shop, the. M. Van Doren; MP. 84
Olympic games; winter sports; anti-semitism concealed; EP. 206
On your toes. J. W. Krutch; D. 559
One rainy afternoon. M. Van Doren; MP. 753
Oregon penitentiary bars liberal papers. E. Steward; C. 660
O'Shea, James J.; indicted on charge of theft of Detroit city funds. P. W. Ward; S. 405
Ossietzky, Carl von, imprisoned, nominated for Nobel peace prize; EP. 498
Outer Mongolia. See Japanese-Russian relations
Otis, Judge Merrill O., declares Wagner-Connelly act unconstitutional; EP. 1
Oxford group. See Buchman, F. N. D.
P
Pacifism; growth. O. G. Villard; S. 710
National peace conference. O. G. Villard; S. 550
Packard, Rose Marie
Los Angeles border patrol; C. 295
Packers. See Meat packers
Painting. H. Broun; S. 280
Palestine; Arab-Jewish conflict; EP. 535
Arab-Jewish conflict, and British policy. A. Viton; S. 708; see also EP. 694; letters 822
See also Jews
Paradise lost. J. W. Krutch; D. 27; see also C. 72
Paraguay; fascist regime effect; EP. 366
Parole. See Prisons and prisoners
Party, new, liberal; labor party coming; E. 468
Passing of the third floor back, the. M. Van Doren; MP. 623
Patterson, J. M.
Reply to inquiry on desirability of amendment of constitution. 760; see also 696
Paylov, Professor I. P.; testament to young Soviet scientists. A. Maslow; C. 595
Pay. See Salaries
Peace, responsibilities of. V. M. Dean; S. 244
See also Pacifism
Peace prize. See Nobel prize for peace
Pearce, Charles A.
On publication of book, *M-day*; C. 494
Peg of old Drury. M. Van Doren; MP. 623
Pekin, Illinois; general strike; EP. 207
Pensions, old-age. See Old-age pensions
People's theater associates. H. Herne; S. 364
Perkins, Secretary Frances. P. W. Ward; S. 303; see also C. 628
Visited by sailors' delegates. P. W. Ward; S. 571
Philadelphia *Inquirer*; hearing in case of its opposition to American newspaper guild; EP. 3
Philippine islands, militarizing. H. E. Fey; S. 736
Photograph records. See Music
Photography, modern. M. Bourke-White; S. 217
Pickering, Ruth
Trudi Schoop, and her comic ballet; S. 84
Picketing; mass, picketing held not unlawful in May's department store case; EP. 143
Pittsburgh, university of; blacklisted by American association of university professors; EP. 3
Plow that broke the plains, the. M. Van Doren; MP. 753
Poems
Biography. A. C. Edmunds. 255
Flashing cliff, a. M. Rukeyser. 807
Flowering, the. C. Hudeburg. 518
Genesis. T. Roethke. 807
January crossing. C. Mills. 807
Revisitation. S. Sassoon. 134
Speech to the detractors. A. Macleish. 284
Such as the trick chameleon. W. R. Moses. 807
Upon twelve. J. Miles. 807
Poetry; anthologies. B. Belitt; S. 648; see also letters. 722
Modern, difficulty of. J. W. Krutch; S. 283
Poland; anti-semitism rampant; EP. 535
Between poverty and war. L. Fischer; S. 343
Politics and friendships. O. G. Villard; S. 211
Polka, 1936; Ct. 345
Pontius Pilate, chapter from possible biography. H. Broun; S. 711
Pope, Senator James Pinckney, fight against. R. L. Neuberger; S. 610
Porto Rico. See Puerto Rico
Post, Charles J.
Marble strike; C. 495; see also. 413
Pound, Ezra, devotions. S. Van Veen; Ct. 553
Powell, Ozie. See Negroes—Scottsboro case
Power and power industry
Lobby still active in Washington. P. W. Ward; S. 795
Public "authorities" in prospect; EP. 262
Public works administration's right to make grant for public plant upheld; EP. 262
Power in United States, how maintained; E. 500
Presidential election of 1936
Democratic party:
Convention; E. 828
Landslide; E. 601
General:
Election of delegates; EP. 466
Landon and Roosevelt. P. W. Ward; S. 831
McCormick comment. H. Broun; S. 351
Northwest, political notes from. R. L. Neuberger; S. 610
Republican party:
Agony over nomination. P. W. Ward; S. 538
Campaign contributions. Fritz; Ct. 64
Candidates; EP. 57
Convention. O. G. Villard; S. 797
Convention, address to; E. 759
Convention outcome a change in control by political gang; platform; E. 791
Elephant goes west. E. Duffy; Ct. 796
Hearst's convention. H. Broun; S. 800
"Liberty at the crossroads." H. Broun; S. 180
Knox, Frank, biography. H. Broun; S. 843
Knox, campaign. R. G. Swing; S. 219; S. 248
Landon build-up. F. Lundberg; S. 833
Landon gives views; EP. 629
Landon nomination, and Hearst. H. Broun; S. 779
Landon, possibility. P. W. Ward; S. 39; 70; EP. 59
"Liberty at the crossroads." H. Broun; S. 180
Negroes at convention. P. W. Ward; S. 731
Outlook. O. G. Villard; S. 677
Possibilities. H. Broun; S. 220
Press. See Freedom of press; Newspapers
Prisoner of Shark Island, the. M. Van Doren; MP. 292
Prisons; liberal papers barred from Oregon penitentiary. E. Steward; C. 660
Parole and murder; E. 570; see also letters 723, 853
See also Chain gangs
Privacy, new law advocated. L. Marder; C. 185; see also. 35
Private life of Louis XIV, the. M. Van Doren; MP. 138
Prize fighting. See Boxing
Processing taxes. See Agriculture
Proctor, Mary Catherine, and B. B. Kendrick
Farmers and planters; C. 130; see also E. 61
Production-for-use platform endorsed by Washington state democrats; EP. 791
Progress in United States, indications of; E. 264
Proletarian defects. J. O. Meyers; C. 159; see also 82
Prostitution in New York city and in the soviet union. A. W. Fields; S. 369; S. 373; see also C. 531
Public finance. See Finance, public
Public works administration; abandonment, proposed; EP. 434
Right to make grant for construction of hydroelectric plant upheld; EP. 262

Puerto Rico, independence offer, specious; E. 567
Tydings bill for independence, opposition
to; EP. 726
Pugilism. See Boxing
Pulitzer prizes; EP. 597

Q

Quilts for labor. M. Craig; C. 660

R

Race prejudice; Warren bequest to Yale; EP 171
Racketeers. See Crime and criminals
Radicals; bills against, fought by Representative O'Connor. P. W. Ward; S. 215
Editors summoned for "questioning" in New York; EP. 114
Radio; entertainment. H. Broun; S. 686; S. 734
Railroads
Company unions. B. L. McKillips; S. 48
Labor, "coordination allowances"; EP. 695
Labor; Wheeler-Crosson bill for re-employment or compensation; EP. 334
Loans to, rates forced down; EP. 115
Passenger fares reduced; EP. 1; EP. 293
United States steel corporation, ownership of roads. P. W. Ward; S. 403
Rakosi, Mathias, in Hungarian prison. L. Santo; C. 295
Ralston, Jackson H.
California sales tax; C. 660; see also. 509
Ravage, M. E.
Decline of French fascism, the; S. 347; see also C. 463
Elections, for the future; S. 549
France on strike; S. 765; see also EP. 757
French left victory; S. 573; see also EP. 567
French socialists in power; S. 706
Hitler stiffens French right; S. 408
Rat, labor. See Labor unions
Rates, passenger. See Railroads
Raw materials. See Materials
Reading. See Books
Records, phonograph. See Music
"Reds." See Communists
Rees, John, robe of; work of Granville Hicks. S. Van Veen; C. 587
Refugees. See Germany
Relief. See Unemployment relief
Remington-Rand company, strike; EP. 790; EP. 827
Republican party; brain trust scheme for saving country; EP. 599
Broadcast, "Liberty at the crossroads"; S. 129
Washington and Lincoln, vested interest in; EP. 233
See also Presidential election of 1936
Resettlement work, struggle over; EP. 661
Rhineland. See Germany
Rhodes. M. Van Doren; MP. 360
Rice, Elmer, resignation as New York regional director, WPA theater project; E. 174
Rich; "self-sacrifice." O. G. Villard; S. 583
"Soaking." G. Terborgh; S. 479
Richberg, Donald, back with railroad brotherhoods. P. W. Ward; S. 303
Rieve, Emil, appointment to United States delegation to International labor office meeting. P. W. Ward; S. 635
Rights, civil. See Civil rights
Ritter, Judge, conviction after impeachment; EP. 534
Robertson, Frank
Akron, death rattle in; S. 309
Robinson, Frederick B. See College of the city of New York
Roethke, Theodore
Genesis; P. 807
Roman catholic church. See Germany
Room in red and white, a. B. B.; D. 167
Roosevelt, Franklin Delano
Addresses; Baltimore; EP. 497; E. 536
Jefferson day, in New York; EP. 565
On tour of southwest; EP. 789
Administration:
Adoption of Republican policies. O. G. Villard; S. 384
Attack by Alfred E. Smith; E. 144; O. G. Villard; S. 211
Chaos and cowardice in Washington. M. Maverick; S. 305
Confusion, picture of; E. 172
Courts, attitude toward. P. W. Ward; S. 181
Farm program; EP. 169
Financial policy. P. W. Ward; S. 215
Housing program; EP. 169
Taxation policy, unsound; E. 265
Three years; E. 300
Tyranny, charges of; E. 336
Youth, hold on; EP. 497
And Landon. P. W. Ward; S. 833
Cabinet, next. H. Broun; S. 514

Message to congress. P. W. Ward; S. 65; E. 60
Neutrality policy. O. G. Villard; S. 239
Orders investigation of steel industry; EP. 827
President and constitution; Roosevelt's dilemma. O. G. Villard; S. 91
Social security, speech on, at Baltimore; E. 536
Roosevelt, Mrs. Franklin D. O. G. Villard; S. 482
Roper, Secretary Daniel C.; visited by sailors' delegates. P. W. Ward; S. 571
Rorty, James; J. A. Kingsbury; case of; S. 801
Ross, Governor Ben, political career. R. L. Neuberger; S. 610
Rothschild, John
Travel, articles on; S. 462, 562, 626, 689
Rubber; Akron, Ohio; death rattle heard in Goodyear strike. F. Robertson; S. 309
Goodyear strike settled; EP. 398
Rukeyser, Muriel
Flashing cliff, a; P. 807
Rural social planning. See Agriculture
Russell, G. W. (E.); bibliographical material sought. F. Macmillan; C. 46
Russet mantle. J. W. Krutch; D. 167
Russia. See Union of Soviet Socialist Republics
Ryskind, Morrie
Hollywood, no soap boxes in; S. 278; see also C. 431; 612
Hollywood, tea party; S. 581

S

S., E. M.
Thanks for Adamic article on H. Bridges, and Broun page; C. 723
Sacramento. See California
Safety at sea. See Shipping
Sailors. See Labor
Saint Donats restored by Hearst. A. Welsh correspondent; S. 250
Saint Joan. J. W. Krutch; D. 392
Saint Louis, Missouri; Thomas Jefferson memorial project. P. W. Ward; S. 267
Salaries, large, published; EP. 86
Publication restrained; EP. 53
Sales tax. See California
San Francisco; "red." H. Broun; S. 103
Waterfront. O. Carlson; S. 105
San Joaquin valley. See California
Sanctions. See Italo-Ethiopian war
Sanger, Mary Elizabeth
U. S. S. R. and WPA; C. 532
Santo, Lettau
Hungarian prison, and case of M. Rakosi; C. 295
Saposs, Dave, director of National labor board's research and statistical section. P. W. Ward; S. 440
Sassoon, Siegfried
Revisitation; P. 134
Saxton, Stanley E.
Vermont, truth suppressed; C. 822; see also 413; C. 495; 659; C. 822, 824
Schacht, Hjalmar. See Germany
Schappes, Morris U. See College of the city of New York
Scheyer, David
Dressmakers' strike; S. 224
Scheyer, David; debate with H. Broun on Communist party and the united front 19
Schiller, Morris Joseph, inventor. S. Stone; C. 17
Schmeling-Louis fight. J. T. Farrell; S. 834
School athletics; traitor to his school. W. T. Lucas; S. 16
Schools, workers', threatened. M. Bonner; C. 185
Schoop, Trudi, and her comic ballet. R. Pickering; S. 84
Schurz, Carl, and celebration at Libar. O. G. Villard; S. 778
Science, and conventions of scientists; E. 62
Scottsboro case. See Negroes
Screen writers' guild, the, and Rupert Hughes. H. Broun; S. 678; see also EP. 662; letters 755
Scrooge. M. Van Doren; MP. 84
Seagle, William
Murder, Marx and McCarthy; S. 494; see also 468
Seamen. See Labor
Seattle upholds civil liberty. C. Stevens; S. 252
Secret agent. R. Giroux; MP. 821
Secret society, new; E. 6
Section 77-b. See Bankruptcy
Securities act held constitutional; EP. 465
Securities and exchange commission, restrained from making public American can company salaries; EP. 58
Sedgwick, Anne Douglas; letters sought. B. de Selincourt; C. 185
Sedition; Kramer and Tydings bills; EP. 87
Seeley, Evelyn
Our number one fascists; S. 473

Seldes, George
Newspaper foreign correspondents; S. 375
Seldes, George; suggested for *The Nation's* honor roll for 1935. A. Lans; C. 73
Seligman, Edwin R. A.; on *The Nation's* honor roll for 1935. 9
Selincourt, Basil de
Seeks letters by A. D. Sedgwick; C. 185
Shakespeare, William. See Moving pictures
Share-croppers. See Agriculture
Shaw, George Bernard; okays a few saints; C. 453
Sheehan, Victor; on *The Nation's* honor roll for 1935. 9
Shipping
Bridges, Harry, leader of longshoremen. L. Adamic; S. 576
Labor conditions, bad, on American ships; EP. 366
Labor wars; EP. 171
Safety at sea:
And labor; E. 501
And seamen's strike. M. R. Bendiner; S. 542; see also EP. 534
Drastic action needed; E. 666
Morro Castle convictions. O. G. Villard; S. 175
See also Morro Castle (steamship)
Steamship California strike; safety at sea involved; E. 666
Strikes:
All waterfronts in unrest; EP. 534
Delegates appear before Secretaries Perkins and Roper. P. W. Ward; S. 571
Eastern, ends; EP. 725
Gulf and west ports; EP. 59
San Francisco waterfront. O. Carlson; S. 105
Steamship California; strikers fined and discharged; EP. 398
West and east coast. L. Adamic; S. 576
Subsidies:
Copeland-Roper act. P. W. Ward; S. 403
Direct, Guffey bill for; EP. 299
Mail, eliminated from appropriation bill; EP. 366
Speed of subsidized vessels investigated; EP. 115
Shoemaker, Joseph; six policemen arrested in killing, Tampa; EP. 3
Shostac, Percy
Vermonters still on strike; C. 659
Show boat. M. Van Doren; MP. 753
Silicosis; at Vanetta, West Virginia, near Gauley Bridge; EP. 115; 162
Simon, Henry
Music, recorded; S. 259, 330, 393, 460, 529, 593, 657, 720, 785
Comment on articles. M. S. Weinstein; C. 463
Simonds, Frank H.; death. O. G. Villard; S. 147
Six-star service, offer of editorials; EP. 695
Slums. See Housing
Smith, Alfred E. See Democratic party; Roosevelt, F. D.—Administration
Smith, Governor Charles M.
Vermont strike; C. 824; see also 413; C. 459; 659; C. 822
Smith, Winifred
Heidelberg and Vassar; C. 396; see also EP. 299; E. 338
Soaking the rich. G. Terborgh; S. 479
Social planning, rural. See Agriculture
Social security
Frazier, Senator, introduces bill; administration act inadequate; EP. 30
Insecurity. An insecure old woman; C. 690
Labor and social security. P. W. Ward; S. 635
Legislation; E. 401
Roosevelt's Baltimore speech; E. 535
Socialist party; New York state; split; E. 90; see also C. 431; EP. 693
Soil conservation. See Agriculture
Solow, Herbert
Sacramento criminal-syndicalism case defense; C. 158; see also C. 296
Song and dance man, the. M. Van Doren; MP. 429
South, the; progress in; E. 762; see also 770; 775
Sick; E. 33
Southern tenant farmers' union. See Agriculture
Spain
Alcala Zamora, President, dismissed; EP. 499
Elections; progressives win; EP. 234
Moves left; E. 266
News from, distorted by New York Times; EP. 264
Politics; liberal government in peril; EP. 365
Revolution, mobilizing for. A. Brenner; S. 546
Special correspondent, a
Vermont: State of anarchy; S. 675
Speechmaking. H. Broun; S. 220
Squaring the circle, play. E. Lyons and M. Gold; C. 104

Stalin, Joseph; discusses communism; EP... 333
 States' rights issue; E..... 632
 Steel and iron
 Companies accused of violating anti-trust laws; EP..... 398
 International affiliation, movement for; EP..... 726
 Investigation ordered by president; EP. 827
 Justice in; E..... 537
 Labor:
 Company unions. R. M. Stein; S.. 160
 Fight against unions, by companies; E..... 537
 Homestead strike of 1892; E..... 537
 Jones and Laughlin fights unions; EP..... 367
 Workers, organization. M. Marshall; S..... 637
 Workers, organization along craft or industrial lines; EP..... 629
 Workers to be organized; EP..... 662
 Workers to be organized on industrial lines; EP..... 758
 Stein, Rose M.
 Company union in steel industry S.... 160
 Stern, J. David
 Reply to inquiry on desirability of amendment of constitution. 760; see also... 696
 Stern, George
 Mexico's bloodless revolution; S..... 605
 Stern, Seymour
 "Movies on trial, the," review by M. Van Doren; C..363; see also..... 203
 Stevens, Cole
 Seattle upholds civil liberty; S..... 252
 Steward, Earl
 Liberal papers barred from Oregon penitentiary; C..... 660
 Stewart, Maxwell S.
 Inflation; talk in the air; S..... 306
 Johnstown flood, second; S..... 447
 Stolberg, Benjamin
 Not a satirist; C..... 595
 Jew and the world, the; S..... 766; see also EP..... 759
 Talmadge, Governor Eugene; S....269; 316
 Stone, Sam
 Morris Joseph Schiller, inventor; C.... 17
 Story of Louis Pasteur, the. M. Van Doren; MP..... 292
 Strand, Paul
 Krutch review of *Paradise lost*, play; C. 72
 Strikes; Minneapolis; federal court decision; EP..... 207
 See also Borden company; Buildings, New York; Consumers' research; Dressmakers; May's department store; Newspapers; Pekin, Illinois; Remington-Rand company; Rubber; Shipping; Steel and iron; Vermont marble company; Waiters
 Student editorial, prize-winning; EP....567; 582
 Student league for industrial democracy, suggested for *The Nation's* honor roll for 1935. A. Lans; C..... 73
 Students, American, unite in American student union; E..... 33
 Subsidies, shipping. See Shipping
 Sugar institute; move against anti-trust laws; EP..... 171
 Supreme court, United States
 And the constitution. C. A. Beard; S. 405
 Cases involving regulation of industry. O. K. Fraenkel; C..... 564
 Decisions in seven cases; EP..... 694
 Decisions on New York state milk control act; EP..... 233
 Fate of. M. Lerner; S..... 379
 Hughes switch on AAA decision. H. Broun; S..... 253
 Influence for overthrow of United States government. H. Broun; S..... 103
 Kills agricultural adjustment administration; E..... 61; see also C..... 130
 Minimum-wage law, New York, decision against; E..... 727; see also letter, with editorial comment..... 854
 Odd man, education of; E..... 146
 Orders processing AAA taxes returned; EP..... 85
 Reaffirms intent to fight attempts to curb powers; EP..... 598
 Riddle of. M. Lerner; S..121, 213, 273, 379; see also C..... 495
 Saint Joseph stockyards case decision; EP..... 598
 Tennessee valley authority decision; E.. 236
 Surpluses. See Corporations
 Sutherland, Justice George. H. Broun; S. 103
 Swanson, Secretary Claude; dominated by red-baiters. P. W. Ward; S..... 243
 Sweden; budget; increase for social and cultural purposes; EP..... 170
 Sweitzer, Robert M.; case of. E. A. Lahey; S..... 12

Swing, Raymond Gram
 Knox, Frank, presidential candidate; S..... 219; 248
 Landon, Alf. M.; S....39, 70; see also EP..... 59
 Switzerland; Gustloff affair; E..... 210
 Swope, Herbert Bayard
 Newspapers and the news; C, with editorial comment..... 221
 Symes, Lillian
 After EPIC in California; S..... 509; see also C..... 660
 Syracuse, New York, trial city for fascism; EP..... 30
 Syria; general strike in Damascus, outcome of. A. Viton; EP..... 435; S..... 448
 Syrkin, Marie
 Arab and Jew; C.... 822; see also EP..... 694; 708
 Szold, Henrietta; on *The Nation's* honor roll for 1935..... 9
 T
 Tactics and the clerk. J. W. Krutch; S.. 616
 T., V.
 On anthologies of poetry; C....723; see also..... 648
 Tale of two cities, a. M. Van Doren; MP. 84
 Talmadge, Governor Eugene. B. Stolberg; S..... 269; 316
 See also Democratic party
 Tampa, Florida; six policemen arrested in case of killing of J. Shoemaker; EP.3; EP..... 661
 Tariff, United States
 Corporation beneficiaries; EP..... 498
 Cotton textiles, Japanese, duty increased; EP..... 694
 Countervailing duties imposed on German goods; EP..... 758
 Taste and criticism. J. W. Krutch; S.... 517
 Tax, sales. See California
 Taxation. See Finance, public
 Taxi driver not a good source of news. H. Broun; S..... 253
 Teachers college; labor difficulties in dining hall; E..... 5
 Teachers' loyalty oath. See Academic freedom
 Teeth. See Dentistry
 Tennessee valley authority
 Constitutionality; EP..... 85
 New deal's greatest asset. S. Chase; S..702; 738, 775, 804; see also EP... 827
 Reorganization, coming, reported; EP. 827
 Supreme court decision on validity of act; E..... 236
 Terborgh, George
 "Soaking the rich"; S..... 479
 Thälmann, Ernest; news suppressed; EP.... 59
 Thayer, V. T.
 Honor to H. R. Linville; C..... 496
 Theater, the; German, under Hitler. L. T. Mowrer; S..... 477
 Winterset, critics' prize winner. J. W. Krutch; S..... 484
 See also B. B.; Krutch, J. W.; Pickering, R.
 Theater associates, people's. H. Herne; C. 364
 These three. M. Van Doren; MP..... 492
 Things to come. M. Van Doren; MP.... 560
 Third party. See Party, new, liberal
 Thirty-nine steps, the. M. Van Doren; MP. 203
 This week. See Bullitt, W. C.
 Thomas, J. H., downfall. O. G. Villard; S. 744
 Thomas, Norman; suggested for *The Nation's* honor roll for 1935. A. Lans; C.... 73
 Three women. M. Van Doren; MP..... 492
 Times, New York. See New York Times
 Tipaldo case. See Labor
 Tire manufacturing companies; EP..... 31
 Titterton murder; E..... 570; see also letters..... 723; 853
 Todd, Constance Leupp
 Women's work, and equality; letter, with editorial comment; 854; see also E.. 727
 Townsend, Doctor F. E., defiance of congress. P. W. Ward; S..... 700
 Suggested for *The Nation's* honor roll for 1935. G. Fentrick; C..... 73
 Townsend plan. See Old-age pensions
 Trail of the lonesome pine, the. M. Van Doren; MP..... 360
 Travel, articles on. J. Rothschild; S....462; 562, 626, 689
 Trotsky, Leon, and Hearst. J. P. Cannon; C. 396
 Troy, William
 On being contemporary; S..... 511
 Truth in securities act held constitutional; EP..... 465
 Tufts professors resign rather than sign oath of loyalty; EP..... 3
 Tugwell, Rex; open letter to, on farm rehabilitation in Alabama. T. Burke; S..... 106; see also C..... 362
 TVA. See Tennessee valley authority
 Tydings bills. See Puerto Rico; Sedition
 Tyranny, in Roosevelt administration; E.... 336

U

USSR. See Union of Soviet Socialist Republics
 Unemployment
 Englewood, New Jersey, families feeding on garbage; EP..31; see also C..130; C..... 223
 Middle class, crisis of. L. E. Hanson; C..... 45
 New Jersey. See New Jersey
 Organizations of unemployed unified; EP. 499
 Unemployment insurance. See Insurance, unemployment
 Unemployment relief
 Federal, failure of. E. Abbott; S.... 346
 Federal, today and tomorrow; E..... 174
 Inadequacy shown by survey by American association of social workers; EP.... 207
 Increase in January; EP..... 297
 New York city; Works progress administration, a hard job, ill done; E. 438
 Starving on relief. I. Feinstein; S.... 186
 Stepchildren of recovery; E..... 400
 Union of Soviet Socialist Republics
 Armament activity in face of war threat. L. Fischer; S..... 442
 Bullitt, W. C., accused of anti-soviet activity; EP..... 790
 Constitution, new. L. Fischer; S..772; see also E..... 761
 Democracy; E..... 761; see also..... 772
 Food exports; EP..... 299
 Mail censored. L. Fischer; C..... 464
 Neglected at Harvard tercentenary; EP. 727
 Not recognized by Massachusetts WPA. M. E. Sanger; C..... 532
 Oil exports to Italy; figures by New York Times, and other figures; EP.. 206
 Prostitution in. A. W. Field; E..369; S..... 531
 "Utopia." W. H. Chamberlin; C..... 18
 See also Japanese-Russian relations
 Unions, company and other. See Labor unions
 United mine workers
 Doubling of salaries of officials. P. W. Ward; S..... 215
 Speeches at convention. H. Broun; S.. 220
 Split with American federation of labor not inevitable. H. Broun; S..... 220
 United States
 Arming for war; E..... 436
 Finances. See Finance, public
 Isolation; E..... 238
 Power in, how maintained; E..... 500
 Progress, indications of; E..... 264
 Prosperity, new; E..... 600
 Seventy years ago; excerpts from *The Nation*; EP..... 828; 855
 United States steel corporation, ownership of railroads. P. W. Ward; S..... 403
 Universities. See Colleges
 Untermeyer, Louis
 On anthologies of poetry; C..... 722; see also..... 648
 V
 Van Doren, Dorothy
 Smooth-paper reality; S..... 844
 Van Doren, Mark
 Ah, wilderness; MP..... 84
 Annie Oakley; MP..... 360
 Bonheur, le; MP..... 203
 Ceiling zero; MP..... 203
 Charlie Chan's secret; MP..... 560
 Children of the revolution; MP..... 753
 Cloistered; MP..... 429
 Country doctor, the; MP..... 492
 Dubrovsky; MP..... 360
 Follow the fleet; MP..... 84
 Frontier; MP..... 138
 Ghost goes west, the; MP..... 560
 Great Ziegfeld, the; MP..... 429
 Intolerance; MP..... 687
 It's love again; MP..... 203
 Itto; MP..... 429
 Klondike Annie; MP..... 560
 Little Lord Fauntleroy; MP..... 138
 Making of a king, the; MP..... 492
 Man's children, a; MP..... 429
 Milky way, the; MP..... 203
 Modern times; MP..... 232; 429
 Movies on trial, the (book); S..... 203
 Mr. Deeds goes to town; MP..... 623
 Night at the opera, a; MP..... 28
 Old curiosity shop, the; MP..... 84
 One rainy afternoon; MP..... 754
 Passing of the third floor back, the; MP. 623
 Peg of old Drury; MP..... 753
 Plow that broke the plains, the; MP... 292
 Prisoner of Shark island, the; MP.... 138
 Private life of Louis XIV, the; MP... 203
 Reply to S. Stern's criticism of his review of "The movies on trial"; C.363; see also..... 203
 Rhodes; MP..... 360
 Scrooge; MP..... 84
 Show boat; MP..... 753

- Song and dance man, the; MP..... 429
 Story of Louis Pasteur, the; MP..... 292
 Tale of two cities, a; MP..... 84
 These three; MP..... 492
 Things to come; MP..... 560
 Thirty-nine steps, the; MP..... 203
 Three women; MP..... 492
 Trail of the lonesome pine, the; MP..... 350
 Voice of Bugle Ann, the; MP..... 360
 We are from Kronstadt; MP..... 687
- Van Veen, Stuyvesant
 Hicks, Granville, and John Reed; Ct.. 587
 Pound, Ezra, devotions; Ct..... 553
- Vanetta, West Virginia. See Silicosis
- Vassar college, and invitation to Heidelberg university. W. Smith; C.....396; see also EP.....299; E..... 338
- Veblen, Thorstein, and Henry George. E. W. Bell; C.....659; see also..... 321
- Venizelos, Eleutherios, death; EP..... 399
- Vermont marble company strike
 Article by A. Marburg, 413 (see also C, 495); by P. Shostac, 659; letters, 822, 824
- Veterans
 Bonus; passage held certain, EP, 85; majority in both houses, EP, 113; bill passed; EP..... 142
 Veterans of future wars. H. Broun; S..... 417
 Article by O. G. Villard; S..... 450
 Bonuses. C. Berlinrut; C..... 532
 Not for college students only. C. Berlinrut; C..... 532
 Spirit of; EP..... 399
 Treason among. L. Wechsler; S..... 672
- Victoria regina. J. W. Krutch; D..... 73
- Villard, Oswald Garrison
 Harlem hospital; reply to Commissioner Goldwater; C..... 251
- Issues and men:
 America's betrayal, in entering world war; S..... 119
 Anti-semitism, German and other; S..279; see also C..463; C..... 691
 Armament race; S..... 350
 British foreign policy; S..... 614
 Colonies, demand for; S..... 319
 Columnists in journalism; S..... 147
 Farmer-labor party convention; S..... 842
 Harlem, slumbering fires; S..... 99
 Hauptmann execution, and capital punishment; S..... 513
 Hearst, how to expose; S.....63; see also C..... 159
 Hitler remilitarization of the Rhineland; S..... 416
 Italian "victory"; S..... 646
 League of nations, and world public opinion; S..... 7
 Lindberghs leave; S..35; see also C. 185
 Morro Castle convictions; S..... 175
 National peace conference; S..... 550
 Pacifism, growth of; S..... 710
 Politics and friendships; S..... 211
 Republican convention in Cleveland; S..... 797
 Republican outlook; S..... 677
 Rich, "self-sacrifice"; S..... 583
 Roosevelt adoption of Republican policies; S..... 384
 Roosevelt and neutrality; S..... 239
 Roosevelt and the constitution; the president's dilemma; S..... 91
 Roosevelt, Mrs. Eleanor; S..... 482
 Schurz, Carl, and celebration at Libar; S..... 778
 Simonds, Frank H., death of; S..... 147
 Thomas, J. H., downfall; S..... 744
 Veterans of future wars; S..... 450
 Wolff, Theodor; "The eve of 1914"; S..... 482
- Virginia Quarterly, advertising in. M. McCarthy and M. Marshall; C..... 18
- Viton, Albert
 Arabian-Jewish conflict, and British policy; S..708; see also EP.....694; letters..... 822
 Damascus, general strike in; S..448; see also EP..... 435
- Voice of Bugle Ann, the. M. Van Doren; MP..... 360
- W
- Wages. See Labor
- Wagner-Connery act. See Labor
- Wagner-Ellenbogen bill. See Housing
- Waiters
 Strike at Jack and Charlie's restaurant, New York. H. Broun; S..... 157
- Waldman, Louis
 Socialist party factions; C.....431; see also E..... 90
- Walsh-Healey bill. See Labor
- Walton, Eda Lou
 On anthologies of poetry; C..722; see also..... 648
- War
 Crises. Low; Ct..... 443
 Germany prepares. L. Fischer; S..... 311
 Munitions. See Munitions of war
- Profits; Nye committee investigation; E. 89
 See also Armaments; Europe; Italo-Ethiopian war; Neutrality; Peace; World war
- War, world. See World war
- War-profits bill revision; EP..... 467
- Ward, Paul W.
 AAA decision; results; S..... 93
 AAA program, new; S..... 440
 Adjournment rush imperils needed legislation; S..... 667
 American telephone and telegraph company, investigation of; S..403, 471, 603
 Attack on Section 77-b of national bankruptcy act; S..... 795
 Bilbo, Senator, speech; S..... 440
 Black legion; power behind; S.....731; see also E..... 728
 Civil rights, violations, investigation proposed; S..... 731
 Congress, action and non-action on bills, before adjournment; S..... 763
 Congress, cleaning up the calendar; S.. 603
 "Consumers' project"; S..... 303
 Costigan, Senator, retirement; S..... 538
 Creel, G., out of WPA; S..... 303
 Democratic national committee members; S..... 128
 Elections for house of representatives and senate; S..... 538
 Finance, public; peril to public credit; S..... 128
 Financial policy, administration's; S.. 215
 First national bank of Detroit; failure; S..... 128
 Florida canal; S..... 215
 Food and drug administration, attacks on; S..... 603
 Food and drug bill, "doctored"; S..... 667
 Food and drug bill, drive for; S..... 700
 Guffey law, supreme court decision; S.. 181
 Holmes, Judge Edwin R.; S..... 403
 "Jim crowism" in Washington; S..... 635
 Labor and social security; S..... 471
 Labor's non-partisan league, formation; S..... 181
 Labor unions; federal funds used to help manufacturers; S..... 831
 Landon and Roosevelt; S..... 339
 Lobbying investigation, Black committee fight against; S..... 371
 Lobbying, investigation of; S..... 440
 Madden, J. W., education at public expense; S..... 303
 Maverick bill against militarism; S..... 440
 National conference on rural social planning; S..... 440
 Navigation and steamboat inspection bureau, "insubordination" in; S..... 243
 Negroes at Republican convention; S.. 731
 Neutrality legislation, opposition to, in Washington; S..... 128
 O'Connor, Representative, fight against "anti-red" bills; S..... 215
 O'Hara, E. B., conviction; S..... 215
 O'Shea, James J., indictment; S..... 403
 Packers, bill to control; S..... 471
 Perkins, Secretary; S..303; see also C. 628
 Railroads, ownership by United States steel corporation; S..... 403
 Republican agony; S..... 538
 Richberg, D., back with railroad brotherhoods; S..... 303
 Rieve, E., appointment to United States delegation to International labor office meeting; S..... 635
 Roosevelt administration and the courts; S..... 181
 Roosevelt message to congress; S..... 65
 Saint Louis; Thomas Jefferson memorial project; S..... 267
 Seamen's delegates visit Secretaries Perkins and Roper; S..... 571
 Ship subsidy act, Copeland-Roper; S.. 403
 Smith speech against Roosevelt; S..... 153
 Talmadge anti-Roosevelt rally; S..... 153
 Tax on corporation surpluses, battle over; S..... 700
 Teachers' oath bill, District of Columbia, movement to repeal; S..... 371
 Townsend, Doctor F. E., defiance of congress; S..... 700
 Townsend plan; S..... 37
 Unionism, opposition to; S..... 503
 United mine workers; doubling of officials' salaries; S..... 215
 Wagner-Ellenbogen housing bill in peril; S..... 764
 Wagner-Ellenbogen bill to be double-crossed; S..... 635
 Walsh-Healey bill, labor fight for; S.. 764
 Warren, Arkansas; violation of Wagner act by leading citizens; S..... 440
 Woodring, assistant secretary; S..... 538
 Works progress administration; arrests under, and other abuses; S..... 571
 Works progress administration; helps to erect private factories; S..... 303
- Warren, Charles Howard. See Yale university
- Warren, Arkansas; violation of Wagner act by leading citizens. P. W. Ward; S. 440
- Washburn, J. A.
 Leo Gallagher, as radical defense lawyer; C..... 17
- Washington, D. C. See District of Columbia; Roosevelt, F. D.—Administration
- Washington letters. See Ward, Paul W.
- Washington state; Democratic convention indorses production-for-use platform; EP 791
- Washington's birthday celebrations; EP.... 233
- Watson, Morris. See Newspapers—American newspaper guild
- We are from Kronstadt. M. Van Doren; MP..... 687
- Wealth, "self-sacrifice." O. G. Villard; S.. 583
 "Soaking." G. Terborgh; S..... 479
- Webster, W.
 Minimum-wage law for women; C..464; see also EP..... 334
- Wechsler, James
 Treason among future veterans; S.... 672
- Weinstein, M. S.
 Comment on Simon articles; S..... 463
- Welsh correspondent, a
 Hearst restores Saint Donats; S..... 250
- Wheeler-Cross bill. See Railroads
- Whipple, H. A.
 Mendl, Lady, attire, and comment by *The Nation*; C..... 46
- White, Pierce; cotton farmer, Alabama; case of. R. G. Tugwell and T. Burke; S.....106; C..... 362
- White, William Allen
 Reply to inquiry on desirability of amendment of constitution...760; see also..... 696
- Wilson, Woodrow, uses of; E..... 116
- Winchell, Walter; tooth. H. Broun; S.... 47
- Windrip, Buzz—Governor of Georgia. B. Stolberg; S.....269; 316
- Winslow, Earle M.; on *The Nation's* honor roll for 1935..... 9
 Resigns rather than sign loyalty oath; EP..... 3
- Winter, Ella
 California criminal syndicalism prisoners; write to parole board! C...see also C. 158
- Winterset, critics' prize winner. J. W. Krutch; D..... 484
- Wisconsin News. See Newspapers
- Wolfe, Bertram D.
 Dialectical materialism and nature; C.....431; see also..... 288
- Wolff, Theodor; book, "The eve of 1914." O. G. Villard; S..... 482
- Women
 Congress of associated country women of the world, meeting; E..... 793
 Equal rights amendment, movement for, and opposition; EP..726; see also letter, with editorial comment..... 854
 Minimum wage law. See Labor
- Workers. See Labor
- Woodring, Assistant secretary of war. P. W. Ward; S..... 538
- Works progress administration
 Arrests for picketing and other abuses. P. W. Ward; S..... 571
 Art, activities in; EP..... 827
 Helps to erect private factories. P. W. Ward; S..... 303
 Massachusetts division refuses to recognize U. S. S. R. Letter by M. E. Sanger; C..... 532
 Meeting of strikers, New York, police brutality; EP..... 235
 New York; formation of "anti-red" unions urged; EP..... 298
- Rice, E., resignation from theater project, New York; E..... 174
 See also Unemployment relief
- World war
 America's betrayal. O. G. Villard; S. 119
 Bryan, William Jennings, and the war. J. M. Leyda; C..... 17
 Last war and the next. I. Morgan, money, and war. W. Millis; S..... 95
 II. What does neutrality mean? S. 125
 Morgan and war loans. Fritz; Ct.... 92
 Wilson, Woodrow, uses of; EP..... 116
 Wolff, T., "The eve of 1914." O. G. Villard; S..... 482
- WPA. See Works progress administration
- Writers. See Authors
- Wyoming, university of. See Censorship, art
- Y
- Yale Review, advertising in. M. McCarthy and M. Marshall; C..... 18
- Yale university; Warren bequest for selected students; EP..... 171
- Young, G. H.
 Townsend the emancipator; C..295; see also..... 36

- Young, Mahonri
Prize fight; etching..... 835
Youth; and crime; Amlie-Benson bill for
investigation not likely to pass; EP.. 399
Outlook; EP..... 497

Z

- Zamora, President Niceto Alcalá. See Spain
Ziegfeld follies. J. W. Krutch; D..... 231
Zioncheck, Congressman Marion A., fight
against. R. L. Neuberger; S..... 610
Zukerman, William
German ghetto, possible consequences; S 154

BOOK REVIEWS

Books are indexed under author and title,
and in some cases under subject.
The following explanatory letters are used
in the index:

- B Book review
AN Brief annotation
R Reviewer

- Abandoned wood, the. M. Saint-Hélér.
Translated by J. Whittall; AN..... 558
Abinger harvest. E. M. Forster; B..... 780
Actor's blood. B. Hecht; B..... 286
Adams, Grace; R..... 163
Aesthetic analysis. D. W. Prall; B..... 752
Africa dances. G. Gorer; B..... 24
Age before booty. M. J. Dorman; B..... 424
Akagi, Roy Hidemichi
Japan's foreign relations, 1542-1936: A
short history; B..... 684
Aldington, Richard
Artifex; AN..... 426
Aldous Huxley. A. Henderson; B..... 588
Alfau, Felipe
Locos; B..... 848
Alien Americans. B. Schrieke; B..... 850
Allen, James S.
Negro question in the United States, the;
B..... 845
America goes to press. L. Greene; AN..... 591
American chamber of horrors. R. de F.
Lamb; B..... 356
American neutrality, 1914-1917. C. Sey-
mour; B..... 109
American points of view. A reader's guide,
1935. Edited by W. H. Cordell and
K. C. Cordell; B..... 420
Angell, Sir Norman
Raw materials, population pressure, and
war; AN..... 654
Antony (Viscount Knebworth): A record of
youth. Earl of Lytton; B..... 652
Architecture of H. H. Richardson and his
times, the. H. R. Hitchcock, junior;
B..... 198
Arctic adventure. P. Freuchen; B..... 554
Armstrong, H. C.
Unending battle; B..... 229
Armstrong, Hamilton Fish, and A. W.
Dulles
Can we be neutral? B..... 196
Arnold, Thurman W.
Symbols of government; B..... 51
Artifex. R. Aldington; AN..... 426
As they revealed. P. Wylie; B..... 486
Asch, Sholem
Mottke the thief; AN..... 259
Autobiography. J. Cournos; B..... 258

B

- Babson, Naomi Lane
Yankee Bodleys, the; AN..... 528
Baker, Ray Stannard
Woodrow Wilson: Life and letters. Vol-
ume V. Neutrality, 1914-1915; B..... 109
Balcony, the. A. Bell; AN..... 327
Barr, Stringfellow
Mazzini; B..... 164
Barzun, Jacques; R..... 164, 256
Bates, Ernest Sutherland, and O. Carlson
Hearst: Lord of San Simeon; B..... 649
Beany-Eye. D. Garnett; AN..... 167
Beard, Charles A.
Economic interpretation of the constitu-
tion of the United States; B..... 452
Beauties and furies, the. C. Stead; B..... 751
Bedside book of famous American stories,
the. Edited by A. Burrell and B. A.
Cerf; AN..... 328
Belitt, Ben; R.. 54, 164, 356, 454, 522, 619, 814
Bell, Adrian
Balcony, the; AN..... 327
Belomor. M. Gorki; AN..... 290
Benedict, Ruth; R..... 24
Bentley, Phyllis
Freedom, farewell; AN..... 58
Berman, Edward
Life insurance—a critical examination; B 750
Best short stories 1936 and the year-book
of the American short story. Edited by
Edward J. O'Brien; AN..... 851

- Biography of Percival Lowell. A. L. Lowell;
B..... 256
Black man's verse. F. M. Davis; AN..... 328
Blackmur, R. P.; R..... 79, 618, 817
Bones of contention. F. O'Connor; B..... 556
Bonner, Willard Hallam
De Quincey at work; B..... 820
Borah of Idaho. C. O. Johnson; B..... 718
Bourman, Anatole, and D. Lyman
Tragedy of Nijinsky, the; B..... 590
Bowen, Elizabeth
House in Paris, the; B..... 425
Boyle, Kay
White horses of Vienna and other stories,
the; B..... 286
Bradford, Gamaliel
Elizabethan women; AN..... 558
Brailsford, Henry Noel
Voltaire; B..... 325
Break the heart's anger. P. Engle; B..... 454
Brenner, Anita; R..... 194
Brindze, Ruth; R..... 356
Brooke, Iris
English costume of the later middle ages:
The fourteenth and fifteenth centuries;
AN..... 720
Browder, Earl
What is communism? B..... 526; letters
by the author and the reviewer, L. M.
Hacker..... 787, 788
Brown network, the. The activities of the
Nazis in foreign countries. Introduc-
tion by the Earl of Listowel; B..... 557
Bryan, William Jennings, biography. W. C.
Williams; B..... 587
Buck, Pearl S.
Exile, the; B..... 195
Bullett, C. J.
Significant moderns, the; B..... 782
Burke, Fielding
Stone came rolling, a; B..... 54
Burns, Eveline M.
Toward social security; B..... 422
Burns, Eveline M.; R..... 819
Burnshaw, Stanley
Iron hand, the; AN..... 290
Byron: The years of fame. P. Quennell; B. 136

C

- Cabell, James Branch
Preface to the past; B..... 286
Can we be neutral? A. W. Dulles and H. F.
Armstrong; B..... 196
Carlson, Oliver, and E. S. Bates
Hearst: Lord of San Simeon; B..... 649
Cheese it—the cops! E. H. Lavine; B..... 487
Childs, Marquis W.
Sweden: The middle way; B..... 358
City planning: Housing. Volume I. Histori-
cal and sociological. W. Hegemann; B 553
Cleghorn, Sarah N., autobiography. Introduc-
tion by R. Frost; B..... 525
Clemens, Samuel Langhorne; Mark Twain.
The man and his work. E. Wagen-
knecht; AN..... 201
Clemens, Samuel Langhorne, notebook. Edited
by A. B. Paine; AN..... 258
Codman, Florence; R..... 198
Cole, G. D. H.
Economic planning; B..... 134
Collected poems. T. S. Eliot; B..... 680
Coming American fascism, the. L. Dennis;
B..... 196
Correspondence of Thomas Hardy. Edited by
the late P. Toynbee and L. Whibley;
AN..... 82
Cosmopolitans. W. S. Maugham; AN..... 328
Cournos, John
Autobiography; B..... 258
Cozzens, James Gould
Men and brethren; B..... 79
Crane, Nathalia
Swear by the night; B..... 454
Crime, four books on; B..... 487
Crime's nemesis. L. S. May; B..... 487
Crimson patch, the. P. A. Taylor; B. 458;
see also C..... 494
Criteria for the life history: With an analy-
sis of six notable documents. J. Dol-
lard; B..... 590
Crossroads of the Caribbean. H. de Leeuw;
B..... 489
Cummings, E. E.
Tom; AN..... 82
Cushing, Harvey
From a surgeon's journal: 1915-1918; B 715

D

- Daghileff. His artistic and private life. A.
Haskell, in collaboration with W.
Nouvel; B..... 26
Daly, James
One season shattered; B..... 199
Dance. L. Kirstein; B..... 200
Darby, Hugh H.; R..... 24
Darkness and dawn. A. Tolstoi. Translated
by E. Bone and E. Burns; B..... 522

- Davis, Frank Marshall
Black man's verse; AN..... 328
Davis, Maxine
Lost generation, the; AN..... 528
Days of wrath. A. Malraux; B..... 810
Deák, Francis, and P. C. Jessup
Neutrality: Its history, economics and
law. Volume I: The origins; B..... 196
Dean, Vera Micheles; R..... 811
De Kruif, Paul
Why keep them alive? B..... 390
De la Mare, Walter
Poems, 1919-1934; B..... 749
De Leeuw, Hendrik
Crossroads of the Caribbean; B..... 489
Denlinger, Sutherland, and Lieutenant-Com-
mander C. B. Gary
War in the Pacific; B..... 684
Dennis, Lawrence
Coming American fascism, the; B..... 196
De Quincey at work. W. H. Bonner; B..... 820
De Quincey, Thomas, two books on; B..... 820
Destructive element, the. S. Spender; B. 352;
see also..... 418
Deutschland und die Vereinigten Staaten in
der weltpolitik. A. Vagts; B..... 620
Dewhurst, Frederic; R..... 488
Dictatorship in the modern world. Edited by
G. S. Ford; B..... 353
Disraeli; biography, Young Mr. Disraeli.
E. Thane; B..... 520
Dollard, John
Criteria for the life history. With an
analysis of six notable documents; B.. 590
Dorman, Morgan J.
Age before booty; B..... 424
Douglas, Paul H.
Social security in the United States; B. 422
Dramatis personae. W. B. Yeats; B..... 780
Duhamel, Georges
Fortunes of the Pasquiers, the; AN.... 137
Dulles, Allen W., and H. F. Armstrong
Can we be neutral? B..... 196
Dupee, Frederick; R..... 136
Duranty, Walter; R..... 714

E

- Eat, drink, and be wary. F. J. Schlink; B. 356
Eaton, Horace Ainsworth
Thomas de Quincey. A biography; B.. 820
Eckstein, Gustav
Hokusai; B..... 110
Economic interpretation of the constitution of
the United States, an. C. A. Beard;
B..... 452
Economic meaning of the Townsend plan, the.
By a University of Chicago round
table; H. D. Gideonse, editor; B..... 424
Economic planning. G. D. H. Cole; B..... 134
Education before Verdun. A. Zweig. Trans-
lated by E. Sutton; B..... 617
Eighteenth century miscellany, an. L. Kron-
enberger; B..... 619
Eliot, T. S.
Collected poems; B..... 680
Elizabethan women. G. Bradford; AN..... 558
Ellis, Havelock
Studies in the psychology of sex; B.... 386
Engels, Friedrich, biography. G. Mayer; B. 748
England made me. G. Greene; B..... 256
Engle, Paul
Break the heart's anger; B..... 454
English costume of the later middle ages:
The fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.
I. Brooke; AN..... 720
Epitaph on George Moore. C. Morgan; AN.. 427
Epstein, Abraham
Insecurity, a challenge to America; B. 819
Epstein, Abraham; R..... 422
Ersikine, John
Influence of women and its cure, the;
AN..... 391
Ethics of power, the. P. Leon; B..... 784
Europe under the terror. J. I. Spivak; B. 849
Eve of 1914, the. T. Wolff; B..... 389;
O. G. Villard; S..... 482
Evolution of modern psychology, the. R.
Müller-Freienfels. Translation and in-
troduction by W. B. Wolfe; B..... 163
Exile, the. P. S. Buck; B..... 195
Ezekiel, Mordecai
\$2500 a year; B..... 488

F

- Fabricius, Johan
Son of Marietta, the. I. Clephane and D.
Hallett, translators; B..... 355
Fadiman, Clifton; R..... 681
Falk, Edwin A.
Togo and the rise of Japanese sea power;
B..... 684
Falk, I. S.
Security against sickness; B..... 846
Fallada, Hans
Once we had a child; B..... 388
Fallas, Carl
Wooden pillow, the; B..... 163
Farewell, Mr. gangster! H. Corey; B..... 487

- Farrell, James T.
Note on literary criticism; B..... 808
- Farrell, James T.; R..... 783
- Farson, Negley
Way of a transgressor, the; B..... 229
- Fay, Sidney B.; R..... 109
- Fergusson, Francis; R..... 200
- Feuchtwanger, Lion
Jew of Rome, the; B..... 52
- Fighting the underworld. P. S. Van Cise;
B..... 487
- Film and theater. A. Nicoll; B..... 781
- Fire testament. W. Maas; B..... 53
- Firestone, Clark B.
Sycamore shores; AN..... 592
- Fisher, Vardis
No villain need be; B..... 324
- Fitzgerald, Robert
Poems; B..... 227
- Footnote to folly, a. Reminiscences of M. H.
Vorse; B..... 80
- Ford, Ford Madox
Vive le roy; AN..... 657
- Forester, C. S.
General, the; B..... 421
- Forster, E. M.
Abinger harvest; B..... 780
- Forsytes, Pendycies, and others. J. Gals-
worthy; B..... 26
- Fortune, R. Reynolds; AN..... 137
- Fortunes of the Pasquiers, the. G. Duhamel;
AN..... 137
- Four Georges, the. Sir C. Petrie; AN..... 258
- Freedom, farewell. P. Bentley; AN..... 558
- Freuchen, Peter
Arctic adventure; B..... 554
- Friedrich Engels, G. Mayer; B..... 748
- From a surgeon's journal: 1915-1918. H.
Cushing; B..... 715
- From the kingdom of necessity. I. Schneider;
B..... 256
- Frost, Frances
Innocent summer; B..... 198
- Frost, Robert
Further range, a; B..... 817
- Further range, a. R. Frost; B..... 817
- G
- Galsworthy, John
Forsytes, Pendycies, and others; B..... 26
- Galsworthy, John, life and letters. H. V.
Marrot; B..... 620
- Garnett, David
Beany-Eye; AN..... 167
- Gary, Lieutenant-Commander Charles B., and
S. Denlinger
War in the Pacific; B..... 684
- Gaudy night. D. L. Sayers; B..... 458;
see also C..... 458
- Geismar, Maxwell; R..... 25
- General, the. C. S. Forester; B..... 421
- General theory of employment, interest, and
money, the. J. M. Keynes; B..... 485
- Gilbert, E. Albert, and M. Gilbert
Life insurance—a legalized racket; B.. 750
- Gilbert, Mort, and E. A. Gilbert
Life insurance—a legalized racket; B.. 750
- Glaeser, Ernst
Last civilian, the; AN..... 200
- Goldberg, Louis P., and E. Levenson
Lawless judges; B..... 228
- Gorer, Geoffrey
Africa dances; B..... 24
- Gorki, Maxim
Belomor; AN..... 290
- Gray, Thomas, correspondence of. Edited by
the late P. Toynbee and L. Whibley;
AN..... 82
- Green lion, the. F. Hackett; B..... 682
- Greene, Graham
England made me; B..... 256
- Greene, Laurence
America goes to press; AN..... 591
- Gregory, Horace; R..... 682
- Guinea pigs no more. J. B. Matthews; B.. 356
- Gunther, John
Inside Europe; B..... 285
- Gustav Stresemann: His diaries, letters and
papers. Edited and translated by E.
Sutton; B..... 135
- H
- Hacker, Louis M.; R.. 196, 526; letters by
Hacker and E. Browder..... 787, 788
- Hackett, Francis
Green lion, the; B..... 682
- Haddon, A. C., and J. S. Huxley
We Europeans. With contribution by A.
M. Carr-Saunders; B..... 354
- Hamilton, Walton H.; R..... 51
- Hamlin, Talbot; R..... 198
- Handbook of Marxism. Edited by E. Burns;
AN..... 166; correction of price..... 260
- Harris, Abram L.; R.. 518; see also C..... 756
- Haskell, Arnold, and W. Nouvel
Dagileff. His artistic and private life; B.. 26
- Haslet, A. W.
Unsolved problems of science; AN..... 230
- Hazlitt, Henry; R..... 255
- Head o' Whollow. J. Stuart; AN..... 784
- Hearst, William Randolph, two books on; B.. 649
- Hearst: Lord of San Simeon. O. Carlson
and E. S. Bates; B..... 649
- Hecht, Ben
Actor's blood; B..... 286
- Hegemann, Werner
City planning; Housing. Volume I. His-
torical and sociological; B..... 553
- Heiden, Conrad
Hitler; B..... 714
- Henderson, Alexander
Aldous Huxley; B..... 588
- Herskovits, Melville J.; R..... 850
- Hicks Granville
John Reed: The making of a revolution-
ary; B..... 552
- Hirsch, Felix E.; R..... 389
- Hitchcock, Henry Russell, junior
Architecture of H. H. Richardson and
his times, the; B..... 198
- Hitler. C. Heiden; B..... 714
- Hitler. R. Olden; B..... 714
- Hokusai. G. Eckstein; B..... 110
- Holtby, Winifred
South riding; B..... 457
- Hook, Sidney; R..... 288 (see also C, 431);
653
- Hoover administration, the: A documented
narrative. W. S. Myers and W. H.
Newton; B..... 322
- House in Paris, the. E. Bowen; B..... 425
- Hutchins, Robert Maynard
No friendly voice; B..... 556
- Huxley, Aldous, biography. A. Henderson;
B..... 588
- Huxley, Julian S., and A. C. Haddon
We Europeans. With contribution by A.
M. Carr-Saunders; B..... 354
- I
- If I have four apples. J. Lawrence; AN.. 230
- Imperial Hearst. F. Lundberg; B..... 649
- In dubious battle. J. Steinbeck; B..... 326
- In the second year. S. Jameson; AN..... 391
- Influence of women and its cure, the. J.
Erskine; AN..... 391
- Inhale and exhale. W. Saroyan; B..... 387
- Innocent summer. F. Frost; B..... 198
- Insecurity, a challenge to America. A. Ep-
stein; B..... 819
- Inside Europe. J. Gunther; B..... 285
- Interpretations: 1933-1935. W. Lippmann.
Edited by A. Nevins; B..... 322
- Introduction to dialectical materialism. A.
Thalheimer. Translated by Simpson
and Weltner; B..... 288
- Iron land, the. S. Burnshaw; AN..... 290
- Ishimaru, Lieutenant-Commander Tota
Japan must fight Britain; B..... 684
- J
- Jameson, Storm
In the second year; AN..... 391
- Japan, six books on; B..... 684
- Japan must fight Britain. Lieutenant-Com-
mander T. Ishimaru; B..... 684
- Japan's foreign relations, 1542-1936: A short
history. R. H. Akagi; B..... 684
- Japan's policies and purposes. H. Saito; B.. 54
- Jaszi, Oscar; R..... 716
- Jessup, Philip C.
Neutrality: Its history, economics, and
law. Volume IV. Today and tomor-
row; B..... 456
- Jessup, Philip C., and F. Deák
Neutrality: Its history, economics and
law. Volume I: The origins; B..... 196
- Jesus manifest. D. Merejkowski; AN..... 426
- Jew of Rome, the. L. Feuchtwanger; B..... 52
- John Reed: The making of a revolutionary.
G. Hicks; B..... 552
- Johnson, Alvin
Spring storm; B..... 586
- Johnson, Alvin; R..... 553
- Johnson, Claudius O.
Borah of Idaho; B..... 718
- K
- Kang, Younghill; R..... 654
- Kemmerer, Edwin Walter
Money; B..... 229
- Keynes, John Maynard
General theory of employment, interest,
and money; B..... 485
- Kingsbury, John A.; R..... 390, 846
- Kirstein, Lincoln
Dance, the; B..... 200
- Knebworth, Viscount, biography. Earl of
Lynton; B..... 652
- Kohn, Hans; R..... 620
- Kronenberger, Louis
Eighteenth century miscellany, an; B.. 619
- Kronenberger, Louis; R.. 79, 286, 387, 424,
486, 520, 717, 780, 812
- Krutch, Joseph Wood; R.. 352 (see also 418);
386, 713
- L
- Labor fact book III. Prepared by the Labor
research association; AN..... 852
- Lafayette, a life. A. Latzko; B..... 227
- Laloy, Louis
Mirror of China. C. A. Phillips, trans-
lator; B..... 654
- Lamb, Ruth de Forest
American chamber of horrors; B..... 356
- Landscape with figures. L. Wiggam; B..... 782
- Langland, William
Vision of Piers Plowman, the. Ren-
dered into modern English by H. W.
Wells; B..... 51
- Lann, Robert; R..... 256
- Laski, Harold J.; R..... 748
- Last civilian, the. E. Glaeser; AN..... 200
- Last puritan, the. G. Santayana; B..... 255
- Latzko, Andreas
Lafayette. A life; B..... 227
- Lavine, Emanuel H.
Cheese it—the cops!; B..... 487
- Lawless judges. L. P. Goldberg and E.
Levenson; B..... 228
- Lawrence, Josephine
If I have four apples; AN..... 230
- Lehmann, Rosamond
Weather in the street, the; B..... 713
- Leon, Philip
Ethics of power, the; B..... 784
- Lerner, Max; R..... 321 (see also C, 659);
452, 552
- Letter from Pontus, a. J. Masefield; B.. 848
- Letters to Harriet. W. V. Moody. Edited,
with introduction and conclusion, by P.
MacKaye; B..... 111
- Levenson, Eleanor, and L. P. Goldberg
Lawless judges; B..... 228
- Lewis, C. Day
Time to dance, a; B..... 589
- Lewis, Lloyd, and H. J. Smith
Oscar Wilde discovers America (1882);
B..... 846
- Liberalism fights on. O. L. Mills; B..... 322
- Life and letters of John Galsworthy, the. H.
V. Marrot; B..... 620
- Life insurance—a critical examination. E.
Berman; B..... 750
- Life insurance—a legalized racket. M. Gil-
bert and E. A. Gilbert; B..... 750
- Like a mighty army—Hitler versus established
religion. G. N. Shuster; AN..... 166
- Lippmann, Walter
Interpretations: 1933-1935. Edited by A.
Nevins; B..... 322
- Livingston, Arthur; R..... 420
- Locos. F. Alfau; B..... 848
- Lore, Ludwig; R..... 135
- Lost generation, the. M. Davis; AN..... 528
- Lost plays of Shakespeare's age. C. J.
Sisson; AN..... 785
- Lowell, A. Lawrence
Biography of Percival Lowell; B..... 256
- Lucas, F. L.
Poems, 1935; AN..... 230
- Lundberg, Ferdinand
Imperial Hearst; B..... 649
- Lyman, D., and A. Bourman
Tragedy of Nijinsky, the; B..... 590
- Lytton, Earl of
Antony (Viscount Knebworth): A record
of youth; B..... 652
- M
- M-day, the first day of war. R. M. Stein;
B..... 424; see also C..... 494
- Maas, Willard
Fire testament; B..... 53
- MacCormick, Austin H.; R..... 487
- MacDowell, E. C.; R..... 354
- MacLeish, Archibald
Public speech; B..... 522
- Malraux, André
Days of wrath; B..... 810
- Manchu abdication and the powers, 1908-
1912, the. J. G. Reid; AN..... 528
- Mann, Thomas
Stories of three decades. H. T. Lowe-
Porter, translator; B..... 814
- Marchand, Leslie A.; R..... 620
- Marching! marching! C. Weatherwax; B.. 82;
see also C..... 159
- Mark Twain. The man and his work. E.
Wagenknecht; AN..... 201
- Mark Twain's notebook. Edited by A. B.
Paine; AN..... 258
- Marrot, H. V.
Life and letters of John Galsworthy, the;
B..... 620
- Marshall, George; R..... 850
- Marshall, Margaret; R..... 816
- Martin, John; R..... 590
- Masefield, John
Letter from Pontus, a; B..... 848
- Matthews, J. B.
Guinea pigs no more; B..... 356
- Maugham, W. Somerset
Cosmopolitans; AN..... 325

- Maurois, André
Prophets and poets. H. Miles, translator; B..... 79
- May, Luke S.
Crime's nemesis; B..... 487
- Mayer, Gustav
Friedrich Engels; B..... 748
- Mazzini, S. Barr; B..... 164
- McCarthy, Mary R. 82 (see also C, 159);
326, 458 (see also C, 494); 848
- McConnaughey, James
Village chronicle; B..... 848
- Mead, Margaret; R..... 590
- Men and brethren. J. G. Cozzens; B..... 79
- Merejkowski, Dmitri
Jesus manifest; AN..... 426
- Middleton, Lamar
Rape of Africa, the; B..... 617
- Millis, Walter; R..... 424; see also C..... 494
- Mills, Ogden L.
Liberalism fights on; B..... 322
- Milton, George Fort; R..... 587
- Mirror of China. L. Laloy. Translated by
C. A. Phillips; B..... 654
- Mitchell, Broadus; R..... 813
- Money. E. W. Kemmerer; B..... 229
- Monogram. G. B. Stern; AN..... 490
- Moody, William Vaughan
Letters to Harriet. Edited, with introduction and conclusion, by P. MacKaye; B..... 111
- Moore, George, epitaph on. C. Morgan; AN..... 427
- Moore, Marianne; R..... 680
- Morgan, Charles
Epitaph on George Moore; AN..... 427
- Sparkenbroke; B..... 618
- Mottke the thief. S. Asch; AN..... 259
- Movies on trial, the. Compiled and edited
by W. J. Perlman; B. 203; see also C. 363
- Müller-Freienfels, Richard
Evolution of modern psychology, the.
Translation and introduction by W.
B. Wolfe; B..... 163
- Murry, John Middleton
Shakespeare; B..... 520
- Mussolini, sawdust Caesar. G. Seldes; B. 108;
see also C..... 364
- Myers, L. H.
Strange glory; B..... 651
- Myers, William Starr, and W. H. Newton
Hoover administration, the: A documented narrative; B..... 322
- N
Nations can live at home. O. W. Willcox;
B..... 24
- Negro question in the United States, the.
J. S. Allen; B..... 845
- Neihardt, John G.
Song of the messiah, the; AN..... 166
- Neumann, Robert
Zaharoff; B..... 388
- Neutrality: Its history, economics and law.
Volume I: The origins. P. C. Jessup
and F. Deak; B..... 196
- Neutrality: Its history, economics, and law.
Volume II. The Napoleonic period.
W. A. Phillips and A. H. Reede.
Volume III. The world war period.
E. Turlington. Volume IV. Today
tomorrow. P. C. Jessup; B..... 456
- Never say die. J. Paton; B..... 229
- Neville, Helen; R..... 26
- Newton, Walter H., and W. S. Myers
Hoover administration, the: A documented
narrative; B..... 322
- Nicoll, Allardyce
Film and theater; B..... 781
- Niebuhr, Reinhold; R..... 784
- Nijinsky, biography. A. Bourman and D.
Lyman; B..... 590
- Nirdlinger, Virginia; R..... 782
- No friendly voice. R. M. Hutchins; B..... 556
- No villain need be. V. Fisher; B..... 324
- Note on literary criticism. J. T. Farrell; B..... 808
- Nouvel, Walter, and A. Haskell
Daghileff. His artistic and private life;
R..... 26
- Noyes, John Humphrey, biography. R. A.
Parker; B..... 25
- O
Obiter scripta. Lectures, essays, and reviews.
G. Santayana. Edited by J. Buchler
and B. Schwartz; B..... 524
- O'Connor, Frank
Bones of contention; B..... 556
- Odegard, Peter H.; R..... 353
- Olden, Rudolf
Hitler; B..... 714
- Omura, Bunji; R..... 54
- On the rim of the abyss. J. T. Shotwell;
B..... 811
- Once we had a child. H. Fallada. Translated
by E. Sutton; B..... 388
- One season shattered. J. Daly; B..... 199
- Oscar Wilde discovers America (1882). L.
Lewis and H. J. Smith; B..... 846
- P
Parker, Robert Allerton
Yankee saint, a: John Humphrey Noyes
and the Oneida community; B..... 25
- Parkes, H. B.; R..... 25
- Paton, John
Never say die; B..... 229
- Penny foolish. O. Sitwell; B..... 717
- Petrie, Sir Charles
Four Georges, the; AN..... 258
- Phillips, W. Alison, and A. H. Reede
Neutrality: Its history, economics, and
law. Volume II. The Napoleonic period;
B..... 456
- Poems. T. Fitzgerald; B..... 227
- Poems, 1919-1934. W. de la Mare; B..... 749
- Poems, 1935. F. L. Lucas; AN..... 230
- Prall, D. W.
Aesthetic analysis; B..... 752
- Preface to the past. J. B. Cabell; B..... 286
- Prophets and poets. A. Maurois. Translated
by H. Miles; B..... 79
- Public speech. A. MacLeish; B..... 522
- Putt, S. Gorley; R..... 652
- Q
Quennell, Peter
Byron: The years of fame; B..... 136
- R
Rainbow, the. D. R. Richberg; B..... 322
- Raleigh, Sir Walter, biography. E. Thompson;
AN..... 720
- Rand, Ayn
We the living; B..... 522
- Rape of Africa, the. L. Middleton; B..... 617
- Raw materials, population pressure, and war.
Sir N. Angell; AN..... 656
- Raynolds, Robert
Fortune; AN..... 137
- Reactionary essays on poetry and ideas. A.
Tate; B..... 747
- Rebirth: A book of modern Jewish thought.
Selected and edited by L. Lewisohn;
AN..... 137
- Reed, John, biography. G. Hicks; B..... 552
- Reede, Arthur H., and W. A. Phillips
Neutrality: Its history, economics, and
law. Volume II. The Napoleonic period;
B..... 456
- Reid, John Gilbert
Manchu abdication and the powers, 1908-
1912, the; AN..... 528
- Rice, Philip Blair; R..... 53, 134, 227, 522, 589
- Richardson, H. H.; biography. H. R. Hitchcock, junior; B..... 198
- Richberg, Donald R.
Rainbow, the; B..... 322
- Rochester, Anna
Rulers of America: A study of finance
capital; B..... 850
- Roger B. Taney. C. B. Swisher; B..... 621
- Roger B. Taney: Jacksonian jurist. C. W.
Smith, Jr.; B..... 621
- Rogers, Lindsay; R..... 322
- Rolfe, Edwin
To my contemporaries; AN..... 784
- Romantic rebels, the. F. Winwar; B..... 136
- Romeo and Juliet. W. Shakespeare. A motion-picture
edition; B..... 781
- Roosevelt, Nicholas
Townsend plan, the; B..... 424
- Rorty, James
Where life is better. An unsentimental
American journey; B..... 194
- Rothschild, Richard
Three gods give an evening to politics;
B..... 653
- Rowland, Benjamin, junior; R..... 110
- Rugoff, Milton; R..... 229
- Rukeyser, Muriel
Theory of flight. Foreword by S. V.
Benét; B..... 134
- Rulers of America: A study of finance capital.
A. Rochester; B..... 850
- S
Saint-Hélér, Monique
Abandoned wood, the. J. Whitall, translator; AN..... 558
- Saito, Hiroshi
Japan's policies and purposes; B..... 54
- Salvemini, Gaetano
Under the axe of fascism; B..... 716
- Salvemini, Gaetano; R. 108; see also C..... 364
- Sanfelice. V. Sheean; B..... 812
- Santayana, George
Last puritan, the; B..... 255
- Obiter scripta. Lectures, essays, and reviews.
Edited by J. Buchler and B.
Schwartz; B..... 524
- Saroyan, William
Inhale and exhale; B..... 387
- Sassoon, Siegfried
Vigils; AN..... 528
- Sawdust Caesar. G. Seldes; B. 108;
see also C..... 364
- Sayers, Dorothy L.
Gaudy night; B. 458; see also C..... 494
- Schapiro, J. Salwyn; R..... 325
- Schlink, F. J.
Eat, drink and be wary; B..... 356
- Schneider, Isidor
From the kingdom of necessity; B..... 256
- Schnitman, L. Seth; R..... 750
- Schrieke, B.
Alien Americans; B..... 850
- Schuman, Frederick L.; R..... 196, 456, 850
- Seagle, William; R..... 228, 621
- Security against sickness. I. S. Falk; B. 846
- Seldes, George; R..... 649
- Seldes, Gilbert
Sawdust Caesar; B. 108; see also C..... 364
- Seven sins, the. A. Wurdemann; B..... 23
- Seymour, Charles
American neutrality, 1914-1917; B..... 109
- Shakespeare, two books on; AN..... 785
- Shakespeare. J. M. Murry; B..... 520
- Shakespeare, William
Romeo and Juliet. A motion-picture edition;
B..... 781
- Sheean, Vincent
Sanfelice; B..... 812
- Shotwell, James T.
On the rim of the abyss; B..... 811
- Shuster, George N.
Like a mighty army—Hitler versus established religion; AN..... 166
- Significant moderns, the. C. J. Bulliet; B. 782
- Simonds, Katharine; R..... 354
- "Sir Walter Raleigh: Last of the Elizabethans." E. Thompson; AN..... 720
- Sitwell, Osbert
Penny foolish; B..... 717
- Slade, Caroline
Sterile sun; B..... 783
- Slesinger, Donald; R..... 556
- Smith, Bradford
To the mountain; AN..... 490
- Smith, Henry Justin, and L. Lewis
Oscar Wilde discovers America (1882);
B..... 846
- Social security in the United States. P. H.
Douglas; B..... 422
- Son of Marietta, the. J. Fabricius. Translated
by I. Clephane and D. Hallett;
B..... 355
- Song of the messiah, the. J. G. Neihardt;
AN..... 166
- Sound wagon, the. T. S. Stribling; B..... 164
- South riding. Winifred Holtby; B..... 457
- Soviet communism: A new civilization? S.
and B. Webb; B. 518; see also C..... 756
- Sparkenbroke. C. Morgan; R..... 618
- Spender, Stephen
Destructive element, the; B..... 352;
see also 418
- Spero, Sterling D.; R..... 845
- Spivak, John L.
Europe under the terror; B..... 849
- Spring storm. A. Johnson; B..... 586
- Stead, Christina
Beauties and furies, the; B..... 751
- Stearns, Harold E.; R..... 80
- Stein, Rose M.
M-day, the first day of war; B. 424;
see also C..... 494
- Steinbeck, John
In dubious battle; B..... 326
- Sterile sun. C. Slade; B..... 783
- Stern, G. B.
Monogram; AN..... 490
- Stewart, Maxwell S.; R. 134, 229, 424, 485, 684
- Stillman, Clara Gruening; R..... 26, 227, 256
- Stolberg, Benjamin; R..... 388, 557
- Stone, Shepard; R..... 555
- Stone came rolling, a. F. Burke; B..... 54
- Stories of three decades. T. Mann. Translated
by H. T. Lowe-Porter; B..... 814
- Story of a novel, the. T. Wolfe; B..... 681
- Strange glory. L. H. Myers; B..... 651
- Stresemann, Gustav
Diaries, letters, and papers. Edited and
translated by E. Sutton; B..... 135
- Stribling, T. S.
Sound wagon, the; B..... 164
- Stuart, Jesse
Head o' W-hollow; AN..... 784
- Studies in the psychology of sex. H. Ellis;
B..... 386
- Study of Love's labor's lost, a. F. A. Yates;
AN..... 785
- Swear by the night. N. Crane; B..... 454
- Sweden: The middle way. M. W. Childs; B. 358
- Swing, Raymond Gram; R..... 285
- Swisher, Carl Brent
Roger B. Taney; B..... 621
- Sycamore shores. C. B. Firestone; AN..... 592
- Symbols of government. T. W. Arnold; B. 51
- T
Takeuchi, Tatsuji
War and diplomacy in the Japanese empire;
B..... 684
- Taney, Roger B.; two biographies; B..... 621

Tanin, O., and E. Yohan
When Japan goes to war; B..... 684

Tate, Allen
Reactionary essays on poetry and ideas; B..... 747

Taylor, Phoebe Atwood
Crimson patch, the; B.. 458; see also C.. 494

Thalheimer, August
Introduction to dialectical materialism. Simpson and Weltner, translators; B..... 288; see also C..... 431

Thane, Elsywth
Young Mr. Disraeli; B..... 520

Theory of flight. M. Rukyser. Foreword by S. V. Benét; B..... 134

Thinking reed, the. R. West; B..... 354

Thirty-six poems. R. P. Warren; AN..... 391

Thomas, Norman
War. No profit, no glory, no need; AN 136

Thomas, Norman; R..... 358

Thomas de Quincey. A biography. H. A. Eaton; B..... 820

Thompson, Edward
"Sir Walter Raleigh: Last of the Elizabethans"; AN..... 720

Three flights up. Helen Woodward; B..... 25

Three gods give an evening to politics. R. Rothschild; B..... 653

Threescor, the autobiography of Sarah N. Cleghorn. Introduction by R. Frost; B..... 525

Time to dance, a. C. D. Lewis; B..... 589

To my contemporaries. E. Rolfe; AN..... 784

To the mountain. B. Smith; AN..... 490

Togo and the rise of Japanese sea power. E. A. Falk; B..... 684

Tolstoi, Alexei
Darkness and dawn. E. Bone and E. Burns, translators; B..... 522

Tom. E. E. Cummings; AN..... 82

Toward social security. E. M. Burns; B.. 422

Townsend plan, the. N. Roosevelt; B..... 424

Townsend plan, three books on; B..... 424

Tragedy of Nijinsky, the. A. Bourman and D. Lyman; B..... 590

Travels in two democracies. E. Wilson; B.. 816

Trilling, Lionel; R..... 52, 617

Troy, William; R..... 556, 747, 780, 811

Turlington, Edgar
Neutrality: Its history, economics, and law. Volume III. The world war period; B..... 456

Twain, Mark. The man and his work. E. Wagenknecht; AN..... 201

Twain, Mark, notebook. Edited by A. B. Paine; AN..... 258

\$2500 a year. M. Ezekiel; B..... 488

U

Uncommon people. H. Hull; AN..... 528

Under the axe of fascism. G. Salvemini; B.. 716

Unending battle. H. C. Armstrong; B.... 229

Unsolved problems of science. A. W. Haslett; AN..... 230

V

Vagts, Alfred
Deutschland und die Vereinigten Staaten in der weltpolitik; B..... 620

Van Cise, Philip S.
Fighting the underworld; B..... 487

Van Doren, Dorothy; R..... 425, 525, 751

Van Doren, Mark; R. 51, 111, 163, 195, 203, (see also C, 363), 286, 324, 388, 457, 520, 586, 651, 715, 781, 820

Van Gogh, Vincent. W. Pach; B..... 391

Vaughan, Richard; R..... 846

Veblen, teachings; B..... 321

Vigils. S. Sassoon; AN..... 528

Village chronicle. J. McConnaughey; B.... 848

Villard, Oswald Garrison; R..... 718

Vincent Van Gogh. W. Pach; AN..... 391

Vision of Piers Plowman, the. W. Langland. Rendered into modern English by H. W. Wells; B..... 51

Vivas, Eliseo; R..... 524, 752

Vive le roy. F. M. Ford; AN..... 657

Voltaire. H. N. Brailsford; B..... 325

Vorse, Mary Heaton
Footnote to folly, a; B..... 80

W

Wagenknecht, Edward
Mark Twain. The man and his work; AN..... 201

Walton, Eda Lou; R..... 199, 749, 782, 848

War. No profit, no glory, no need. N. Thomas; AN..... 136

War and diplomacy in the Japanese empire. T. Takeuchi; B..... 684

War in the pacific. S. Denlinger and Lieutenant-Commander C. B. Gary; B..... 684

Warren, Robert Penn
Thirty-six poems; AN..... 391

Way of a transgressor, the. N. Farson; B.. 229

We Europeans. J. S. Huxley and A. C. Haddon. With contribution by A. M. Carr-Saunders; B..... 354

We the living. A. Rand; B..... 522

Weather in the street, the. R. Lehmann; B..... 713

Weatherwax, Clara
Marching! marching! B.. 82; see also C 159

Webb, Sidney and Beatrice
Soviet communism: A new civilization? B..... 518; see also C..... 756

Wells, Henry W.
Vision of Piers Plowman, the. Modern English version; B..... 51

Wertheim, Barbara; R..... 617

West, Rebecca
Thinking reed, the; B..... 354

Wharton, Edith
World over, the; AN..... 852

What is communism? E. Browder; B.. 526; letters by the author and L. M. Hacker, reviewer..... 787, 788

What Veblen taught. Edited by W. C. Mitchell; B.... 321; see also C..... 659

When Japan goes to war. O. Tanin and E. Yohan; B..... 684

Where life is better. An unsentimental American journey. J. Rorty; B.... 194

White, Leigh; R..... 588

White horses of Vienna and other stories, the. K. Boyle; B..... 286

Who owns America? Edited by H. Agar and A. Tate; B..... 813

Why keep them alive? P. de Kruif; B.... 390

Wiggam, Lionel
Landscape with figures; B..... 782

Wilde, Oscar, discovers America (1882). L. Lewis and H. J. Smith; B..... 846

Willcox, O. W.
Nations can live at home; B..... 24

William Jennings Bryan. W. C. Williams; B..... 587

Wilson, Edmund
Travels in two democracies; B..... 816

Wilson, Edmund; R..... 808

Wilson, Woodrow: Life and letters. Volume V. Neutrality, 1914-1915. R. S. Baker; B..... 109

Winwar, Frances
Romantic rebels, the; B..... 136

Wolfe, Thomas
Story of a novel, the; B..... 681

Wolff, Theodor
Eve of 1914, the; B..... 398; O. G. Villard; S..... 482

Wooden pillow, the. C. Fallas; B..... 163

Woodrow Wilson: Life and letters. Volume V. Neutrality, 1914-1915. R. S. Baker; B..... 109

Woodward, Helen
Three flights up; B..... 25

World over, the. E. Wharton; AN..... 852

Wurdemann, Audrey
Seven sins, the; B..... 23

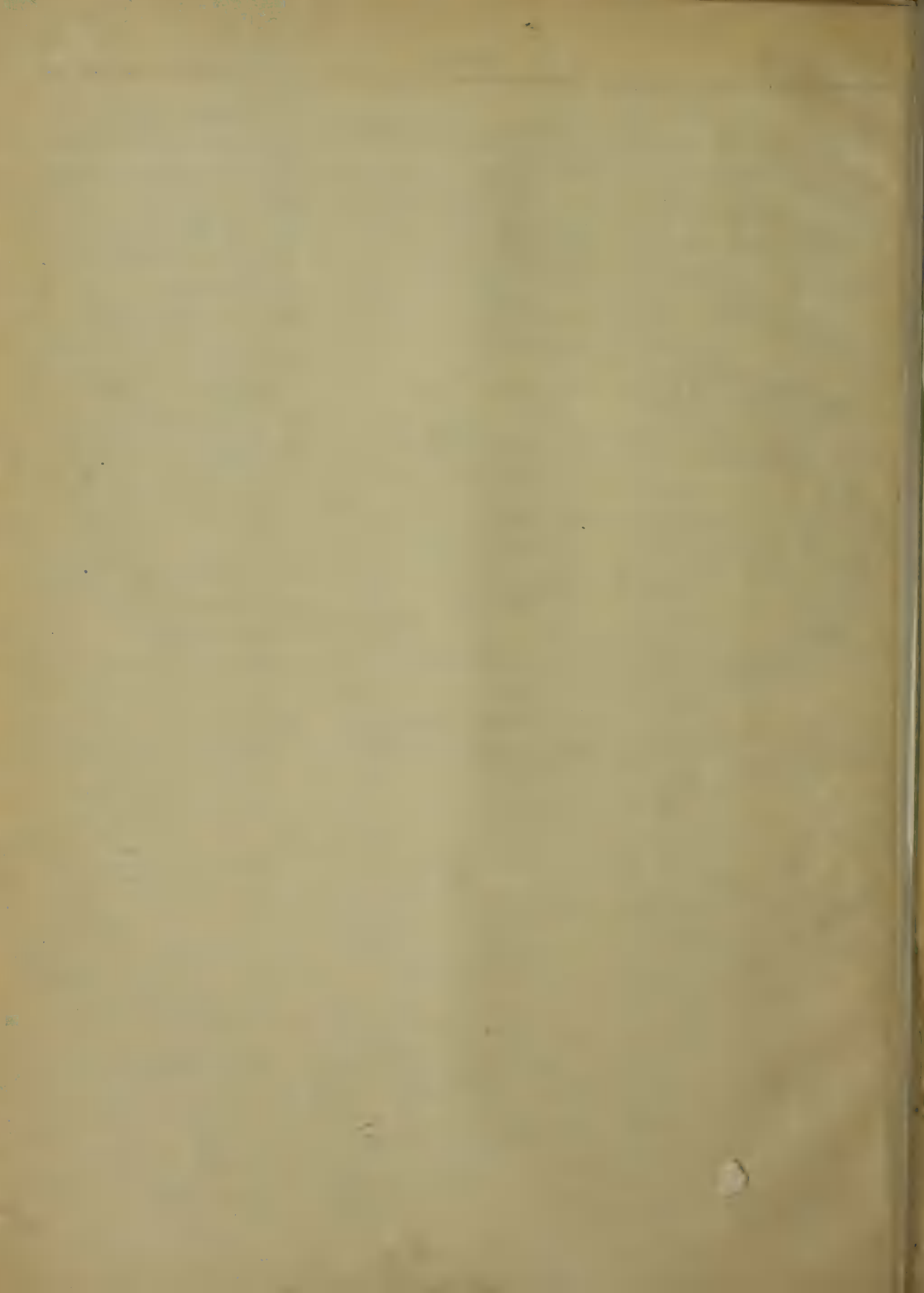
Wylie, Philip
As they reveled; B..... 486

Z

Zaharoff. R. Neumann; B..... 388

Zaturenska, Marya; R..... 23

Zweig, Arnold
Education before Verdun. E. Sutton, translator; B..... 617



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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	1
EDITORIALS:	
The League Struggles On	4
Education Faces the Class Struggle	5
Japan's New "Lifeline"	5
A New Secret Society	■
ISSUES AND MEN. A WORLD PUBLIC OPINION EXISTS. By	
Oswald Garrison Villard	7
CARTOON. By Fritz	■
THE NATION'S HONOR ROLL	9
HOW TO CONTROL THE SALE OF ARMS. By H. C. Engelbrecht	10
ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN IN CHICAGO. By Edwin A. Lahey	12
ARMS OVER EUROPE. III. ITALY AT WAR: FIRST IM-	
PRESSIONS. By Louis Fischer	14
I AM A TRAITOR. By William T. Lucas	16
CORRESPONDENCE	17
LABOR AND INDUSTRY:	
The C. P. and the United Front. A Debate between David Scheyer	
and Heywood Brown	19
Contributors to This Issue	20
Facts for Consumers. By Ruth Brindze	21
BOOKS, MUSIC, DRAMA, FILMS.	
"Our Critics, Right or Wrong." By Joseph Wood Krutch	22
Poetic Poetry. By Marya Zaturenska	23
Feeding Ourselves. By Hugh H. Darby	24
Travelers in West Africa. By Ruth Benedict	24
The Oneida Community. By H. B. Parkes	25
That Rebus. By Maxwell Geismar	25
Galsworthy. By Helen Neville	26
Diaghileff. By Clara Gruening Stillman	26
Music: A Bright Evening, with Musicians. By Kenneth Burke	27
Drama: On Good Intentions. By Joseph Wood Krutch	27
Films: Groucho Co. By Mark Van Doren	28

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THE DIVINE RIGHT of judges to annul the legislative will of the people has again been asserted. The present occasion is the labor troubles of a flour mill at Aurora, Kansas. Judge Merrill E. Otis, of the Federal District Court in Kansas City, has declared the Wagner-Connery Labor Disputes Act unconstitutional. The now familiar pattern of the judicial life-history of New Deal legislation is being retraced. A small-time Republican judge appointed in the palmy days of the Coolidge Administration rules that a carefully considered act to regulate labor relations, passed after six tragic years of depression, must be thrown on the dump heap. Judge Otis's decision is based on the narrowest possible construction of the commerce power of Congress—so narrow as to limit its scope finally to actual physical transportation across state lines. An entire sequence of Supreme Court precedents stretching back to John Marshall and construing the commerce clause broadly is completely ignored. The familiar bogey is again dragged out that if Congress may regulate collective bargaining in

industries that are part of the flow of commerce, "then its power is almost unlimited," nothing remains of the sovereignty of the states, and tyranny is untrammelled.

JUDGE OTIS'S LANGUAGE stops little short of the vituperative. By the Wagner act, he declares, the worker "is dealt with as an incompetent. . . . He is the ward of the United States to be cared for by his guardian even as if he were a member of an uncivilized tribe of Indians or a recently emancipated slave." Thus in a generous burst of feeling the Judge lashes out against any act that would disturb the inalienable right of the worker to be denied collective bargaining and to be exploited to the hilt of economic circumstance. The real meaning of this decision becomes apparent when it is remembered that bourbon strategy is trying to short-circuit the Labor Relations Board and get a Wagner-act case to the Supreme Court under the most unfavorable conditions possible. This case does not involve, as does the Greyhound motor-bus case, for example, an appeal from a decision of the Labor Relations Board. On such an appeal the board's record, embodying an exhaustive investigation of the actual labor conditions at the plant, would go up to the Supreme Court. Since this is not true in the present case, the board would be well advised not to appeal from Judge Otis's decision, but to take its position on something like the Greyhound case.

THE BELATED ACTION of the Interstate Commerce Commission reducing train fares to two cents a mile illustrates one of the unsolved weaknesses of government control as against either competition or public ownership of utilities. If genuine competition could exist in this field, the railways would have reduced fares some years ago as a protection against the inroads of the buses. But largely because of the difficulty of raising rates once they have been lowered by the I. C. C., the Eastern railways have fought every attempt to cut basic fares during the depression—though they introduced special week-end rates in an effort to fill their empty trains. Under a system of state ownership, the rate-making bodies would be presumably not only more sensitive to public opinion but free from pressure from the railways themselves. Under the benign protection of the I. C. C. millions of dollars' worth of railway equipment has lain idle during the depression, and thousands of bondholders have suffered a serious shrinkage of their investments. While there may be some doubt that all the railroads will have a sufficient increase of traffic at two cents a mile to increase net revenues—after making allowances for the extra cost of carrying the additional passengers—there can be no doubt that the railways will once more be serving the ends for which they were intended.

THE RETURN of ex-President Calles to Mexico has precipitated a political crisis which threatens to become even more serious than that of last June. Fearing a coup d'état which would bring the former "iron man" back into power, President Cárdenas has taken swift and decisive action. Five senators, alleged supporters of Calles, have been re-

moved and charged with treason. Charges have also been preferred against the reactionary Morones, former leader of the C. R. O. M.—at one time the most important labor organization in Mexico. The former President and his associates have been formally expelled from the National Revolutionary Party (P. N. R.). Despite a wave of popular protest against his return, Calles has given no indication of leaving, and speculation is active as to his possible backing. This speculation has been enhanced by the fact that Calles traveled to Honolulu in August on the same ship with Postmaster General Farley, and that they both registered at the same hotel. A large number of Mexicans are convinced that this indicates a definite agreement between the two in which Calles promised "industrial peace" and a more lenient attitude toward the Catholic church in return for the support of the Roosevelt Administration. In that case, of course, the President would not need to fear opposition next November from the Knights of Columbus, the Jesuits, and other militant Catholic organizations because of his "weak" Mexican policy. With the record of recent events in Cuba before us, no one can say that such things are impossible; we can only hope that the Administration has more sense than to drag our southern neighbor to the depths to which it has plunged Cuba.

THE NAVAL CONFERENCE has recessed over the holidays after two weeks of fruitless sessions which left the cause of naval disarmament farther from realization than ever. President Roosevelt's plan for a general 20 per cent reduction in naval tonnage was laughed out of court. Japan's plea for a "common upper limit" was definitely rejected. The compromise scheme proposed by the British delegation calling for unilateral declarations of each country's plans for naval construction for the next six years has met vigorous opposition from the Japanese and will probably be dropped. Even if adopted it would be of little value in checking the present naval race. Each country would doubtless place its requirements considerably above its actual building program so as to preserve a free hand. As yet the conference has shown no disposition to consider the naval problem as part of the larger problems of the Pacific with which it is intimately connected. Unless these broader issues are faced, the news from London is bound to be both monotonous and insignificant.

WE ARE GLAD to report that the government stood firm on its demand that the International Mercantile Marine let a contract for the construction of a cabin liner to replace the Leviathan. Had the contract not been let by December 16, the I. M. M. would have had to pay a forfeit of \$1,000,000 for laying up the Leviathan—an arrangement that would have been greatly to the financial advantage of the I. M. M. The dead line was originally September 18, but Secretary of Commerce Roper, on the tenuous pretext of additional safety requirements for the new ship, extended it. The new cabin liner is to be built by the Newport News Shipbuilding and Drydock Company. It will be very much like the Washington and the Manhattan, and will cost \$11,900,000, three-quarters of which will be a loan from the government. The original bid was for \$11,600,000 (no explanation has been given for the subsequent increase), and Shipping Board officials said it was too high. The matter was taken to President Roosevelt, who had before him a re-

port on the failure of the "big four" shipbuilding companies to bid on a previous advertisement for a somewhat larger vessel. Mr. Roosevelt was said to favor a proposal that the bid should be rejected and the vessel built in one of the navy yards unless the price was scaled down. If this was a bluff it failed to work. The government was in a dilemma, for after the questionable postponement of the September 18 dead line Secretary Roper had gone on record that the contract must and should be let by December 16 or the \$1,000,000 would be forfeited. For paying the shipbuilders' price Roper and the I. M. M. have only themselves to blame: it was they who broke the original contract—favorable enough to the I. M. M.—stipulating that the Leviathan should continue in service during 1935 and 1936.

THE STRANGEST ASPECT of the Strange Case of Lamar Hardy is the failure of the metropolitan Republican press to seize upon this New Deal misstep for a well-merited attack on the Administration. The President has appointed this man United States Attorney for the financial heart of the country, and no protest is raised. An opposition paper, such as the New York *Herald Tribune*, could show a very close link between Democratic politics and the State Title and Mortgage Company. It could show that Mr. Hardy won his appointment through the help of Boss Edward J. Flynn of the Bronx, and that Mr. Flynn's firm was counsel for the company. It could show that Mr. Hardy is being sued, with two dozen other former directors, for \$5,000,000 by the state Insurance Department, and that his effort to compromise this suit by paying \$16,500 failed when Justice Frankenthaler threw the compromise out, the Justice reminding the Insurance Department that it had itself said it had good ground for action, on charges of malfeasance and nonfeasance in making loans to affiliates. It could show that others, party to the same suit and tarred with the same State Title brush, have been accorded high honors by the New Deal: that the Democratic politician James J. Hoey, sued along with Mr. Hardy, is now the New Deal's Collector of Internal Revenue; that Julian M. Gerard, another director, is the New Deal's Regional Administrator for the Federal Housing Administration. The federal government is criminally prosecuting former associates of Mr. Hardy at the moment Mr. Hardy becomes federal prosecutor. A fight in the Senate against Mr. Hardy's confirmation is vitally necessary. But the *Herald Tribune* and the Hearst press, much as they hate the Administration, have kept quiet. In the higher reaches of finance all men are brothers.

FOUNDATIONS have often been cited as proof of the value of a system wherein a few men are able to acquire great wealth. Without the large grants made possible by private fortunes it would be impossible, it is argued, adequately to endow philanthropic and scientific enterprises which offer no direct advantages either to the politicians or to business itself. The foundations offer that security which is essential to disinterested endeavor—social or scientific. In the light of this theory, it is interesting to consider the expenditures of the leading foundations in the United States during the depression years. Here was a great crisis, calling for dispassionate research; a time when, if ever, there was need for direct assistance in the field of social welfare, economic study, and education. Yet, according to a recent study

prepared by the Twentieth Century Fund, the total grants of the sixty-eight leading foundations between 1930 and 1934 declined 53 per cent, although their assets suffered practically no shrinkage. The cut was largely due to a decrease in income from securities, but in some instances the foundations report "a readjustment in finances in the interest of maintaining a satisfactory balance in the investment portfolio." Despite the crisis, the grants for economic studies, while double those of 1930, rank seventh on the list, and were less than one-eighth of the amount set aside for education or for public health. Social welfare ranked third, but showed a decline from 1930, while birth control, ranking twenty-first, received the munificent amount of \$1,250 in 1934, a decline of 75 per cent from 1930. At that, however, it was one notch ahead of civil liberties, which received only \$1,211 and had dropped 92 per cent in four years. The Carnegie Endowment for International Peace curtailed its grants by 73 per cent, on the supposition, we imagine, that its work is nearly completed.

THE SMOKE of a good deal of criticism has come out of subjecting teachers in both state and private institutions to the teachers' oath of loyalty. For a while it looked as if Professor Mather of Harvard would offer a real protest, but lacking the active support of his president or any other member of the faculty, he finally signed the oath, first with reservations and then without. Real fire on the subject, however, has been struck from Tufts College in Boston. Professor Arthur Lane of the Geology Department and Professor Earle M. Winslow, head of the Department of Economics, have resigned rather than sign the oath, in the belief that to do so would mean jurisdiction by the legislature over all teaching, private as well as public. Professor Winslow, at a legislative hearing on the bill, declared that enforced patriotism was a joke, and that "even a scoundrel would take an oath." Thousands of teachers have undeniably taken the oath with tongue in cheek, not because they had any intention of defying the Constitution, but because they believed their patriotism beyond the sort of legislative meddling which the oath implies. To demand that they have the courage of their convictions and refuse to conform, even though it might mean the loss of their jobs, is perhaps impossible in a time of economic insecurity like the present. But one may be thoroughly grateful when two men, distinguished in their professions, refuse to do what so many have done unwillingly.

IT IS REPORTED by the *Pittsburgh Post Gazette* that the American Association of University Professors will place the University of Pittsburgh on its black list when it meets late in December. If this action is taken, it will be an even sterner challenge to the forces of reaction in education. Blacklisting a university means that none of the 10,000 members of the A. A. U. P. may take a teaching position there without forfeiting his membership in the association. Two investigating committees have established the fact that lack of academic freedom, insecurity of tenure, and irresponsible relations between administration and faculty make the University of Pittsburgh a place to be avoided by American teachers. An A. A. U. P. report further charged that the university permitted the opinions of donors to influence its policies. This accusation led to a legislative inquiry and a warning from Governor Earle that state appropriations to

the university would be stopped unless the suspicion of undue influence by trustees were removed. Teachers in many parts of the country, suffering under only a little less insecurity and trustee domination than are attributed to Pittsburgh's big-business cathedral of learning, will watch the action of the A. A. U. P. with the greatest interest.

SIX POLICEMEN were arrested on December 18 charged with first-degree murder in connection with the vigilante attack on three men in Tampa, Florida, resulting in the death of one of the victims. The affidavits on which the arrests were based were picturesque but very much to the point. They charged that the policemen "unlawfully and from a premeditated design to effect the death of" Joseph Shoemaker "did commit an assault upon him" and "in furtherance of assault did burn, beat, and wound the said Joseph Shoemaker . . . thereby inflicting divers mortal wounds from which the said Joseph Shoemaker did languish and on the ninth day of December, 1935, did die." In addition to these arrests, two residents of Orlando, Florida, accused by Sheriff J. R. McLeod of being members of the Klu Klux Klan, were held on the same charge. It remains to be seen whether or not the special session of the grand jury called to investigate the case will return indictments. The attack was particularly vicious; Tampa has publicly and indignantly denounced it; will anybody be punished for it?

PATERNALISM oozing from every pore, Charles A. Tyler, president of the *Philadelphia Inquirer* (the owner, Raymond Paternotre, a French Cabinet under-official, is too busy in the Chamber of Deputies to pay much attention to his American property), took the witness stand at a National Labor Relations Board hearing in Philadelphia last week to answer the charge that he had refused to bargain collectively with his editorial employees. It was the first newspaper case to be heard under the Labor Disputes Act and naturally was watched with great interest by other publishers who may find themselves in the same predicament. The question of constitutionality, which has dominated the *Inquirer's* editorial page since the New Deal began, was not directly raised; the management based its refusal on the ground that the local Newspaper Guild did not represent the majority of its editorial employees, although it had previously waived that claim. On the stand Mr. Tyler, who had been vague about such details of his business as the cost of newsprint and ink, professed to know to a man the number of his editorial employees. He said there were 168, but admitted under examination that this figure was padded to include executives at one end of the scale and janitors and charwomen at the other end. He also admitted that while efforts at collective bargaining were being made, the management had adjusted upward several individual salaries, apparently in an attempt to forestall the guild movement. Since the *Inquirer* avoided the question of constitutionality and devoted all its arguments to the guild's power of representation, it is evident that it intends to leave the more important issue to be dealt with by the Associated Press and its counsel, John W. Davis, in the Morris Watson case. But despite these tactics of evasion and delay, the mere fact that the guild was able to bring a powerful publisher into court is a development which two years ago newspapermen hardly dared imagine.

The League Struggles On

THE scrapping of the Hoare-Laval peace proposals was as convincing an expression of the power of public opinion as the world is likely to see in this age of dictatorships and high-pressure propaganda. In many respects it was the most notable victory which the League has achieved in its fifteen years of existence, demonstrating that that organization is at last more than merely a tool of British and French imperialism. While it might not have been possible for the Council to have acted so decisively if there had been no opposition to the proposals at London and Paris, that opposition was greatly strengthened by the attitude of the small states at Geneva. Nor can it be denied that the successful popular outcry against the dismemberment of Ethiopia marks a significant advance in the development of that type of public conscience which is a *sine qua non* for the prevention of war. One need only turn back to the Treaty of Versailles or the more recent invasion of Manchuria to realize how substantial the progress in that direction has been.

It is a tribute to the growing significance of collective organization that Sir Samuel Hoare defended his outrageous program on the ground of preserving the League. He was convinced, he assured the House, that the enforcement of oil sanctions would provoke Italy to attack Britain and thus lay the basis for the League's dissolution. No other country except Britain, he complained, had taken effective military precautions. His facts are essentially correct, but it is impossible to follow his logic. Although it is true that Great Britain alone had considered it necessary to back up economic penalties by a show of military force, France had promised assistance to the British fleet in the Mediterranean, and Turkey, Rumania, Yugoslavia, Czecho-Slovakia, and Greece had agreed to give military support in case England became involved in war with Italy. Steeped in the conventional military traditions, Sir Samuel apparently could not see that it was Britain's unilateral naval sanctions and not collective embargoes that first drew the ire of Mussolini and created the danger of Italian attack. Perhaps the best key to the mentality of the man who made this complaint and who is responsible for one of the gravest diplomatic errors in recent years may be found in an address which he delivered a few weeks ago at the annual dinner of the Royal Institute of International Affairs. Speaking in the presence of some forty-odd foreigners, including nearly all the leading ambassadors and diplomats in London, Sir Samuel developed at great length the familiar thesis that the British have a peculiar and almost infallible instinct for foreign affairs. We doubt if even Mr. Baldwin would concur in this judgment today.

Sir Samuel's resignation and Captain Eden's assumption of the duties of Foreign Minister have given the proponents of collective security another chance, but the opportunities which existed on December 8 can never be wholly restored. Eden's task is an unenviable one. An oil embargo is impossible for at least another month, and no action is likely to be taken in the meantime to strengthen the existing sanctions or to spread their burden more equitably on the various countries. If Laval remains in power, France may aban-

don economic penalties altogether. Moreover, no one will ever again take a British statesman quite seriously when he talks about upholding the sanctity of covenants or the necessity of sacrifices for principles. It is plain that for the Conservative government there are no principles above the dictates of expediency. If British policy in these past few months has been based on an apparent recognition of the value of collective action, it is only because England, above all other countries, stands to lose by war.

It would be unfair to suggest, however, that Britain is entirely responsible for the difficulties which the League faces at present. From the beginning France's support of sanctions has been lukewarm, and doubtless Laval subjected Sir Samuel Hoare to considerable pressure to obtain approval of the peace plan. Since France is in a position to profit more than any other country by a strong League, its actions have been particularly indefensible. Nor can the United States escape blame. The very fact that it is not a member of the League confers a special responsibility upon it which it has thus far borne none too graciously. Despite the repeated warnings of the President and the Secretary of State, our exports to Italy of the "sinews of war"—oil, copper, scrap steel, automobiles, tractors, and airplane engines—increased from \$18,000 in November, 1934, to \$584,000 in the month just past—a rise of over 3,100 per cent. Automobile sales to Italian Africa in November were valued at \$71,215 as compared with \$6,749 in the same month a year ago, while our oil exports—in the face of a warning by Secretary Ickes and government pressure on American shipping lines—rose from practically nothing in November, 1934, to \$451,348 in November, 1935. The increase in the sales of these war materials from October to November was nearly as spectacular. Since the Administration has taken the position that it has no power to prevent American business men from aiding Mussolini in his illegal war, it is scarcely to be wondered that Britain should doubt the League's ability to enforce an oil embargo against Italy. As long as Mussolini can obtain a full supply of essential raw materials in the United States, the League has no immediately powerful weapon except the threat of military action. It is only natural, therefore, that Eden should seek a military understanding with the Little Entente and the Balkan powers. Although such an understanding is theoretically consistent with the principles of collective security, it is likely to have an extremely unfavorable effect on American liberal opinion. Most persons will not detect the vicious circle that lurks behind this attitude. American public opinion is suspicious of the League because it has not found a substitute for armed coercion; yet the United States, by its failure to cooperate fully with the League, is threatening to sabotage the most promising effort which has been made to work out such a substitute. The coming weeks will test not only the League's ability to maintain the principle of collective action in the face of heavy pecuniary losses for each of the member nations, but also America's sincerity in declaring that it desires to avert war. If the past has taught us anything, it is that peace and war profits are mutually incompatible.

Education Faces the Class Struggle

THERE is a pleasant fiction, widely propagated in America, that institutions of higher learning stand above the battle of contending social forces. College and university professors, nurtured on the tradition of academic neutrality, have generally been unable or unwilling to inquire into their dependence on and their connections with the economic structure—into the source and conditions of their livelihood. They have of course heard of taxes and endowments, but they have taken such things for granted, like rain and sunshine, the unsolicited gifts of a beneficent providence. They have refused to admit any direct interest in the sordid conflict over wages and profits, over the division of the social income, over such a material thing as the distribution of bread and butter and clothing.

At Teachers College, Columbia University, this fiction is being rudely shattered. The economic struggle, with practically all its customary features, has raised its head in the laboratories, the lecture halls, and the reading-rooms of the institution. Students and faculty have been learning about wage disputes, labor unions, and picketing, not in some distant steel mill or coal mine, but in their own dining halls. They have heard charges of sabotage, red agitators, and communism, of spies, agents provocateurs, and unjust discrimination hurled back and forth between management and workers. Some members of the staff have begun to wonder whether their relatively high salaries may not be derived in part from the immediate and severe exploitation of labor in their own institution. And some of them are already feeling uncomfortable over the thought that the social and educational theories which they expound in their classrooms are being violated in the labor practices of the university authorities.

For three years the college has been disturbed from time to time by reverberations of labor difficulties in the dining halls. Last summer the trouble came to a head in the dismissal of a worker, a union member, who for many years had given satisfactory service in the cafeteria. Pickets marched up and down 120th Street in front of Teachers College, meetings of protest were organized by sympathetic students, and members of the faculty began to interest themselves in the matter. But owing to the absence of Dean Russell nothing of importance was attempted.

This autumn the struggle was renewed, and the situation was further aggravated by the dismissal of three more workers, all union members. The upshot was the appointment on October 31 of a student-faculty committee of five members to make a thorough investigation of the trouble.

On December 7 the committee turned in a unanimous report. Though couched in moderate language and fully supported by the evidence, the report unveiled a truly shocking situation. The major finding was a series of severe and discriminatory wage cuts during the past five years. Within this period, while the compensation of the management had been held practically stationary, the wages of many of the full-time workers, always meager, had been reduced 40 per cent. The committee also found that the dismissed workers

had been "discriminated against because of their union membership and activity," and further that "the conflict between the open-shop practice of Teachers College and the desire of the men to be represented by a labor union of their own choosing is the basic cause of the problem." Dean Russell, rising to the opportunity presented, proposes to review the entire question of labor policy in the institution. Already he has taken steps to appoint another committee, composed of faculty and trustees, to deal with the broader problem.

The investigation at Teachers College is of immediate interest to those who formulate institutional policy. The situation demonstrates the absolute bankruptcy of a program of paternalism. This policy was tried under almost ideal conditions and it failed miserably. The blame cannot be placed specifically either on the organization or on the personalities responsible for executing its policies. Through its devotion to the public education Teachers College has identified itself with the welfare of the masses of the people. The investigating committee found the director of the dining halls to be an admirable and humane person, always ready to give time and funds for the relief of distress among the employees, always ready, in fact, to do anything but treat them as human beings desirous of having something to say about the conditions under which they worked. And yet under such favorable circumstances paternalism failed. If it failed here, where can it succeed?

Japan's New "Lifeline"

IN commenting on the Japanese invasion of North China, it is frequently said that the military leaders in the field have triumphed over the saner counsels of civilians at home. This interpretation may contain an element of truth, but it overlooks the fact that the financial houses which dominate the political life of Japan are among those with the greatest interests in North China. The conquest of Manchuria furnished an outlet for bellicose emotions, but it contributed little to the economic welfare of Japan. Although hailed as the "lifeline" of the empire four years ago, Manchoukuo has proved a bitter disappointment to the business groups which supported the campaign. It has failed to supply a substantial amount of needed raw materials, and its new industries have tended to compete directly with those of Japan. When the costs of administering, defending, and exploiting this region are taken into account, the chances are that it will be a heavy burden on Japan for many years. As a result the business interests have turned to North China to furnish the opportunities lacking in Manchuria.

The extent of these opportunities may be seen in a recent issue of the *Far Eastern Survey*, a publication of the American Council of the Institute of Pacific Relations. The Mitsubishi, for example, are especially interested in the possibility of developing cotton-growing, since Japan is dependent entirely on imports to meet the demands of its vast textile industry. In an attempt to develop the quality of the Chinese product, the Japanese-controlled Shantung Cotton Improvement Association distributed 47,000 pounds of American seed in 1934 and 80,000 in 1935. A five-year plan calling for the planting of some 2,000,000 acres in North China is under consideration, Japan to be given the right to pur-

chase the entire crop. Some Japanese believe that by the end of this period China will be able to furnish all the cotton now imported from the United States. North China also has rich possibilities for the production of wool, wheat, millet, and kaoliang, though most of these are produced in Manchuria as well.

Although Japan is nearly self-sufficient in coal production, its reserves are small and it has practically no iron. Manchuria has coal, but its iron ore is relatively inaccessible and of a low quality. China ranks fourth in the world in coal reserves, most of which are to be found in the north. Shansi alone contains 80 per cent of the anthracite and 49 per cent of the bituminous reserves of the whole of China. Similarly, nearly half of China's iron reserves are in Chahar, within easy reach of Peiping. Most of these resources are undeveloped because of the lack of transportation facilities, but Japan is reported to be planning the construction of a number of railways to cut across the main north-south arteries which already exist. One would run from Tientsin to Shansi, tapping its vast coal fields, another from Peiping through Inner Mongolia to Manchuria, while still another would open the potentially rich cotton districts along the Yellow River.

Japan's interest in this area is, of course, by no means new. The Twenty-one Demands of 1915, if fully granted, would have presented Japan with virtual economic suzerainty over this entire region. But only within the past few months have Japanese business interests entered the field determined to drive out all competitors. Early in August—only a few days after Yosuke Matsuoka, who represented Japan at Geneva, took over the presidency of the South Manchuria Railway—a subsidiary of the S. M. R., the Hsin Chung Company, was organized with a capital of \$2,800,000 to carry on financial, industrial, and commercial activities in China. This marked a definite change in policy on the part of the S. M. R., which has hitherto confined itself exclusively to Manchuria.

In an attempt to gain the support of the Chinese bourgeoisie, the Japanese set up several organizations, staffed by Chinese, the sole purpose of which was to soften the opposition to Japanese penetration. Most important of these is the Hopei Economic Association formed on September 21 with several score leading Chinese bankers and industrialists as members. Nanking spokesmen first represented the organization as an attempt to head off Japanese exploitation of North China through the development of competing enterprises. It soon became known, however, that members were "quite willing to employ Japanese technical advisers and to purchase Japanese machinery and equipment." The two chief organizers immediately set out on an economic mission to Japan, where they participated in the formation of the Sino-Japanese Trade Association, which has as its objective the fostering of friendly relations and cooperation between the two countries. Other bodies for the promotion of "cooperation" have been set up in North China, in the main purely Japanese organizations thinly disguised by Chinese names. Organizations of this type have furnished the spearhead of the so-called "autonomy" movement. As agencies of propaganda they have not been conspicuously successful, but backed by the Japanese army and aided by the Nanking government, the Japanese business interests appear to be rapidly annexing North China to what they now modestly term the "Japan-Manchoukuo economic bloc."

A New Secret Society

SINCE the most recent Hearst exposé is a—to borrow a few adjectives from the cinema—colossal, tremendous, stupendous Public Indictment of some of *The Nation's* best friends and favorite public characters, it might be just as well to tell the whole story frankly and quietly. It seems that about December 17—and we recall it as a dark night with no moon—a conference representative of twenty-nine organizations met behind closed doors at the Westchester Country Club at Harrison, New York. Probably because the sponsors realized that Mr. Hearst would consider it a better news story, the meeting was not publicized; the *New York American* says it was—sh!—secret! But since the members of the group have spent a good part of their lives indorsing, by such secret means as the radio, the public lecture platform, and the press, the ideas expressed on the occasion, the secrecy seems dubious.

Everybody at the meeting wore false whiskers—this was not reported by the *American*, but somebody told it in confidence to Heywood Broun and we were thus enabled to get the story. The spying Hearst reporter who was present disguised as a member of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, however, was able to penetrate the facial herbage and to recognize Dr. James T. Shotwell, Miss Dorothy Detzer, Francis B. Sayre, Frederick J. Libby, and Oswald Garrison Villard in the unpatriotic, un-American, and unsafe gathering. In a general way the subject debated was peace. In the course of the evening plans were discussed—we quote the *American*—for "a sinister obstructionist stratagem to cripple the army and navy billion-dollar appropriation bill at the next session of Congress," "to press vigilantly to abolish the army and navy sedition bill," and "to seek adoption of the drastic neutrality bill, which would virtually put an end to the munitions and allied industries." The conference, we must further state, went on record as being unequivocally opposed to the R. O. T. C. in colleges. And just to show that it was not all talk, Mr. Hearst declared that the sponsors of this international program of peace were in process of raising a quarter of a million dollars to further their nefarious schemes.

As was to be expected, Mr. Hearst was not content with the spreading of this fearful tale upon the pages of his *New York American*. He sought from Washington appropriate expressions of horror over the "revelations," and they were indeed forthcoming, in the shape of what the *American* with commendable originality happily describes as a "storm of protest." The storm as reported in the paper for December 20 consisted of a statement from the American Legion—no particular individual mentioned—that it was diametrically opposed to the program; a statement ditto from the executive secretary of the Sons of the American Revolution, one Frank B. Steele; a statement from the Veterans of Foreign Wars; and a ringing denunciation from Senator Dickinson of Iowa and from Representative McReynolds of Tennessee. Nobody else was quoted. This either means that Mr. Hearst's idea of a storm of protest does not coincide with ours or that the *American* is suppressing some dandy names until a later date. Well, anyway, Happy New Year, everybody!

Issues and Men

A World Public Opinion Exists

WHATEVER the final outcome of the disaster into which Laval and Hoare plunged the League of Nations, it has had one great result. It has proved anew that in those countries which are not throttled by dictatorships public opinion can rule; that when the facts in a given situation are available, there is also a world opinion capable of overthrowing ministries and reversing national and international policies. Hoare was compelled to resign not merely by the indignation of the British public, shocked beyond measure by the League's betrayal by the English and French governments, but by the universal outburst of anger and criticism in the United States, in the Scandinavian countries, and in the British dominions. This was admitted at the very beginning of the debate in the House of Lords when Lord Davies declared that the Hoare-Laval surrender to Mussolini had "outrageously shocked" the peoples across the Atlantic and that the government had "stemmed the rising tide of cooperation with the League of Nations."

So Sir Samuel Hoare was jettisoned to save the newly constituted British Cabinet, and at this writing it is not yet clear whether the Laval Cabinet will ride out the storm. But enough has happened to make it beyond dispute that there is a profoundly concerned world opinion, more aroused to the danger of war than at any time since 1919, and in many quarters determined to save the League and make it the great instrument for peace that it was intended to be. That such an international uprising would not have come to pass if the proposed robbery of Ethiopia had been a slight one is probably true. From that point of view the very blackness of the British-French perfidy was a godsend. Nobody could quibble about it. Nobody could say that this was not a black but a "gray" case. Nobody could defend the offer to Mussolini of more of Ethiopia than he had asked for. And no sane or honest person will defend it today on the grounds Hoare urged—that it was the only thing to do because England alone was furnishing military and naval forces and the threat of war was alarming. Real statesmen would have foreseen this danger.

But there the fact is. The League has been saved not by the statesmen who pretended to uphold it, and imposed sanctions in accordance with its Covenant, but by the plain people everywhere and the press where it is free. In England the 11,600,000 who voted in the referendum of the League of Nations Union to stand by the League made their power felt. Everywhere liberals and labor organizations responded to the gravity of the situation, and the proposal was killed even before it was submitted to the League by Eden and Laval. It was not necessary for the Council to vote it down, nor was the admirable Ethiopian protest needed to inter, without benefit of clergy, the whole nefarious scheme. That Great Britain and France stand somewhat rehabilitated today is not due to the politicians. They who are so quick to prate about the honor of the country were the ones to betray it. If some of it is left untarnished, that is due again to the aroused opinion of the masses who, we are so often

told, cannot be allowed to vote on questions of war and peace because these are too delicate and too involved for the masses to understand. Well, they understood this issue. They were quite able to recognize as black a piece of treachery as could possibly have come to pass.

Of course, the people have been tricked before. Indeed, many of the critics of the League and the cynics in the press declared from the start that "a little war had been arranged" and that it would be stopped and Ethiopia dismembered before any great harm had been done. But these writers reckoned without their host. They overlooked the fact that we have come a long way from pre-war days, that whatever else the League has done it has helped to educate the people everywhere to an understanding of international problems, and that in the United States, too, there are far more people thinking intelligently about foreign affairs than ever before. Here is a vast reservoir of power for honest and intelligent statesmen to draw upon, to turn to for aid and support. Here Baldwin and Hoare would have found, and can still find, their best protection against the threats of war of the irresponsible dictator of Italy. Here is the clearest proof that if they had appealed to all the world for support in their original course they would have been triumphantly upheld. Mussolini, for all his ability to delude his pitiful subjects, could never have held out against the response which these statesmen would have had. But no, your Baldwins and Lavals cannot work in the open, cannot follow a straightforward manly way, cannot take the world into their confidence. They must meet in secret, take counsel of their fears, while lacking the brains even to suspect to what utter humiliation their course is leading them.

Well, let some more statesmen blunder like Baldwin and Laval, and we shall not only have the smaller nations taking the management of the League out of the hands of England and France and making it a really sincere and democratic body, but we may even live to see the peoples taking a stand against all the militaristic and nationalistic policies which are making world recovery impossible. Today let us fall back upon the great achievement abroad and give praise to whom it is due. There is nothing in what has happened to make Hitler or any other dictator rejoice—far from it. As for Mussolini, he must recognize that the campaign against him has now passed out of the hands of perfidious and malleable governments. Baldwin and Laval may have forgotten that Mussolini said to the French Ambassador last summer: "If you brought me Abyssinia on a silver tray, I would not accept it, for I am resolved to take it by force." Others have not. They know that if he is to be encouraged to take Abyssinia, other dictators will follow suit, and the world will be well on the road to chaos and destruction.

Bruce Garrison Villard



Good Luck to You, Young Fellow!

The Nation's Honor Roll

FOR the eighth successive year *The Nation* offers a roster of Americans who deserve the applause of their countrymen. In a world in which courage is at a premium, they have been courageous; they have been intelligent when intelligence was sorely needed; either in public affairs, science, or the arts, they have made a contribution, by a particular act or in their general behavior, which is worthy of honorable notice.

CORDELL HULL, Secretary of State, for doing all in his power to enforce the existing neutrality act in such a way as to prevent our rendering aid to an aggressor, and for his tireless attacks on existing trade barriers.

HUGO L. BLACK, Senator from Alabama, for his work as chairman of the Senate Committee on Air-Mail and Ocean-Mail Contracts, which decided in favor of government ownership and operation of our merchant marine instead of private ownership and operation subsidized by the government, and for his defense of the public interest in the utilities investigation.

ERNEST LUNDEEN, Farmer-Labor Congressman from Minnesota, for his persistent and vigorous fight against overwhelming odds for adequate social-security legislation.

MAURY MAVERICK, Congressman from Texas, whose refusal to submit to party discipline was in no small measure responsible for the existing neutrality legislation.

VITO MARCANTONIO, of New York, who has been in the forefront of the struggle against social injustice, both in Congress and at home.

The AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION and its director, ROGER N. BALDWIN, for consistent, intelligent, and forthright championship of the American Bill of Rights, at a time when civil liberties are being increasingly threatened.

HOWARD KESTER, of the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union in Arkansas, TOM BURKE, of the Share-Croppers' Union in Alabama, and in general the officials and members of these two organizations, who at the continual risk of their lives have fought to establish the elementary rights of the cruelly exploited share-cropper and cotton picker.

FRANK PORTER GRAHAM, president of the University of North Carolina, for years of brave, outspoken leadership in that state in education and social service, and especially for his brilliant address last August at the Williamstown Institute of Human Relations in behalf of social control in the United States and the modernization of the Constitution.

ARTHUR C. LANE, professor of geology at Tufts College, and EARLE M. WINSLOW, head of the Department of Economics at the same institution, the first professors in the country to resign their posts rather than submit to the indignity of the teachers' oath.

JOHN L. LEWIS and the COMMITTEE FOR INDUSTRIAL ORGANIZATION of the American Federation of Labor. Mr. Lewis, after a long career marked by vigorous leadership but by little social vision, has now turned his great forcefulness and skill to the building of a strong industrial labor movement, which alone can give the body of mass-production workers the power they should exercise in a democracy.

JOHN A. CLARK, of De Kalb, Mississippi, who in the

face of bitter local prejudice defended the case of three Negroes convicted of murder on the basis of vicious third-degree "confessions," and VIRGIL A. GRIFFITH, Associate Justice of the Mississippi Supreme Court, who handed down a courageous opinion supporting Mr. Clark's demand for a new trial.

JEREMIAH T. MAHONEY, for his activities as president of the Amateur Athletic Union in leading and furthering the movement, indorsed by thousands of his fellow-citizens, for non-participation by the United States in Hitler's Olympic games.

ANGELO HERNDON, for the courage and unwavering loyalty to his class which prompted him to return to Georgia to face the almost certain death awaiting him in a sentence of from eighteen to twenty years on the infamous chain gang.

HENRIETTA SZOLD, who at seventy-five years of age, after a crowded lifetime of work in behalf of the oppressed Jews of all countries, is head of the Youth Aliyah movement, which has already transferred almost a thousand German-Jewish children to Palestine and settled them on the land.

CHARLES A. BEARD, for his definitive and crushing characterization of William Randolph Hearst as one who has "pandered to depraved tastes and has been an enemy of everything that is noblest and best in our American tradition."

EDWIN R. A. SELIGMAN, editor-in-chief, ALVIN JOHNSON, associate editor, and the EDITORIAL BOARD of the ENCYCLOPAEDIA OF THE SOCIAL SCIENCES, now complete in fifteen volumes, for a liberal and intelligent treatment of controversial issues in which the contributions of the various social sciences are skilfully integrated.

JAMES T. FARRELL, for the completion with "Judgment Day" of his trilogy of the Chicago streets, one of the most significant and powerful works of the imagination in contemporary letters.

WALTER MILLIS, for his timely and penetrating analysis in "The Road to War" of the forces which drew us into the World War.

VINCENT SHEEAN, for writing in "Personal History" an autobiography which is at the same time a revealing report of the social and political upheavals of our time and a candid study of the growth of a man's mind and spirit under the impact of those events.

HELEN JEROME, for her stage adaptation of "Pride and Prejudice," and the producers and actors of that delightful exhibition.

MAXWELL ANDERSON, for "Winterset," an interesting attempt to treat a contemporary theme in terms of elevated tragedy, and JO MIELZINER, for his beautiful stage designs for the play.

CLIFFORD ODETS and the GROUP THEATER, for the production of Mr. Odets's two plays, "Waiting for Lefty" and "Awake and Sing."

CHARLES HAYDEN and the DIRECTORS OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, for the establishment of a Zeiss Planetarium in New York City—one of the most ingenious and effective instruments ever devised for the popular demonstration of a scientific subject.

How to Control the Sale of Arms

By H. C. ENGELBRECHT

THE determining question in munitions control is its purpose. Some have seen munitions control as the open sesame to peace—an obvious misconception. Others have apparently considered it a device for making wars 100 per cent pure by eliminating profiteering and the more obvious frauds. But these are not the primary considerations of governments when they set out to supervise the arms makers. As long as war is part of our political and economic scheme, official action will not be directed to weakening the munitions industries but rather to strengthening them. Munitions control boards will therefore probably concentrate on three objectives, namely: (1) to bring the arms industry into line with national policy, particularly in regard to embargoes, neutrality programs, and foreign relations in general; (2) to establish safety in transportation, especially in sea transportation; (3) to end the most obvious rackets in the industry.

Now, it may be contended that this program is not very far-reaching, which is true enough. None the less, it has useful possibilities if it is intelligently enforced. But there precisely is the rub. Control boards have shown a colossal ignorance of the business methods of the arms makers, and their attempts at supervision have been made at the point where they can be most readily evaded—at the customs. Every exporter knows that export rules are loosely drawn and that the highest fine for any violation is \$50. Customs officials still operate under a law passed in 1799 which permits the filing of export declarations even after the cargo has been discharged at the point of destination. There is, moreover, no inspection of outgoing shipments, so that false declarations or evasions of customs control are relatively easy.

This system is virtually made to order for the munitions industry in its circumventing of customs. The methods employed are legion. A simple and common device is to ship munitions without listing them as such. Machinery of all sorts is generally shipped as "parts," and the assembling is done at the point of destination. Since most modern arms are nothing more than complicated machinery which can be taken apart and reassembled, the possible misleading descriptions are numberless. Moreover, many shippers of iron and steel goods list every shipment either as "forgings" or "castings," for purposes of packing and safety in transportation, and these names are handy screens for all kinds of munitions. Concretely, this means that unloaded bombs or grenades are shipped as "steel forgings," and automatic rifles and machine-guns may be listed as "machine parts." It is even possible to consider a complete machine-gun as a "component part" of a tank or an airplane, as General Ruggles suggested in the Hoover conference with the sporting-arms manufacturers. Curiously enough, official export figures in the *Monthly Reports* of the Department of Commerce list "firearms and ammunition" but no "parts," while under the item "aircraft" the notations of "engines" and "parts" are three and four times as large as those of assembled planes. Thus a goodly portion of exported munitions passes through the customs without being recognizable as such.

There are other useful tricks in this business which any resourceful exporter may employ. Some years ago, for instance, the du Pont Company sold to a Far Eastern firm some TNT which was apparently consigned to Japan. Eventually it reached China, even though an international embargo on arms was in force against that country. The du Ponts might have suspected the shipping orders given them, but they said they did not. At any rate, what happened was this: According to American regulations this cargo of TNT had to be marked either "explosives" or "dangerous," but the purchaser wanted no such notation on the shipment because, he said, anybody in the Far East would recognize that tag and the TNT might be confiscated en route. Accordingly a compromise was worked out by which the TNT was inclosed in a double container. The outer one carried the word "explosives" and thus conformed to the Department of Commerce rules; the inner one bore the notation "trinitrotoluene," which is, of course, the full name of TNT. Out at sea the outer container was removed, and the shipment then bore as label a mysterious six-syllable word which to most persons might mean anything from a drug to a radio part. The TNT arrived safely in China.

In another instance the Bolivian consul gave orders to an American company not to mark arms shipments to his country in any way that would reveal their nature. It was sufficient, he wrote, to give the address and to add "Handle with Care." These orders were obeyed, and there was no trouble at the customs.

These and other subterfuges may explain why the reports of the Department of Commerce on the export of munitions are so exasperatingly inadequate. It is impossible to get from them any idea of the extent or kind of the traffic in arms. The trouble is with the classifications. Certain primary war machines are listed, to be sure, under "firearms and ammunition." Iron and steel scrap, copper ingots, brass ingots, aircraft, and similar items are clearly set forth, and by comparison offer an approximate index to war materials. But the classifications also include such cryptic headings as "industrial chemicals," "explosives," "machinery," "iron and steel manufacture," and others which lead to nothing but guesses and arguments. Recent events have stirred great interest in the traffic in arms. Is it not time that our commerce reports included a classification called "war materials," with descriptive subdivisions, and that exporters were forced to declare the pertinent items? Sharp demarcation lines are of course impossible, but vast improvements can be made in reporting munitions exports.

Since the customs offer little hope of controlling the arms industry, a different method must be tried. The best suggestion so far made is to place government inspectors in the arms factories to supervise everything from the receipt of an order to the shipment and proper listing of the cargo. These inspectors would be faced with the peculiar organization of the American munitions industry. Mitsui in Japan and Vickers in England are able to furnish every type of war engine from complete battleships to bomb fuses. There are

no such giant combines in the United States. The industry here is specialized, and one manufacturer builds submarines, for which he must purchase elsewhere the steel and the engines; another makes cartridges, for which he must buy brass and powder and steel-jacketed bullets; and a third turns out grenades and bombs, for which he obtains the bomb body, the fuse, the fins, the TNT, and the propellant charge from other firms. Many of these killing machines move through several plants before everything is assembled. They are then exported by the last factory to handle the materials or by a separate shipping company. Government inspectors would have to be on the alert to be sure that none of these half-finished arms "got lost" somewhere en route and thus evaded their control.

Another matter for them to watch would be the various methods of shipment and the tricks that can be played with them. Shippers designate the different ways of sending goods by the following abbreviations: f.o.b., f.a.s., and c.i.f. (freight on board, freight alongside steamer, and cost, insurance, freight). F.o.b. Detroit signifies that the point of delivery for which the company is responsible is the freight car in Detroit; f.a.s. assures the purchaser that the freight will be delivered alongside the steamer; c.i.f. guarantees delivery at the point of destination in a foreign country. There is also a designation, f.o.b. factory, under which the buyer must call for his goods at the factory. All this refers to charges for loading and shipping, which vary in each case.

But there are possibilities of evasion in these technicalities, as the Nye record indicates. Suppose there is an embargo on the export of arms but nothing is said about sales, as was the case in the Chaco war. The munitions maker thereupon sells his wares to the consul or some other agent of a foreign government, either f.o.b. factory or f.a.s. The arms company, then, is not exporting; it has made a sale and an internal delivery. The foreign agent now has the arms and the problem of exporting. With the loopholes available in customs he does not encounter great difficulties, particularly since the government's attention is fixed on the arms companies and not on some unknown exporter. This sounds like a bad case of quibbling, but it certainly leaves the arms maker in the clear. In a similar way the transshipment of arms is managed. The French weekly *Vu* recently commented on the present position of Antwerp as a point for the reshipment of munitions. Suppose a French arms maker wishes to ship to Italy. The simplest way is to route the consignment via Antwerp in Belgium. There is no reason why the French government should hold up any munitions destined for Belgium, and it does not. But when these shipments reach Antwerp, the Belgian government does not interfere with them because they are "in transit." How can such practices be stopped without inspectors at the point of production who will be able to discover the ultimate destination of every order?

A far more difficult problem for the control board would be presented by the international tie-ups in the arms industry—branch factories, trade agreements, patent pools, mutual agents, and stock ownership. As long as this internationalization is permitted, embargoes are easily evaded, new developments in arms readily reach even prospective enemies, and a nation's munitions are turned upon itself in times of war. What, for instance, does the British Vickers company care about a British embargo on the sale of arms to

Italy when it has branch factories in Italy itself? Or why should du Pont worry about an American embargo in the Gran Chaco war when it could turn over its orders from the belligerents to its British ally, Imperial Chemical Industries, and collect commissions on them? These international tie-ups are certainly against sound national policy, but there are peculiar difficulties in dealing with them because the line of demarcation between war materials and non-war materials is blurred. Nitrogen, for example, has many industrial and agricultural uses; it is also essential for the manufacture of explosives. Is it possible to prohibit the widest possible international distribution of a new nitrogen-fixation process? Can a steel-hardening process be localized if it is used alike for armor plate and for locomotives? No doubt some international ties in the arms industry could readily be cut, particularly those pertaining to patent pools, stockholding, and branch factories in primary munitions, but in the borderline materials it is difficult to take effective action.

National policy would also demand that the control board be empowered to extend the list of materials to be embargoed during a war. There is such a thing as following precedent blindly. Just because the shipment of munitions was an important factor in involving us in the World War, it does not follow that an embargo on "implements of war" alone is the answer to a new war situation. Each situation must be considered realistically, and the control board's powers must be broad enough and flexible enough to lay an embargo on any items which will tend to prolong the war.

Next to making the arms industry conform to national policy, safety at sea concerns the control board. In theory the shipping rules for munitions are made by the Department of Commerce and are enforced by its inspectors. In actual practice the woefully inadequate number of government inspectors throws the burden of enforcement on the steamship companies, which issue booklets of special instructions on the shipment of dangerous cargoes and at times insist on more precautionary measures than the government requires. The Commerce Department's concern in the arms traffic is largely the danger of fire or explosions. Its rules provide that dangerous explosives must be plainly marked, that they must be loaded on freighters, and that the loading must take place at a special wharf. So far, so good.

But immediately certain historical occurrences come to mind. The *Lusitania* carried 4,200 cases of cartridges, and the *Morro Castle* on her last trip had a cargo of munitions which was listed as "sporting goods." During one year the latter ill-fated vessel transported 1,500,000 rounds of ammunition and 50,000 pounds of gunpowder to Cuba. A specially constructed magazine in the forward part of the ship housed the gunpowder. Neither the *Lusitania* nor the *Morro Castle* violated any law or the rules of the Steamboat Inspection Service. Ammunition may be carried on any passenger vessel, with or without a powder magazine. This may not be unsound policy as far as fire or explosion hazards are concerned, but the matter does not end there.

It is no doubt legal to ship airplanes and their parts, machine-guns, tanks, cannons, empty shell cases, and similar items on any passenger vessel, and these would certainly not constitute any fire or explosion danger. They might, however, endanger the lives of the passengers. The various Cuban factions, for instance, were ready to go to any length to block the arming of their opponents, and there are per-

sistent rumors that the fire on the Morro Castle was directly connected with these group intrigues. In this particular instance the suspicions may be unfounded, but many a "patriot" in the Far East or in South America would stop at nothing to prevent the arming of the "enemy." In times of war, moreover, other considerations completely overshadow the fire hazard, as the Lusitania case demonstrated. Does not the safety of passengers at sea demand that the arms traffic be confined entirely to freighters?

The control board, finally, should turn its attention to the rackets in the arms industry. There is bribery, for example. The manager of a British arms company said: "We fully understand that arms deals are not usually done without some officials getting 'greased.'" The evidence is overwhelming that the Britisher knew what he was talking about. Why not stop this practice at the source? Let government inspectors regularly examine company books, and let them assess heavy penalties wherever bribery is discovered. A little publicity would do no harm either; the bribe takers would scurry for cover as rapidly as the bribers.

Then there is the matter of holding stock in munitions companies. A plan for arms control once proposed at Geneva included the following:

All companies manufacturing or selling munitions shall give full publicity to their . . . stock ownership.

They must not own even in part any newspaper or publish or attempt to publish any propaganda tending to create war scares or influence any government to purchase munitions.

This plan needs emendation to prohibit government officials, members of legislatures, newspaper owners and editors, and others in a position to influence government policy or public opinion from owning munitions stocks. In France and Belgium the tie-up between the munitions makers and the press is notorious, and in Britain the records of Somerset House reveal many leaders in state and church as munitions shareholders. Much sabotaging of disarmament conferences and fomenting of war scares might be checked by restricting the ownership of munitions stocks.

A service would also be done the country if the control board were given authority to examine the accounting of arms companies. Large government subsidies are annually paid to shipowners on the theory that merchant ships constitute part of our national defense. These subsidies are supposed to make up the losses incurred by the companies in operating their ships. But the figures on which losses are computed are all derived from the company, and they are said to include exorbitant salaries, payments to holding companies, fictitious cost items, and various other forms of padding. If government inspectors insisted on uniform bookkeeping which showed true cost items and payments to holding companies, perhaps the need for subsidies would disappear. Such matters have hitherto been left to special investigating committees, but a first-rate munitions control board could handle them more effectively.

It remains to be seen whether Congress will insist on a real control board with adequate authority, and whether the board will be willing and able to use its powers.

Anything Can Happen in Chicago

By EDWIN A. LAHEY

Chicago, December 18

WE of Chicago have a consciousness that gives us strength. We move with the knowledge that anything can happen here, and it lightens the burden of life. The latest example of this is the case of Robert M. Sweitzer, bellwether of the Cook County Democracy, who as an indicted and ousted public official went to trial early in October in the criminal court on the charge of withholding \$414,129 of the funds of the county clerk's office, which he vacated in December, 1934, to become county treasurer. Sweitzer explained genially to the jury that he hoped some day to pay the money back, and walked out a free man, "on the road to vindication."

All this was done without apparent damage to the well-fortified local Democratic machine, and it left a cynical portion of the populace with two inferences: (a) that juries are not always very bright; and (b) that if the person involved is a good fellow, the kind people call by his first name, with a record as a vote-getter for the party, no holds are barred. The end is not yet. Sweitzer, a little giddy with his "partial vindication," as he called it, is reported to be toying with the ideas of running again for public office.

Among party heelers and the open-mouthed citizens who sit at their feet there is a residue of affection for Genial Bob. Twenty-four years of public life as a good guy and storyteller have built up something hard to tear down. Public

officials instrumental in exposing Sweitzer have been hissed at political meetings. An air of hostility to the state pervaded the courtroom during Sweitzer's trial.

Politicians and other observers are agreed that Sweitzer would not have been forced to undergo a criminal trial except for his own loquacity. Dazed by an exposé in the *Chicago Daily News* he confessed all to a reporter friend and the managing editor of Hearst's *Evening American*, telling them of unfortunate investments in a process for manufacturing coal briquettes, of loaning public money to unnamed politicians, and of being a sucker generally with money that didn't belong to him. This story broke while Sweitzer was shadow-boxing with the board of county commissioners over his shortage, and even in Cook County there was nothing to do but demand prosecution.

Sweitzer's trouble began twenty-four years after he had been what he terms catapulted into politics. In 1910 he was an eminently successful salesman for a wholesale grocery house. He and Mark Sullivan, brother of the late Roger Sullivan, Democratic boss, had married sisters, and this tenuous connection with the Democracy brought the offer from Roger Sullivan to place his name on the ballot for county clerk. Sweitzer dropped his sample case and began his new career. He was elected clerk in 1910 and every four years thereafter, leading the Democratic ticket in every election he participated in, sweeping into office in years of Republican

victories. Within a few years of his entry into the political arena he was the head man of the party, an inveterate joiner, the town's favorite toastmaster and after-dinner speaker, and the champion of amateur sport.

Twice Sweitzer tried to carry his party into the mayor's office, only to be defeated by Bill Thompson, in 1915 and 1919. These were his only defeats at the polls. A prominent Catholic, knighted by the Pope for his superlative work in organizing the charities of the church, Sweitzer in his campaigns for the mayoralty was the victim of religious whispering campaigns such as no organization except Thompson's could produce. As candidate for county clerk, however, he was never touched.

In 1934, after twenty-four years as county clerk, Sweitzer in his sixty-sixth year decided to become county treasurer, and won that office in the November elections with the same ease with which he had slid into the clerkship. When he moved across the county building into the treasury, where \$250,000,000 annually must make its perilous passage through the fingers of politicians, the rafters began to creak. Sweitzer's successor in the county clerk's office was Michael J. Flynn, a hard-headed Irishman who wouldn't sign a receipt for the office and its funds until he had had an auditor check them. "Sure, Mike," said Sweitzer. "That's the correct thing. There's a few things to be fixed up, and as soon as your auditor looks over the office, I'll take care of them."

What happened in the ensuing weeks did not all go into the court record, but it is now old gossip in Chicago. Sweitzer is reported to have explained to the Nash-Kelly directing group of the County Democratic Committee that his accounts as clerk needed some squaring and that he needed some help. Nobody outside that choice group knows whether Sweitzer told a complete story of his shortage at that time, or how far the committee volunteered to go in helping him. At any rate, Sweitzer appeared shortly afterward at Flynn's office with \$40,000 in cash that was missing from one of the accounts.

The auditors hired by Flynn were meanwhile burrowing through Sweitzer's records and finding surprising things. A tax-redemption fund was short more than \$200,000. Interest earned on public money had disappeared; so-called "vest-pocket" funds, receipts for minor services of the office, were not to be found in anybody's vest. The auditors came through the maze of books with a shortage of \$414,129, and frankly declared that further search would probably reveal other shortages. The audit was distressing to the Democratic leaders. Bob was a good fellow. Loyalty is a fine thing. But \$414,129, small as it looks on paper in these days of astronomical finance, is a lot of money to have to raise for a shortage. When that fact had sunk into the minds of the Democratic leaders, Sweitzer was on his way out.

There was a decent secrecy to be maintained, however. It was late spring in 1935, and the Democratic Committee was engaged in dominating the selection of a coalition judicial ticket, allotting to the eager Republicans what concessions it chose. Public knowledge of a cesspool in an important Democratic office could probably have given the Republicans courage enough to run their own ticket.

The audit of Sweitzer's funds broke into print too late in May to interfere with the uncontested election of the coalition judicial slate in June. The county board was furnished with an opinion from the state's attorney, Thomas J. Court-

ney, that it would be within its right to remove Sweitzer from his office of county treasurer if he failed to make an accounting forthwith of his shortages as county clerk.

Sweitzer was summoned before the county board, in a room filled with his ardent admirers, and demand was made on him for payment. Addressing the board graciously, he pointed out that he had not had time to check Flynn's audit, and asked the board to stay its demand. He declared himself ready and willing to pay when he himself determined the amount of his shortage. At this time seven months had elapsed since he had left the clerk's office. The board gave him a week. Sweitzer made a second appearance before the board at the appointed time, and again told the members that he had not had time to determine the accuracy of the Flynn audit. Again he asked for and was granted a continuance on the board's demand for a showdown. He went his blithe way that afternoon to Terre Haute, Indiana, to attend the graduation of a daughter.

On the same afternoon the newspaper story of Sweitzer's own admission of defalcations, disastrous investments, and loans to politicians—whom he has not named to this day—appeared on the streets, and members of the county board, feeling that they had been made to look foolish, immediately rescinded the week's grace which they had that morning given him. He was summoned again to appear before the board as soon as he could return from Terre Haute. Sweitzer later declared sheepishly that he thought his intimate confessions would not be printed "until this thing blew over." He returned to town in a few days, and breezily announced to the county board that he was going to pay up immediately, that day, in fact. He had raised the money. But could the board have patience for a few hours? The money was in San Francisco banks, there was a difference in time, and it would be some hours before the transfer could be made. The board waited. The afternoon came and wore on, and old friends of Sweitzer's wanted to weep for him. Like a panicky child trying to stave off the hour of retribution, he made desperate passes, mysterious telephone calls. Late in the day the county board, finally convinced that he was faking, passed a resolution declaring the office of county treasurer vacant by reason of Sweitzer's shortage as clerk.

Sweitzer could not and would not believe that the ax had fallen. He retreated to the treasurer's office, posted an armed guard, and finally had to be ejected bodily by armed deputy sheriffs and policemen. He walked out in a daze, down a corridor lined with photographers, spectators, and scrubwomen. "We're with you, Bob," shouted a scrubwoman, tugging at his coat. Genial Bob smiled the weariest smile of his career.

Before the hullabaloo of the ouster was settled, Sweitzer was indicted by the Cook County grand jury under an old law making it a felony wilfully to withhold funds from a successor in office. No embezzlement charge was brought against him. The penalty on the withholding charge is one to ten years in the penitentiary.

The prospect of presiding over the trial of Bob Sweitzer was a nightmare to most members of the judiciary, and the case moved slowly on the court calendars. From July until October the indictment went from one court to another on all the dilatory pleas available. It was finally forced to trial in October before Judge John C. Lewe, a vigorous young newcomer on the bench. Sweitzer was represented by Bene-

dict J. Short, a boyhood friend and schoolmate, and one of the smoothest and most ingratiating criminal lawyers in Chicago.

Short and his associate counsel, Harvey Levinson and Ode Rankin, did everything but play soft music on the violin for the jury. The adequacy of the state's audit was attacked; the indictment was a plot to wreck the integrity of the foremost political figure in the city; the defendant was being tried for the faults of a single-entry bookkeeping system. Sweitzer himself took the stand, told the Alger story of his life, of his willingness to make up any shortage if they would only give him a chance to find out what it was. (Eleven months had now passed since he left the clerk's office.) If an earnest presentation of the evidence and the sincere demands of the prosecutors, Marshall V. Kearney and Leslie Salter, that the jurors heed only facts had had any effect on the veniremen, the latter were completely melted when the defense rested.

The jury kept Sweitzer and his attorneys waiting only a few hours. The day after the verdict one of the jurors, an unemployed street-car conductor with a high admiration for Genial Bob and his works, explained: "We had trouble with one fellow for a while. He was holding out for conviction. The trouble with him was, we told him, that he had been listening too much to those state's attorneys."

Another juror, a young clerk in a downtown insurance office, paused in his work long enough to inquire timidly of a reporter who was probing the workings of the jury mind: "After all, Sweitzer said he'd pay the money back, didn't he? He's got it, hasn't he?"

He seemed a little abashed to learn that nobody credits Genial Bob with having a cent today, and the talk turned to the evidence, to the audit upon which the state based its case. "The state's audit?" said this peer of the defendant. "Was that audit the state's? Cripes, we thought it was a defense exhibit."

Arms Over Europe

III. Italy at War: First Impressions

By LOUIS FISCHER

Milan, December 5

THIS is November 30, 1935 A.D. and XIV E.F. Everything began with the march on Rome from Milan on October 28, 1922, and we are now therefore in the fourteenth year of the Era Fascista.

I came across the snowy Alps yesterday into mild-weathered Lombardy. Today I have walked the streets for hours. Every store displays a placard decorated with the national colors—green, white, red—which reads, "This Shop Sells Only Italian Products," or one of another type which admonishes citizens to purchase either Italian goods or exports of non-sanctionist countries. "Patriotic Italians Use Nothing but Italian Medicines," a pharmacy informs the passer-by. A cafe in the impressive, glass-covered bazaar and central promenade, Milan's "Gallery," warns drinkers to "Order Only Italian Wines and Liqueurs." The sign then quotes an appropriate passage from Mussolini. If sanctions continue to be applied rigorously, what is now presumably a voluntary act of patriotism will become a necessity. Meanwhile anti-sanctions propaganda serves to generate bitterness and hatred for foreign countries and to rally the population around the Fascist regime.

Books on East Africa, books on Abyssinia, books on Negro races abound in the bookstores. In every window, prominently placed, is a copy of Emilio Canevari's "British Conquests in Africa," for "by what right," runs the often-repeated Italian argument, "do the English object to our Ethiopian expedition when they have grabbed so much themselves?" By no right; but morality plays no important role in imperialist policy.

The plate-glass window of a stationery shop is covered with postcards and drawings. One painting for sale shows an Italian officer in tropical uniform. He faces a group of Ethiopian chiefs, some kneeling before him, others standing erect and giving the Roman salute. Under these is the in-

scription, in quotation marks, "The Enemy." Behind him, about to stab him in the back, is a hand with a long dagger marked "Sanctions." Under it is the inscription, in quotation marks, "Our Friends." I note in many places a picture postcard of a pith-helmeted Italian soldier against a background which is the map of Abyssinia. In his hand is a torch which, miraculously, burns green and white and red. On the colored flame is written the word *Civiltà*, civilization.

"Give Gold and Iron to the Fatherland." On one street I saw a motor lorry pull up to a coffee and tea shop. The crowd looked on while a Black Shirt carried out boxes of empty coffee cans and tumbled them into the truck. Inside was already a heap of scrap iron and tins. A magazine for sale in the kiosks publishes a cartoon picturing a ship laden with gold steaming away from a shore. This is the "Flight of Gold from France." Opposite it Italians are depicted removing their earrings, finger rings, gold watches, and the like, and throwing them into a melting-pot. This is the "Gift of Gold in Italy."

Mussolini photographs are seen everywhere—Mussolini scowling, frowning, pouting, smiling; Mussolini fencing, shooting, swimming, strutting, speaking, playing the fiddle; Mussolini on a cannon, on a tank, on a horse, on a balcony; Mussolini bald, in Roman headgear, in steel helmet, in Fascist cap; Mussolini, Mussolini. He has a sense of the theatrical; Italians like it. In his eyes shine a fierceness and an almost monomaniacal glare which are certainly real enough, yet they seem purposely intensified for effect. The heavy, protruding chin bespeaks force and will-power; the puckered lips tell of a desire to impress and startle.

Several times as I tramped through the poorer sections of Milan I found myself thinking about my early youth. Then it occurred to me that the smell here was the same as that which hovered over the Italian district in South

Philadelphia where I grew up. My Italian playmates, I recalled, were temperamental, boisterous, and daring. Our respective juvenile "gangs" used to hop moving coal trains and pelt one another with coal. But the Italian boys were not good fighters.

In these less prosperous parts of Milan I saw several old posters which announced that the government of the Milan province, "seconding the effort of the central authorities," offered 300 cash prizes of 500 lire each to mothers who would give birth to three live children between October 28, 1931, and October 28, 1936. Preference, the announcement said, would be given to poorer families. Nobody else, I am sure, would compete. Three children in five years! Then the Fascists contend that overpopulation makes Abyssinia a necessity for them. They themselves have deliberately aggravated the problem of excess population. Every day the dailies print official vital statistics to underline the interest which Fascism takes in them. During the last month, according to this evening's paper, there were 1,197 live births in Milan, 967 deaths, and 627 marriages. "The place occupied by woman under the Fascist regime," says an Italian propaganda journal, "is really that of mistress of the house." But she "reaches the phase of an almost religious and divine function when she . . . becomes a mother"—especially if she raises her boy to be a soldier.

This is Sunday, December 1, and I went to the gorgeous marble cathedral with its two thousand marble statues, some of them perched on thin lofty spires, its exquisite stained-glass windows, and its beautiful service and singing. Outside in the piazza a Black Shirt brass band played patriotic hymns. In the small crowd one or two persons applauded each number.

I strolled into a honey exhibit. A big wall was covered by a giant map of Abyssinia on transparent material. Behind it, filling the space from Addis Ababa to the borders of Sudan, was a steel-helmeted head of Mussolini which was lighted up intermittently. Nearby a mechanical bee dipped its proboscis regularly into a flower.

On the main thoroughfares and in side streets as well every available space on building walls is covered with posters. "Viva Il Duce," "Viva Adua Riconquistata," viva the Fascist revolution, viva the glorious and victorious troops in East Africa, viva the King, viva this, viva that. Ubiquitous, too, is a sepia poster of Mussolini's head in steel hat. I notice, however, that many of these posters have been mutilated. Fingers have lifted an edge and pulled off a strip of the paper. Some sharp instrument has scratched a hole in the middle. This interests me. I stroll through street after street. In the central avenues a large number of posters have been damaged. In less frequented streets some of the posters have been totally defaced. I studied the commercial-advertising signs. Most of them were intact; only a few had been tampered with. I took a trolley to the outskirts of town and walked back. If this poster-tearing phenomenon was to be given political significance I had to make sure of my observations. There is no doubt about it: with few exceptions these Fascists posters have felt the hand of a deliberate destroyer. On the periphery of Milan the number of posters was much smaller than in the hub of the city, but these too had lost some, occasionally all, of their surface.

Milan is the largest industrial city of northern Italy with a population of 900,000. It is likewise the mother of Fascism. The most important Fascist dailies still appear in Milan and not in Rome—*Il Popolo d'Italia*, founded by Benito and edited by his nephew Vito Mussolini, and *Corriere della Sera*, in which the famous Signor Gayda roasts the British every morning. The Fascists of Milan also have their poster language. They write and scribble in pencil or crayon on the torn placards. They write: "W Il Duce" (W stands for *viva*), "W Il Re," "M Eden" (M stands for *morte*, death), "M L'Inghilterra" ("Death to England"). I saw "Porco Eden" twice; "M Negus" twice—the Negus gets very little attention; one "To Hell with England." Several times I read "W Binda" on walls and posters. When I inquired I was told that Binda is a champion cyclist.

Posters are the forums of modern Rome, yet one never sees "W Lenin" as one did in 1919, or "W Staline," or "W Moscow." Where are the millions of Communists and revolutionists from whom Mussolini is alleged to have saved Italy? Many have been "liquidated," imprisoned, or exiled. Many have certainly been converted. Those who remain probably are afraid or are biding their time. No unorganized opposition sticks its neck out very far under a dictatorship. Sometimes an instinct guides political factions; it is obviously too early to write Communist slogans on Fascist propaganda.

The Fascists seek to derive every possible advantage from British hostility and from sanctions. Later, if economic difficulties intervene, not Fascism or the war will be to blame but England and Geneva. What the regime tells its citizens appears from a poster which is frequently encountered and nearly as frequently mutilated.

Milanese [it reads], the seventeenth anniversary of the World War finds proletarian and Fascist Italy aroused and rallied around its King and its Duce, invincible in the defense of its sacred right to live, invincible in its determination to triumph. Soldiers, Black Shirts, Milanese! After Italy lost 670,000 dead and 400,000 wounded in the World War—a million fallen in the cause of the Entente—Geneva moves the monstrous machine of sanctions to imperil the conquest, achieved through the valor and labor of Italy's sons, of that "Place in the Sun" which is indispensable to our existence and which was denied us by Versailles. Soldiers, Black Shirts, Milanese! Against the offensive on our lives and dignity let us strengthen our will and our tenacity in the cause of justice and civilization. Viva Italia, Viva Il Re, Viva Il Duce.

A platoon of sailors dragging some light cannon passed through the central Via Torino preceded by a Black Shirt who whistled in order to attract attention. One old man lifted his hand in the Caesarian greeting. The mass of pedestrians did not even stop to look. Generally speaking, one senses no tension in the air. There is no war atmosphere. At the frontier my luggage was not opened, and neither the border authorities nor the hotel management was very much interested in my passport. On the cathedral piazza a group of some twenty Fascists in varied picturesque uniforms and caps, with their short daggers hanging on their left thighs and Roman capes draped gracefully around their shoulders, stood for hours this morning—I saw them early in the day and saw the same ones again at the end of a long tour of town—doing nothing at all ex-

cept attracting attention and entertaining one another. They laughed and smoked and slapped one another on the back, but only their military garb might have suggested that Italy was engaged in war—certainly not their demeanor. My impression is that the Fascists, perhaps even the mass of people, still regard the Abyssinian adventure as a big national picnic. They do not take it seriously. It is only beginning to pinch.

Today, December 2, I talked to a big textile manufacturer. He said most of the textile mills of Milan had cotton stocks which would last no longer than another month. They did not think they would get new supplies soon. All the foreign currency and gold the government had was being used to create vast reserves of oil. A felt-hat mill near Milan had raw material for another fortnight. Neither wool nor cotton was being imported in large quantities. I asked him about the Fascist corporations, the framework, in conception, of a new social order. "They are not real," he replied. "Mussolini uses them as a threat to keep us in line. State control is severe, but our capital is our own." He was, nevertheless, violently anti-Fascist. He resented the control. He predicted that sanctions would cause heavy unemployment in the near future.

The government is whipping up sentiment for a new 5 per cent war loan. One loan poster shows an Italian soldier wearing pith helmet and heavy hobnailed shoes and carrying a rifle slung over his shoulders. He is guiding a plow across an Abyssinian landscape. Another depicts a soldier with a number of spades. The purpose is to convince people that the expeditionary force in East Africa will not return. It will stay to till Ethiopian soil, and overcrowding in Italy will thereby be relieved. This remains to be seen. Large-scale white colonization in tropical Africa has no precedent. On a third loan poster stands an Italian officer and his young Ballila boy-scout son at the salute. "For your children's sake, subscribe!" is its appeal.

After working hours I went to a cinema. Cinemas are dark, and in them, therefore, people are free to express or not to express their feelings. The cashier dropped every coin on the glass top of her table and held every bill against a light. The performance started with a Luce newsreel. A ship packed with soldiers leaves a port for Eritrea. No applause from the cinema audience. Tanks run up a hill at Asmara while Italian soldiers look on. No applause. Marshal de Bono, now recalled, reviews a company of Italians near "Adua Riconquistata." One person clapped his hands together once. The sharp noise succeeded by sudden silence was worse than no applause. Soldiers sending part of their wages to their families. No applause.

I asked an Italian artisan why he did not go to Abyssinia. He said, "Let others fight." I put the same question to an employee of the hotel. He said, "Let those fight who have no jobs." He conceived of the war as a sort of public works. There seems to be little enthusiasm for the war. Sanctions and universal foreign opposition, however, have enabled the Fascists to arouse considerable nationalist fervor. It is obvious, nevertheless, that the first fortnight of sanctions plus the possibility of oil sanctions has made the regime nervous.

[The fourth article of Mr. Fischer's series on the European crisis will appear in the issue of January 14.]

I Am a Traitor

By WILLIAM T. LUCAS

OUR football team hasn't won a game this season, and I am the reason. I am a teacher in the local high school, and, unfortunately, most of the football players are compelled by circumstances to attend two of my classes—one in English and one in sociology. According to the rules of our State High School Football Association, each player must pass, each week, three of his prescribed studies in order to be eligible to participate in the game the following week. This season, so the story goes, from two to seven men on our team have been ruled ineligible every week. And I am the devil who has done it—simply because I refuse to do a little lying and cheating and stealing for the sake of the team.

Strange as it may seem, the new principal is squarely behind me in this. He is the man I am taking my orders from. The new principal has repeatedly expressed in faculty meetings his policy regarding athletics. It is this: "School work comes first; sports, second—or maybe third. Equal rights to all; special privileges to none. We want a team on the field we can be proud of, one that will truly represent the honor and purpose of our school. Any teacher who shows favoritism to a football player in the matter of grades will be dismissed from the faculty."

In my own experience such an attitude from a schoolman is something new. And this same new principal is still under thirty, was an athlete himself (and still is), has been a high-school coach, and is a most ardent follower of sports. Not a pupil in the school doubts this last statement; they all regard their principal as a fine fellow, 200 pounds of youth and fun and life, but a man who believes in work. If he expects to hold his job, though, he had better fire me. So "they" are saying.

I'm against athletics. I have it in for the players. A football man couldn't pass my work if he were to make a hundred. Purposely I ask the football players questions they can't answer. I expect football players to know when to use capital letters, periods, and apostrophes. I expect football players to be interested in the effects of illiteracy, the causes of crime, and the characteristics of mob psychology. In grading papers I am always hard on the athletes. If it were not so, the school would have a winning team. That is what "they" are saying on every hand.

The impression that I am the dictator behind the scenes got abroad in the following manner. At the beginning of the present session the principal, who was new to our local way of doing things, asked me to help him straighten out all the school records, and to determine just who was and who was not eligible for athletics, according to work passed and failed during the 1934-35 session. Having taught in the school for the past five years, I knew the system; and orders were orders. During the first week of school it was my unpleasant duty to pass on to the principal the information that a number of "brilliant, experienced football prospects" could not participate in athletics on our teams until they had passed off a semester's work. Any real he-man teacher with a grain of school spirit, pride, or loyalty would have kept his mouth shut, smoothed over the records, and given the boys a chance. If it had not been for me, old Tom, Dick, and Harry—all

three—would be on the team right now. So “they” are saying.

Look at old Tom, for instance; 180-pound tackle. The minute I ruled him ineligible he went over to a neighboring school seven miles distant, matriculated, and made the football team in a walk. They didn’t ask old Tom any questions at that school. The principal of that school never wrote to our principal for old Tom’s credits; he didn’t want to know that old Tom had passed only three subjects in our school during the past three years. Recently we played old Tom’s team, and they ran all over us.

Haven’t we played ineligibles ourselves in times past? Of course. We have played men who did not know what it was ever to pass a subject. We have played men who were not even in school the week the game was played. We have played men who were drunk for two days before the game. We have played men who were being paid to play for us. We have played men who bet on themselves and on the team on which they were playing. We have played men who always stopped school as soon as the football season was over, and who did not return until the following year. We have done all this, and nobody thought any the less of us for it. We have had great teams in the past, and our “stars” have been sought after by the college teams, too.

I have been directly approached about my refusal to pass the football players. I have been told that I should make allowances for them. I should not ask them any questions, or I should ask them questions they could answer, or I should give them passing grades on the questions I do ask them. A football player is not supposed “to get an education” during the season. In colleges, if a professor won’t pass the football players, the players are warned not to take that professor’s subjects. It should be this way in high school, but of course it can’t be on account of the limited faculty. But I’m not cooperating.

“They” are saying all this, and still my principal is staying with me. They have been to see him about me, but they can’t budge him an inch. He always tells them: “We want a good football team, but we want good students first. If a boy wants to play football for our school, he must first prove himself worthy by working.”

I’m wondering where the new principal and I will be next year.

Correspondence

Did Bryan Put Us Into War?

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I have read the article by Mr. Villard, Honor to William J. Bryan, in your issue of November 20, wherein he says he feels like getting up a mass-meeting in Carnegie Hall in New York, to do honor to Mr. Bryan because of his opposition to our entry into the World War.

I have no desire to detract anything from the Bryan record as portrayed by Mr. Villard. I was as much opposed to this nation going into the horrible mess as was Bryan or Mr. Villard. But before this mass-meeting is called I think it would be well to consider who was responsible for the Administration that got us into the war? Who was responsible for Woodrow Wilson and indirectly for Robert Lansing and Walter Hines

Page, the war fans of the Wilson Administration? In 1912, I think it will be found upon investigation, William J. Bryan was a delegate from Nebraska to the National Democratic Convention at Baltimore, and was instructed for Champ Clark, as the choice of Nebraska Democrats for President. After the third ballot in that convention, as I now remember, Mr. Bryan, notwithstanding his instructions, deserted Clark, who had a majority vote in the convention, and supported Woodrow Wilson, giving as his reason that Clark was being supported by Tammany Hall.

Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes in his book “Genesis of the World War” has treated this subject with some speculation on what might have been if Mr. Bryan had observed his instructions and Champ Clark had been nominated and elected President in 1912. It is very likely that we should have avoided the unholy mess and all that followed. It has been said that Bryan did not want Wilson; that he had an inordinate ambition to get the nomination himself. That is the key to the whole situation. Mr. Bryan was indirectly responsible for the economic chaos we are now experiencing as a result of the war.

Plattsmouth, Neb., December 10

JOHN M. LEYDA

No Reward for Merit

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

It was with great interest that I read your Reward-of-Merit Story in the October 30 issue. I note particularly that you enjoyed your role as benefactor and should like to do more of it. Permit me to relate the story of Morris Joseph Schiller, 1376 Belt Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri—a story remarkably similar to Mr. Lauste’s. Mr. Schiller came to this country in 1895 and worked as a tailor for years. In his spare time he tinkered with his machine. Eventually he developed a device for pinking and trimming in one operation. This he had patented in 1917—patent number 187,079. In 1921 and 1922 he improved upon his machine and was issued other patents.

Representatives of several sewing-machine companies called upon Schiller. An affidavit was made out and Schiller furnished these men with a sample of his newest machine. This they kept for two months and then returned, broken. Subsequently there appeared on the market four machines that embodied the fundamental principles of Schiller’s or were exact replicas. Since then practically every company that manufactures sewing machines has adopted Schiller’s revolutionary improvements. A golden harvest was reaped but not one dollar went to the inventor. An agent of one of these manufacturers once told Mr. Schiller that his organization was prepared to spend a million dollars to fight his claims.

Mr. Schiller is now sixty-one years old. Broken in health, he subsists on relief. This so far has been his reward for a contribution to industry that has enriched the well-to-do and lightened the load of the worker.

St. Louis, Mo., December 10

SAM STONE

Leo Gallagher

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

As a newspaperman—sympathetic to the defendants—who attended a number of sessions of the Sacramento criminal-syndicalism trial, I was interested in Carey McWilliams’s article on Leo Gallagher in your issue of October 15. The article was obviously occasioned by the dissatisfaction and indignation felt by many radicals and liberals in California over Mr. Gallagher’s conduct of that trial.

As an individual Mr. Gallagher does not need Mr. McWilliams's whitewash. No one in California questions his sincerity and integrity. His defects as a radical defense lawyer lie in an almost psychotic excess of these qualities. A lawyer who cannot keep his head in the courtroom is of no use to his clients, and anyone who has watched Mr. Gallagher shrieking at judge, jury, and prosecutors, challenging a 250-pound opponent to a fight, or exacerbating the nerves even of sympathetic spectators with querulous harangues will appreciate the reply made by Red-Baiter Hynes of Los Angeles to a reporter who commented on the prosecuting attorney's "dumbness." "He doesn't need to be bright. Gallagher will convict them for him."

In a recent labor trial in Eureka, California, three groups of defendants were represented by a local attorney, an attorney for the A. C. L. U., and Mr. Gallagher, respectively. The charges against all were identical. The first two groups were acquitted, by a jury composed largely of workmen. Gallagher's clients drew a hung jury.

A friend of Mr. Gallagher's once described him as "an early Christian martyr who would sizzle with pleasure." That sums it up. Some day even the I. L. D. may learn that there is a difference between a militant defense and a typical Gallagher defense. On that day more of its defendants in the West may be acquitted.

San Francisco, November 15

J. A. WASHBURN

Mr. Chamberlin and Mr. Broun

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I read with interest Heywood Broun's spirited if somewhat imaginative reconstruction of my dark revolutionary past and his criticism of my subsequent writings, in *The Nation* for October 16. There are one or two points of fact and opinion on which I feel impelled to take issue with my genial ex-boss.

I did not, as Broun suggests, "pick" the *New York American* as a place for my discussion of the double standard of morals which some American liberals and radicals practice in judging acts of governmental repression in the Soviet Union and in other countries. My article on this subject originally appeared in the *Christian Science Monitor* and was reprinted by some other newspapers.

And I felt a little regret, on Broun's account more than on my own, when I found him expressing the opinion that I recanted my original faith because I found the Union of Soviet Republics was not Utopia. Surely the tag which some left-wingers insist on pinning to any critic of the Soviet Union, "sour, embittered, disillusioned because he didn't find a Utopia there," is no more profound or original than its familiar right-wing opposing number: "If these alien agitators don't like America, why don't they go back where they came from?"

Looking over the article that aroused Broun's comment I don't find a passage that could be construed as reproaching the Soviet regime for not measuring up to the specifications of Utopia, whatever these may be. What I did point out, with more detailed concrete illustration than I can repeat here, is that in protecting its citizens against arbitrary state-inflicted incarceration, banishment, peonage, and execution the Soviet Union is not only left at the post by imperfect America, but, in more than one respect, is trailing its fellow-dictatorships in Germany and Italy. And I believe Broun will agree with me that neither Nazi Germany nor Fascist Italy could reasonably be mistaken for Utopia.

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

Tokyo, Japan, November 18

The Dear Old Chain Gangs

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Reading the very misleading article, *Men in Chains*, in *The Nation* for November 13, I am writing to say that I have lived more than five years in Georgia and have driven my own car all over the state and have often observed convicts employed on farms. I have never seen any indications that they were unhappy or dissatisfied. Quite the contrary. The convict labor of Georgia is happy and well cared for. I have never found such a democratic spirit in any state as here in Georgia, where we often stop to speak to the convicts, or they wave to us.

I saw a convict plowing a farm quite alone the other day, with no guards at all. I have often seen them working with farmers. They had no chains on, and with one or two exceptions I have never observed a chain on any of them.

I cannot believe that the conditions described by Myra Page are truthful, because the whole spirit of Georgia is entirely different.

I am a member of the Women's National Press Club of Washington, D. C., and was formerly on the staff of the *Washington Post* and the *Washington Herald*, and have contributed to many other newspapers and magazines. I am now director of journalism at Brenau College.

Gainesville, Ga., November 12

G. R. BRIGHAM

The League of Women Shoppers

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

We believe that many of your readers will be interested in the League of Women Shoppers and will see in it an avenue of practical expression of their social concern. The League of Women Shoppers was formed in June, 1935, to "find out and then act" in labor situations affecting them as shoppers. Their basis is to use their purchasing power, collectively, to improve the working conditions of those employed in manufacturing and selling goods they buy. They have already done this with effect in the Ansonia-shoestore, Janice, May-department-store, and other strikes. They have exposed the racket of Hyman Nemser, who, under the guise of a retail clerk's union to which no worker belonged, extorted money from the workers.

First they investigate the particular situation thoroughly; then, if the situation justifies it, they give their support in every way possible—by protest, meetings, speakers, picket lines, and so on.

The League's membership is a broad front of liberal, social-minded women who want to know what is going on and who want to do something about it. We invite the support of your readers.

New York, November 29

HELEN KAY, Secretary

Sorry

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Owing to a curious and regrettable lapse in collaborative checking we stated in our final article on the critics that the *Yale Review* and the *Virginia Quarterly*, like the other quarterlies listed, carry no advertising. They do.

MARY MCCARTHY and MARGARET MARSHALL
New York, December 12

Labor and Industry

The C. P. and the United Front

A DEBATE BETWEEN DAVID SCHEYER AND HEYWOOD BROWN

The Record Is Relevant

DEAR COMRADE HEYWOOD BROWN: Perhaps an introduction is in order. I am a member of the Labor Press Unit of the New York Newspaper Guild. As a guild member I have the greatest admiration for the militance, for the energy, for the patience you have shown in organizing and leading the guild in the past two years. But as a guild member I feel acutely unhappy about the political opinions you express and the political naivete you display from time to time—and especially this time about your article, *We Want a United Front*, in *The Nation* for December 11.

I think I can legitimately make this my business. After all, part of the prestige you have in the labor movement, part of the audience that reads and respects your opinions, comes because you are president of the guild. Even your unofficial opinions carry weight within the guild, and to a large extent create a certain impression about the guild outside. And Comrade Heywood, to be very frank about it, I think these opinions are lousy.

In writing about the Madison Square Garden debate between Earl Browder and Norman Thomas you accuse Thomas of contemplating far too much the water that has already flowed under the bridge—in short, you object to his bringing in the position of the Communist Party of two or three years or even one year ago. But you're a trade unionist now, Comrade Heywood; you've stopped being a rather romantic revolutionary, and you must realize that the Communist Party of a year ago has laid a pretty stiff curse on the party of today.

If Socialists and Communists achieve a united front, you admit that it will mean little until other "groups" come in. "Groups" is your own word, and I sincerely hope that you mean unions. For a united front that attracted to itself only such twilight fringes of the radical movement as intellectual organizations, lady pacifists, and Greenwich Village clubs would be far worse than useless.

The water Norman Thomas contemplated was not a river of yesteryear. It was a tide, a receding tide, be it hoped, but a tide of terrific resentment against the Communist Party and its policies. What were the accusations he made? First, he brought up the question of dual unionism, the old Communist policy of union-splitting, of building very revolutionary and very small "red unions"; second, the problem of "social fascism," which with its concomitant theoretical hodge-podge represented the standard approach of Communists toward all other working-class organizations. "Social fascism" in its fullest flower meant that the only thing a Communist could do in a union or a fraternal organization was to destroy it—for were not the social fascists fully as dangerous as their open brothers, the fascists?

It is significant that Earl Browder could make no answer to either of these charges beyond a couple of rather smart-alecky and entirely misleading remarks. I don't care

and I don't suppose you care that he couldn't answer Norman Thomas. But the tragedy is that more important people than Thomas ask the same questions and that the Communist Party can give no answer. The rank-and-file Socialist asks: "A year ago you told me my leaders were fakers and a curse to the labor movement. Do you want a united front with fakers now, or were you wrong then?" And the Communist Party has no reply. The trade unionist says: "Two years ago you said the American Federation of Labor was an out-right fascist organization and that all really militant workers should leave it and join the Trade Union Unity League. Now you want a united front with this fascist organization and with the men whose names were synonyms for reaction—with Lewis, with Gorman, with Dubinsky, with Zimmerman and Hochman. What has happened? Is it possible you were wrong?" And the Communist Party has no answer.

Comrade Heywood, these are not dead embers. These are vital questions to the class-conscious progressive American workers who must be the spearhead of any united front. Because the Communist Party claims infallibility, because it cannot honestly admit that it has ever erred, these questions, this water under the bridge, form a river dividing the Communists from the workers. If the Communist Party could somewhere secure enough guts to publish a simple statement in the *Daily Worker* addressed to American labor, saying, "For several years we pursued a false policy in the trade-union field and in our general approach to working-class organizations, a policy we have now abandoned"—if such a statement were made, it would do more toward the achievement of a united front than a dozen hurrah meetings in Madison Square Garden.

I don't think you are contributing much to an improved understanding between Communists and Socialists, Comrade Heywood. You close your *Nation* article on an extremely ominous note, saying, "If Norman Thomas actually means to obstruct the united front, an appeal should be taken over his head to his followers." Let me cite a parallel you should remember. Several months ago you and other officers of the Newspaper Guild grew righteously indignant because the Washington Guild decided not to pay assessments and wrote to other guilds to do likewise, and, in general, began to function as a separate national office. How much more indignant would you and all guild members be if some outside organization—say, the Jewish Writers' Union—wrote to your members denouncing Heywood Brown as a fat, bureaucratic (or, in left circles, bureaucratic) slob and calling Carl Randau a labor faker and a fascist?

This, in essence, is the "united-front from below"—a tactic which the Communist Party is beginning slowly and hesitantly to abandon as it realizes that disrupting the discipline of an organization and discrediting its leadership is not the ideal method for achieving working-class unity. And you do no service to the Communist Party or to the workers when you rather blunderingly try to pump the breath of life back into this dying tactical mistake.

I hope this is a hard-boiled letter, Comrade Heywood. I wanted it to be because I'm pretty sore about you. You have prestige in the labor movement and among the intellectuals who can be valuable allies of the labor movement if they don't try to run the show to fit their own pretty mental pictures. You have prestige because of the important work you've done in fighting Negro discrimination and because you've laid the foundations for a really good union of newspapermen. Because you're not affiliated with any political party you can speak and be heard without raising the barrier of factional interest.

Why not use that position and prestige constructively? Don't fritter it away by indorsing every crack-brained united front or appeal for a united front just because you feel—and quite correctly—that labor unity in the face of fascism is of vital importance. Learn that unity and a strong, class labor movement are things to be achieved by hard work and good work in the organizations of labor, not in Madison Square Garden. And—if you get a chance, tell it to Earl Browder.

DAVID SCHEYER

We Still Want the United Front

TO much that David Scheyer says in his letter there is no answer except, "Your message received and contents noted." I find nothing in his bill of complaint to change my opinion that the way to get the united front is to abandon recrimination and proceed to move ahead as rapidly as possible. If this is naive I prefer to be naive and help in the fight against fascism rather than be cut down by storm troopers while coldly twiddling a pair of logical thumbs.

David Scheyer reminds me that I should cease being a romantic revolutionist and think of myself as a trade unionist. Obviously labor, and more particularly the industrial unions, would have to be the very backbone of any efficient people's party. But that is no reason at all why Socialists and Communists should not also enter in. Scheyer shouldn't really take this "romantic revolutionist" business so seriously. That's publishers' stuff and two years old at that.

My adversary should not treat me with such condescension as an economic illiterate, although I will plead guilty to being only a freshman. Honestly I don't need to be told that only a short time ago the Communists urged workers to leave the American Federation of Labor and join the T. U. U. L. I am aware that the *Daily Worker* attacked Lewis, Dubinsky, Gorman, Hochman, and other A. F. of L. leaders. Why shouldn't I be aware of it? At the same time the *Worker* was referring to me as Hey-Gin Broun. One of Jacob Burck's best cartoons showed me as a child in a perambulator being pushed up Park Avenue by Norman Thomas. My milk bottle was labeled "gin," which was where that strange myth started. Burck has since given me the original. I think it would be foolish, just the same, for me or anybody else to fight a united front because one group had once attacked me.

Naturally Scheyer may say that he was thinking of rather more important feelings than those of a newspaper columnist. It so happens that John L. Lewis was in New York last week to address a meeting of the American News-

paper Guild. After the meeting several guildsmen were talking to Lewis about the "red menace." He was asked whether there were not Communists in the United Mine Workers. He said that of course there were. Out of his long experience as a union leader he offered some advice to a fledgling labor group: "Never refuse to work with anybody who's willing to work with you." I might point out that both Brophy and Powers Hapgood, who were once bitter foes of John L. Lewis, are now organizers in the United Mine Workers.

And, of course, I haven't any intention of saying that Lewis was always right. I wouldn't even say that much for Broun. The Communists did say some very harsh things about him a couple of years ago, and some of them were true. And while I'm indulging in self-criticism I should like to put on the record the fact that I went to Norman Thomas to tell him that I was sorry for several things I had said about him in pieces here and there during the last year. Certainly I'm in no position to criticize people for being captious if I'm captious myself.

"Learn," says David Scheyer in closing, "that unity and a strong class labor movement are things to be achieved by hard work and good work in the organizations of labor, not in Madison Square Garden."

If Mr. Scheyer means what he seems to mean, it sounds very much like the old craft-union tendency toward inbreeding and sterility. Nobody is denying the necessity of hard work, but I deny that there is any virtue in suggesting that the labor movement must be kept small and exclusive. What's the matter with Madison Square Garden? I can think of only one fault. When the labor movement begins to grow along industrial lines and doubles itself and trebles itself, Madison Square Garden won't be nearly large enough for meetings.

HEYWOOD BROUN

Contributors to This Issue

LOUIS FISCHER, *The Nation's* Moscow correspondent, is the author of "Soviet Journey."

H. C. ENGELBRECHT is the author of "One Hell of a Business" and coauthor with W. C. Hanighen of "Merchants of Death," both dealing with the munitions industry.

EDWIN A. LAHEY is a Chicago newspaperman.

WILLIAM T. LUCAS is the pseudonym of a teacher in a Southern high school.

DAVID SCHEYER is a New York labor journalist.

MARYA ZATURENSKA is the author of "Threshold and Hearth," a book of verse.

HUGH H. DARBY is a member of the Department of Biological Chemistry of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York. At one time he was director of the United States Department of Agriculture Station in Mexico City.

RUTH BENEDICT, of the Department of Anthropology of Columbia University, is the author of "Patterns of Culture."

H. B. PARKES, of the English Department of New York University, is the author of a biography of Jonathan Edwards.

MAXWELL GEISMAR is a member of the English Department of Sarah Lawrence College.

Facts for Consumers

THE new General Motors Acceptance Corporation's 6 per cent time-payment plan, now being ballyhooed in radio broadcasts, newspapers, magazines, and billboards, is a remarkable example of dignified flimflam. "Simple as A, B, C, . . . a straightforward business transaction whereby you pay 6 per cent and only 6 per cent" reads the advertisement. Then follows a matter-of-fact explanation of the simple, easy-to-understand plan for which you "A—take your unpaid balance, B—add cost of insurance, C—multiply by 6 per cent," the total being the whole financing cost. The G. M. A. C. adds: "Understand, this is not 6 per cent interest, but simply a convenient multiplier which anyone can use and understand." Obviously, the interest rate cannot both be, and not be, 6 per cent. As *Tide*, a magazine for advertisers, dryly observes, the rate "has not been brought down to anything like 6 per cent. It is, as a matter of fact, something like 12 per cent; it used to be around 15 per cent. . . . With the 6 per cent scheme G. M. A. C. achieved something specific to talk about that didn't give readers arithmetic headaches." The new twelve months' General Motors plan, like the old, charges interest for the entire period on the amount due at the closing of the contract. This amount is reduced by periodic payments, but for the purpose of reckoning interest charges, G. M. A. C. continues to use the balance originally owed. Even buyers who can do only simple arithmetic should be able to figure out that they are paying General Motors more than 6 per cent for the "privilege of budgeting the cost of your new car . . . to your income."

THE list of expensively advertised products against which the Federal Trade Commission has proceeded is again long. Particularly interesting is the stipulation requiring correction of the claims made for Cocomalt. Its manufacturer has agreed not to represent that Cocomalt contains all the elements necessary to the growth of children, will increase energy, vitality, and weight in all cases, and contains all the vitamins, mineral nutrients, and calories.

Stanco, Inc. (Standard Oil Company of New Jersey), has agreed to discontinue representations that Mistol Drops is an effective remedy for colds or sore throats, or that it will do more than relieve minor nasal irritations or congestions.

Solvex, one of the Dr. Scholl products, in accordance with the terms of a stipulation will no longer be advertised as a cure for athlete's foot or as an ointment that will restore inflamed or scaly skin to normal.

The London Toffee Company and the C. S. Allen Corporation, which formerly represented that their products were made in London, have been ordered to mark packages with a statement that the toffee is made in the United States.

THREE actions against manufacturers of aspirin indicate that the Federal Trade Commission is again attempting to eliminate claims of special efficacy for particular brands. In 1934 the Bayer Aspirin Company was ordered to discontinue advertisements implying or stating that the word "aspirin" is Bayer's trademark, and from asserting, without proper qualifications, that Bayer's Aspirin has "no harmful after-effects . . . does not depress the heart. . . ." Now a complaint has been issued against the Cal-Aspirin Corporation, alleging that Cal-Aspirin is not less toxic and not quicker acting than ordinary aspirin. By stipulation Best Products Corporation has agreed to cease advertising Best's Aspirin as "the aspirin your doctor prescribes." Master Drugs will discontinue assertions that Lord's Aspirin will "bring more efficient relief in ten minutes

as compared with the half-hour to an hour's time required by ordinary aspirin." In accordance with the drug law all aspirin must conform to the United States Pharmacopoeia standard of quality. Since February 27, 1917, when the patent expired, aspirin has been a standardized drug. Many manufacturers have found, however, that the public's ignorance of this fact makes it well worth while to advertise special merit for their products.

THE Bureau of Investigation of the American Medical Association has been looking backward, and in a recent issue of the *Journal* reviews the record of five patent medicines whose highly successful commercial history has been unaffected by public exposés and actions by government authorities. First on the list is Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine, still a best-seller among cold preparations. Thirty years ago the A. M. A.'s analysis disclosed that the preparation contained the heart-depressing cold-tar drug, acetanilide, and also quinine sulphate and caffeine. There was no trace of bromine. In 1915 the A. M. A. reported a change of formula and the substitution of acetphenetidin, also a heart-depressing drug, for the acetanilide. The 1935 package now declares—as the law requires—that each tablet contains one grain of acetanilide. The exploiters of Grove's Bromo Quinine have thus returned to the drug used in their "cure" before the passage of the Food and Drug Act. Their advertising has likewise been unaffected by the stipulation entered into with the Federal Trade Commission in June of this year, which prohibits representations that the nostrum is a cold remedy.

The *Journal of the American Medical Association* also lists Murine, which before the passage of the Food and Drug Act was advertised as an "eye remedy" and afterward as "a reliable relief for sore eyes"; and Nurito, at present widely advertised for neuritis, rheumatism, neuralgia, and lumbago. In 1914 the Food and Drug Administration issued a notice of judgment against this product, charging misbranding. The formula then included phenolphthalein and amidopyrine (pyramidon). In 1927 the makers of Nurito declared that aspirin had been substituted for amidopyrine. Seven years later, however, the Federal Trade Commission ordered the Nurito Company to discontinue representations of the efficacy of the product, pointing out that Nurito was dangerous in some cases, and that certain of its ingredients were likely to produce toxic effects.

SEEMAN BROTHERS, distributors of White Rose Food Products, are considerably agitated because this column listed the seizure by the Food and Drug Administration of a shipment of White Rose Fancy Shrimp. Their explanation of the circumstances surrounding the seizure is informative. Seeman Brothers, Inc., is not a packer but attaches its White Rose label to products which it buys on its own specifications from packers, unnamed on the brand label. It appears that Seeman Brothers makes no inspection of products while they are being packed, and in the case of the shrimp it was only after the goods reached New York that they were examined and rejected. "At the same time," the company writes, "the Department of Agriculture made its inspection and condemned them." All shrimp now sold under the White Rose label, Seeman Brothers states, is packed in plants which subscribe to the new government-inspection service (see November 20 column).

RUTH BRINDZE

[In the issue of December 18 Miss Brindze described the Newark Museum's Consumer Exhibit and stated that it received almost no notice in local papers. We have since learned that the Newark Ledger for November 10 ran a column-long story on the exhibit.

Miss Brindze cannot answer questions regarding the merits of individual products.—EDITORS THE NATION]

Books, Music, Drama, Films

"Our Critics, Right or Wrong"

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

FEW literary articles ever published in *The Nation* have aroused as much controversy as the series just completed by the Misses Marshall and McCarthy. Armed as they were with neither a rapier nor a bludgeon but with a shotgun instead, their fire was effective over a very wide area and, indeed, reached even the present writer, who, as one of the editors of *The Nation*, might have seemed to be protected by his position behind the lines. Many of his friends and colleagues have already replied, and he trusts them to look after themselves, but he does, nevertheless, feel moved to supply a few marginal notes inspired by the murderously intended copy as it passed his desk. These notes are not in the nature of either support or rebuttal. They are, ■ marginal notes should be, to the side.

Almost from the beginning it seemed to me that our authors tended to adopt too reverent an attitude toward critics—not, of course, toward the particular ones whom they happened to be discussing but toward that Idea of the Critic with which, by implication at least, their victims were being continuously compared. I take it as a general rule that the more familiar one is with history the less easily one is shocked, and if the collaborators had scrutinized the whole record of literary opinion with as jaundiced an eye as they turned upon contemporary reviewing, then their indignation would at least have lacked that stimulus of surprise without which the true reformer's indignation is not possible. As a matter of fact, the history of literary opinion, even in so far as it concerns itself only with the utterances of persons of mark, is enlivened by a continuous series of *gaffes* very nearly as ludicrous as any which our authors exhumed from the recent past; and if every man's claim to the possession of decent taste were disposed of as soon as it could be shown that he had exaggerated the merits of a contemporary, then there would hardly be found anyone living or dead who could hold up his head unless he had pushed caution to the point of speaking no good except of the established classics.

Everybody knows—indeed, most persons exaggerate—the number of occasions upon which the genius making his debut was snubbed by the critical bigwigs, but for obvious reasons it is not so often remembered that these same bigwigs were at the same time lavishing unmerited praise upon nobodies. The fame of Keats has, for instance, kept alive the fact that the reception of his first volume was brutal, and that Jeffrey, editor of the most authoritative critical journal of the time, was in part responsible; but the full significance of the occasion is not revealed unless one remembers that at the same time Jeffrey was pontifically examining the merits of now almost unread writers; declaring, for example, that the poetry of Bryan Procter ranked "very high in our estimation" because its character is "to soothe and melt and delight—to purge away the dregs of our earthly passions by the refining fires of imagination." A little later his contemporary Lockhart, another of the biggest of the bigwigs, was declaring that "Jane Eyre" was "worth fifty Trollopes and Martineaus rolled into one counterpane, with fifty Dick-

enses and Bulwers to keep them company"; and Byron, who numbered Keats and Wordsworth among his contemporaries, called Samuel Rogers "the last Argonaut of classic English poetry and the Nestor of our inferior race of living poets."

If it be objected, rather irrelevantly, that Jeffrey is no longer regarded as a great critic, let us consider an opinion expressed by one who is still rather generally held to be the greatest critical writer produced in America: "In a vivid wit, in profundity and a Gothic massiveness of thought, in style, in calm certainty and definiteness of purpose, in industry, and, above all, in the power of controlling and regulating his illimitable faculties of mind, he is unequaled." The author of this effusion was Edgar Allan Poe. But who was the supreme genius with the "illimitable faculties of mind"? Aristotle or Sophocles? Shakespeare or Newton? No, it was none of these nor was it anyone like them. It was Bulwer Lytton. Poe, from whom a whole anthology of such weeds might be culled, also remarked of Elizabeth Barrett Browning: "That she has surpassed all her poetical contemporaries of either sex (with a single exception) is our deliberate opinion—not idly entertained, we think, nor forwarded on any visionary basis"; while, speaking of the same lady, Walter Savage Landor, now regarded as the type of austere classical taste, found "in many pages . . . the wild imagination of Shakespeare," and "had no idea that anyone in this age was capable of so much poetry." The fact that Leigh Hunt regarded her "Aurora Leigh" as "a mystic, wonderful, and immortal poem" may be somewhat discounted by the fact that Mrs. Browning said of Hunt's essays, "I hold them at once in delight and reverence"; but one might expand to fill a handsome set of volumes the collection here begun completely at random. The set would not, to be sure, absolutely excuse those of our contemporaries who rank Christopher Morley above Thomas Mann, but the mere marginal note does, I think, at least tend to allay the fear that literature cannot survive the peculiarly hideous handicaps under which it is assumed to be laboring at present.

More serious is the charge that the importance of advertising has tended to transform critical journals into book-sellers' organs, and that reviewers, following suit, have in many cases tended to write as more or less unconsciously venal editors wished them to write. In this charge there is, I think, more than a little truth, and there is also, I think further, good reason for airing the fact. My marginal note will therefore concern itself only with pointing out that Miss Marshall and Miss McCarthy seem to me to fear unduly the scope of the influence exercised by the blurbist disguised as reviewer, and to forget that only that part of the public for whom and to whom he is the natural spokesman takes his opinion rather than that of a more restrained commentator. Those among the book reporters and book chatterers who do actually operate on the lowest level doubtless do help to determine *which* trashy novel shall be the outstanding trashy novel of the season, but it is not because they exist and function that *some* trashy novel outsells the better ones. And

if our authors implied (they now assure me they didn't!) that if all the reviewers had praised "The Magic Mountain" as highly as some of them praised "Anthony Adverse" the former would have outsold the latter, then they were, I think, again overestimating the critic, to whom they were attributing not only omniscience but omnipotence as well.

The best-seller is no new phenomenon. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" outsold the works of Melville and Hawthorne; Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne," was the publishers' delight in Victorian England; and the only persons who are led to confuse the best-seller with the best are those to whom such confusion is natural. Behind the apparent concern that the confusion should exist at all there seems to me to lie in the minds of Miss Marshall and Miss McCarthy a half-defined hope that the best and the most popular might somehow coincide, and I am bound to say that such hope seems to me to be, from the very nature of things, unrealizable. It is generous and laudable to wish for all an equal opportunity to enjoy the highest and the finest, but it seems to me absurd to suppose that the highest reaches of the human mind as developed in any society might be accessible to the majority of the members of that society. My own tenderness toward the common man is, moreover, great enough to make me prefer to see him allowed to have what he most enjoys in literature, and I should look with distaste upon any effective effort to dragoon him—even by the comparatively mild method of inculcating an awe of critical authority—into reading "The Magic Mountain" when he preferred "Anthony Adverse."

"Really vital criticism will probably not come until genuinely critical and independent minds can somehow communicate unhampered with the vast body of the reading public"—so end the articles. But do Miss Marshall and Miss McCarthy really believe that the sinister interests of publishers and editors constitute the effective reason why the "vast body of the reading public" does not prefer the more austere critics? Is it not putting the cart before the horse to suggest that inferior books are popular because the most widely read critics praise them? Would it not be more penetrating to assume that certain critics are the most widely read because they praise the kind of books which become most popular? But by an odd coincidence what I am trying to say was much better said in the same issue of *The Nation* by one of the critics whom our authors singled out for praise. In two magisterial sentences Louis Kronenberger remarks: "It is very seldom, of course, that a critic who becomes widely influential with the general public is a good critic. He is usually its superior in articulateness, not acumen."

Poetic Poetry

The Seven Sins. By Audrey Wurdemann. Harper and Brothers. \$2.

LAST year Miss Wurdemann published a book of short lyrics, "Bright Ambush," which showed such competence in assimilating the clichés and attitudes of current magazine verse that her future seemed to be assured. The Pulitzer award which crowned her work therefore did not come as a surprise. Here was one who could rewrite the best second-rate poets and make them sound more themselves than themselves. Her favorite source of inspiration was Elinor Wylie, and she managed to smooth down Mrs. Wylie's style till it

was divested of even that slightly meretricious distinction that was hers. For Miss Wurdemann's verse springs from that bastardized form of the romantic tradition that is the fountain source of our popular magazine verse, a tradition that stems not from the best of Keats, Shelley, and Byron but from their diluted progeny, Leigh Hunt, Tom Moore, Barry Cornwall, Felicia Hemans, Letitia Landon, on to Gabriel Rossetti and Swinburne at their lushest, on to Tennyson at his sweetest. Nor is the influence of Felicia Hemans and Letitia Landon overestimated I think, for they brought feminine adaptability and softness—the brutal will just call it charm—into a movement that was once revolutionary. Their feminine charm soothed even the sharpest critics of their day into gallant if slightly embarrassed acquiescence. We need only remember that Shelley as a young man was rather taken with Felicia Hemans's verse, that Wordsworth, harsh to contemporaries, referred to her as "that gentle spirit, pure as an angel and good," that Letitia Landon sold almost as well as Byron, to realize how much encouragement these women popularizers of the romantic movement received, until their school reached its climax in Elizabeth Barrett Browning and our own Edna Millay.

"Bright Ambush," in the last analysis a lineal descendant of the works of these ladies, exhibited an appalling facility—shopworn subject matter handled in the most pleasant and shopworn manner. Possibly these qualities made its author ripe for the praise of Percy Hutchison and the magazines that support the aesthetic standards of the Poetry Society of America. "She seems one with the older poets," says Percy Hutchison. To the reviewer who assumes the thankless task of putting her work under exact analysis his meaning is more apparent than it is to Percy Hutchison himself. For Miss Wurdemann, in her latest book as well as in "Bright Ambush," is already fixed in her poetic attitudes; her platitudes are static in maturity; it is difficult to see how she can ever change. If one wishes to make allowances for Miss Wurdemann's youth one has only to open Ann Winslow's "Trial Balances" and examine the work of the young poets included there, many of them much younger than Miss Wurdemann. Here are intellectual eagerness, a willingness to grapple with the serious problems of the poetic art, a spiritual awareness. Even from those who are not experimenting with form, one gets an exhilarating impression of writers enriched and not enfeebled by the difficult task of working within the disciplined limitations of a tradition.

In the narrative sequence "The Seven Sins" Miss Wurdemann drops the delicate quivering before obvious prettiness that is so often mistaken for sensitiveness and tries to be big, powerful, grim, and philosophic. It is a difficult job, and Miss Wurdemann is completely unequipped for it. The Seven Sins are personified by seven brothers who upon the death of their father go out into the world "lusting to live alone." We are then told how the life of each of the brothers was made or marred by the possession of his particular one of the deadly sins; all this in the loosest of blank verse interspersed with lyric interludes. Miss Wurdemann's maturity in platitudinous statement is given full play, as is her gift for the obvious rhyme, the shopworn phrase. One has only to cite a few passages from "The Lease of Lust," the poem about Brother Stephen who personifies Lust or, as I should say, The Lustful Way of Life.

There is always a window,
A face looking out,
Laugh to her, sing to her
Turn you about.

There is always a window,
There's always a girl
Who will give a bright blessing
A kiss and a curl.

Or:

Stephen the lover, Stephen the leman
Left the boy he was on the farm for a blur
And any man with a thirst for women
Can find a woman thirstier.

Her talent for repeating platitudes with an air of wisdom can best be illustrated in this verse:

Oh, Stephen was a lover, a lover brave and bold
But the hotter burns the fire, the chillier is the cold.

If I seem unfair I can only refer the incredulous reader to the other poems in the book. He can find in any one of them passages to match these. The book ends on a dreamy, quivering note with a strong echo from Tennyson's "Merlin."

Before any breathing
Came to earth,
Before there was Merlin
To see the gleam,
There was sleep,
Sleep and dream.

Miss Wurdemann's moral is then summed up in an epilogue in which Priapus, Pan, and Prince Apollo are invoked in a curious mixture of Wylie and Swinburne.

The urge of each is the strength of man
Is a flying lash, and a flight to follow.

The book is also hampered by illustrations.

MARYA ZATURENSKA

Feeding Ourselves

Nations Can Live at Home. By O. W. Willcox. W. W. Norton and Company. \$2.75.

TWO modern trends are brought together in this book with such clarity and logical force as to command attention. First, the author evaluates autarchy—national self-sufficiency—in terms of population pressure per unit area, and determines the number of people that each unit of area can support with necessary food materials, under existing conditions. Secondly, he presents the new agricultural approach to crop production, to show that with improved methods much larger populations could be supported by a unit area of soil. As the pressure of population on the soil is the basic cause of the present Italian war with Ethiopia and the recent Japanese invasion of Manchoukuo, any method of relieving this pressure is of fundamental interest. The possibilities of scientifically controlled industrial agriculture are given an excellent exposition.

"In plain terms, a soil need not be made much richer to support 40,000 people per square mile under the new agrobiology than to support a population of 2,000 under the empiricism of the old, ineffective, but still largely prevailing agronomy." Wherein lies the difference between the old agriculture and the new? First, in the selection of plants of proved high productivity; second, in supplying raw materials—nitrates, phosphates, and the like, and water—at the time they are needed (this is so obvious that it is hard to realize that innumerable farms with adequate water supplies available still depend on variable rains); third, in the production by geneticists of plants especially adapted to special conditions. The plant geneticist should be to the farm what the designer of machinery is to the factory. Under these conditions crop yields can be multiplied, and a correspondingly greater population supported by a given unit area. Some of these factors are already at work. In Hawaii, while the acreage under cultivation in sugar cane increased only 5 per cent from 1923 to 1932, the tonnage of sugar produced increased by 93 per cent owing to a new variety of cane.

Based on the foregoing type of facts and the needs of a

population, the author finds that many badly congested countries, including Great Britain, Italy, and Japan, have enough agricultural area and water within their own boundaries to supply their own people with food. He suggests that if Great Britain, instead of spending \$300,000,000 a year on its fleet, used a quarter of that sum on fertilizing its arable soil and on obtaining superior types of plants which already exist, it would in a few years become self-supporting.

Several points in this book will be ardently denied by workers in the agricultural experiment stations. That will be due entirely to the fact that the mechanical concept of the plant either has not reached them or is distasteful to them. Although any schoolbook carries the dictum that the plant is a natural factory, deriving its energy from the sun and its raw materials for synthesis from the soil and air, few farmers and fewer agricultural experts regard the plant in that light.

When the day comes for a planned economy, this book and its predecessor, "Reshaping Agriculture," will serve as useful guides.

HUGH H. DARBY

Travelers in West Africa

Africa Dances. By Geoffrey Gorer. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.50.

A YOUNG Englishman with a habit of wandering and a Negro dancer, a gifted young man of Senegal, met in Paris and planned, over their apéritifs, to see West Africa together. They got a car in Dakar and two Wolofs as interpreter and chauffeur, and started off inland on a great loop that took them as far east as Dahomey. They had set out to see West African dances, and they necessarily chose back roads and villages off the main highways.

Mr. Gorer has vividly set down the record of their journey. The region through which they traveled is bizarre and lends itself easily to a taste for diabolism; it is the country over which Seabrook has gloated. Mr. Gorer is no sensationalist, and he is an intelligent recounter. If we are sane, he says, the Negroes of West Africa are mad, and he liked them. Unfortunately dances, even the strange dances of the Ivory Coast, are hard to render in words and harder yet in snapshots. What could be recorded was his impression of the natives and of their plight under French and English rule. His book is therefore made up largely of such comment, and it sets a high level in travel books. The author would be the first to say that in his casual passage through their territory he had not plumbed the customs of the tribes or plucked out the heart of their mystery, but he was interested in the things that are really interesting, and he sets down what he saw and heard. Inaccuracies are inevitable, but there is no make-believe. His descriptions of dances are as good as such accounts can be; his account of the dance of throwing the children upon the lifted swords should be compared with Seabrook's account of the same dance. I think it comes off much better in Mr. Gorer's less sensational description.

When the author started out on his travels he had no interest in colonial administration and definitely meant to avoid the subject. Once in the heart of French West Africa and the Ivory Coast, however, he discovered that French misrule was not an academic subject but the daily tragedy of several million blacks. He quotes a statement in a conservative French paper that the population of French Equatorial Africa has been reduced 90 per cent in twenty years. This depopulation, which is obvious in French West Africa but for which no figures are available, is due not only to the prevalence of malnutrition and tuberculosis, and the spread of tropical scourges with which the inadequate medical services are not equipped to deal, but to the migration of thousands of villages into "England"—the Gold

Coast, Togoland, and Dahomey—where military conscription, terrorism, and the head tax are not the order of the day. The death-rate of the conscripted Negro soldiers of French West Africa is officially stated to be 50 per cent. The plight of the Negroes under the French administration is a situation dark with tragedy, and one which follows with fatal inevitability from the French system. The highest administrators in these colonies receive a maximum salary of \$1,000 a year, and the specific administrative measure to prevent them and their even more poorly paid subordinates from stripping the country for their profit is the decree that no administrator may stay more than two years in one colony. The results are obvious; the reign of terror is on. Mr. Gorer has written an account which may well be more convincing to many people than a learned compilation of administrative facts.

RUTH BENEDICT

The Oneida Community

A Yankee Saint: John Humphrey Noyes and the Oneida Community. By Robert Allerton Parker. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.75.

THE most important legacies of Christianity are its doctrine of divine immanence in nature—which implies that every part of human nature is potentially good, and which is symbolized in the myth of the resurrection of the body—and its faith in the progress of mankind toward a kingdom of freedom. These beliefs have usually been suppressed in the Christianity of the churches, but they become explicit in certain forms of mysticism—mysticism which, whether it calls itself Christian or anti-Christian, is still a product of the Christo-European tradition. John Humphrey Noyes is the one American who belongs in the same category as the great European heretics. Born into a New England community and never wholly freeing himself from Puritan modes of thought, he was endowed with an intellectual boldness and a capacity for growth which make him a more significant figure than Thoreau with his chilly self-sufficiency or Emerson with his Yankee caution. Noyes, like many of his New England contemporaries, believed that the millennium was approaching; to this extent he was still the victim of Puritan mythology. What set him apart was that, instead of waiting for supernatural intervention, he set himself to grasp the implications of such a doctrine. If the Kingdom of God was to be achieved on earth, then no part of human nature should be suppressed; he avoided both that subordination of the human reason to the dogmas of faith and that fear of sensuous pleasure which had characterized orthodox Christianity. And if human society was to become perfect, then it must be cleansed of that sense of private ownership which led inevitably to conflict and to the feeling of individual isolation. In the Oneida Community, which Noyes organized, sexual jealousy was avoided through the institution of group marriage, and personal acquisitiveness was replaced by communism. Unlike the founders of other American colonies, however, Noyes realized that human nature must be changed as well as human institutions. The members of the community were carefully indoctrinated and disciplined into the new way of life, partly by Noyes himself, whose emotional richness and breadth of experience made him well fitted for psychological guidance, and partly by the practice of mutual criticism. Ultimately the community was unable to withstand the pressure of the acquisitive society by which it was surrounded, and it relapsed into a commonplace joint-stock corporation; but it had been a successful embodiment of Noyes's doctrines for more than thirty years.

Noyes was at one and the same time a medieval heretic

and a utopian socialist. The combination is not so strange as it might appear at first sight, since even Marxist socialism is, in part, an offshoot of the Christian tradition. The dialectic, to the extent that it is used to prove an absolute law of development, and the faith that this development will lead mankind into a kingdom of freedom were derived by Marx from Hegel, and by Hegel from the medieval mystics—from Eckhart and Nicolas of Cusa. But whereas Marx wholly freed himself from theological modes of thought and reinterpreted his mysticism in scientific terms, Noyes set medieval theology and modern socialism in a bewildering juxtaposition. While exploring the methods by which an ideal society might be created, he declared himself to be under the direct guidance of Christ; separating the amative from the propagative function, he rejected the use of contraceptives because he could not find that they had Biblical sanction; beginning with the hope that faith-healing would free mankind from death, he ended by experimenting with selective breeding in the belief that immortality belonged to the species, not the individual. The curious persistence with which he clung to the beliefs of his forefathers—a persistence due chiefly to the sectarian narrowness of the society into which he had been born—prevented Noyes from realizing the full potentialities of his nature. He was a human being of the same kind as Eckhart or Blake or Nietzsche, but not of the same rank; his writings, in spite of their flashes of insight and of the curious experiences which they record, have no literary value.

This is the first complete biography of Noyes which has been published; the two admirable volumes of Mr. George Wallingford Noyes deal only with his early years and do not cover the Oneida experiment. Mr. Parker has a considerable knowledge of religious psychology, he is sympathetic, and he writes well. He is not always wholly accurate—he has not, for example, understood Noyes's peculiar opinions about the millennium; but he is a reliable guide to the facts of Noyes's career and to the organization of Oneida. Nevertheless, a reading of his biography leaves one with a feeling that he has made use of the wrong instruments. Noyes was a man who lived with the most extraordinary intensity; he had, moreover, those messianic illusions which so often characterize those who are conscious of genius and who feel themselves to be ahead of their own time. To give a lifelike portrait of such a man urbanity and sophistication are not enough; it is necessary either to be a disciple or to possess something of the same temperament. This book is a useful and interesting study of a sociological experiment; it is not, however, quite the biography which Noyes himself deserves.

H. B. PARKES

That Rebus

Three Flights Up. By Helen Woodward. Dodd, Mead and Company. \$3.

ABOUT ten years ago Helen Woodward published a chatty, unpretentious, and perplexing autobiography. "Through Many Windows" was valuable as a modern success story, a manual of business efficiency, and a penetrating disclosure (before such disclosures were fashionable) of the follies of advertising. But it was chiefly valuable for its portrait of that rebus, Helen Woodward. Here was an avowed radical and a hard-boiled capitalist. Here was the ideal illustration of American individualism—but the illustration insisted on openly condemning individualism. Here was a person who blended the most visionary ideals of social justice with the most cynical trade ethics. Here was a Jew who loved her race and preferred Gentiles. Here was a confessed neurotic who functioned beautifully, a wise critic of humanity and a

vendor of trite wisdom, a militant suffragette who despised women.

We read Helen Woodward's second autobiography with these puzzles in our mind. What do we find? A narrative of a seemingly desperate childhood based on insecurity and poverty. A father who is an idealistic intellectual, warped by fate into a thwarted cigar-maker, left with two passions—socialism and horse racing; a father who walks ten miles daily to save sixty cents a week. His wife, an austere, inhibited, realistic peasant, with perspiration her only cosmetic, with no sympathy for socialism nonsense. "You have a home and children, haven't you?" she asks the father. A barren, dark, and ugly railroad flat that was always tense with the conflict between these two ruling personalities. A home life established on the volcano of poverty: strikes, the father losing his job, another job in another city, another utopian vision of better times, another failure. The girl Helen growing up in the midst of this, an insignificant, clumsy little girl who wore glasses to conceal her eyes, who was terrified of broken dolls, who dreamed that the smoking elevated engine was pursuing her, who owned one book—"Stanley in Africa." And we discover finally that this childhood "is always spring" to Helen Woodward, that these years are "bathed in glittering sunshine."

There is much more detail, too much detail without focus: the customs of the immigrant Jews, the habits and thoughts of the respectable poor, the description of cigar-manufacturing, the street scenes of East Side New York in 1880, the treatment of children, the pathetically jolly German Socialist picnics. Some of this is effective, some of it is blurred by lack of structure, by a style that is close to being awkward, by—at times—a curious emotional insensitivity.

We end the book, alas, more puzzled than ever. We know only one thing: this autobiography will annoy and disturb all those groups of people who are busy explaining the world in terms of one idea or another. Helen Woodward won't fit into anybody's pattern. The Marxist will contend she is the official Pollyanna of the proletariat. The psychologists will puzzle over the childhood fears and inferiority pattern of this well-adjusted mechanism. The prophets of impending doom will rage at her cognizant optimism. The modern realists will agree with the skeptical irony of Mrs. Woodward's flapper friend: "You have one of those big, soft hearts!" The critics will be perplexed at a disappointing book that is not really so disappointing. But Helen Woodward will go on demonstrating that human nature, like truth, is complex, perverse, and, save for its own point, pointless.

MAXWELL GEISMAR

Galsworthy

Forsytes, Pendyces, and Others. By John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

THIS posthumous collection includes critical notes, plays finished and unfinished, several short stories, and the discarded opening chapters of a novel; for all its fragmentary air it is comprehensive enough to give the reader a good working idea of John Galsworthy. During his life he was vastly overrated. A great deal of the time he was so hopelessly bad that it is a mystery how he ever got into print, much less became the prominent literary figure that he was. He had very little force. He was essentially British, in the sense that makes one wonder how the British manage to produce literary geniuses; he represented the practical, complacent, judicial side of the national picture—the side that shows itself to best advantage at the Ministry, in Parliamentary debates, or beside a whiskey and soda at a gentleman's club. Throughout his career,

at no matter what period of his "development"—if so ambitious a term may be applied to what was merely a succession of repeated marches over the same ground—he was capable of turning out shoddy pieces of criticism like his tributes to Shakespeare and Anatole France, or stories like "The Black Coat" or "A Patriot"—which would disgrace the copybook of a schoolboy. Tolerance is the virtue for which he was chiefly noted; but it was the kind of tolerance that sprang not so much from urbanity or *noblesse oblige* as from intellectual flabbiness combined with a grave lack of moral fervor. His values, spiritual as well as artistic, were dim; his idealism was so vague and confused that it was often forced for its final solution to rely upon all the vulgar tags and slogans which it had shown itself anxious to avoid.

And yet he had something. Imagination may be too strong a word for it; but it is not too much to say that he drew to a degree upon the imaginative faculty. He never created one complete character, but on occasion he could recognize character. There were times when he came perilously near to casting aside his prudent, easy sentiments and speaking the truth—as a lesser Conrad or a lesser Henry James might have spoken it. Somewhere beneath all the platitudes, fake heroics, and commonplaces of style there was, if one may use the expression, an excellent second-rate novelist. What happened to him—whether he perished for want of air in Edwardian drawing-rooms, or whether he needed for his development an amount of struggle and opposition that never fell to his lot—is material for a fascinating novel, a far more fascinating novel than Galsworthy himself ever produced.

HELEN NEVILLE

Diaghileff

Diaghileff. His Artistic and Private Life. By Arnold Haskell. In Collaboration with Walter Nouvel. Simon and Schuster. \$3.75.

THE Diaghileff here portrayed is in sharp contrast to the sinister figure that made the sensation of Romola Nijinsky's life of her husband. Necessarily he was there seen from one angle only, his relation to Nijinsky, but this is the study of a whole personality and a career that had an important creative relation to the whole art life of a generation. The Nijinsky incident thus is seen in an entirely different perspective. There is nothing sensational about this sober presentation, which seeks to interpret all available facts, which neither glosses nor romanticizes its subject's character.

In the background and activities of Diaghileff's youth, now for the first time made public, the author finds the key to the consistency of Diaghileff's career. A remarkable figure emerges, a great impresario, but much more than that, a creative genius whose ideas swept the Western world, who thoroughly understood and gave direction to the synthesis of painting, music, and dance that produced a new art of the ballet, though he himself never painted, composed, played, or danced. He appears as a sort of human life-force working through others, a catalytic agent for talent. Diaghileff's work falls broadly into three periods: the study of the past, a fundamental aspect not generally recognized, the search for a new aesthetic, and the reconciliation of classicism and modernity—one may say also the fusion of Russian and European currents.

The difficulties of collecting this material were great, involving endless trips, visits, conversations, and much sifting of contradictions, inevitable where there are few records and much personal feeling. Diaghileff hated publicity and left few letters. Some information was withheld, some recollections clashed, other memoirs of Diaghileff are in progress. So much the better, for he was closely associated with many of the most interesting artists of his day.

CLARA GRUENING STILLMAN

Music

A Bright Evening, with Musicians

CONCERNING a recent concert at Town Hall under the auspices of the New Music Society—with a symposium by four speakers on "Music in the Crisis." Much more was said during this exceptionally stimulating evening than I could detail, but I should treat at least some salient features.

Aaron Copland began by pleading the cause of the contemporary composer. He complained that since only about one-eighth of our programs is devoted to new work, concerts are little more than museums. He offered a variant of the *Zeitgeist* doctrine, holding that if audiences are to feel a closer relationship to the music they hear, there must be an element in the composer's work "that is somehow an expression of the times." He did not discuss the ways in which a work is or is not contemporary. If we take a long view of history, for instance, considering cultural trends in terms of millennia rather than decades, we may treat Palestrina as a contemporary of the present, since he belongs to the same continuity as we. And in a short view of history a work written in the twenties has ceased to be contemporary in the thirties.

If art is treated as a commodity—and it now is, though the producers of serious art frequently get less pay for their services than even the pickers of cotton—Copland's complaint is justified. He may rightly ask for more than one-eighth representation of new work on our programs, though this proportion of new to old would be generous from the purely mathematical standpoint. Perhaps the problem will not be solved until art ceases to be considered as a commodity at all. An artist would then be paid for some material services, such as running an elevator or repairing tractors, and his music would be offered to society without charge, quite as a man does not expect to be paid for loving his children. Copland also noted how composers, through being divorced from audiences, tended to develop along tangents of their own. With no one to address, they gratified their sense of communication by tinkering with the medium of communication itself—as one on a desert island might make up a new Esperanto. Accordingly they became too recondite for the layman. He noted the present desire of the composer to simplify this language in the interests of livelier response from the layman, but he admitted the risks of oversimplification.

Copland was here formulating the problem of the expert. Specialization, extreme differentiation of function, is an integral feature of industrialism. An expert in dentistry can far outstrip his patient in the development of his craft and still "communicate"—the communication residing in the removal of the pain and the soundness of the filling. But the aesthetic specialist faces an anomaly. He works in the medium of communication itself; yet by developing it as a specialist—thus doing his utmost as a workman—he threatens to make communication impossible. I doubt whether there will ever be a final answer to this dilemma. It is an irreconcilable dualism inherent in our complex social structure.

After Copland's talk Mordecai Bauman sang two songs by Charles Ives. They were offered as evidence of the ills caused by aloofness from the public. Ives, who anticipated much of Stravinsky and Schönberg, worked in isolation. At times, we were told, he got so far from the tests of production that his lines are practically unsingable. The second song in particular, "Charlie Rutledge," was received with fervor. Though he had developed his resources without reference to a public, he was now found to have a rousing public. In this

instance the specialist had been vindicated. The work's somewhat playful exaggeration—in the big, bold, Wild West, tall-story manner—offered good opportunities for acting on the part of the singer; and Bauman rendered it briskly.

Then came something that made the audience a bit sad. Oscar Thompson spoke earnestly in behalf of the critic as impartial, aloof, and Olympian. The critic must not represent "some group, some clique, some movement." Unfortunately the speaker gave no specific tests of this method. There followed five short piano pieces by Schönberg, received respectfully but without fire. (Musicians' music—the "problem of the expert.")

Next a meaty essay by Eisler on Music's Purpose in Society. "The crisis in music being part of a general crisis, music itself must help in removing the crisis." Eisler is our best example of simplification in the interests of propaganda. He takes the limitations of the human voice as his starting-point—thereby getting a practical norm wholly denied those of instrumentalist emphasis, who, like our modern architects, would base their forms on the almost chaotically limitless resources of new materials. He gave many specific recipes for avoiding the music temple of nineteenth-century "appreciation," and for making music serve political gatherings precisely as, in an earlier age, it had served religious gatherings. Some would call "let us be on the side of the angels" poetry and "let us be on the side of the party" prose; in so far as you agree, you will tend to resist Eisler.

Cowell closed the evening with a discussion of The Present Trend, followed by a March written by himself. It was made by maintaining a somewhat pleasant melody against thunder in the bass. For a time the thunder grew alarmingly and threatened to predominate. But there was a fairly happy ending as the pleasant melody, though not completely victorious, regained the ascendancy. Received with acclaim, the piece led to a brief "satire on advertising." The subject offered a pretext for Cowell to let loose his "tone clusters" in an elbowing of scrambled recommendations.

Perhaps, all told, nothing was permanently "solved." But for one evening, at least, much of the composer's plight was solved. Astute people who stayed away weren't so astute either. I have been to no other concert of new music that elicited so much zeal from the audience.

KENNETH BURKE

Drama

On Good Intentions

JUST after I had written the review of "Paradise Lost" which appeared in this column last week, I received my copy of a letter broadcast to the critics by the Group Theater. Inasmuch as I have usually given very warm support to the plays produced by this organization I think I may comment with friendly frankness upon the second paragraph of this letter. It reads as follows:

It is really astonishing to find plays that the reviewers obviously do not think about twice complimented as being a swell evening's entertainment, while they write reviews of a play by an author they unmistakably admire which give the impression that because the play is not quite immortal it is inferior to the run of here-today-gone-tomorrow amusements. We believe it would show far more regard for the theater and for its best public to hold one's reservations of such a play as "Paradise Lost" for studied critical essays in the future and to say right away that it is one of the truly important contributions to our theater—one

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of the plays that place the theater in the realm of deeply enjoyable art. We believe that when an author of Clifford Odets's caliber writes so rich and varied a play as "Paradise Lost," the least that one might expect is a clear-cut statement to the effect that every sensitive theatergoer must by all means see it.

Seldom, it seems to me, have I observed a blither leap from a false premise, through a spectacular *non sequitur*, to a conclusion which begs the question. Of course we critics apply different standards to the judgment of different plays. Of course we call a good farce good without meaning to imply that it deserves the same sort of praise as a tragedy equally good in its own more exalted way; and no one would have been angrier than Mr. Odets or the Group if "Paradise Lost" had been described as a skilful *tour de force* which, of course, no one would take seriously. But that is not all. A pretty good tragedy is not better than a very good farce. A pretty good tragedy is, like a pretty good egg, terrible; and to prefer a pretentious play which doesn't come off to an unpretentious one which does is not to demonstrate refinement of feeling and an exalted mind; it is merely to reveal oneself as a highbrow, a prig, and a "serious thinker." Moralists may continue to dispute just how much good intentions should count for in the realm of action. Perhaps the road to heaven is paved with them. But in the realm of art they count for nothing, and to say that an artist "means well" is not to say anything at all in his favor. As an old theatrical locution has it, "He's good to his mother but he's a bum actor."

As a matter of fact, and cruel as it may seem, good intentions in a bad play are not an extenuation but an aggravation. The artist as artist cannot expect to rely on a heaven in which the broken arch may be completed, and an essential part of the skill which constitutes him artist is the skill which enables him to take care that his reach shall not "exceed his grasp." Mr. Odets is a very "promising" playwright, and perhaps even more than that. But there is in this very fact every reason for judging him by standards complimentary in their severity and every reason against refusing to say that a play vastly inferior to "Awake and Sing" is precisely that. But let me not be misunderstood. "Paradise Lost" is not simply a play not quite worthy of its author. There was a simple reason why I did not "say right away that it is one of the truly important contributions to our theater." The reason is that I did not find it such. "A clear-cut statement to the effect that every sensitive theatergoer must by all means see it" may be "the least that one might expect" if one happens to be offering the play; but all my respect for the contributions which the Group has made in the past and will probably make in the future does not persuade me that I ought to make "a clear-cut statement" which I do not believe.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Films

Groucho & Co.

IT is absurd to be serious about the Marx Brothers, as I intend to be. But it would be more absurd to try being funny about them. At their best they are absolute, and this means that "A Night at the Opera" (Capitol) is funny beyond the power of words to be funny. I think I have never seen an audience laugh so long and so hard. But it was not at words—not even at the words which George Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind had written for Groucho and Chico to say, and I do not forget that some of their puns were the best in years. It was at the three mad brothers themselves, Groucho

and Chico and Harpo; at them and at the curious, cockeyed power with which they suddenly endowed all life. An energy was there at which one could do nothing but laugh. One could, I suppose, be terrified or bewildered; but that would be because one did not understand.

Understand what? It is absurd to say, since it cannot be said and since anyone not utterly dead knows what it is. Yet if a theory must be had, here one is. The genius of the Marx Brothers is for parody. They never are themselves. They exist too abundantly to be content with being that—they must go on, by the rapidest of transitions, to being something else. Groucho, in my opinion the bright star among the three, is never anything but the thing he is at the moment pretending to be. Resting one foot on a prostrate tenor, and noting that Chico at his side does likewise, he becomes a barfly and calls for two beers. He does not say: "Ha ha! we look like two fellows in a saloon. Let's talk like that." All at once he is talking like that—and in another moment is talking otherwise. For now as he draws a piece of paper out of his pocket he becomes an insurance agent; or as he rides up to the Opera House in an open coach he becomes an elegant and listless gentleman; or as he is wheeled on his great trunk along the passageways of an ocean liner he becomes a traveler through many countries—the staterooms the countries, and their doors his open ports. Set down at his door he instantly becomes what the first person who approaches him suggests to him that he be. He is the wrong thing to all men; and paradoxically enough, by being always this he keeps himself clear in our minds. We know who he is even if we do not know what he is or how to describe him. Like Falstaff he is master of many styles and slave to none. Falstaff is in turn a great lord, a busy general, a confessed coward, an old saint worn down by sighing, a friend abused, a forward liar, a wheedling penitent, a confident rake; nor does such a list exhaust him. He is everything except himself, and at the same time he is the most rigorously defined character in all drama. He is defined by that excess of life in him which makes him delight so endlessly in being others.

Groucho is something like that, and so is Harpo—who knows only the styles of pantomime, since he is mute, but who for an instance provides the great moment of the picture when he becomes an acrobat. The mere sight of the scenery ropes at the Metropolitan is enough; he starts swinging on them in vast curves which keep perfect time with the music of "Il Trovatore" as it rises from the orchestra pit and which keep time also with the ascent and descent of drops behind the tenor as he sings. This last is fitting, for Harpo and his brothers hate the tenor and wish to confound him. He is confounded; another tenor takes his tune; the love story comes out right; and so in one fine lyrical instant, one moment of pure motion toward which all the action of the piece has tended, Harpo swings and swings. Nor is there anything strange about the fact that he does. It is simply his last and best parody—the bit of pretending which absorbs all others, brings the work of art naturally and logically to its climax, and bestows upon it the seal of unity. The unity of "A Night at the Opera" is something which even these madmen have not achieved before. It is exciting and perfect; a sign that they have at last learned how to use every resource which Hollywood can offer them; and the simplest reason I can find for calling them funny beyond the power of words to spoil the fun.

MARK VAN DOREN

Erratum

In the issue of December 4 the price of "The Double Agent" by R. P. Blackmur was listed at \$2. The correct price is \$3.

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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	29
EDITORIALS:	
Strengthening the Neutrality Act	32
American Students Unite	33
The South Is Sick	33
Dangerous Reading	34
ISSUES AND MEN. THE LINDBERGH'S LEAVE. By Oswald Garrison Villard	35
CARTOON. By Fritz	36
HOW STRONG IS THE TOWNSEND PLAN? By Paul W. Ward	37
PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES. I. ALF LONDON IS NOT CAL COOLIDGE. By Raymond Gram Swing	39
THE GERMAN UNDERGROUND WAR. I. ANTI-NAZI FEELING RISES. By Josephine Herbst	41
THE ARCHITECT AND THE WORLD. By Albert Mayer	43
CORRESPONDENCE	45
LABOR AND INDUSTRY:	
Walter Winchell's Tooth. By Heywood Brown	47
Company Unions on the Railroads. By Budd L. McKillips	48
BOOKS AND DRAMA:	
The Fair Field. By Mark Van Doren	51
The Reality of Symbols. By Walton H. Hamilton	51
The Ambiguity of Feuchtwanger. By Lionel Trilling	52
Affirmation. By Philip Blair Rice	53
As Japan Sees It. By Bunji Omura	54
Dewdrops and Dynamite. By Ben Belitt	54
Drama: For the Defense. By Joseph Wood Krutch	55
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	56

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THREE WEEKS' NOTICE AND THE OLD ADDRESS AS WELL AS THE NEW ARE REQUIRED FOR CHANGE OF SUBSCRIBER'S ADDRESS.

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JAMES G. McDONALD'S sensational denunciation of the Hitler regime for its continuing and increasing persecution of persons guilty of no crime other than being "non-Aryan" should help to destroy the growing indulgence with which the Nazi dictatorship is being regarded by nations as well as individuals. There is a steady stream of travelers who return to say that Germany is a model of peace and order, which is somehow construed to mean that persecution has ceased, when as a matter of fact it merely means that arrests, mysterious disappearances, and Brown Shirt torturing expeditions take place under cover of night. In Great Britain a definite propaganda campaign is under way seeking to swing public opinion toward Germany; and Sir John Simon, who was one of the most vocal critics of Hitler's terror, has now changed his tune completely, though the persecution of Jews and others has increased rather than diminished with the years. Mr. McDonald's vigorous and moving declaration concerning the plight of minorities in Germany is certain of wide circulation and will carry added weight since it comes from an appointee of the League of Nations. Less encouraging is the fact that its occasion was Mr. McDonald's resignation from the office of High Com-

missioner for Refugees Coming from Germany, for the reason, apparently, that he considered the task of helping refugees almost hopeless as long as no attempt was made to change the conditions which created them, and that he felt his commission, which is an affiliated rather than an integral part of the League, to be ineffective in coping with the problem. His recital of conditions in Germany will convince every humane person of the need for some concerted move on the part of civilized nations to put an end to them.

ONCE MORE Laval has beaten off a vigorous assault from the left and emerged victor in a vote of confidence. His triumph cannot, however, in any sense be considered an indorsement of the notorious peace terms which he offered to Italy. Not until he had sworn support to Britain and unflinching allegiance to the League was his government saved. For a time it looked as if not even the reluctance of the Radical Socialists to assume power would suffice to prevent them from forcing Laval to suffer the fate of Sir Samuel Hoare. His escape with a greatly reduced majority is generally held to be temporary; his prestige and his authority have been irreparably damaged. Nevertheless, there can be no doubt that Laval as Premier of France is of incalculable aid to Mussolini. He is even credited in certain circles with having suggested the invasion of Ethiopia to Il Duce. Since he gave a personal guaranty of a free hand in Africa, it has been extremely difficult for him to support penalties against Italy. While it is easy to understand the lack of enthusiasm with which the left parties view the prospect of assuming office at this time, it must not be forgotten that the same sort of timidity proved the final undoing of the left in Great Britain and Germany.

THREE TIMES within a week Japanese troops are reported to have launched armed sorties against outposts of the Mongolian People's Republic. The clashes themselves have been relatively minor affairs, occurring at such remote points that no one can be sure about the circumstances surrounding them, but they can be interpreted only as attempts to determine the Soviets' reaction to an invasion of Outer Mongolia. What that reaction would be is not yet certain, though the presence of the Mongolian Prime Minister in Moscow indicates an effort to obtain a guaranty of Soviet support. The 1921 treaty between Outer Mongolia and the Soviet Union, providing that each party shall prevent the formation or sojourn of hostile "governments, organizations, groups, or individuals" on its territory, indicates an extraordinarily close relationship between the two countries; and it is difficult to see how the Soviet government can stand idly by when its Communist sister-state is being attacked by the Japanese. Fortunately for the peace of the world, the unexpected opposition which they are encountering in China is likely to prevent the Japanese from looking further afield for some time to come. Nevertheless, a certain amount of danger exists from militarists on the spot who have repeatedly shown themselves to be none too amenable to discipline from above.

NOT SINCE 1925 have Chinese students played as active a political role as in the past few weeks in their nation-wide protest against Japanese aggression in North China. In the past the unquestioned patriotism and tremendous prestige of the students have usually brought victory to any cause which commanded their united support. In the present crisis, however, they are likely to encounter far stronger opposition, not only from a militant Japan and a subservient Nanking, but from the more "substantial" Chinese elements. While masses of the Chinese people, including small merchants and landowners, appear to sympathize with the anti-Japanese activities of the students, this sympathy is not likely to be as general as it was in 1919 or 1925. Within the past few years there has been a sharpening of political and economic issues. The nationalist movement of 1925-27 came within an ace of developing into a social revolution. Communism has become the sole alternative to Japanese domination in the eyes of thousands of Chinese. Moreover, it is clear that no effective opposition to Japan can be achieved without the overthrow of Chiang Kai-shek, which, again, would have revolutionary implications. Already the students have encountered unprecedented resistance, and to obtain their end they must seek to organize peasants and workers. Whether this will be possible against the forceful opposition of Nanking is an open question. Chiang is weaker than at any time in recent years, but the whole strength of foreign imperialism is behind him.

THE NEWSPAPER GUILD has won another strike. On Christmas Eve the lockout at the *Amsterdam News*, a Harlem newspaper, ended with the granting of the guild's demands after an eleven weeks' fight during which the newspaper was forced into a receivership largely as the result of the withdrawal of advertising and of reader support. The nine full-time workers among the fifteen locked out are guaranteed that there will be no discharges for at least three months; strike-breakers are to be immediately discharged; the settlement specifies a guild shop with a five-day, forty-hour week, time off for overtime, the establishment of minimum wages, and a 10 per cent increase for those reinstated. It also provides for an adjustment committee, severance notice, and a union contract with the prospective buyers of the *News*. The *News* fight, with victory, is a heartening event, though it was in no sense a major battle. The opponent of the guild in this case was armed with none of those economic weapons which are at the disposal of powerful newspapers. But it is such battles carried through to a successful conclusion which will make the guild an effective fighting organization. And there is no doubt that the big publishers find the guild's victories disconcerting. An item which appeared in the *New York Times* of December 22 suggests as much. This item reported with some detail that the *Amsterdam News* had gone into receivership, but the principal reason for this state of affairs, namely, the boycott of advertisers and readers which the guild had been able to make effective, was not mentioned. Nor was the connection between the receivership and the strike referred to in the *Times* account of the settlement. The *Times* can hardly plead lack of space for this omission; it would seem difficult to deny that when a union bites a newspaper that's news. Unfortunately it is for the *Times* and its contemporaries to decide which news is fit to print.

WE WELCOME the announcement that Senator Lynn J. Frazier of North Dakota will introduce the revised workers' social-insurance bill in the Senate. As the months pass, the inadequacies of the Administration's so-called security act have become increasingly apparent even to conservative observers. Today, eighteen months after President Roosevelt's stirring speech on social security, only thirty-seven states have old-age pension laws, none offering more than \$30 a month. Of these only sixteen meet the basic requirements of the federal act, while six have set no definite date for putting their legislation into effect. Only eight states—Alabama, California, New Hampshire, New York, Massachusetts, Utah, Washington, and Wisconsin—have thus far enacted legislation for unemployment insurance. In many parts of the country efforts to devise laws to meet the federal requirements have encountered almost insuperable obstacles. Criticism from working-class representatives has been directed chiefly against the pay-roll tax, which has been described as an indirect sales tax. Moreover, as Senator Frazier has so admirably pointed out, the present law affords no aid to the millions who are now unemployed and unable to obtain relief or WPA employment. It also fails to cover those who are self-employed—farmers and professional workers—whose resources have been depleted by the depression. The new workers' bill is much longer and more carefully drafted than the old, meeting the objections of those who maintained that the former bill was "impracticable" because of its loose terminology. It sets up a standard of social security covering the whole population and should receive the consideration which was denied it at the last session of Congress.

SYRACUSE appears to be a trial city for fascist pageants. In the fall of 1934 Hearst tested there his university red-hunt methods, and this year the army is holding a rehearsal for a poison-gas attack similar to those put on in European countries. Company C, 108th Infantry, a Syracuse unit of the New York National Guard, planned on November 19 to hold a mock gas demonstration in one of the city parks. Colonel Gibson of Governor's Island, the chemical-warfare expert of the Second Corps area, came on to supervise the trial of the army's new gas masks. Colonel H. Lanza, chief of staff of the Ninety-eighth Division, and his associates looked forward to a fine militaristic propaganda display. But a hitch occurred. A group of citizens, incensed at this scheme to instill the war spirit into the minds of children and adult spectators, called on Commissioner of Parks Barry and urged him to rescind the permit for use of a city park; they won, and the demonstration was held outside the city at the local airport, with few onlookers. About a month later, on December 19, the troops of the same Syracuse unit used the local armory for a night gas attack in No Man's Land. The maneuver was labeled "night operations in a gassed area." In addition to this dramatic mimic warfare, there were drills and gas-mask practice by the C. M. T. C. cadet corps, a speech on the New Aspects of Gas Warfare, including its use by airplanes, by a chemical-warfare expert, and a motion picture dealing with the same subject. There is reason to believe that this is the beginning of a carefully planned campaign by the military to make America gas-conscious. If it is, there ought to be a sufficiently vigorous protest to make it end in Syracuse where it began.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT by Sir Thomas Inskip, attorney general in the National Government, that the state is preparing to purchase control of the coal-mining royalties in Great Britain is being hailed as "socialism" under Tory rule. That the placing of one of Britain's great basic industries under government control has socialistic implications cannot well be denied, but the difference between control by the state of an overdeveloped, bankrupt industry and socialism is so marked that the assumption should not pass unchallenged. The crucial question, of course, is in whose interests the step is being taken. While proponents of the government's action assert that state control will free miners from the yoke of private ownership and materially increase the beggarly wages now paid to the workers, the move is also defended as a protection to the shareholders. Since the returns of the coal industry are dependent on a revival of foreign purchases, it is difficult to see how increased wages can be reconciled with a "fair" return to the owners. The reports of the Statutory Commission in 1919 and the Royal Commission in 1926 showed that reorganization of the mining industry was essential, and the years have demonstrated that it cannot be achieved under private ownership. But a measure which leaves economic and political power undisturbed in the hands of the few can hardly be called socialism—it is more closely related to the paternalistic policies of Nazi Germany.

TWO DAYS after the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company of Manchester, New Hampshire—one of the largest textile mills in the world—had declared itself insolvent and filed a petition for reorganization under the federal bankruptcy act, the Amoskeag Company, a holding company, declared its dividends for 1936—the same rates as those paid during the past two years, \$1.25 on common and \$4.50 on preferred. The operating company complained in its petition that "the existence of outstanding bonds has required the continued payment of interest out of capital . . .," leading to insolvency. The holding company owns \$3,597,300 of the outstanding \$11,379,000 of bonds, and some of the stockholders of the holding company own more of the bonds individually. The manufacturing company, which shut down last June (laying off about 9,000 employees), has paid out \$2,936,000 in bond interest during the past five years. The extent to which the holding company controls the operating company is shown by the following facts: of the 378,191 voting shares of the operating company 90,181 are owned by the holding company; in addition, 252,135 shares were distributed among stockholders of the holding company in 1927, and presumably a great many of these shares have not since changed hands; of the ten directors of the manufacturing company six are directors of the holding company, and one of the six is president of the holding company; the president of the operating company is a director of the holding company; the secretary and treasurer of both companies are the same.

"I ACCUSE THIRTY-SIX MEN of impairing the happiness and prosperity of a million souls." So begins an editorial by Edward Lyman Bill, publisher of *Tires*, a trade magazine for the industry. In the November issue of his publication Mr. Bill, with no small amount of

courage, attacks the "thirty-six men who are his chief advertisers for the harm they must ultimately do their own labor and the labor indirectly dependent upon them." Today there are 31 tire manufacturers, plus 5 chain distributing companies in the industry, a number whittled down from the 608 companies which were once all active manufacturers. Far out in front stand the big four—Goodyear, Firestone, United States, and Goodrich. The price war between Goodrich and Firestone has for years been savagely affecting the entire industry. Today tires are being shipped to automobile manufacturers at mill-door cost, and discounts as high as 60 per cent are almost standard practice as a result of the killing price competition the leaders are engaged in. The excuse for these tactics is that the industry is capable of producing 69,000,000 tires a year, whereas the current demand is for 49,000,000. According to the *Akron Beacon Journal*, "Every major effort of key rubber industrialists today is directed at destroying the possessors of the 20,000,000 of excess capacity, instead of toward obtaining a fair price for the finished product—a price that would provide a return on investments in tire companies, supply a wage to factory and office workers permitting them to make purchases beyond the bare necessities, and set the whole industry on a constructive rather than a destructive course." Each manufacturer has pared his production and operating costs to the bone. Naturally it required a unique kind of leadership to shave wages, and Goodyear aspired to the honor. Their thirty-hour week averaged 95 cents an hour and \$122 monthly for the employees. They increased the work week to thirty-six hours, netting the employees around \$125 a month, and making the substitute hourly rate not much more than 80 cents. There is no choice for the industrialist who has kept his wages up. He must either cut them or be forced out of business, and his employees with him.

JUST TO SHOW that prosperity is not a myth any longer, we cite an item sent in by a faithful contributor from the Englewood (New Jersey) *News* for December 12. It is in the form of an editorial entitled *The Public Feeding Grounds*, and it rises to heights of righteous indignation over the fact, reported by the city police, that about a hundred families every week, along with homeless dogs and cats, gain whatever sustenance is theirs from the public garbage dump. "Huge chunks of meat discarded by the various butcher shops are taken home, washed, and cooked by the desperately poor people. Scavengers may be found at the dumps almost daily seeking old clothing, all kinds of wearing apparel, and even splinters of wood for their stoves." The editorial rightly feels this to be a gruesome story not entirely consistent either with our new prosperity or with our inherent wealth as a nation. But the remedy offered by the *News* is a curious one. It is that no time should be lost in levying taxes for the construction of a public incinerator—to burn, we hasten to say, the garbage, not the poor souls who feed on it. As a final optimistic note, the editorial adds: "Surely some place in this city of ours there must be an agency which can take care of people whose bodies crave food so much that they are forced to eat garbage." It might be more realistic to say that in the city of Englewood, across the river from the richest city in the world, relief agencies are evidently so inadequate that men, women, and children are reduced to the hideous expedient of grubbing for meat along with hungry dogs!

Strengthening the Neutrality Act

ONE of the first tasks before Congress will be that of drafting permanent legislation to replace the neutrality act which expires on February 29. Even at the time of enactment the present law was recognized to be an inadequate protection against a repetition of the events of 1914-17. It was intended merely as a stop-gap to tide over the Italo-Ethiopian crisis, and was limited to six months on the supposition that by the end of that period Congress would have been able to work out a more satisfactory and comprehensive peace program. Its shortcomings have been clearly exposed by the application of League sanctions against Italy. Although the President has gone beyond the letter of the law in warning American business interests that all transactions with belligerents are at their own risk, he has had no power to prevent them from aiding an aggressor, even though the latter's campaign is in violation of the League Covenant and the Pact of Paris. In other words, the United States has inadvertently obstructed the efforts of the League to maintain peace, and unless it desires to be at least partly responsible for the collapse of Western civilization it must find some way to revise its policy.

By far the best proposal thus far advanced is that of the neutrality committee of the newly formed National Peace Conference. The draft bill prepared by this committee provides for a continuation of the present mandatory embargo on the export of arms, ammunition, and implements of war to belligerent countries, and for the maintenance of the prohibition against the use of American ships for the transport of munitions. It also authorizes the President to impose an embargo on "other articles or commodities essential to the continuing conduct of war," giving him discretion to decide when such a step should be taken and what commodities should be included. The losses resulting from the ban on war materials—not including armament—are to be assumed by the government. In order to prevent indirect trade with belligerents, the export of forbidden commodities to neutrals is to be restricted to the pre-war volume. The President is also authorized to forbid loans and credits to belligerents, and to prohibit American vessels from passing through areas where naval war operations are being conducted. The paradoxical situation created by denying American goods to a country which has been unjustly invaded is partially met by giving the President authority, subject to the consent of Congress, to lift the embargo on shipments to a state which has been attacked in violation of the Pact of Paris—provided the majority of the signatories of the pact concur in this finding. Since the members of the League of Nations constitute more than a majority of the signatories, action such as the League has taken against Japan and Italy would presumably fulfil this condition.

While more satisfactory than any other measure likely to receive consideration by Congress, the National Peace Conference's bill has several obvious shortcomings. In its attempt to bridge the differences between those who believe we can keep out of war by isolating ourselves from all contaminating contacts and those who believe that the United States must join in collective efforts to prevent war, the com-

mittee has unduly weakened certain provisions. Most important is the failure to make the imposition of an embargo on loans and credits mandatory. The revelations in the Lansing letters make clear the crucial role played by loans in drawing the United States into the last war, and it is obvious that the most effective way of preventing entangling trade relationships is to require that all transactions be on a cash-and-carry basis. Similarly, the embargo on oil, steel, copper, and cotton and the prohibition against American ships passing through war zones should be mandatory. It is difficult to see, moreover, why the credit embargo should necessarily be imposed on both parties, as is provided in the committee's draft. Since the United States is one of the two leading financial centers of the world, the denial of credits to a country which has been illegally attacked might in some instances work extreme hardship. The provisions for lifting the embargo on the shipment of arms and war materials to the aggrieved party ought logically to be extended to financial measures. Moreover, the requirement of Congressional assent to the lifting of embargoes might prove a serious practical handicap. If Congress were not in session, a President would probably hesitate to summon it for this purpose alone. A sufficient guaranty against partisan action by a future President is contained in the provision requiring a definite declaration by a majority of the signatories of the Pact of Paris.

Perhaps the most conspicuous omission in the draft bill is that of a provision requiring all trade with belligerents to be carried on at the risk of the trader. The President's October proclamation declaring that "people who voluntarily engage in transactions of any character with either of the belligerents do so at their own risk" was not made under the neutrality act but in pursuance of one of his executive functions—that of deciding whether the State Department should file claims against a foreign government. This question of whether an American citizen shall or shall not be protected in carrying on business with a belligerent lies at the heart of our neutrality policy. Insistence on this "right" was one of the basic causes of our difficulties in the World War, and would be even more unenforceable in a conflict involving League sanctions. It is too vital a matter to be left to the discretion of the President, and should be incorporated in our permanent neutrality legislation. The law should also exclude armed merchant vessels from the ports of the United States, a policy which was successfully carried out by the Netherlands during the World War.

Even with these amendments the neutrality law will not be a guaranty against the United States being drawn into war. The lure of profits in a society which exalts profit-making is likely to transcend any legislation. The best protection that the United States can have against war lies in prevention rather than quarantine, and wars cannot be prevented except through collective action. But in view of the strong isolationist sentiment which exists throughout the country, our only immediate safeguard is to adopt neutrality legislation that is at least not inconsistent with the world-wide struggle for collective security.

American Students Unite

SHUNTED about by the authorities of Ohio State University, and protested against by professional patriots, including, of course, the American Legion, the students formerly comprising the National Student League and the Student League for Industrial Democracy met in Columbus on December 28 and constituted themselves the American Student Union. After President Rightmire of Ohio State had at the last moment refused the convention the university campus for its meeting—although all arrangements had been made for holding the sessions there—the local Y. W. C. A. building was obtained as a meeting place. Ohio State refused its halls on the ground that it was necessary to economize on fuel during vacation; the head of a state university supported by public funds was evidently not quite ready frankly and openly to deny freedom of assembly. Nor did the officials of the Y. W. C. A. seem sufficiently moved by Legion protests to refuse their building to these “unpatriotic” students. Five directors of the Y. W. C. A. explained that they could not obtain a quorum to oust the convention, although they requested that the business be terminated “as soon as possible.”

The meetings, therefore, were duly held. The American Student Union was formed. Although Mr. Hearst deserves no credit for it, since it was done to prove how dangerous the students were, the platform of the convention was published in fullest detail in the *New York American* and doubtless in other Hearst papers. Since charges of un-Americanism have already been made against the union and may be expected to be made again, the program is worth examining in some detail, to see just how “red” these students are. First, by a vote of 244 to 49, the union accepted the Oxford pledge against war, although considerable protest was voiced in the convention, not against the pledge as such, but against the union’s accepting it as a body, on the plea that this action would automatically bar the organization in a good many colleges. The union put itself on record as favoring abolition of the R. O. T. C., and in opposition to fascism, “the war preparations of our own government,” and the “intimidation of professors who dare to grapple with the political and economic facts of life.” Relief for needy students was declared a vital necessity, particularly in the South, where a school-building program must include the “complementary need for providing young people with lunches, shoes, carfare, and homes.” Jim Crowism and segregation in the South were scored, as were “red-baiting crusades,” “loyalty oaths,” “vigilante attacks,” and the “hysterical outcries of the Hearst press.”

We have purposely discussed this program strictly on the basis of the *New York American’s* news story. Obviously this paper would not play down the “radicalism” of the student groups; obviously every shade of red that could be added to these resolutions would appear. If the American Student Union had come out for the overthrow of the United States government by force and violence we can be reasonably sure that the *American* would have reported that fact in no smaller than seventy-two-point type. What actually happened was

that a group of American students, representing, according to one of their spokesmen, about 20 per cent of the entire student body, disclosed themselves as unequivocally opposed to war and as willing to go on record as refusing to fight in any war; that the same group showed itself aware of the oppressive forces that exist in the United States today—in the South, where Negroes enjoy something less than the rights guaranteed them by the Constitution, in the universities, where teachers are subjected to the pressure of boards of trustees—and conscious of the menace of fascism and the inadequacy of public relief. In other words, the American Student Union judged by its program is about as dangerous, un-American, and red as, say, *The Nation*, which doubtless for Mr. Hearst would be red enough.

There is just one more thing to add. Assuming that the American Legion is right, and that the students who met in Columbus were unpatriotic and radical, surely no means could have been taken more nicely calculated to strengthen their dissent than those employed by President Rightmire and the local Legion post. Mere expediency, not to mention wisdom—again from the standpoint of the professional patriots—would permit student groups to talk as much as they liked and as long as they liked, on the assumption that talk never hurt anybody and that real protest grows only out of enforced silence. We cannot decide whether to be glad or sorry that the American Legion refuses to see this. The fact that it habitually persists in making a monkey of itself by joining with Mr. Hearst in wild outcries whenever any liberal or radical group tries to talk provides at the best a certain amount of breakfast-table diversion and at the worst makes it clear just where the threat to democracy lies: not in the student groups who hate war and meet to say so, but in those forces of American society which seem to be organized for no other purpose than to deny the principles which the American nation was created to preserve.

The South Is Sick

A GOOD part of the increased importance of the South in the public consciousness, aside from the publicity surrounding Huey Long, is due to the attempt of the Administration to do something for cotton. By cutting down the acreage in cotton the Administration supplied the final push that set the economic structure to crumbling. Tenants who had somehow managed to keep alive in plantation huts found themselves walking the dirt roads with their families and possessions looking for a home. In 1934, according to a study made by Gordon Blackwell of the University of North Carolina, between 8,000 and 12,000 families were displaced in that state. Share-croppers were turned into day laborers. The relief rolls increased. Only the landlords benefited—and presumably the gain of the landlords as a group will be shortlived because of a steadily contracting market. In “The Collapse of Cotton Tenancy,” the summary of a detailed investigation by a group of professors and students at the University of North Carolina, it is pointed out that since the drastic reduction in American production beginning in 1932 there has been a directly compensating increase in cotton-growing abroad, to which must be added the further fact that the last twenty years have witnessed an “almost

steady deterioration" in the average quality of the American crop.

The industrial side of the picture is revealed in the familiar pattern of the Northern textile manufacturer who moves South, where the inexperienced worker, fresh from a starved and almost literally moneyless existence on the soil, is more than willing to work for a few dollars a week. The sordid details of this pattern are vividly if incidentally brought out in such an investigation as was reported by Louis Stark in the *New York Times* of December 22. Like Mary Connor Myers's report of the share-croppers' situation in Arkansas, this report, made to the federal Commissioner of Education, has never been officially released to the public. Although it was completed in June it has been circulated confidentially only among a few government officials and labor-union officers. It deals with the misuse of federal grants to states for vocational-training purposes; and while it covers Northern states as well as Southern, it seems apparent from Mr. Stark's summary that the worst abuses occur in the deep South.

The investigators, Anna Lalor Burdick and Ruth Scandrett, found officially what has been known for some time unofficially, that these funds for vocational-training purposes have been used ever since they were authorized in 1917 for the benefit of private industry. They found that workers are trained on production without pay for six to twelve weeks and then transferred to pay rolls at learners' wages, and that goods thus produced without payment of wages are sold on the open market. They found, moreover, that the superintendent of the factory or the foremen are appointed as teachers and paid at public expense, that persons employed as instructors serve as foremen on production, that public schools rent quarters in which workers are trained for a particular plant, and that communities, particularly in the South, in the attempt to attract industries, offer an "abundant supply of workers with high-school education trained for the factory at public expense," as well as tax exemption for five years, free factory buildings, and contributions toward pay rolls by the community. In one community, according to the report, "everyone in town, even the people on relief, contributed something to the building fund."

The impetus for the plant training schools [says the report] came in most instances from the state departments of education rather than from the local schools. It was difficult to secure definite information as to why a state Department of Education undertook the establishment of plant training programs, but the circumstances . . . indicated that the power companies and local committees from the chambers of commerce . . . requested the aid of public funds in meeting the expenses of instructing workers.

In one instance it was found that the application for funds (such applications are required to be signed by public officials as well as by bona fide labor representatives) had been signed by a merchant as an "official representative of organized labor." It is in such towns as these, needless to say, that labor organizers operate only at the risk of life and limb.

The South is sick. And until the government finds the courage to apply a remedy at least as thoroughgoing as the diagnoses its own investigators and others have made from time to time, the two chief crops of the South will continue to be misery and demagogues.

Dangerous Reading

A GOOD deal of amusement and amazement is to be had very easily by glancing through "Banned Books," an annotated catalogue recently published based on the Junior League exhibition held in New York last spring. Chronologically the authors at one time or another disapproved of range from Homer (whom Caligula tried to suppress) to various of our contemporaries, and not the least amusing instances are those in which works fell into official disfavor for reasons which it would have been difficult to anticipate. In 1931, for instance, the Governor of Hunan Province in China banned "Alice in Wonderland" on the ground "that animals should not use human language and that it was disastrous to put animals and human beings on the same level." But, then, some quarter of a century before, the English Lord Chamberlain for a time forbade performances of "The Mikado" because it might give offense to "our Japanese allies." And in 1935 a first trombone player in Philadelphia refused to take part in the production of "Lady Macbeth of Minsk" because some of the notes in his part were obscene.

Nearly everyone knows that the Catholic church banned "The Decameron" in 1559 but approved a version in which monks and nuns were replaced by laymen, though the story was otherwise unaltered. Nevertheless, objections based on moral grounds are usually the most nearly constant, and in nearly every case the volumes with the longest criminal records are those supposed to offend against decency. Thus Ovid's "Art of Love" has been in continuous trouble from the days when Augustus cited it as the reason for Ovid's banishment down to 1928, when the United States Customs Department was still barring it; and Rabelais has been similarly and continuously attacked. On the other hand, books objectionable for their doctrine at one time and one place are, of course, very likely to be sacred at another. Whether the Bible was "the good book" or a very, very naughty book (much worse than "The Decameron") depended on where and when you happened to live. And if that seems strange, one need only remember that it would be easy to compile a substantial library composed exclusively of works whose character would change from sacred to scandalous or vice versa if they were transported from Russia to Germany. Kant's "Critique" enjoys what must be the almost unique distinction of being on the Catholic "Index" and of having also been banned (1928) in Russia, though the blanket condemnation of all books dangerous to faith or morals which is prefaced to the "Index" is neatly paralleled by the blanket instruction quoted from "The Index of the Soviet Inquisition" and addressed to libraries (1926): "The section on religion must contain solely anti-religious books. Religiously dogmatic books such as the Gospel, the Koran, the Talmud, and so forth, must be left in the large libraries but removed from the smaller ones."

But what we like best of all is the letter received in 1933 by the Weyhe Galleries in New York, signed by H. C. Stuart, Assistant Collector of Customs: "There are being detained . . . two packages addressed to you containing obscene photo books, 'Ceiling Sistine Chapel,' Filles-Michael Angelo."

Issues and Men

The Lindberghs Leave

MORE than five years ago I wrote in *The Nation* a protest against the shocking hounding of the Lindberghs by the press of the country, the pitiless and utterly indefensible publicity to which they were being subjected, notably by five New York newspapers, saying: "It is a disgrace to the newspaper profession that it has not risen to protect him against a harassment which would make many another man *deliberately quit his native land* to seek asylum in some journalistically more civilized country." Well, that has now come to pass. The Lindberghs have left the United States in the hope of being able to find in England, one of the most law-abiding countries on earth, a sanctuary where they may be safe from the constant fear that their second son may be taken from them, and where they will certainly be let alone by the press of the country, even if they are not wholly spared by that of our own. They ask nothing more than to be allowed to live their own lives in privacy without having to bring up their child with an armed guard walking alongside the nursemaid, and free from the unending threats against the lives of all of them.

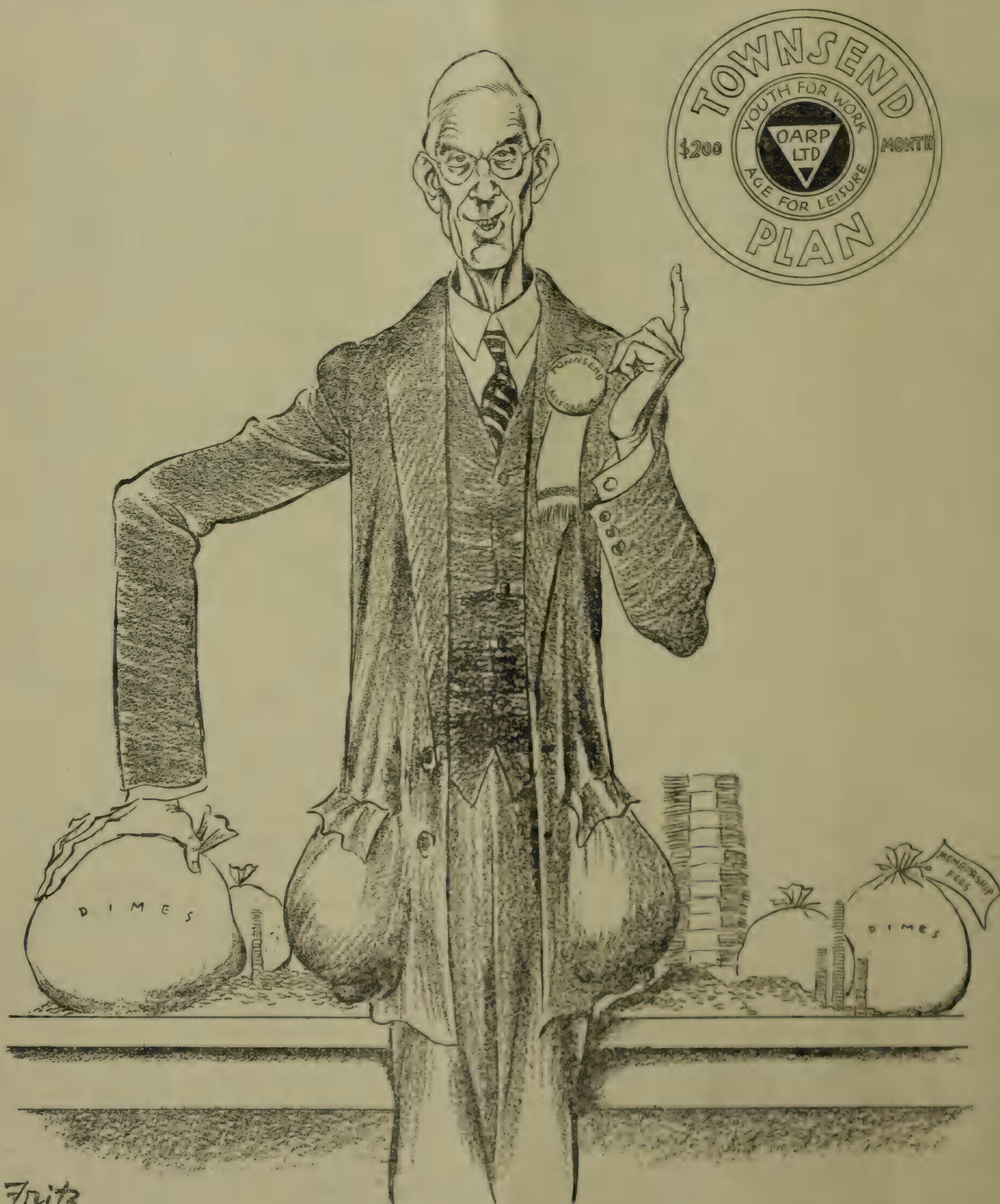
Now of course I admit that the American press has been less responsible for the misery of these two remarkable persons—Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt has just listed Mrs. Lindbergh as one of the ten leading American women—since the murder of their baby than before. None the less, no editor has shown any sympathy whatever or sought to help them by deliberately reducing all publicity to the narrowest limits. That the trial of Hauptmann was a disgrace both to the newspapers and to the legal profession no one will deny. While there are sensational newspapers a plenty in England which reek with personalities and scandals of every kind, one can still visualize what the *Herald Tribune* and the *Times* in New York and many other newspapers might have done by just thinking how the *Manchester Guardian*, the *London Times*, the *Morning Post*, the *Telegraph*, and other high-grade English newspapers would have treated the trial of Hauptmann. Surely never has our press been guilty of greater lack of consideration than in the case of the Lindberghs. It must not be forgotten that when they went on their honeymoon a group of reporters followed them, and as the Colonel described it, ". . . for eight straight hours circled about our boat at anchor in a New England harbor in a noisy motor boat, and occasionally called across the water to us that if we would pose for one picture they would go away." It was at this time that one reporter offered a servant in the Lindbergh household \$2,000 to "betray the secrets of the household." During the whole time that Mrs. Lindbergh was an expectant mother the press harped upon this fact without a let-up.

Under these circumstances no one can blame the Lindberghs for leaving the country to which they are devoted, in which they have grown up, which has in many ways been so generous in its approval of their achievements. But there is apparently no alternative. There is no assurance at all that if they stayed on after the execution of Hauptmann, if

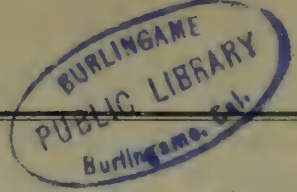
he is executed, the press would forget about them. Having been so long a journalist, and having run a daily newspaper for twenty-one years, I know well what the arguments of the newspapers are. They declare that he is a national hero; that the public curiosity about him is not mere idle curiosity but a genuinely affectionate interest in him, precisely as the press feels that it is entitled to know all the details of the lives of President and Mrs. Roosevelt and their children. I have never believed that this was a valid argument, either as to the Lindberghs or the President, whoever he may happen to be. Moreover, the well-meaning but ineffective American Society of Newspaper Editors has in its code of ethics for the profession one article which reads: "A newspaper should not invade private rights or feelings without sure warrant of public right as distinguished from public curiosity." No amount of human ingenuity could think up another canon which could be more conspicuously violated by the press to which these editors belong. Yet the society has never protested against this outrage.

The Lindberghs are not the only family that has had to seek refuge abroad from this sort of thing. I recall a very beautiful woman, cursed by enormous wealth inherited from her husband, who told me with tears in her eyes that she had moved to England merely to save her children from the unending newspaper publicity. She said that it would be almost impossible for her as it was to bring up as decent citizens children who at twenty-one would be enormously rich, but that she knew that she could not do it if they were incessantly to be portrayed as the "millionaire kids." She then told me how reporters had waylaid her eight- or ten-year-old son to ask him whether his father, who had died of a bullet wound under unhappy conditions, had been murdered or had killed himself. Any decent newspapers would have recorded the death and then drawn a veil of silence around the case. They would have done so had this happened in a tenement-house family. But merely because these were enormously rich people, week in week out page after page of gossip, tittle-tattle, and scandal, most of it made out of whole cloth, appeared in the newspapers. Not even our best dailies are wholly beyond this sort of thing. It is not merely the desire to sell more papers by sensationalism; it is because they truckle so to wealth. In this respect they are utter toadies. They play up the deeds and misdeeds of innumerable worthless people merely because they are the decadent holders of large means. Where there are decent self-respecting people of great wealth, they focus a constant publicity upon them that is both repugnant and unwelcome. And it is some of these newspapers which, in such cases as that of the Lindberghs, are responsible for the threatening and blackmailing letters the victims receive.

B. Wall Garrison Villard
BURLINGAME
PUBLIC
LIB.



"My plan is sound. It has solved all my problems."



How Strong Is the Townsend Plan?

By PAUL W. WARD

Washington, December 30

FOR the army of masochists quartered in our best conservative clubs and board rooms this is always a delightful season. They have an immense array of torturing thoughts with which to titillate themselves when Congress is about to convene and an election is in the offing—thoughts about the hideous things November-eyed Congressmen may do to them as well as thoughts about the New Deal's continuing threat to all that they, it seems, hold dearer than life itself.

This year they are rather better off than usual, for in the Townsend movement they have a new flagellant for their jaded imaginations. From contemplating its progress they will derive the same sweet shudderings that the holding-company bill, the Wagner act, the securities act, and kindred measures once set up in them. They will imagine the movement growing with such vigor as to smash the Republican strongholds of the East, thereby insuring Roosevelt's reelection. And they will imagine the movement sweeping on with such speed as to force enactment of the Townsend old-age pension plan at the next session of Congress, if not at the one about to open.

Saner men, including those who hope for Roosevelt's defeat, will not entertain any of those fears. They will note, first, that even if the Townsend movement is as strong as its leaders claim, the mechanics of government are such that several more years must pass before the plan has any chance of adoption by Congress. They will note, secondly and on the same basis, that the movement is quite as likely to affect Roosevelt's fortunes adversely as it is to flatten Republican hopes. Finally, they will point out that the strength of the movement, present or potential, is highly debatable and has yet to be demonstrated at the polls.

So far the movement has had only indifferent success in elections outside of atypical localities such as those sections of California colonized by retired Iowa and Kansas farmers whose lives have been extended beyond their means by idleness. From a town in Washington, where the movement is supposed to be strong, there comes a report that, though the local Townsend club boasts 3,000 members, a candidate for public office, running under the Townsend banner and as a member of the club, polled only 300 votes. From Minneapolis there comes a report that the movement was considered so important that in a recent municipal election each ward had at least one aldermanic candidate running as a Townsendite. Some of these were Democrats, some were Republicans. But all the Townsendites, whether Republican or Democratic, were defeated, according to dispatches.

In the recent Congressional by-election in the Third Michigan District, the results were more auspicious for the Townsendites but fell far short of proving the movement's political effectiveness, and it is to the results of this one election that the movement owes its present prominence in the news and in the jitter wells of major party politicians. Had the winner, Verner W. Main, been a Democrat, his victory would have been impressive. But he ran primarily

as a Republican, and the district has been overwhelmingly Republican for more than thirty years. Its G. O. P. candidates normally trounce their Democratic rivals by 3-to-1 and 4-to-1 margins. Mr. Main piled up only a 2-to-1 margin. Nor was the size of the vote impressive even for an off-year election, a total of 36,028 votes being cast in a district where the 1932 aggregate was 95,476. It should be remembered, too, that Mr. Main had the support of the regular Republican machine, and that Vandenberg, that varnished vacuum who may get the Republican Presidential nomination, did not hesitate to embrace Main while assailing the Townsend plan. It should be borne in mind, too, that Mr. Main, who was missing no bets, added to his advocacy of the Townsend plan a pledge to vote for immediate payment of the bonus and for balancing the federal budget.

When he won a five-cornered fight in the primary, Main was lavish in his thanks to the Townsendites, and on the day the returns reached Washington, fifteen Congressmen called the movement's national headquarters, seeking information on the plan. But when he became a Congressman by virtue of his victory in the final election, Main praised impartially all the groups that had supported him and gave no special thanks to the Townsendites. The point is, first, that in the 1936 Congressional elections there may be many successful candidates ticketed as Townsendites, either Republican or Democratic, merely because they accepted the badge in the hope it would give them an edge in the primaries. The point is, second, that if the Townsendites are to make their views prevail in Congress they must hold something more than the balance of power in a many-sided primary election; they must be able to control the outcome of a final election and to a degree that will force their candidates to fulfil their pledges.

Apparently, Townsend officials do not feel that they possess such power except in a few isolated localities. They repeatedly proclaim their intention of working through both the Republican and the Democratic machines. All that they are interested in, they vow, is forcing Congressional enactment of the Townsend plan, and to that end they will back any candidate who espouses their scheme. The only departure from that platform has been the recent declaration by Dr. Townsend that, if neither the Republicans nor the Democrats adopt a Townsend-plan plank in 1936, he will launch a third party to back it. I doubt that even Dr. Townsend takes that statement seriously. Certainly it has caused no stir in the Republican or Democratic high commands, which remember that the powerful Anti-Saloon League, though strong enough to force its will upon Congress, never was powerful enough to make a third-party threat stick. Townsend's third-party warning becomes even more feeble when one considers that what is left of the late Huey Long's Share-the-Wealth movement shuns the Townsend plan, and that Father Coughlin has assailed it while, like Borah, admiring its objectives.

The Townsendites claim that they had fifty-six votes in the last session of Congress and they hint that they will

have a majority in the House at the next session. But their hint is no better than their claim, which is weak enough. Their claim is based upon the vote on the McGroarty bill, which embodies the Townsend plan although it sets \$200 a month as a maximum, not a minimum, pension. It was brought up as an amendment to the Administration's social-security act on April 18 and cast aside after a half-hour of debate. The vote was 206 to 56, the Townsendites polling 21.3 per cent of the total. A few minutes later the Lundeen bill came up also as an amendment and was voted down 158 to 40, its supporters polling 20.2 per cent of the total.

There was no roll call on the McGroarty bill but it can be said fairly that most of its support came from men who are not Townsendites. Many of those who voted for it were Republicans, actuated either by prankishness or a desire to embarrass the Administration. Most of those who voted for it were men fighting not for the Townsend plan but for a liberalization of the Administration's program. One Administration field marshal, Representative Taylor of Colorado, the acting floor leader, voted for the McGroarty bill. The speeches in its behalf were made almost exclusively by California Democrats, but the only opposition speech also came from a California Democrat, Representative Buck. The three Californians who spoke for the bill were Ford, Kramer, and McGroarty. They were aided by Representative Monaghan, a Montana Democrat, and Representative Mott, an Oregon Republican.

Three other Representatives from California supported the bill, but not with speeches. They were Representatives Stubbs, Tolan, and Hoeppel. It was McGroarty who introduced the bill but Hoeppel who had proclaimed it. Hoeppel also sponsored "Technotax: A New Ace in the New Deal." It was a measure to tax machinery according to the number of workers it displaced. Mr. Hoeppel probably will not have an opportunity to sponsor the technotax at the forthcoming session. Or the Townsend plan, either. Mr. Hoeppel on December 12 in the District of Columbia Supreme Court was convicted of conspiring to sell a West Point appointment.

Another last-session Townsendite who deserves mention is Representative Michener, a Republican from the Second Michigan District. He deserves mention only because shortly after the Main victory Mr. Michener's name appeared in the headlines as a new convert to Townsendism. The impression was given that Michener was only one of a covey of Congressmen that Main's triumph had scared into the Townsend camp. If there has been any such scurrying about, it has been noiseless. The thunder has come from the other side. Representative Maverick of Texas, a rising leader of the liberal wing in the House, has come out with a statement in denunciation of the Townsend plan. Down in Tennessee, Senators McKellar and Bachman have united in a similar statement. Out in Kansas, Governor Landon, a Presidential aspirant, has stood pat on his opposition to the Townsend movement, and up in Connecticut, Senator Maloney, a Democrat, publicly has attacked the plan.

The Townsendites have yet to capture a Senator. They claim to have brought several to heel but refuse to name them. The ineffable Borah is flirting with the movement to such good effect that in certain sections of the country his name brings cheers at Townsend-club rallies, but he grows cholerick at any effort to pin him down on the issue.

However much the Townsend movement may grow in the next year, it is certain to make no substantial gains at the next session of Congress, and that is true for at least two reasons in addition to the one springing automatically from the fact that the House and Senate personnel will be the same as at the last session. The first of those reasons is that the machinery of Congress is geared against the Townsend plan. The key committee posts are held by Southerners, and the Southerners are viciously opposed to the plan, which raises for them a race issue. "A \$200 monthly pension for niggers? Never!" they snort. It is that idea, rather than the Townsend plan itself, that horrifies such unctuous demagogues as McKellar. Poll the North Carolina delegation, for example, and you will find them unanimous on the Townsend plan. "Fantastic" is the mildest word those gentlemen use, and one of them is the chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, Representative Doughton, who quite properly bears the nickname "Muley." Such measures as the McGroarty bill are assigned to his committee, and the McGroarty bill will never get back out of Doughton's committee in 1936 as long as he holds the reins. That brings us to the second reason why the outlook for the Townsendites at the forthcoming session is hopeless: both the Republican and the Democratic leaders will be striving to keep dangerous proposals from coming to the fore lest they become issues in the 1936 campaign.

If the Townsendites fail to make their plan a storm center at the session beginning next week—and especially if the machine leaders succeed in completely smothering the McGroarty bill—they will be hard-pressed to make it an issue in the 1936 campaign. But even if they should succeed in making it a campaign issue, it is unlikely to have material bearing upon the Presidential race. It is unthinkable that either the Democratic or the Republican nominee would espouse the plan, though both may utter vagaries which ward heelers can interpret as pro-Townsendisms in sections where the movement is strong. Roosevelt on several occasions has denounced the project in unmistakable terms though the plan itself was not mentioned. He has not been embarrassed on these occasions by the similarity of the AAA's taxing device to the device proposed for financing the Townsend plan. He is committed to his own social-security plan and at the next session of Congress probably will be fighting to keep it from being liberalized, lest the federal budget be thrown further out of balance and the prosperity curve on which his gaze is fixed be reversed by the imposition of additional taxes on industry.

His Republican opponent, faced with the hopelessness of convincing the country that he is more liberal than Roosevelt, will rest his case on economy pledges and the Constitution. With these the Townsend plan certainly is incompatible. If both Roosevelt and his rival denounce or ignore the plan and if its success in the Congressional elections is no greater than now seems likely, the Townsend movement eighteen months hence will be as dead as the chain-letter craze to which it is kin. To keep the movement going, to keep the *Townsend Weekly* pouring dollars into the pockets of its private owners, Dr. Townsend and co-founder Clements, takes more than the plans professional promoters can provide. It takes the promise of a quick and easy victory. When that disappears, the movement will collapse, along with the enthusiasm of its aged dupes.

Presidential Possibilities

I. Alf Landon Is Not Cal Coolidge

By RAYMOND GRAM SWING

THE political oversimplifications in a large country like America are bound to be false. But few are more misleading than those which have made Governor Alf M. Landon of Kansas the foremost candidate for the Republican Presidential nomination. He is known for two things: he balanced his budget, and he is a Kansas Coolidge. To be sure, he has balanced his budget. But so did his predecessors, and under Kansas law, which requires a plebiscite on bond issues, it is difficult to unbalance it. The balanced budget is not the achievement for which Landon is noteworthy. It is that he has imposed the budget system and the pay-as-you-go principle on all Kansas counties, municipalities, and school districts, quite a different achievement and a more meritorious one. He has made 8,000 local boards face the financial realities of local government. They have balanced their budgets, and Governor Landon is always the first to give them the credit for it.

But there is an element of fact in this half of Landon's fame. Budgets have been balanced, and he had something to do with it. There is none at all in the other half. Landon is not a Kansas Coolidge. He is as different from Coolidge as Topeka is from Boston. Coolidge, as a human being, was a tight-lipped, frugal Yankee; as a statesman he was the leading exponent of the hands-off-business school. He did not acknowledge change in the world or try to keep government abreast of change. On the personal side Landon is the friendliest man I ever met in public life, not for the good political reason that friendliness begets friends, but because he likes people and loves to exchange ideas with them. And as a man in politics he knows that the world is changing fundamentally, that it will not wake up some bright morning and find itself back in the economic happiness of 1928, and that the immediate future can only be redeemed by rugged virtues, not "rugged individualism." The virtues, to him, are those Kansas has inculcated in him. First is honesty in matters of money, not the mere honesty of not stealing, but the honesty of not living in the fantasy of financial unrealities. He has watched Kansas farmers struggle with a poverty not surpassed in the drought years in any other state in the Union. He does believe in not spending more than you have, for he has seen thousands of disasters from laxity in over-drafts. But that is not the end-all of his philosophy. He is no throw-back who if elected President would want simply to balance the federal budget, restore business confidence, and ride with streaming hair to the calamity of another depression. Integrity in government finance is to him a pre-condition without which good government is impossible. After that he believes in good government. And there is where the East, thanks to Hearst and the reactionary fanatics who are ready to adopt anybody who might beat Roosevelt, are mistaken about Landon. Only half of him is their man, the half that wants economical administration and realistic finance. The other

half is a Kansan, with ingrained conceptions about an Americanism which Hearst forgot some twenty years ago, and which the financial oligarchy of the East never knew.

By this I do not mean that he is a radical. In so far as labels can describe anybody, he is a mild Kansas progressive. He bolted the Republican Party for Theodore Roosevelt in 1912; he bolted again to support William Allen White for governor. White has been his life-long friend, and Landon is as like him in outlook and doctrine as anybody. The radicals of the industrial East, pitted against the tough Eastern Republicans, have swung much farther to the left than Landon, and they look upon the Kansas brand of progressivism as pleasing but somewhat sentimental. Nor is Landon a Norris or a La Follette, for he hasn't their fighting temperament. But he is closer to these two in habits of thought than to Hearst and the Easterners who are espousing his candidacy.

Physically he is not a large man, and with his sparse hair rapidly silvering he looks older than his forty-eight years. All during my first hour with him, in a visit paid a few weeks ago, I was haunted with the sense of having met him before, or of his resembling someone I knew. Then it came to me that he was like Harold Ickes. Certainly he is of the same general type, though Secretary Ickes has a tang that Landon lacks, an acid in him that sends out unexpectedly brilliant and sometimes rockingly funny remarks. None of this acid is in Landon, who is mentally less complicated, and also mentally more accessible. But they are the same kind of American Midwestern product, both partial introverts, both able to talk about ideas in the abstract, both unabashed to believe in old-fashioned virtues.

Landon's head would delight a sculptor, for it is beautifully shaped. His hands are not large and domineering, but of moderate size and sensitive. His outstanding physical features are his eyes. The pupils are large and the eyelids close half over them, and in color they are an unusual carnelian brown. There is light in them, and they peer out of his face, alert and shrewd. His nose is large, and he uses it in speaking, the voice resounding in it like a singer's, only more so, with the result that he nearly speaks with a Western nasalism. The mouth is wide and generous, the chin vigorous. His color is healthy and he wears rimless spectacles.

He has been described as looking like a typical business man, but I could not see why. To meet him without knowing him, one might take him for anything, president of a Western bank, president of a modern university, or an up-to-date large-scale farmer. In fact he is a business man, but not the office-desk sort. He was a law graduate from the University of Kansas, and started in to be a banker. A little experience cured him of that career, and he turned to his father's business of oil. He became an oil operator, and played the hard and precarious game of developing strip wells. He has had to fight the Standard Oil Company, and so he knows competitive business and the meaning of

monopoly first hand. Oil has meant an outdoor life for him, and his chief diversion is horseback riding, which, as governor, he apparently has not been able to practice as formerly, with modest consequences at the base of his vest.

He is the only chief executive of any large concern I know who conducts his affairs in a room whose door is not closed. In the Topeka Capitol the governor's office is at the end of a huge anteroom, and his desk is in plain view to anyone who will step over to the side of the anteroom. Visitors waiting their turn with the governor can see him as they wait. Or they can study the portraits, hanging high on the wall, of Kansas's former, often hirsute governors. The day I called I stole many a glance at Governor Landon while he chatted with three men introduced to him by the Chief Justice of the Kansas Supreme Court. When my turn came, the anteroom was nearly empty, for I had come early. I expected to stay only a few minutes, and hoped to be invited for further talk in the evening. But I had no sooner taken my chair and said my first few words than I found myself in the depths of genuine discussion, wrestling with the formidable topic of how to make the capitalist system work. And when I left eighty minutes later, I felt as though I had only begun a conversation that would need a week—or a lifetime—to finish. It was not shut off, but was to continue at lunch, and when I emerged into the anteroom, the visitors who had accumulated there looked at me curiously, wondering what important business could have kept me so long with the Governor.

I was sent to call on F. H. Guild, former head of the Department of Political Science at the University of Kansas, now director of the Research Department of the Kansas Legislative Council. This non-partisan department, financed by the Spelman Foundation, operates to supply the Kansas legislature with factual information and advice, an agency for better government—better because better informed—which is one of the hopeful developments in American affairs. I spent the rest of the morning with Dr. Guild and obtained the data I needed about Kansas, and was back at the Governor's office, as instructed, at 12:15. All but two of the throng had been worked through the office, one of these being an aged Negro. Landon came out, spoke a few words with the first, and then talked for several minutes with the Negro, ending with an order to his secretary. The Negro's arm went around the Governor's shoulder as they finished, and this, more than the sight of provincial Topeka through the window, made me realize that I was in Kansas.

I did not leave the Governor for three hours. First we walked to his executive mansion, ten minutes away, and had lunch alone together. Then he got out his pipe, and we talked until so many visitors had been announced that I refused to stay any longer. The lunch was plain, a dish of soup with celery and hot biscuits, and a steamed pudding with hard sauce. I was asked to take a second helping of soup and declined. "If I tell you it's all you are going to get, won't you take it?" the Governor asked, and I still said no, not really believing him. But there was no main course. I thought this might be evidence of Kansas economy. I knew that all state salaries had been cut 25 per cent, and that the Governor, though the legislature refused to require it, had slashed his own pay from \$5,000 to \$3,750 a year. I had read about this and had not been impressed, for Landon has a comfortable fortune, as Kansas fortunes go, and

is not dependent on his salary. But later I learned that Mrs. Landon sets one of the finest tables in the state, and her colored cook is famous for her art. The lunch was light because the Governor eats sparingly during the day, and since I had been brought along without due notice, I had to take pot luck.

The governor's mansion belongs to the state, so it does not reflect the taste of either of the Landons, which needs to be said. A more conventional middle-class home with less distinction in nearly every piece of furniture in it could not well be imagined. Mrs. Landon, whom I did not meet, is not like this home, for she is a woman of culture, has traveled much, is a musician of parts and an accomplished player of the harp. She is his second wife, the first Mrs. Landon having died soon after their daughter Peggy Ann was born, eighteen years ago. Peggy Ann is now at the University of Kansas. In 1930 Landon married Miss Theo Cobb of Topeka, and there are two children, three and two years old.

After the death of the first Mrs. Landon, the father devoted a great deal of his time to his child, trying to make up for the mother's loss. There is a close companionship between them, and the story is that Peggy Ann engineered the romance that led to the second marriage. Five years ago, when Landon decided to run in his first primary for governor, he prepared for it in a characteristic way. He took Peggy Ann, then twelve, as companion, and donning his soft shirt, soft hat, and high-laced oil boots, motored with her literally into every corner of the state. The costume was no sham, for this is the way he likes to dress. He is the kind of man who is as happy without a necktie as with one. On this trip, wherever he went he would call at the corner store, walk in comfortably, hold out his hand and say, "I'm Alf Landon." He was known everywhere by name, for he had managed the successful campaign of Clyde Reed for governor. On this tour I am sure that he treated the farmers of Kansas as he treated me, making them feel the same ease, informality, and interest. He said nothing about the governorship; hence he made no promises, only friends. And when, the next year, he entered the primary he swept it.

In a subsequent article I shall write about Landon's record, and quote from his speeches what little there is which throws light on his views. For all the time I had with him, and the reading I have done about him, I still feel that I cannot quite appraise him. He is a man formed as much as any man can be by his environment. Like every typical Kansan he is an honest believer in self-government and civil liberties. He knows a great many Kansans intimately, which means that he knows the tragedy of the last years in terms not of statistics but of human beings. He has given co-operation to the New Deal, in so far as a governor was called upon to cooperate with it. He favors social insurance. He understands the force and usefulness of social taxation. He has the warmest recognition of the need for federal relief. After talking with Rex Tugwell about soil erosion, in Washington early this year, he came back to praise him publicly for his intelligence. (Does Hearst know this?) If he were to become President, he would be inclined to keep whatever the Supreme Court left of the New Deal, and build on it. He also would be intensely interested in restoring and strengthening the civil service, and would

like to broaden it so that only the top men in the Administration changed with the change of parties, as in England.

But his mind is full of more than these immediate details of government. He sees the interrelationship of things. A Kansan, he is bound to be interested in farm prosperity. But he knows that farm prices depend on foreign as well as home markets. There must be confidence internationally as well as at home; there must be the restoration of the gold standard. And confidence cannot return, or the gold standard be made to work, without the lowering of trade barriers and a free exchange of goods. In the last analysis, there can be no international confidence without peace. So he sees two general approaches to the work of the next President. He must put government finance on a sound foundation to give confidence to business. And then he must look beyond this to a resumption of international co-operation. This is the kind of gospel preached day after day by the *Kansas City Star*, which is close to Landon, and the ideas have more of a hold in the Middle West than Easterners may credit. Landon thinks in terms like these, though whether he talks that way to William Randolph Hearst and to Republican visitors from points east, I cannot say.

My impression was that Governor Landon, as a potential President, may suffer from the handicaps of his virtues; and his virtues being drawn from his Kansas environment, he will encounter difficulties due to the want of experience that Kansas has not been able to give him. To begin with, Kansas has hardly any industry; hence it has no labor problem. Landon is a friend of labor without, I believe, sensing

the tension of the East or the tremendous struggle in Washington during the past two years over collective bargaining, or knowing in detail the tripping and thin-ice skating of President Roosevelt in this field. Furthermore, Kansas is a state without cities. This may be a mercy for Kansas but not for Governor Landon. Politics is child's play in such a state. It is clean-water politics, not pure, but not discolored by the filthy influx from a Tammany in New York, a Kelly machine in Chicago, a Pendergast machine in Kansas City. National politics are always foul from the source. One must wonder how Landon would be able to deal with it. But still more, I wonder how he would deal with the clever, hard-minded Republicans of the East. They are astute; they do not attack an upright provincial by cavalry-charge tactics but by weaving intricate confusion about him. They did it more than once to Roosevelt, a patrician of the East who knew their ways. And Landon lacks life-long friends in all parts of the country, wise men whose guidance he can rely on, and whose judgments he can trust. I am not so much worried about what Hearst would demand of him and get; for Hearst rides lightly to disillusionment. He was ardently pro-Roosevelt four years ago; and in another three years, if Landon were elected, I should expect him to turn on him as he has on Roosevelt. But Landon would have to be made of granite if, in Washington, surrounded by the masters of intrigue, he came through as well as he has in Kansas. I do not say that he is not of granite. I simply don't know.

(A second article by Mr. Swing on Landon as a candidate will appear in the next issue.)

The German Underground War

I. Anti-Nazi Feeling Rises

By JOSEPHINE HERBST

AS I started to write this article a letter came from Germany from the wife of a teacher whose home I visited this summer. There are several children in the family, one a boy of fourteen. The letter covers four closely written pages, and there are practically no personal messages; many words are heavily underscored. I am to remember that people outside Germany are fed on lies and on stories started by petty faultfinders. In the main things are simply splendid. *Der Führer* has chosen the best and only way. People do not understand the importance of the Jewish question, that it means everything to Germany. The Jews began their treacherous work during the war, when most of them stayed at home piling up wealth. Only the *Führer* saved the Fatherland from these people, and his warning took years to be heard. A few not so clever people have bungled in handling the Jewish problem, but one should look at history. Where will one find such a bloodless revolution? The victorious usually put their enemies to death, but in Germany they have merely taken them into "protective custody."

Here is a not unintelligent woman writing at a time when Catholics and Protestants are being driven farther into their corners, when opposition opinion has no chance to be heard except through underground channels. Although she

has a boy of fourteen who is doomed to serve in a labor camp, she writes only of the Jewish question. To be sure, when I talked with them face to face, this German woman and her husband made many qualifications. No doubt many letters like hers are flooding the mails at the instigation of Herr Goebbels. The one note of realism in the letter is a complaint about prices. Prices are terrible.

In 1922 and 1923 prices were also terrible. It was the period of the inflation. The frightfulness of prices, the daily battle for one egg, a little meat, drove the German people into the arms of Hitler. Hitler's arms were strengthened by the enormous resources of the Krupps, the Thyssens, and other industrialists, who in this last year have been able to declare bigger dividends than before. The Socialists, Communists, and trade unionists had no such backing. In 1930 prices were still the subject of continual complaint. I was in Germany then, and many persons were willing to have anything happen. Some of the unpolitically minded were as ready for bolshevism as for fascism, whichever would give a future to the children. Now, after years of expectation and patience, they still have high and even higher prices. The cost of living rose so sharply this summer that food riots broke out in Berlin and even in small towns in the provinces.

How long will the psychological reasons for submission to Hitler hold in the face of continuing economic instability for the great mass of people? Hitler has been successful in selling to the Germans the idea that he saved the country and all Europe from bolshevism, and that bolshevism is a destructive force, a strictly Jewish movement. Lately the term bolshevism with too much use has begun to lose its sharp edge. The Catholics also have been accused of bolshevism. The result has been to throw them into the opposition movement. In the Saar one of the illegal papers of the underground movement appears with the hammer and sickle combined with the Catholic cross. A priest about to be arrested was warned by the underground route; his house was surrounded by workers and peasants from the neighborhood, few of whom were Catholic, and the troopers coming to arrest him turned back at the sight of the dense crowd.

The existence of the underground movement is denied in the legal press, but twenty illegal papers come out regularly in Berlin alone. Hundreds of others appear irregularly. The papers are distributed by children and by workers during their working hours. The penalty for distributing such contraband may be the concentration camp; it may be death. Strikes are treason, and leaders are punished by death at the hands of a firing squad or by sentences to concentration camps. Yet strikes go on. Dozens occurred last summer, especially in the metal trades. Sometimes the strike consisted in a passive laying down of tools for an hour. Sometimes work was merely slowed up, "sticking," as they term it, "to the hands." Demonstrations used to be made for the release of Thälmann, the Communist leader, but lately there have been none, and it is not known for certain whether he is alive or dead. Only Germans who get their information from the legal press have any illusions about the so-called "bloodless revolution" of the Nazis; blood has flowed and is flowing. But if this last year was marked by the further concentration of wealth in the hands of the big industrialists, it is also notable that in the same period the underground movement made its greatest progress.

The outside world is always impatient of the predicament of a particular nation. Other people are always stupid and gulled by their leaders. Even within Germany itself some underground workers still puzzle at the suddenness of Hitler's blow. How could the powerful trade-union movement have been so easily crushed? The German worker, they say, was ideologically the best-informed worker in the world; he read economics, was versed in Marxist theory. The German worker was also patient and endowed with power to wait and endure. His very virtues became a trap for him. His long training under an earlier militaristic Germany in which order was a god made him an easier dupe.

It has taken time to recover from the blow of Hitler's seizure of power. At first Socialists and Communists did not work together and had no association with outside groups. But conversion is not the aim of the underground. Communists are willing to work with Catholics for religious liberty, and if, as an underground worker told me, half of a group of Socialists working with Communists in getting out a paper turn Communist, such an event is the outcome of an experience and not the focus of the movement. That neutrals have become weary of the parades, the constant orders to beflag houses, to appear on streets for "spontaneous" demonstrations has made it a little easier for the underground to

work. The spying eye may not be so willing to see all that goes on around it. Moreover, the circle of Hitler's enemies widens every month. New recruits for the underground are made by Hitler himself. When he dissolves the Stahlhelm he suddenly touches many a family not formerly antagonistic. As yet they may merely not be so ready to hang out flags; they may smother their resentment and grow only a trifle more angry at the rise of prices; but by these tokens they serve the opposition whether they know it or not.

The recent drives against Catholics and Protestants are in reality against all secret enemies of the Third Reich. The theory that the stresses and strains possible in a democracy cannot be allowed to exist in the Nazi state demands eternal warfare against the opposition. In truth the Nazis can continue to exist only by exterminating the enemy. But can they exterminate so many? The underground movement, pressed down, bludgeoned into the earth, spurts up again in a new place. Hundreds of Nazi spies seek to stop the circulation of illegal papers, in vain. With cunning and courage the underground workers carry on their warfare. A neat office worker with a glass eye tears out his glass eye for his secret work, puts on the clothes of a beggar, stumps along with an empty socket in his face, defying identification. A Nazi spy is found out, and on his window in bold letters, no matter where he may move, the information is given that Spy So-and-So lives within. Thus exposed, he is useless; he moves again, can find no hiding.

On the surface these tiny resistances seem mere pin pricks against the powerful front of the Nazis, but this front is to some extent deceptive. A people is made up of individuals, and in all Germany few persons appear happy, few talk freely, there is little play. Only once in several months did I see people having what appeared to be a good time. It was at night in a Nazi neighborhood of little clerks and petty officials. A corner beer cafe was brightly lighted, and through the partly open door voices singing old German songs came out. Through the opening I could see the beer maid standing by the table, swaying and leading the singing while the men waved their mugs. It was the only time I saw this happen—a common event in the old days when people often sang in beer halls. The mood of a people is not to be ignored, especially when at its base there is an organized and growing movement of resistance.

The war preparations of Hitler contain the germs of their own doom. Never did a people want war less and seem more certain to get it. With hypocritical cunning the Nazi leaders attempt to lull the people with talk of pacifism. They were delighted this summer at Mussolini's plans. Whether Italy won or lost, Germany seemed certain to gain. Particularly they hoped that the League of Nations would be discredited. "That foolish collective arrangement" the Germans want to see dissolve of ineptitude; meanwhile, with eyes on Italy, Germany is perfecting its war machine.

The inevitability of war is realized not only by the underground movement but by workers in general. Ask any of them what is ahead, and the brief answer is war. Perhaps this fortifies them so that they are willing to risk the strikes that always bring death or the concentration camp to some of them. They mean to make a fight for their freedom, and it is not by chance that in the underground press they frequently refer to themselves as slaves. Some workers hope that the ever-widening circle of Hitler's enemies will

give the underground opposition strength to rid Germany of Hitler even before a great war comes; others feel they can only get rid of Hitler in such a world cataclysm.

The circle of enemies widens as the profits of the industrialists increase, as the living conditions of the workers go down with almost toboggan swiftness. The demonstrations against religious groups are grandstand play. The real enemy at the Nazi throat is bred by the Nazis themselves—the high prices and the depreciated standard of living of the masses. This enemy, of all their enemies, they are unable to down if they wish to protect the fortunes they were put in the saddle to perpetuate and increase. The Krupp works at Essen are working at full speed, but the sick list among Krupp workers went up 75 per cent last year as a result of the lowering of the standard of living.

A maid in a hotel complains that times are bad, tourists few, and only business men appear to travel, but she adds, "Anyhow we have our pride." Hitler reanimated the people by breaking down the Versailles treaty. But pride will not sustain a nation forever. Even Hitler's success with the youth movement carries a taint. Among the ardent Nazi youths many are too young as yet to test this new state. Can it give them jobs? So far its offer to youth is the labor and military camp. And within the labor camps an authentic junior opposition movement flourishes. Tiny leaflets are got out in secret; strikes break out over poor food, working conditions, even over songs they are asked to sing.

In 1924 I visited universities at Bonn, Jena, Freiburg, and Marburg. I lived in student homes where there was literally nothing to eat except black bread, cabbage, and plum jam. Students with set stern faces were already rabidly nationalistic in resentment at their defeat in the war. Maps of the world with patches of color to denote the presence of Germans were on the walls of the homes. At that time students wanted someone to blame. Hitler had begun to

shrill in Munich, and his accusations against the Jews were part of his program. But few students knew of him. They were rather accusing the academic world of pre-war Germany with its slavish adherence to militarism. They wanted to get away from the old Germany; they blamed the academic mind and its worship of pure intellect. Students rebelled against old forms, went nature crazy, became vegetarians, gave up smoking, and, in disapproval of the old aristocratic corps, even eschewed beer-drinking. These perfectly good impulses to break the old pattern were frayed and wasted under the vacillating Social Democracy, and like spoiled children who tire of a too indulgent parent, they took to Hitler and his narrow fanaticism. Some of the students of 1923 and 1924 have gone into the camp of the opposition, many have knuckled under to the Nazi rule. This jumble of passions and feelings that followed the war was exploited by the Nazis. The young people have been particularly appealed to. Games and exercises are more diverting than hard studies. A sense of importance has been given to youth which will only be defeated by the actuality of a Nazi state. Can it provide for the future? The answer is, only by war.

Whether the youth will accept war remains to be seen. The older generation is dead against it, but is powerless. The avalanche has been set in motion; let him who can get out of the way. All are caught in the big downward slide. Little children do not spend much time with parents who might try to put anti-Nazi thoughts into their heads. Even on Sundays the child is taken from his parents for long hikes supervised by Nazi teachers. The entire world is being remade for the child in the Nazi form. No wonder parents are full of dread which makes them turn not unwillingly to news of an opposition movement. They may not be part of it, but they no longer are so willing to inform on someone who is.

[A second article by Miss Herbst on the German underground movement will appear in an early issue.]

The Architect and the World

By ALBERT MAYER

SO far as I know, no one has yet adequately examined the reasons for the débâcle—financial and moral—of the practice of architecture in this country, or inquired into the architect's status and influence in the world in which he lives. Certainly construction work will revive sometime. The question is whether the architects will resume the passive role of designing work all of whose essentials have been determined by others, or whether they will become capable of assuming a leading creative role. And if they do rise out of somewhat inglorious ashes, what sort of physical and spiritual frame for what sort of life will they attempt to create? It is as important for the public to demand and accept a grander role for architecture as it is for architects definitely to formulate its content.

To give continuity to such a picture, one must first sketch what the role of the architect has been hitherto, and how far he has himself contributed to the present débâcle. Several points stand out. In the first place, the architect has generally had to solve a set problem, the fundamentals of which have been determined by his client. Though he

has often evolved ingenious methods of carrying out the premises, or even adjusted their relative importance, the individual architect has never deeply probed or fundamentally changed the project assigned him, nor have architects as a class taken a sufficiently bold and intelligent and united stand to influence or change the background out of which the fundamental decisions of other persons developed. In the second place, architects have never emerged from being a special class, a very genteel class. Other professions affect life at many points. Lawyers become the majority of our legislators local and national, and furnish all our judges. Engineers affect and even revolutionize our productive processes, and in many cases end up as managers of big business enterprises. College professors educate our youth, become Presidents, form brain trusts, write syndicated articles of wide influence for our newspapers. Architects at most have become members of municipal fine-arts commissions which control civic centers that never are built or make minor decisions concerning the classical façades of those that are. (A notable exception was the influence of Burnham in Chicago.)

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In short, architects have not been part of the web of life. They have been a luxury class, called on to beautify and make reasonably palatable the products of a hit-or-miss civilization; they have been more or less high-grade embellishers of such a civilization. The more productive have also been good hand-shakers, a requirement which is often even more important than a talent for embellishment. They have contributed nothing independent; they have accepted the premises of over-congestion and its accompanying decay, have been content to help work out ingenious methods for attaining it, have suggested equally ingenious and absurd methods of double-decking and triple-decking highways for relieving it. They have contributed their part to the creation of snobbish and unlovely suburbs; they have acquiesced in the overbuilding of housing for the wealthier classes, and have done practically nothing toward pressing residential construction for the poor. Under the circumstances, with this absence of fundamental thinking and of resulting convictions, with this willingness to swim along with a muddy tide without even realizing its muddiness, there was no chance for architecture as an art to have any real development.

While this analysis may sound harsh, I have no desire to overstate the case. American architects should have full credit for great technical ingenuity in the development of both structural and mechanical methods, and for ingenious planning. But the unpardonable sin has been the use of these to make fundamental absurdities look more and more possible. We as architects have really nothing to complain of. We deserved to get it in the neck, and we have got it in the neck properly. The question now is: What can we do to restore architecture to its rightful social importance and aesthetic distinction, to the position it has had in any great period of architecture?

What is modern architecture? What should an architect be, what should constitute his qualifications? Of all the arts architecture is, of course, the most complex, involving an integration of the most varying types of constituent parts. It involves a background of planning and a feeling for trends—social, economic, physical—in which the particular structure harmoniously finds its place. For the particular structure or set of structures it involves visualizing how people live and work, how they want to live and work. It requires a sense of engineering and of structure, a knowledge of the suitability of materials and their permanence. It requires ability to coordinate the work of specialists who understand the detailed processes in these fields and the ability to check their specialist excesses and to canalize their idiosyncrasies. But these elements are not enough. Alone they tend to result in a rather barren statistical and sociological architecture, which is indeed the trend of the advanced work in this country. In addition to these elements, and above all, it requires on the aesthetic side a deep and permeating sense of what actuates all the arts, an understanding of what in all the arts makes for rhythm and form and color and plastic value. Out of utilitarian fitness the architect must create aesthetic fitness. When I say that it is indispensable to have a knowledge of the fundamentals of music, of sculpture, of painting, of mathematics, I don't mean that it is necessary to play the piano or to solve a differential equation, but I do mean that this whole range should be as a deep well of art from which the architect can draw for his inspiration. I do say that it is not enough to study architectural aesthetics and architec-

tural styles, even when they come to be presented in our educational institutions as living organisms rather than as archaeological perfections. For it is the final problem of the architect to take all the diverse social, economic, physical, and structural elements and to sublimate them into stimulating creations interrelated with each other and with life. The architect must always keep alive an overpowering sense of harmony and of counterpoint, so that in the end his creations are inevitable and simple, so that ordinary people experience a feeling of elation, and a grasp of the ultimate simplicity and purpose of great architecture.

One obvious comment on this is that it demands supermen to carry it out. I think not. In the first place, it will be a good thing if mediocrities do stay out of architecture, if at one end the purely business man and at the other end those who, like a well-known advertiser, simply love nice things, are both discouraged from entering architecture. In the second place, the technical and the artistic elements outlined are similar in kind; they require a mind that unifies and simplifies. Architectural education can and should be reoriented so as to embrace these essential elements in place of the extraneous matters now included and in place of the large bulk of memory items. Finally and most important, collaboration of architects generally and of groups of architects will eliminate the enormous amount of time wasted by duplication of research into materials and methods.

Given such equipment, what should the architect do? One of his main jobs as an individual and as a class is to struggle boldly and tenaciously to establish conditions which will enable him to use such broad-gauged equipment. For in the last analysis it is the public which will determine what role it will let the architect play. We have already noted the background of broad general planning in which the architect's individual creations find an appropriate place. Here the architect has two distinct assignments: one is to help create an overwhelming sentiment in favor of such planning; the second is to take a hand in determining the objectives. It is tacitly assumed among the plan-minded that if such terms as regional planning, city planning, and so on, are accepted, all will be well. But infinitely more important is the question of objective: what does the plan seek, whom will it benefit, and who will pay the cost of the benefits? Nazi plans call for a sort of mythological racial purity with hereditary peasants and a distributive status quo, and the houses they are now building are meager, half-timbered, gabled medieval affairs in or near small villages. The Fascists' plans, like other plans operating on the basis of preservation of present inequality, hark back to ancient glories, and are centered on restoring the aura of ancient Rome. The Russian plan centers about the welfare of an industrial proletariat, and we see enormous primary construction, large housing schemes, parks of rest and culture. Such thumbnail summaries are, of course, oversimplifications, but they do fairly illustrate the issue: that the general ideological and social background determines the architect's work. Architects must also insist on a coordinate status in determining the essentials of a project, instead of as at present simply carrying out in detail the essential factors determined by someone else generally less qualified. An excellent example of how to proceed is furnished by the present housing situation. Instead of the architectural profession flaming into print and into action at the housing fatuities in Wash-

ington, it has been with almost no exceptions inarticulate.

In great periods of architecture the architect found himself in harmony with life at large; he was inspired by the current transcendent faith of his time. And indeed he was an important figure of his time, as the architect should be now. For the abbots and the bishops in the Middle Ages, the court chamberlains in ancient Egypt, rather than the actual craftsmen who carried out the detail, were the architects in the modern sense. Great architecture demands first a generally accepted background of life and aspiration of sufficient significance so that the artist and the creator can believe in it with passion and assume with serenity that it exists; and second a position of authority for architecture and the architect commensurate with his importance in a vital civilization and with the extraordinary demands made on him.

From this it can be seen that we are unlikely to achieve great architecture in this country in the near future. The conditions are not here and the architects are not here. Our job in these changing times is to struggle toward establishing the conditions that can produce great architecture, to educate new architects worthy of these conditions, and as far as we can, to create challenging examples which can be the forerunners of something great. The nearest approach to great architecture in modern times, certainly the most challenging mass movement, was the German housing and city rebuilding in the fifteen years after the war. Here the architects became leaders in the demand for a richer life, and simultaneously in the creation of its architectural frame. Of course, all this is changed, and the individuals responsible for it have been dismissed or banished by the Nazis. But what a splendid testimonial to them remains!

On the technical side, architecture has never before had the freedom from limitations of materials and methods that it has now. With steels and alloys, reinforced concrete, glass, insulating materials, electric transmission, with motor cars and aeroplanes, there is almost no limit on design however bold, or on the location of structures. But instead of achieving grander integration, this very structural progress has generally resulted in divorce of structure on the one hand from plan and façade on the other. The structure was made to jump through hoops at the command of fake premises laid down by exploiters and speculators. So that the very instruments that can, and one day will, produce an unprecedentedly splendid architecture have up to now simply accelerated the rate of confusion. Of course, this state of affairs exists not only in architecture but throughout our society. Architects alone won't change it; society must recognize the absurdities and injustices of a system based on exploitation and speculation. However, architects are all but forced to take a lead in such movements, for it is peculiarly their creations that cannot flower in such an atmosphere.

The architect's task is to produce an architecture of content and form as idiomatic of our time as Gothic was of its time. And as the Gothic style was international in its day because of the general similarity of beliefs and of available methods, so there will be an international style of our day, not necessarily "the international style" so-called. It will no more be monotonous than a succession of Gothic cathedrals is monotonous. It will differ as between architects and from place to place and from country to country, but there will be some uniformity of underlying idiom as there always is in all great architecture. It may have the severe beauty of

Gropius's Bauhaus, the magnificent scale and open flow of the schools and housing of Romerstadt, the romanticism of Dudok's City Hall in Hilversum, the rocky beauty of some of Frank Lloyd Wright's work, or the fluent transparency of Brinkman and Vander Vlugt's Van Nelle factory. Different as these are they employ means and they meet needs and desires of this time and of no other. But they have an abiding beauty which any age will recognize; they evoke in the beholder emotions and a realization of beauty and fitness as compellingly as Greek temples or Gothic cathedrals. They are the challenging forerunners.

Possibly such a manifesto as this should have been formulated by someone longer in the field of architecture than I. But it is now five years since the visible débâcle of architecture in this country and nothing has been forthcoming. It is time that the theses were nailed to the door.

Correspondence

"The Crisis of the Middle Class"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I am an employable man not on relief. For forty years, almost, I have breathed the air of this earth, educating myself, working days and attending law school nights, saving, struggling from the lower rungs of the ladder into the higher responsibilities of a bank executive, and from there—foolishly, as it turned out—into investment banking, a year before the crash. What is there in the world for me and mine today? A man with a daughter of fifteen and another of six and a trusting, hopeful wife cannot nigger about the truth.

I have been a member of the bar for twelve years. Today that great profession offers two truly remarkable openings: firms surcharged with overhead would be delighted to have my name painted upon the door if I would agree to share the overhead, or to take me on as an associate provided I devoted a goodly portion of my time to the more menial duties around their office. Thus far I have not seen my way clear to accept either proposition. I have a shingle, weathering outside the front door. I have the law books which, during fifteen years, have cumulatively cost me many hundreds of dollars. I file ejectments for landlords, now; sue for dinky sums. I wait for fees, and often take them in the form of ice from my ice man or coal from a business man, perhaps oil from another, and good wishes from a number of others. You ask how it is I am not connected with some one of the alphabetical agencies of the New Deal? I am of the wrong political persuasion, it seems.

Have I been to the FERA people? Indeed, I have. Thin soles and frayed underwear and want upon want drove me there in spite of all the pride I ever had. I gave them all the information their forms required and waited. By and by a letter came about the Federal Housing Administration, suggesting that I might qualify as a canvasser. I sent my whole life's history into the local office. Back it came with a letter, "The information has been noted in our records"; and the wait began. The winter grew colder. Wants pressed more insistently. My daughter needed medicine. My wife's folks, with whom we had doubled up, were themselves pressed with mortgage troubles and long unemployment. Beans and potatoes were the mainstays of our diet. Something had to be done. Perhaps the HOLC would take me on. No good, all jobs filled. I had long ago discovered that house-to-house canvassing was not in my line. I could not afford to run around in my car, paying my own expenses, trying to sell something like vacuum

cleaners or oil heaters on a questionable commission basis. Back I went to the FERA office. The kindly man sent for my "file," looked at it, folded his hands, and sat for a moment. He said finally: "You're not living in your own house, I see. That means that if you go on the relief rolls you'll get less, by far, than I could give you if you had your own place. It's too bad you have a car. And a very expensive radio, too. But I might overlook those things, seeing it's you. Tell you what: we might arrange a place for you—a sort of domicile for your family. Even if it's only one room, and to all intents and purposes your family is living there, that would put you down as the head of a family. Your chances of getting more would be better, you see?" I nodded. Yes, much better. "Before we go on relief, though, let's see what we can find. There'll be an investigator out here from the in-town office in a week or so. I'll have him look you over with the other men he'll see for a job as interviewer. Pays—ah—lemme see—twenty-four hours a week duty—pays \$22.50 a week. Want me to put you down for it?"

Again I nodded. Again the wait. A week, two weeks, a month. The man came from in-town. I sat at his desk. Told him my tale, backwards and forwards, took an hour of his time, though, really, he took an hour of mine, for he admitted to me his ambition to become a lawyer, confessed what a frightfully bad memory he had, jotted down my hint that he read and study Robinson's "The Mind in the Making," Schofield's "The Unconscious Mind," and Pitkin's "The Psychology of Achievement." Nothing happened.

The WPA projects swoon if I try to hit them for a job: they take only those who are on the relief rolls—and I have a five-year-old car and a radio! So I am an employable man not on relief. What can one do?

Brookline, Mass., December 20 LAWRENCE E. HANSON

Is this Sarcasm?

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The piece in your issue of December 11 concerning the annual expense of Lady Mendl's attire is such a cheap and unmitigated piece of demagoguery as to shame the meanest Union Square soapbox orator. Just be "realistic," and imagine what kind of a world we'd have if the Lady Mendls and their kind were eliminated. No color, no contrast. Look at England and the pomp and circumstance every time there is a national anniversary or royal wedding. The proletariat just love it.

It is such tawdry sentiments as you express in your article that keep *The Nation* down to its negligible circulation. You are out of tune with the great mass of Americans whose interests you are supposed to speak for.

Atlanta, N. Y., December 13

H. A. WHIPPLE

A Memoir of Æ

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The Macmillan Company of London has arranged to publish a Memoir of Æ (the late G. W. Russell) by his friend Mr. John Eglinton, and I should be extremely grateful to your readers for the loan of any letters or documents by Æ which might be of interest or assistance in this study of his life and work. The utmost care would be taken of any such material addressed to me at this office, St. Martin's St., London, W.C.2, and the papers would be copied and returned with the least possible delay.

London, November 30

FREDERICK MACMILLAN

A 3-Way Guide: TELLS, SHOWS, EXPLAINS:

SEX PRACTICE in MARRIAGE

By O. B. S. Evans, M.D., F.A.M.A., Member White House Conference, Committee on Maternal Care, Washington—Introduction by R. W. Holmes, M.D., F.A.C.S., Professor of Obstetrics, Northwestern University Medical School—Prefatory and other notes by Norman Haire, Oh.M., M.B., Specializing Obstetrician, Gynecologist and Sexologist, London, England

— and —

CHARTS OF SEX ORGANS WITH DETAILED EXPLANATIONS

By ROBERT L. DICKINSON, M.D., F.A.C.S., Senior Gynecologist and Obstetrician, Brooklyn Hospital

CONTENTS

- Section I. Bride and Groom
- Section II. The Cold Wife—Frigidity
- Section III. The Unsatisfied Wife
- Section IV. Married Courtship
- Section V. The Perfect Physical Expression of Love
- Section VI. Illustrative Charts and Explanations

THE CHARTS

- Female Sex Organs, Side View •
- The Internal Sex Organs • The External Sex Organs • Female Sex Organs, Front View • Entrance to Female Genital Parts • Male Sex Organs, Side View • Male Sex Organs, Front View • Male Reproductive Cell, Front and Side Views. (Detailed explanations accompany charts.)

“From a very large clinical experience I have come to the conclusion that probably not one in five men knows how to perform the sexual act correctly. As a general thing, even in so-called normal coitus, the man considers only himself and not the woman at all.”

COMMENTS

“This book is one of the clearest and most sensible expositions of the *ars amandi*. . . . The importance of the wife's reaching an orgasm and the technique of insuring that result are emphasized.”

—*Quarterly Review of Biology*

“Begins with a description of the nervousness of the young bride on the first night of marriage, and ends with an account of the positions in which coitus may take place.”

—*Lancet* (leading English medical journal)

“Tells the ordinary man and woman what they want to know, simply and directly. I should like to compel everyone—particularly men—to read it (they'd give women a straighter deal if they did).”

—*Éthel Mannin in the New Leader*

“Deals with the physical and psychological problems of coitus. . . . Can be freely recommended to patients who require guidance in their marital life. . . . It would certainly help men to understand the ‘frigid wife’.”

—*General Practice*

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Labor and Industry

Walter Winchell's Tooth

By HEYWOOD BROWN

I HAVE screamed on a great many occasions that labor news is very inadequately reported in the newspapers of this country. The best showing is made in New York City with the *Times* giving the most complete and accurate coverage. The *Herald Tribune* is well above the average for the rest of the country. But I want to cite one specific instance of recent journalistic shortsightedness. Of course, a single incident does not make a case. But it may be symptomatic, and there is a virtue in specific allegations.

All right, then. John L. Lewis is the president of the United Mine Workers of America, which is the most powerful union in the A. F. of L. set-up. He is, moreover, the driving force in the movement toward industrial unionism. Many people think that the history of America may be largely written, for the next few years at any rate, in terms of the success or failure of this movement. Nobody in the political or economic field would deny that Lewis is one of the most important figures in the current march of events.

He came to New York on December 18 to make a speech before a general meeting of the American Newspaper Guild. The meeting was held at the Hotel New Yorker. It was open, a press table was set up, and reporters were present. No prepared advance copy was offered. Mr. Lewis spoke extemporaneously and without notes for a matter of forty-five or fifty minutes. To some extent the speech was an informal one, extending greetings to the guild. But before he was done, John L. Lewis took occasion to criticize John W. Davis severely for his criticisms of the National Labor Disputes Act. These criticisms were based on a reply issued from the law office of John W. Davis that afternoon in the matter of the Morris Watson case.

This is an action against the Associated Press on behalf of a guild vice-president who was discharged abruptly after seven years of service. It is contended that Morris Watson was fired because of his organizational activities. It is quite possible that the Watson action may be the test case to be brought before the Supreme Court. Lewis, speaking as a labor leader, criticized very sharply the attitude of business men in general who are fighting collective bargaining. It so happens that his address before the guild was the first speech which he has made in New York in a couple of years. If he had been speaking before a publishers' convention or the Pennsylvania Society or the Daughters of the American Revolution, I haven't any doubt that a speech by John L. Lewis would have been pretty fully reported. The fact that his audience was made up of guild members reduced the space allowed in the *Times* to a few scant paragraphs. And the *Herald Tribune* made no mention of the story at all.

I was interested because in looking over Mr. Ogden Reid's paper I observed an article of some three or four hundred words on the fact that Walter Winchell had been punched in the mouth by two unidentified assailants and that one of their blows had knocked out a tooth. I was interested because I am a friend of Mr. Winchell's, and, in addition, when people make physical attacks on columnists

I unconsciously identify myself with the victim. It makes my teeth ache all over.

I was less interested than I might have been because Walter Winchell's thrilling experience had already been reported. In fact, Mr. Winchell's tooth broke for the evening papers. Moreover, I had seen him before the *Herald Tribune* story appeared, and he assured me that no tooth had been knocked out. The *cause célèbre* boiled down to the fact that a pivot tooth had been slightly loosened. It was already wired back into place by the time Mr. Reid's newsboys were disseminating the momentous and slightly distorted material.

Of course, newspapers are often rushed, and a night editor cannot be expected to look every gift story in the mouth. I'm quite ready to admit that if Walter Winchell is punched, that is news; although I would not put it in the list of either epochal or strange incidents. I have said that Mr. Winchell is a friend of mine, and so I hope he will not take umbrage if I insist that a fighting speech by the most prominent labor leader in America today is more properly a matter of journalistic concern than any porcelainic tragedy in the life of the *Mirror's* Broadway columnist. I am not maintaining that John L. Lewis is always right; neither is Walter Winchell, for that matter. My contention is merely that Lewis, hot or cold, looms larger in the progress of world affairs.

I do not know that the works of Walter Winchell may not all be printed on vellum immediately after his death and preserved for posterity. But even so, labor and politics are more directly the concern of a daily paper than belles-lettres. Sometimes critics of the press are a little too captious and suspicious. Not every failure to report the news is the result of a deep-dyed reactionary plot. I don't think that Lewis was allowed to come and go without mention in the columns of the *Herald Tribune* on account of any set and prepared policy of the paper. I am quite ready to give a break to that lively sheet. I am ready to hazard the guess that the omission was due to sheer stupidity.

Nevertheless, I have no desire to shower compliments of this sort on the entire press of the country. I think that, generally speaking, labor is badly reported because newspaper publishers are large owners or, at the very least, represent large owners. Gentlemen of this stripe rather prefer not to have trade unionism talked about. This is particularly true when it comes close home and touches the organization of their own reportorial employees. In the case of the Lewis speech there was the further fact that he attacked the Associated Press in criticizing its counsel, John W. Davis.

Now the Associated Press is a sacred cow to practically all American newspapers. It is the sacred cow because, if I may be permitted to switch metaphors in midstream, the A. P. is the very spinal column of American journalism. Scratch its surface and thousands of papers bleed. But it is essential that when the A. P. is under attack, the fullest publicity should be given to the facts. Otherwise the integ-

urity of the entire American press falls under a cloud. In theory the Associated Press has no editorial position. It is not supposed to be Republican or Democratic, conservative or radical. The fine picture painted for the public is that of a pipe-line through which the news flows freely and without distortion by the introduction of impurities. If this is the case, the Associated Press must report a case in which it is involved just as freely as it would handle a similar situation involving any other organization. So far, it has not

done so. There have been several preliminary skirmishes in the Watson case in which the guild has stated its position only to find, "the Associated Press has nothing to say."

Somebody should blast this silent treatment. Indeed, I think that organized labor will learn that it is gravely handicapped until it gets fairer news treatment for those matters which concern its very life. We shall have to grow up to a point where John L. Lewis is not obscured in the shadow of Walter Winchell's tooth.

Company Unions on the Railroads

By BUDD L. MCKILLIPS

BEHIND barbed-wire stockades, and with professional strike-breakers, armed guards, and stool pigeons functioning as midwives, railroad company unions were born by the score in the summer and fall of 1922. With the aid of periodical financial transfusions from railroad treasuries, frequent bribery of leaders, and systematic coercion of members, they lived a hot-house life until 1933. Then the workers, inspired by new federal railroad labor legislation and an intensive campaign launched by the A. F. of L. Railway Employees Department, began gleefully kicking them into the boneyard.

They kicked hard and frequently. As a result, bona fide international labor organizations replaced approximately 550 company unions on seventy-seven railroads between June, 1933, and November, 1935. There are still about fifty roads—most of them small lines—to be "mopped up." The Pennsylvania system and the Santa Fé are the only large company-union strongholds left; and a serious breach was made in the Santa Fé fortress during October when the Brotherhood of Railway Clerks won a union-representation election conducted by the National Mediation Board among 5,000 clerical employees. In general, company unionism on the railroads has been confined to shop and roundhouse employees. Clerks, maintenance-of-way employees, and telegraphers have suffered from it to some extent on a few roads. It is practically non-existent in the train and engine services.

Prior to 1922 company unions were almost unheard-of on the railroads. On July 1 of that year the Federated Shop Crafts—Machinists, Boilermakers, Blacksmiths, Electrical Workers, Carmen, and Sheet Metal Workers—went on a nation-wide strike against a 10 per cent wage cut, the second within twelve months. The Stationary Firemen and Oilers struck a few weeks later.

Three days after the shopmen walked out, Ben W. Hooper, chairman of the now defunct United States Railroad Labor Board, issued a proclamation that was applauded by every hard-boiled anti-union boss in America. Hooper, a former Republican governor of Tennessee whom President Harding had appointed as a neutral member of the board, showed his impartiality by declaring in his proclamation that men taking the strikers' jobs would not be strike-breakers but would be performing an "indispensable service," and, therefore, "entitled to the protection of every branch of the government." Furthermore, Hooper asserted with great emphasis, each railroad "should take steps as soon as practicable . . . to form some sort of association" of the "replace-

ment men." The railroads wasted no time in taking Mr. Hooper's advice. The steps were identical in almost every case. Railroad officials picked a few key men in each shop as committeemen for the new organization. Railroad attorneys drafted constitutions and by-laws. Thus the company unions were born.

Late in September the strike was settled on a number of the roads, and relations between the managements and the standard unions were resumed on those lines. The roads which did not settle dug their company unions in deeper. "Yellow-dog" contracts were instituted on a wholesale basis. Some railroads offered special inducements to make company unionism attractive. On the Atlantic Coast Line any shopman who did not pay his dues to the company union promptly each month was classed as "inefficient" and had his pay reduced two cents an hour. If that penalty didn't bring him to time he was fired or given obnoxious jobs around the shop.

Not all the company unions had dues. In some cases the railroads openly paid all expenses. For a long time the Pennsylvania spent one million dollars a year to keep its fourteen company unions going. Less generous railroads made the employees pay part of the bills. The process was simple. Each employee automatically became a company-union member, and the monthly dues were deducted from his pay checks. But whether the railroad paid all the bills or forced the employees to bear part of the expense, the result was always the same—the management absolutely controlled the company union, hand-picked its officers, approved its constitution, and drafted all "agreements."

I have examined scores of these constitutions and alleged agreements. All contain loopholes through which any railroad could drag its largest locomotive. For instance, here is the working-hours provision in the Pennsylvania company-union agreement: "The normal working hours will be eight per day but may by mutual agreement exceed nine hours per day." The important question of seniority rights is disposed of in the statement that the "employer is to be the judge."

The Pennsylvania "agreement" is a 117-page closely printed booklet. It contains complicated wage provisions covering thirty-two day-wage rates, eighteen piece-work factors, and thousands of piece-work prices. I spent two weeks among the road's 12,000 shop employees at Altoona, Pennsylvania, and did not find a single man who understood what that cross-word puzzle of rates meant. The agreement was drafted by the company and approved after "five hours' study" by a hand-picked committee. T. H. Davis, the chair-

man of this committee, admitted to a Congressional committee in 1934 that after his group approved the agreement, the Pennsylvania management paid him \$275 a month to "represent" the men.

What happened on the Pennsylvania was typical of what was going on in company-union circles on the other railroads. The man whom the Great Northern picked as general chairman for its shopmen had been exposed a few years before as an operative for a labor-spy agency. The leader of the Minneapolis and St. Louis company-union movement had been expelled from a bona fide labor organization for an attempted betrayal of his fellow-workers.

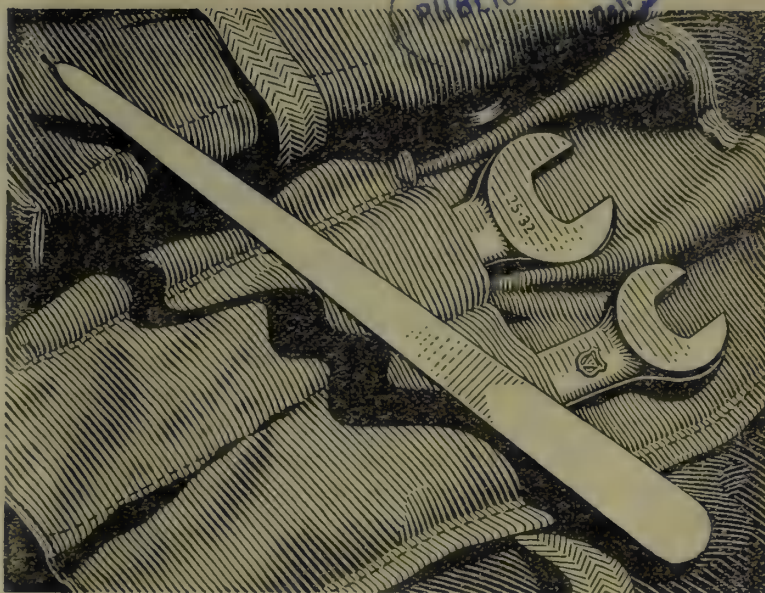
The whole story of railroad company unions is a sordid one. So-called agreements were approved when they called for wages ten to fifteen cents lower than the rate for the same kind of work on lines where the bona fide organizations had contracts. Time and one-half for overtime was eliminated in scores of instances. Other valuable working conditions, which had prevailed for years before the company unions were formed, were wiped out.

During the more than eleven years that these fake organizations flourished there is no case on record in which a single one of them initiated a move for increased wages, sought to secure beneficial labor legislation, or lifted a finger to prevent wage cuts. On the other hand, when the bona fide unions would open negotiations for wage increases on roads where they had agreements, other railroads—company-union lines—would hurriedly "negotiate" a new wage agreement with their own hand-picked committees, granting an increase of a cent or two an hour, a fraction of what the real unions were asking on competing roads.

A classic illustration of this trickery was exposed in 1929 in the decision of the United States Supreme Court against the Texas and New Orleans and in favor of the Brotherhood of Railway Clerks. In 1927 the brotherhood—an A. F. of L. union—asked the Southern Pacific for a wage increase. The S. P., for operating purposes, is divided into two parts. East of El Paso it is called the Texas and New Orleans. On the western part of the system the wage question went to arbitration and the brotherhood won. On the lines east of El Paso—the T. and N. O.—the management attempted to set up a company union.

In a letter to President McDonald of the Southern Pacific, H. M. Lull, executive vice-president of the T. and N. O., explained why he had made this move. He said that on the basis of the award on the western lines the clerks under his jurisdiction were likely to get an increase of \$340,000 a year. "If we are successful in setting up a company union," said Mr. Lull, "I am satisfied we can make a settlement at a cost not to exceed \$75,000 a year." In other words, a company union among the clerks alone on one-half of the Southern Pacific was worth \$265,000 a year.

The A. F. of L. unions made repeated attempts to organize the company-union roads. Employees, however, were discriminated against or fired outright when they showed symptoms of wanting to discard the dummies. With the exception of the Chicago and Alton, where the shopmen killed their company union in 1928, little progress was made until 1933. The downfall of the company unions began in March, 1933, when the standard railroad labor organizations, through Senator George Norris of Nebraska, amended the federal Bankruptcy Act so that any railroad in re-



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ceivership was forbidden to (1) spend any funds to maintain company unions; (2) require any employee to sign a "yellow-dog" contract; (3) fail to notify all employees "by an appropriate notice that said [yellow-dog] contract has been discarded and is no longer binding on them in any way."

The big Missouri Pacific system was then in receivership. Its company unions crashed. Others began to crumble on roads which were going through the wringer.

In 1934 the standard organizations staged another Congressional battle for the right of the workers to choose their own unions. This drive ended in June when Congress amended the Railway Labor Act of 1924 so as to provide stiff penalties—fines and imprisonment—for any railroad, solvent or bankrupt, which gave financial aid to a company union and for any railroad official, or his "agent," who interfered in any way with the right of employees to belong to labor unions of their own choosing.

The old United States Mediation Board, which had never been anything except an asylum for needy politicians, was scrapped and a new three-member National Mediation Board created to administer the revised Railway Labor Act. Headed by Dr. William M. Leiserson, a labor economist of national reputation, the new board has supervised union-representation elections, investigated alleged acts of coercion by rail officials, and functioned thoroughly in a fair and decent manner. In addition to Dr. Leiserson, the members of the board are James W. Carmalt, former chief examiner for the Interstate Commerce Commission, and Otto S. Beyer, a consulting engineer, who replaced John Carmody when the latter was transferred to the National Labor Board.

Legislative broadsides against company unions were followed by the launching of intensive unionization campaigns on the part of standard organizations in shops and round-houses throughout the land. Many of the railroads made various undercover attempts to keep their company unions going. Open financial assistance had to be withdrawn, but there is no question that some of the roads found methods to provide the dummies with funds. Many of the company unions also received a helping hand in the form of lay-offs for men who joined bona fide organizations. The Southern Pacific, in October, 1934, when the Mediation Board was preparing to hold a representation election on that system, made an "agreement" with its company union whereby 40 per cent of the shop employees were to be laid off. The word was then passed that this lay-off would not be made if the A. F. of L. were "kept off the lines." This was coercion of the worst kind. But less than three months later 6,416 of the Southern Pacific's 8,619 shopmen voted for representation by the A. F. of L. Railway Employees Department.

The organization movement started in 1933 hit high speeds throughout 1934. The Union Pacific, fifth largest railroad in the nation, went A. F. of L. on the day President Roosevelt signed the Railway Labor Act amendments. The big Illinois Central, the Northern Pacific, the Rock Island, the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western, and the Nickel Plate were among the roads on which the shopmen won A. F. of L. representation during 1934. The gains of the bona fide unions have continued through 1935. During the twelve months ending June 30, 1935, thousands of workers voted in representation elections conducted by the board. Seventy-three per cent voted for the standard unions.

The Brotherhood of Railway Clerks has practically

eliminated company unions so far as clerical workers are concerned. The Brotherhood of Maintenance of Way Employees is doing the same thing for section men and other track workers. The Order of Railroad Telegraphers is driving out the few dummies that plagued it. The Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, an A. F. of L. union composed exclusively of colored workers, put the Pullman Company's union out of business last July by a vote of 5,931 to 1,422.

The standard unions have met with some setbacks in their campaign. They lost the representation election among shopmen on the Atlantic Coast Line by a few votes. Charges of coercion by the management were investigated by the National Mediation Board and found to be substantiated. A new election was ordered, but this is being held up by an injunction secured by the company union. An injunction is also blocking a Mediation Board poll among Western Maryland shop employees.

On the Rock Island a year and a half ago the A. F. of L. shop craft unions won the election and negotiated an agreement with the management. But Federal Judge Richard J. Hopkins of Topeka, Kansas, was still refusing as late as November 6, 1935, to dismiss an injunction he issued in July, 1934, requiring the Rock Island to continue deducting company-union dues from employees' wages. This puts the Rock Island management in the peculiar position of violating the Railway Labor Act by continuing the company-union check-off, and running the risk of being cited for contempt of court if it quits acting as a dues collector for the illegal and defunct dummy.

There are some tough fights ahead of the standard organizations before the last company union is abolished. The diehard railroads are making a determined stand in a number of instances through an organization known as the Brotherhood of Railroad Shop Crafts of America. It claims to be an "independent labor organization." Facts show otherwise, however. This "brotherhood" was founded at Chicago early in July, 1934, at "a gigantic convention" (according to press releases sent to all newspapers at that time) of "delegates representing more than 70 per cent of the shop workers from seventy-five railroads." A few days later more press releases told of a "monster mass-meeting" of Altoona shopmen to form a local union of the "new brotherhood." The press releases were sent out by L. T. Henderson, a high-powered publicity man for the Pennsylvania. There were exactly twenty delegates, representing no one except the reactionary element in railroad management, at the "gigantic" Chicago convention, and only 110 at the "monster mass-meeting" in Altoona. Eighty-nine of the 110 were identified as Pennsylvania shop foremen and other officials.

To complete the exposé of the fake, the *Wall Street Journal* unwittingly spilled the beans by frankly explaining to its big-business readers that the railroad managements "cooperated" in creating the "brotherhood" because "development of a national union out of the so-called company unions is necessary under the new Rail Labor Act, which requires a union to be national before it can be recognized by the National Board of Adjustment"—a sub-tribunal of the National Mediation Board. This explanation was captioned: "Carrier-Supported Body Is Opposed to A. F. of L."

[This is the first of a series of articles on company unions. The second—dealing with company unions in the automobile industry—will appear next week.]

Books and Drama

The Fair Field

The Vision of Piers Plowman. By William Langland. Newly Rendered into Modern English by Henry W. Wells. With an Introduction by Nevill Coghill. Sheed and Ward. \$3.

WILLIAM LANGLAND, or whoever it was that wrote "Piers Plowman" (it may have been not one man but five, and if it was one man he may have been William de la Rokele), was a contemporary of Chaucer, and to a reader of modern poetry this is the most interesting fact about him. For in the sense that Chaucer was modern he was not; he was medieval, as Chaucer was in part but only in part. The medieval part of Chaucer has ceased to be wholly intelligible and naturally interesting; and the same thing goes, tragically or not, for Langland in his entirety. Langland cannot be understood today without a commentary which is almost as long as he is; Chaucer can be understood wherever there is an interest in personality and in the kind of narrative which returned to England with the Renaissance—the kind represented by the "Canterbury Tales," by the plays of Shakespeare, and by the modern novel. To say that Chaucer and Shakespeare and Tolstoy are more complex than Langland is to stray from the truth and to miss the point of the comparison. They are vastly more simple. Their works contain many elements, but the reference is always single—it is to the nature of man as we have known him since he became once more the measure of all things. His life may have its ups and downs, but it follows a single line—the curving line of nature. For Langland there was the God of nature, too; stories for him took place at the same time on earth and in heaven, and the least number of meanings that a narrative could have was four: its "simple" meaning, to adopt Mr. Coghill's nomenclature, its "transferred" meaning, its "moral" meaning, and its meaning in eternity. Now all this may have been other than complex to a medieval reader, since he could accept such a system of references without effort. But there is little use in pretending that we can go the whole way even with effort. Something has been lost out of the world, and it probably cannot be replaced. There may be another Middle Ages ahead of us, but the chances are slight that it will be like Langland's.

A reader coming eagerly to another translation of this famous poem is bound in some measure, then, to be disappointed. If he has heard that it describes fourteenth-century England he will find it doing so in a way for which he has not been prepared. There are no individuals, picturesque or otherwise, though there are landscapes and interiors; there are only classes and trades, and among them move abstractions with such names as Lady Meed, Dowell, and the Active Man. Nor will the classes be clear, since they are not entities to be contemplated in themselves. They lead us like everything else in the poem to the fourth level of theology; where, since we have no theology of our own, we wander through a maze of capitalized words which even a historian of philosophy cannot make lucid to us as they once were lucid. Least of all, knowing beforehand that the poem is eloquent concerning the miseries of the medieval poor, may we expect that a revolution is recommended by the poet. Revolutions take place in history but not in heaven. Langland was simply reminding his England of what the unchanging universe was like; and we are both too fond of change and too skeptical about the universe to be capable of following where he goes. This is not to say that we are superior. It is only to say that some clocks cannot be turned back.

When every such thing is said, the poem remains vigorous

and impressive, and Mr. Wells has done more than any of his predecessors in translation to make it sound like the masterpiece it originally was. He has understood the alliterative measure as no one else has done, for he has heard it and felt it, and I fancy that the measure is restored in his pages to its pristine effect. He has preserved in nearly every line the feminine ending of Middle English; but what is more important, he has steadily provided the poem with a speaking voice of its own, ■ a passage taken more or less at random warmly proves:

In the histories of holy saints it is hard to witness
That God rewards double rest to any rich person.
There is much mirth among the rich with meat and fine
clothing,
And there is much mirth in May among wild creatures,
And as long as summer lasts they live happily.
But beggars about midsummer go breadless to supper,
And winter is yet worse, for they are wet-shod wanderers,
Frozen and famished and foully challenged
And berated by rich men so that it is rueful to listen.
Now Lord, send them summer or some manner of happiness
After their going hence for what they have here suffered.

MARK VAN DOREN

The Reality of Symbols

Symbols of Government. By Thurman W. Arnold. Yale University Press. \$2.50.

GOVERNMENT may, I suppose, be defined as the tangle of usages by which the activities of individuals are imperfectly domesticated to the service of the commonwealth. If so, it is much too vital and disorderly an affair to be captured within the trim lines of a political system or expounded in the precious dialectic of a textbook. It is a drama in which the officers of state are merely the cast in the foreground, and a host of actors back of the limelight give character and direction to the performance. They are animated by the miscellany of motives—group interest, public purpose, and personal ambition—which impels all human conduct. The intricate rules of the eternal game dictate an ever-shifting outcome.

Among the counters with which the game is played are "symbols." A party identifies its petty interest with a universal value or an eternal cause. A wet does not defend his thirst, but personal freedom. It isn't the privilege of the employer to exploit workers which is important, but freedom of contract. A failure in personal justice finds an excuse in the integrity of the law; an abuse of power is sanctioned as ■ necessary respect for authority. A national isolation wears the garb of traditional Americanism. On the English coat-of-arms "Dieu et Mon Droit" proclaims the divine sanction of imperial aggression.

At this moment the clash of interests in American government is a battle of symbols. A chain of dailies—whose slogan should really be "an un-American newspaper for uninformed readers"—is attempting to identify everything of which the proprietor disapproves with communism. An association of manufacturers—hardly itself immune to the charge—is seeking to fasten "fascism" upon an unfriendly Administration. For years ■ immunity of corporations to regulation has invoked the rights of the individual in its defense; and of late the lawlessness of business—in defying the processing tax, the Guffey coal act, and the registration of holding companies—has been wrapped in the unction of reverence for the Constitution.

It is the part of such stage-play in politics which tempts Thurman Arnold's curiosity in "Symbols of Government." If

he were a Victorian he would look upon such lapses from rationality as frivolities in need of eradication. If he were an evangelical reformer he would make of a series of pamphlets a blast in a crusade for a return to reason. But he is the kind of realist—if there is any such thing—who knows that a veil of make-believe lies between man and his social world and that to most persons symbols are more real than realities. To him this truth is inescapable—so it is, so it has always been, so until the crack of doom it must continue to be.

But the primacy of make-believe is more than a matter of current drama. It has thoroughly penetrated into all our explanations of the affairs of mankind. The author insists that a symbolic man—not the human creature of kindness and greed, love and lust—animates every one of the social sciences. To him a current medicine is based upon “the conception of a body as mechanically constructed as an automobile”; psychiatry won its entrée on the fiction “of an abstract man with a subconscious mind.” Law—“a moral and logical science”—had to postulate “an abstract man” who needed to be preached at and “was capable of being trained by judicial parables and statutory exhortations.” The economic man—invented to explain “why humanitarian and moral ideas cannot be pushed too far”—is “an automatic fellow”; with “intelligent selfishness” his “sins will all cancel each other.” As purpose varies, so must the symbolic man respond. The economic man is “an automaton who needs only to be wound up and set going.” The legal man, on the contrary, is “a sinner,” who must constantly “be subjected to the influence of ideals held just in front of his nose.”

In like manner a make-believe—without which it would be impossible to get on—has woven itself into the very fabric of our culture. The pomp, ritual, and rhetoric are the very essence—not ornamental attendants—of the judicial process. A conception of a bench of wise and informed—but human—judges doing their fallible best with the causes which come their way would not do. The necessities of justice demand the fiction of it-is-not-I-who-speaks-but-the-law-which-speaks-through-me. A real law enforcement may be an utterly unattainable ideal. It is no more possible to enforce all the laws on the statute books than to establish a theology upon “all the texts in the Bible.” But upon auspicious occasions—as, for example, the Boston police strike—it has proved a mighty shibboleth. The current processes of law still bear the impress of the primitive ceremonials out of which they sprang. A great hazard—perhaps the greatest hazard to the New Deal—is the necessity of submitting the validity of measures of public policy to trial by an ordeal of legalism.

But a cursory review presents the flavor rather than reveals the richness of the book. It is easy enough to quarrel. The reader may deny that man loves to sit at the window and watch himself go by dressed in a motley of uniforms. Instead, he may insist that it is the need for conformity to different aspects of a heterogeneous culture which forces upon man a multiple personality. The critic may, in the words of a Negro preacher, exclaim that such a doctrine would “destroy all the theology in the world.” But here the author has his come-back, in that if his theses “came to be generally accepted, they would no longer be true.” And, if he wishes, he can point a moral and put his argument to practical account. If you would reform an institution, don’t shock those you would convert with radical theories. Capture the symbols of the enemy and attack in the name of the thing you would amend. If Congressional enactments are set aside, it is possible to appeal from the gloss of judicial decision to the text of the sacred parchment. A Presidential campaign, in a protest against the judiciary, might invoke the slogan Back to the Constitution.

The mark of the book is its freshness. The author has at Princeton, at Harvard, and at Yale been persistently exposed to

the higher learning. Yet he has, for all the compulsions of the academies, kept a mind free from the inhibitions of conventional scholarship. The ten slender chapters contain nothing approaching a definitive statement of his subject; they are a first, not a last, word on his subject, and nowhere does he rub elbows with the absolutes of dogma. But I know of nothing as joyous and virginal which has of late come out of an ancient fortress of learning. An untainted mind alone could epitomize a smug orthodoxy—much in evidence of late—as “an unwillingness to have us get out of the depression by the use of unsound economics.”

WALTON H. HAMILTON

The Ambiguity of Feuchtwanger

The Jew of Rome. By Lion Feuchtwanger. Translated by Willa and Edwin Muir. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

IT is hard to understand why Lion Feuchtwanger is not a more impressive novelist than he is. Perhaps this is an ungrateful thing to say of a writer who gives us as much as Feuchtwanger does. No one else exploits so persistently and so intelligently the theme which occupies the author of “Power,” “Success,” and “Josephus,” the theme of men in search of social justice; nor is there anyone else who has as much talent for presenting the societies in which that search goes on. Feuchtwanger cannot write without the widest perspectives of history, and that is why his books (with the exception of the rather feeble “The Oppermanns”) always afford a mature and, indeed, a noble emotional experience. Yet somehow the last great quality is always lacking; the apocalyptic vision of the great novelist is not here. Feuchtwanger’s post-war Germany or his imperial Rome are unforgettable, but his books themselves do not haunt one, as Stendhal’s historical novels do, for example, or Tolstoy’s.

But after all, Feuchtwanger’s may be in itself a special achievement and a special genre, and he, perhaps, may better be called a remarkable novelistic historian than a remarkable historical novelist. “The Jew of Rome,” then, is a better title for this sequel to “Josephus” than “Die Söhne,” which the author called it, for the two sons of Josephus, the Jewish Simeon and the Graeco-Roman Paulus, are, like all the other people of the novel, little more than instruments in their father’s dialectic attempt to discover the meaning of the Roman and the Judaic principles.

The ancient world offers no more fascinating character than Josephus, the historian of the Jewish wars of the Romans, and none more representative of the interpenetration and confusion of peoples, cultures, and tendencies. Of royal blood and priestly descent, he symbolized the vanished political power of Judaism. As a distinguished scholar in the Jewish law, he was identified with the intellectual tradition that was shaping the life of a people whose center was still the Temple but who were living in huge communities in many lands. For a time an Essene, he had affinity with the ascetic cult that contributed so much to early Christianity. But it is the ambiguity of his being at once a Jewish nationalist and a Graeco-Roman cosmopolitan that gives Josephus his dramatic and historical interest. For when Judaea attempted rebellion against its master, Rome, he joined the rebels and was a brilliant leader in the hopeless struggle until he suddenly went over to the enemy under peculiarly reprehensible circumstances; and saw the destruction of the Temple from the Roman lines.

The sparse historical record does not give the motive for this desertion, but Feuchtwanger’s earlier novel, “Josephus,” undertook to explain it by picturing Josephus as above all a man searching the history of nations for the principle that is to dominate and shape the future. Feuchtwanger’s Josephus

identifies himself with Rome, not out of cowardice or for advantage, but because he understands that the dream and the method of the Jews have failed to create a world of justice, and he believes that with Rome lies the future.

In "The Jew of Rome" Josephus begins to doubt the validity of this judgment. He is still the prey of his faculty for *volte-face*, yet his sudden turns are not weaknesses but the method of his search for the principle of future justice. The liberal cosmopolitanism of Rome is no longer satisfying; he becomes a Jewish nationalist. But his great desire is still to be a citizen of the world, and he finds in the Jewish ideal a core of aspiration for a world order transcending nationalism. Yet the doctors of Judaism, in the effort to preserve what they believe to be the essential Jewish principle, are hedging their people about with a fence of ritual. Josephus is momentarily attracted by the anti-formalism of the anti-nationalism of the early Jewish Christians. And every now and then he glimpses, though reluctantly, the economic principle that is modifying all the other principles.

In the end, Josephus resolves his ambiguities in yet another ambiguity. He knows that he is irrationally but ineluctably Jewish, yet he conceives, with Philo, that the Jewish God is reason, the Logos. And when Domitian maliciously invites him to humiliate himself by marching in the procession that is to dedicate the arch to Titus, the destroyer of the Temple, all Josephus's nationalistic, irrational pride urges him to refuse. Refusal means almost certain death and he desires this honorable consummation; by it he can win respect from Rome and establish again the pride of the Jews. But to establish the pride of the Jews may well stimulate them to political intransigence which would be courageous but utterly vain, for reason assures him that the day of Jewish political power is gone. To save his people from a hopeless rebellion he passes, suffering, under the arch.

Perhaps this resolution in ambiguity which Feuchtwanger uses in all his books is the source of their ultimate lack of force. Their author, unable to give the affirmative answer to history, is unwilling to make the tragic answer that justice can never triumph. He puts off the question by a poetic and ambiguous gesture: "Will justice come?"; "Let us trust to the future." But perhaps, if one cannot respond with the revolutionist's affirmation, the tragic answer is the only one that can give literature its ultimate force.

LIONEL TRILLING

Affirmation

Fire Testament. By Willard Maas. With an Introduction by S. Foster Damon. The Alcestis Press. Limited Edition. \$7.50.

"**FIRE TESTAMENT**" is a first volume of exceptional promise. It combines a studied and sure technique with a spontaneity of feeling that amounts often to ingenuousness. Willard Maas's verse is free from the doubts that beset not only an older generation but also many writers of his own; he is not prematurely weary and does not pose as such. If his poems in consequence do not voice any of the subtler inflections of the spirit, they achieve by way of compensation a note of sustained ecstasy that is rare today. Whether the subject be love or revolution, the poem reveals the mind at the moment of awakening to self-consciousness in an affirmation of strength and beauty.

The state of mind is presented by imagery that is objective in two meanings of the word: it is concrete, external, and sensuous, and its import readily communicates itself through the poem to other minds than the poet's. In the latter respect, therefore, Mr. Maas departs from the symbolist masters whom



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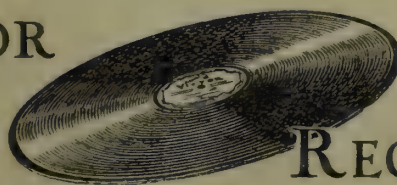
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"touching her lips to April." It spreads rapidly from phrase to phrase, manifesting itself most generally in the hyperbole of popular romance: one recalls Fairinda's look of "tenderness held in the violet prism of her tears," her "twilit eyes," the "showery scandal" of falling plum blossoms, Britt pressing his mouth "deep among the curls of his most beloved," and feeling his "strong body . . . full of a gorgeous cry." The same sentimentality of approach recurs to hinder a tough and growing evocation of character. Somewhat naively, it helps to fashion certain of Miss Burke's Communist spokesmen—like Derry and Schermerhorn and Rafe—in the image of scholarly patriarchs and rural seers, who "tower in the moonlight" and throw out a "prophet's challenge" with a "beatific valor." The infection reaches its most disturbing epitome in the *tableau vivant* of Ishma's husband expiring in a mob scuffle, while Fairinda, "sustained by youth and love," trolls out the strains of "Fling Wide the Gates, O Jerusalem."

It is disconcerting to find Miss Burke as deeply moved, at such moments, as her strikers. This is intended both as tribute to her sincerity and as criticism of her urbanity as an artist. Surely the first law of the revolutionary is to keep his powder dry.

BEN BELITT

Drama For the Defense

"LIBEL!" (Henry Miller's Theater) is an ingenious courtroom melodrama brought from England by Gilbert Miller. It is a well-knit tale and beautifully staged, but to me the outstanding feature was the performance of one Wilfred Lawson as counsel for the defendants. Mr. Lawson—described in the program as "for many years a pillar of Shavian revivals" who has appeared in most of the leading roles at the Malvern Festivals—is not given the easy task of shining alone. Opposite him, as the counsel for the plaintiff, is that seasoned player Ernest Lawford, and in the nominally central role is Colin Clive, who played Captain Stanhope in "Journey's End" and who shines again despite an accent which always troubles me somewhat when he plays parts like this. Mr. Lawson, nevertheless, by the force and variety of his acting, rises head and shoulders above all the others. Very shortly after the curtain goes up he manages somehow to focus attention upon himself by the glance of sardonic determination with which he catches for a moment the eye of his junior, and from then on he dominates pretty continuously the whole proceedings.

Except on one or two unimportant occasions he never leaves his bench and the range of emotions permitted him is extremely narrow. Indeed, it hardly includes more than relentless fury and sardonic determination; yet there is no suggestion of monotony, and the impression of power, ready at any moment to be released, is continuous. Among other things, Mr. Lawson is one of the few actors who can control their actual physical appearance. It is, for example, not an illusion but a fact that his face changes color in anger. Though this is, of course, a mere detail and though it would be impossible to single out any one elemental feature of his method which would account for the effect he creates, yet the effect is doubtless due to innumerable details so united that the impersonation is, to an extraordinary degree, whole and continuous.

All too many actors—including many very good ones—seem to me to act only by fits and starts. They rise to their big moments—perhaps even to their lesser ones—but they cease to exist when there is not a specific scene to demand something of them, going out like candles between the moments when there is a definite occasion for shining. But Mr. Lawson

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First Lady. Music Box. Comedy hit about a feminine feud in Washington society. Jane Cowl and Lily Cahill puncture one another with sharp implements in the forging of which George Kaufman had a hand.

Jumbo. Hippodrome. Paul Whiteman, Jimmy Durante, and a remarkable clown named A. Robbins surrounded by acrobats and animals. Literally better than a circus.

Let Freedom Ring. Civic Repertory Theater. A second chance for this drama of a strike in a Southern mill. I found it hard going, but it has been highly praised.

Paradise Lost. Longacre Theatre. Clifford Odets' complicated picture of a family composed exclusively of pathological futurists. He calls it a picture of the middle class but it strikes me as somewhat less than typical.

Porgy and Bess. Alvin Theater. The well-known play turned into an opera by George Gershwin. One of the big hits of the year but to me less effective than anything so elaborate ought to be.

Pride and Prejudice. Plymouth Theater. Amazingly successful adaption, brilliantly staged and acted. It gave me more pleasure than any other play of the season.

The Taming of the Shrew. Guild Theater. The play is gentle Shakespeare's most ungente farce, and the players are Lunt and Fontanne. The result is exhilarating.

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is there all the time, and one is aware of the fact that he is. Indeed, so continuous is his presence that, to me at least, the action seemed to revolve around him and events took their meaning from his reaction to them. I can only hope that he will stay long enough in New York to give us a taste of his quality in other roles.

As for the play itself, it is, as I remarked before, ingenious and well knit. The events are extraordinary enough, but they are at no time completely incredible, and by comparison with some of our own courtroom dramas, "Libel" seems gratifyingly restrained. Certainly the suspense is admirably maintained to the very last moment, and if the play has a defect in structure that defect resides in the fact that this suspense is snapped too quickly and that one finds oneself turned into the street without being allowed a proper interval in which to adjust oneself to the changed situation. In mystery plays where the ending is completely incredible and serves only to bring a curtain down it is doubtless wise to treat the conclusion as a mere formality to be got through as quickly as possible. In a case like the present, where credulity is not to be subjected to intolerable strain, it would be wiser, I think, to allow time for comprehension.

The twelfth edition of "George White's Scandals" (New Amsterdam Theater) will probably not get much of the carriage, or Cole Porter, trade, but I found it good fun. With the passage of the years Mr. White's style has ceased to be chic, as there is much about the costuming and the comedy which suggests the burlesque show rather than the more fashionable sort of revue. Nevertheless, there are some excellent tap dancing (notably by Sam, Ted, and Ray), several amusing songs, and a good supply of very hearty humor by Willie Howard and Bert Lahr, who may incline unduly toward the anatomical and physiological school of humor but very nearly succeed in raising it to an art. Mr. Howard's famous version of the quartette from "Rigoletto" belongs in any repertory of classic low comedy, and there is a first-rate song sung by Gracie Barrie about a girl whose natural inclination is in the direction of "trees," but who is forced by economic exigencies to "get hot." Mr. White could diminish the impression which he gives of being behind the times by removing some of the jokes about war debts and chain letters, but I found it worth my while to overlook them.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	57
EDITORIALS:	
Mr. Roosevelt's Magic	60
The Supreme Court Swings the Ax	61
McDonald Speaks Out	61
Wonders Multiply	62
ISSUES AND MEN. HOW TO EXPOSE WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST. By Oswald Garrison Villard	63
CARTOON. By Fritz	64
KLIEG LIGHTS AND CRISIS. By Paul W. Ward	65
ARMS OVER EUROPE. IV. WHY MUSSOLINI WENT TO WAR. By Louis Fischer	67
PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES. II. LONDON AS A CANDIDATE. By Raymond Gram Swing	70
CORRESPONDENCE	72
LABOR AND INDUSTRY:	
Company Unions, F. O. B. Detroit. By Anthony Luchek	74
Facts for Consumers. By Ruth Brindze	77
The Labor Index	78
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	78
BOOKS, DRAMA, FILMS:	
Ernest Cudlipp. By Louis Kronenberger	79
In Second Place. By R. P. Blackmur	79
"Suffer Little Children." By Harold E. Stearns	80
Saint Francesca of the Pacific Northwest. By Mary McCarthy	82
Shorter Notices	82
Drama: The Matron Queen. By Joseph Wood Krutch	83
Trudi Schoop. By Ruth Pickering	84
Films: Dickens Week. By Mark Van Doren	84

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THREE WEEKS' NOTICE AND THE OLD ADDRESS AS WELL AS THE NEW ARE REQUIRED FOR CHANGE OF SUBSCRIBER'S ADDRESS.

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WE REGRET to note that neither the Administration's neutrality proposal nor the Nye-Clark-Maverick bill is as satisfactory as the draft bill of the National Peace Conference, which was discussed in last week's *Nation*. All three are alike in continuing the present mandatory embargo on arms, ammunition, and implements of war, and all provide for the banning of loans and credits to belligerents. Both the Nye and the McReynolds bill would limit the export of key war materials to a quota based on the normal exports during a specified pre-war period, although the McReynolds bill would leave such action to the discretion of the President. But neither makes any provision for lifting the various restrictions—except by further Congressional action—in case a country is attacked in violation of the Pact of Paris. In this respect they are markedly inferior to the National Peace Conference proposal, which permitted the President to raise the embargo on war materials, subject to the approval of Congress, provided the majority of signatories of the pact concurred in naming the aggressor. Conflicting reports have been received regarding the effect of the Administration's bill on the possibility of oil sanctions against Italy. Some well-

informed European observers feel that any move by the United States to restrict Mussolini's oil purchases would shame the League into belated action, while others, equally reliable, have asserted that an oil embargo is impossible as long as the American government lacks the power to stop petroleum exports from this country. At the moment the latter view appears to be the more plausible, and is more than merely an excuse to escape a distasteful action. The restriction of exports to a pre-war average, while better than no limitation, would still leave the United States in the unenviable position of profiting from illegal aggression. And what is more unfortunate, it would definitely range the United States against those countries which are seeking to build an effective instrument for preserving peace.

NEW YORK STATE REPUBLICANS, when they are not quarreling over who shall be state chairman or who shall be speaker of the Assembly, are similarly divided over their future Presidential candidate. Thus the Young Republicans sent a delegation on December 26 to extend to Governor Landon an invitation to attend a rally in the spring. But Melvin C. Eaton, Republican state chairman, hastened to explain that this must not be interpreted as sponsorship of the Kansas Governor's candidacy. Mr. Eaton, it seems, is heart and soul for an uninstructed delegation to the national convention. At the same time, the left wing of the party, led by none other than W. Kingsland Macy, with the ardent assistance of that other left-winger, Representative Hamilton Fish, Jr., is strongly urging the candidacy of Senator Borah. (In case anybody has forgotten exactly how left-wingish Mr. Fish is, it may be recalled that Mrs. Dilling, in her "Red Network," characterizes him as a "super-expert patriot," and credits him with assistance in the preparation of her monumental work.) In coming out for Senator Borah, in opposition to the Old Guard Republicans, Mr. Fish makes his position clear. "The policy of the Republican Party," he declares, "should be . . . to go forward on a sound and sane liberal platform of a square deal for labor, the farmer, the business man, the consumers, and for private property under the confines and compass of the Constitution." It is hard to see how this program could offend anybody except possibly the Seventh-Day Adventists, who were not mentioned. Probably if he were properly approached, President Roosevelt himself would vote for it.

WHILE THE REPUBLICANS were busying themselves with this regular pre-convention hocus-pocus, Governor Lehman, in his annual message to the New York Legislature, was offering a series of proposals which, if not startling, were at least sensible and humane. His most important points were the necessity of placing relief on a permanent, organized basis—subject, of course, to the formulation of a clearly defined federal relief program—and the need for such legislative action as would enable New York State to avail itself of the provisions of the federal social-security law. In addition the Governor urged ratification of the child-labor amendment to the Constitution, strengthening of the labor legislation passed in the last session, further-

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ance of the campaign to lower public-utility rates to consumers, an extension of the mortgage-moratorium law, and various other enlightened proposals. He rather hedged on the subject of milk, stating the need of "cooperative agreement" and "orderly marketing" within the industry without any specific recommendations; he was eloquent on the past performance of the mortgage commission without mentioning reduction of the home-owners' mortgage-interest burden. But in general he came pretty close to what Mr. Fish—if the Governor were a Republican and not a Democrat—would have been happy to describe as a "sound and sane liberal platform." The answer of the Republicans to the Governor's message was that he had stolen all their thunder. These, apparently, were just the proposals that they were about to make. If this is the case, it ought to make New York's legislative session the plainest of plain sailing.

THE LONDON STOCK EXCHANGE, according to an Associated Press report, after an investigation lasting a year has recommended strict legislative regulation of "fixed trusts"—the British term for investment trusts. The proposed law would require "certificates of recognition" for the trusts, and before these were granted "the fullest information regarding the composition and management of the trusts would be necessary." This serves to remind us that at the end of three years of the New Deal our own investment trusts are almost as free to rob the public as they were under the Republicans. At present the trusts, besides being subject to state regulation, are required only to file, as issuers of securities, registration statements with the Securities and Exchange Commission. These statements have disclosed that the big New York investment-banking and brokerage firms are represented in the management of the leading trusts and receive brokerage fees for transactions in securities made by the trusts. Moreover, partners of the investment-banking firms receive fees for acting as directors of the trusts. That such a set-up is possible indicates the ineffectiveness of state regulation. Revelations made before the Senate Banking Committee in 1933 add to the picture: worthless stock, especially directors' stock that could not be sold in the open market, was unloaded on the trusts by their managements; trusts were formed for ulterior purposes, such as obtaining control of companies in a special field; by the trusts' acquisition of concentrated holdings in particular industries the investor was deprived of that very safety through diversification which he sought when he put his money in a trust; trust managers granted brokers and pool operators—that is, in some cases, themselves—options on large blocks of stock.

STOCKHOLDERS and business men will look back on 1935 as an extremely good year for cornering the wary dollar. The value of all stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange rose from \$34,000,000,000 at the close of 1934 to \$46,000,000,000 at the end of 1935, a gain of 37 per cent. Favorable dividend changes during the year totaled 1,549 as compared with 1,447 in 1934, while unfavorable changes dropped from 377 to 245. Extra dividends were declared on more than 800 different stocks. Behind these evidences of increased profits lay an undeniable pick-up in business activity. The output of such divergent industries as steel and textiles was larger in November than in any corresponding month since 1929. The production of electric power and of shoes

for 1935 was at an all-time high, as was the consumption of wool. Automobile and petroleum output was at a post-1929 peak. Car loadings and copper consumption were highest since 1931. Are we to assume from this that the extravagant predictions for 1936 are likely to be fulfilled? Conservative financial leaders profess to be somewhat dubious because of what they prefer to call "political uncertainties." The New Deal, it seems, is always threatening something dire to business. To this professional pessimism the facts and figures quoted above are a sufficient response. There has been a New Deal as far as business is concerned, and the stockholder has been the principal beneficiary. But in the process the fundamental causes of economic instability have been accentuated. Real wages of industrial workers were no higher at the close of 1935 than at the depth of the depression in 1932. Unemployment was 50 per cent greater than in 1931. Agricultural subsidies have all but destroyed our foreign markets for farm products and have thrust thousands of sharecroppers into abject destitution. Relief and public works have broken down in many parts of the country as a means of maintaining the jobless in a state of reasonable efficiency. The present abnormal boom may continue for months, but it obviously cannot serve as a basis for permanent recovery.

THE CIRCUIT COURT OF APPEALS in Philadelphia has issued a restraining order prohibiting the Securities and Exchange Commission from making public the salaries of officers of the \$200,000,000 American Can Company. The company, in its petition for the injunction, told the court that publication of the salaries would "excite criticism, breed envy, and lower the morale of the operating force." These are hardly cogent reasons, and our interest in seeing what the salaries are is heightened by the phrase immediately following that just quoted—"and perhaps foment serious labor trouble." The SEC was further enjoined by the court from making public gross sales and profits and losses, on the plea of the company that such publication would result in "widespread price-cutting." But let no one conclude that the fear of price-cutting arose from the self-interest of a corporation founded on the great American system of free competition. The price reductions, America Can argued, would mean the wiping out of many small companies. Such unselfishness ought not to go unrewarded!

TWENTY-FOUR PERSONS were lynched in 1935, according to figures—and case histories—released by the International Labor Defense. Tuskegee Institute in its annual report lists only twenty but fails to include the murder of at least four sharecroppers in Tuskegee's own state of Alabama, perhaps because these killings deviated somewhat in procedure from the classic lynching formula. The class nature of lynching appears more clearly in the 1935 record—which tops 1934 by five—than ever before. The cry of rape has always hidden a class as well as a race motive. This year Tuskegee sets down activity in share-cropper organizing and "communistic activity" as the admitted causes of two lynchings; and the killings in Alabama (the figures are still incomplete because the Alabama swamps swallow up victims all too well) took place in the course of a struggle between landlords and croppers in which the landlords were all the more bitter because on the other side they saw, increasingly, white share-croppers standing with black against the common

enemy. An even greater discrepancy is to be found in the two sets of figures available for deaths in connection with labor struggles. One set comes from the Labor and Socialist Press Service, the other from the I. L. D. The first gives thirty-three; the second forty-nine. The discrepancy is understandable since the facilities for gathering such statistics are necessarily limited and since the worker victims of labor battles are for the most part obscure both in life and in the manner of their dying. The figures stand like markers for the important struggles of the year: three of the victims were Southern textile workers, two were waterfront workers, two were lumber workers, seven were coal miners, and so on. And if they cannot be exact, they are nevertheless indicative of increasing tension and of a growing determination on both sides of the factory gate.

THE PICTURE of Governor Landon of Kansas that emerges from Raymond Gram Swing's two articles (the second of which appears in this issue) is strikingly unhackneyed. Here is no reactionary nonentity and no incipient fascist, but a sincere, mildish liberal who in some curious way has fallen among the Bourbons. Since Mr. Swing is writing as a reporter, his articles imply no political approval of Landon. We are glad to present the record as he found it, especially since it sharpens the issues of the coming struggle for the nomination. The Republican strategists are roaming about today like a nomadic tribe in desperate search of pasturage. Unless they are to become a permanent Opposition, they must find someone who is not too tarred with reaction to be put across on the voters. Some of them are therefore panting for Landon as Landon is undoubtedly panting for them. There is a good deal in Governor Landon's record as Mr. Swing gives it that is susceptible of a double interpretation. But of one thing we may be certain. If Governor Landon is really a liberal, it is his ill-fortune to have been adopted by some of the worst elements among Mr. Roosevelt's opponents. The process of being a candidate is, at the best, not an ennobling experience, even when it starts more auspiciously than as a companion-in-arms to Mr. Hearst. We call upon Governor Landon, if he is in earnest in his liberalism, to declare himself more explicitly on utilities, labor, relief, and civil liberties, and to shake off the corrupting hand of William Randolph Hearst.

ABATTLE IS PREPARING on the West Coast between the shipping interests and the waterfront workers which promises to exceed in violence and ruthlessness the general strike in 1934. The fireworks have already started in the Gulf ports, where a strike has been in progress for some time. The struggles in these ports—some of them have now been settled—may turn out to be the fuse leading to the major explosion in California, where the strength of the seamen's unions is greatest and where the rank and file has consistently refused to handle "hot" cargo (cargo previously handled by non-union labor) coming from the Gulf. The antagonists are the same as in 1934, but both sides are determined and prepared as never before. The employers stand ready to wipe out the unions. They are carrying on a campaign of provocation and red-baiting designed to discredit the rank and file and its leader Harry Bridges; and the "imminent shutdown" of the shipping industry predicted by its Washington representative, Elisha Hanson, may well be

another drastic move to discredit the unions by proving that they are "ruining" the shipping trade. (This is the same Elisha Hanson who so boldly defended the freedom of the Hearst press against the Newspaper Guild.) According to the statements of the rank and file—and they have a ring of truth entirely missing from the laments of the owners—the Industrial Association has stopped and will stop at nothing in the way of plots, propaganda, and violence to break the unions' strength. So far the employers have not been able to interest the Department of Justice in a suit to break Bridges's hold on the West Coast locals—they would like to have him charged with violating the Sherman anti-trust laws! But they can count on the support of the conservative leaders of the A. F. of L. international marine unions. To perpetuate their own regime these officials are more than eager to smash the Maritime Federation, which was organized a year ago by Bridges and now commands the support of 35,000 workers in all marine crafts.

WE LEARN from an unimpeachable source that during the month of December two Italian regiments about to embark from a southern Italian port for East Africa mutinied and refused to go. They did not go. In view of the difficulty of obtaining authentic military information about Italy, it is quite conceivable that the action of these two regiments was not an isolated case. There may be more of which we do not know. This is not to suggest that Mussolini is about to blow up. But all the Duce's troubles are not concentrated in East Africa. While the searchlight has played on the diplomatic struggles in Paris, London, and Geneva, and on the Abyssinian battle front, it should not be forgotten that the future of Fascism must ultimately be settled at home.

AN APPEAL comes from the Anti-Nazi Federation for all possible protest to force the German government to make public the trial of Ernst Thälmann and other political prisoners now in concentration camps. The trial of Thälmann was scheduled to begin on November 15, but no information has been given out about whether or not it took place or where Thälmann is being held. According to the federation, an order issued to the German press by Minister of Propaganda Goebbels is illuminating in this connection. It seems that the Nazi government was in the habit of giving out detailed information regarding political trials, but unfortunately this information was misinterpreted.

Reports about the insolent and provoking behavior of some accused produced a different effect on the broad masses of working people than we had originally in view. It has been noticed that in several factories these reports caused considerable excitement and numerous discussions. Reports written in order to arouse public opinion against the criminals awoke feelings in favor of them.

Therefore I order that henceforth reports about political trials shall be suppressed. Only the sentences may be published in less than two phrases, but only on special command.

We suggest that the Nazis adopt the device long honored by our own Congressmen in printing their remarks in the *Congressional Record*. Liberal sprinklings of (Applause), (Laughter), or better still (Hisses) would teach the misguided factory workers what to think.

Mr. Roosevelt's Magic

MR. ROOSEVELT'S amazing radio message to Congress has undoubtedly strengthened his campaign fortunes, but leaves his program as unclear as ever. Politically adroit, and from the standpoint of radio oratory a magnificent achievement, it was intellectually a confused and straddling performance. Unlike most "historic" events with such an enormous publicity build-up, the thing somehow managed to come off—judging not so much by the applause of Congress and the galleries, which formed the studio audience, as by the talk of the plain men and women in their homes and on the street. The common man wanted to be let in on a dramatic occasion, and he had his wish. He wanted a fighting speech, and he got it. He was tuning in on history-in-the-making, and the President took pains to make it a good show. Even the *Herald Tribune* has had to admit grudgingly that this puts Mr. Roosevelt in a dominating position for the campaign. The President has again used some sort of magic to increase his stature, and by comparison every Presidential possibility on the Republican side seems puny and frustrate. They can talk only of outraged "taste"—these men whose stomachs have not been turned by their association with Hearst and all the revolting exploitation of a company universe.

But a sober rereading of the speech shows how consummately Mr. Roosevelt displayed his talent for leaving almost all the important things unsaid. Not that the speech lacked importance for what it did say. It was Mr. Roosevelt's first significant and sustained official utterance on the international situation since his ill-starred incursion into the London conference in the mad July days of 1933. It carried on two Wilsonian traditions: that of seeking to distinguish between European rulers and the desires of the people themselves, and that of reading a vigorous lecture on democracy and autocracy. It was, however, Wilson with a difference. Since Wilson's time the national and international scenes have more clearly emerged. It was possible for Mr. Roosevelt to draw a clear relationship between the fascist imperialism of Hitler, Mussolini, and the Japanese militarists and the fascism of the American plutocrats. We may of course be overestimating the clarity with which Mr. Roosevelt sees this relation. Quite conceivably his main purpose was to capitalize on the widespread anti-war and anti-fascist sentiment in the country, and to bolster his failing prestige in domestic affairs by vigorous leadership in foreign affairs.

But generously interpreted, the President's international stand is more than a clever political device. Despite its overemphasis on the personal and ideological factors and its too easy assumption that Europe needs nothing more than an inner conversion on the part of Hitler and Mussolini, it does face the overwhelming reality of today. It is a recognition of the relation between fascism abroad and at home, between fascism and war, between fascism and the economic plutocracy. If the President had meant only to repeat the well-worn distinction between democracy and dictatorship, he would not so studiously have avoided mention of Soviet Russia. That he did so avoid it is a tribute to his good

sense, and proof of his intent to single out the fascist dictators as the imperialist war-makers.

In the domestic field Mr. Roosevelt's message was better as a manifesto than as a preface to legislative action. It was here that the speech became, as Paul Ward describes it elsewhere in this issue, a political rally, with the business of state being transacted under the klieg lights. It was here that the President showed himself complete master of the grammar of vituperation. Never has an American President so clearly attacked the finance-capitalists, the holding-company wizards, the corporation lawyers, and the whole resplendent array of big-business statesmanship. His attack, coming at a period of capitalistic crisis, is the most significant Presidential utterance we have had on the concentration of financial power in a capitalist state. There have been left-wing attacks on big business in abundance. But when an American President who is politically astute, realistic, sensitive to opinion, directs his Presidential message to such a sustained and considered attack, that becomes news—and history. It becomes an official recognition of the strains within our economic system, and of a basic inner cleavage of interest between those who would freeze the structure as it stands, even at the cost of destroying our culture, and those who still hope to take advantage of whatever flexibilities the system offers.

But Mr. Roosevelt must go farther. If he has not entirely shot his bolt, if he is not more adept at showmanship than at statesmanship, he must affix to the speech a real legislative program. This he reveals little intention of doing. The Supreme Court's invalidation of the AAA will force him and Congress into some sort of action on the agricultural issue. But his essential temper will still be that of a cautious administrator seeking to conserve and consolidate the gains he has already achieved, rather than of an aggressive leader pushing ahead with a program well begun.

The President's speech may be called his "standstill agreement." He has gone as far as the economic necessities of capitalist crisis coerced him into going, and as far as the outer limits of his patrician training and character have permitted him to go. By his references to taxation, the budget, and relief, by his very pointed emphasis upon the New Deal as a finished achievement rather than a fragmentary and incomplete program, he is serving notice that he will go no farther. His right foot is not to be budged a step backward, and his left foot is planted with equal firmness against any forward movement. History may find him frozen in his tracks. That is the meaning of his agile bows to both disarmament and a big navy, to a moratorium on taxes and an attack on big business, to a reduced relief budget and unctuously rhetorical questions on our duty to the unemployed. No man has ever shown greater dexterity in facing both ways than Mr. Roosevelt. Whether such a talent will be adequate either in saving the country or winning a campaign remains to be seen. Mr. Roosevelt got the jump on the Republicans; the Supreme Court has now got the jump on Mr. Roosevelt.

The Supreme Court Swings the Ax

THE nation's Lord High Executioners have again swung the ax. This time it is the Agricultural Adjustment Administration that has succumbed to the Supreme Court's kiss of death. Mr. Justice Roberts, speaking for the court in the Hoosac case, in an almost incredibly mechanical and legalistic opinion has ruled that the Administration's largely successful efforts to raise farm income are unconstitutional and must be undone. Five other justices join in this stern Catonian view of judicial duty. Three justices dissent. The Hoosac case now takes its place in the sequence of retreat to an archaic conception of a national government with cruelly limited powers in a time of crisis.

It is true that the decision might have been a good deal worse. The taxing power, the spending power, the delegation of powers, the Tenth Amendment were all urged upon the court as issues on the basis of which the AAA could be held invalid. Ostensibly Mr. Justice Roberts has rested his decision only on the last of these—the ground that Congress was trenching on the powers reserved to the states by the amendment. He argues that Congress is nowhere explicitly given power to regulate agriculture; that its attempt to do so in the Agricultural Adjustment Act is therefore unconstitutional; that any tax it may impose and any appropriation it may make as part of such a general regulatory scheme thereby become unconstitutional, regardless of what their validity might be outside such a scheme.

But such a summary does not convey the full import of the decision. After the crippling of the Congressional power over commerce through the Schechter decision, those who have wished to see the national power used for economic control have pinned all their hopes on the taxing and spending power of Congress under the "general-welfare" clause of the Constitution. The court did not dare through a frontal attack destroy this Congressional power. To do so would have been to run directly athwart the established law and usage of a century and would have constituted the most fatal decision since the Dred Scott case. Instead, the court has managed by indirection to cripple if not kill the Congressional taxing power. No use of the taxing power can henceforth be held constitutional under the general-welfare clause if it attempts Congressional regulation of agriculture or industry. And since that is the principal use to which it is now important to put the taxing power, the extent of the decision can readily be seen.

Intelligent people will fail to find any rational meaning in such an outcome. The common man, with his direct way of looking at governmental matters, will be unable to make any sense of it at all. The farmer will be dazed. The worker will know that a similar fate is in store for him. Three of the Supreme Court justices—and those not by any means the least able or enlightened—find that it not only makes no economic or governmental sense, but that it does not even make good constitutional law. In what is undoubtedly one of the most brilliant of recent dissenting opinions, Mr. Justice Stone subjects the majority reasoning

to a merciless analysis in which its sophistry and confusion are completely exposed. The reader sees, if he is willing to look beyond rhetoric to reality, the naked class interest that ultimately dictated the decision. It is not so much that the court has grudged the farmers their benefits. It has been unwilling to see the method of taxation, with its attendant regulation, extended to industry and to labor relations. Mr. Justice Stone points out cogently that a power of appropriation that cannot set the conditions under which and the purposes for which the money will be spent is completely useless. With an admirable frankness he challenges the smug assumption of judicial power and judicial infallibility. He riddles Mr. Justice Roberts's protestations that the court is only interpreting the clear letter of the Constitution and is officially not cognizant of the effects of its decisions in nullifying the legislative will. He refers to "the mind accustomed to believe that it is the duty of the courts to sit in judgment on the wisdom of legislative action." "Courts," he continues, "are not the only agency of government that must be assumed to have capacity to govern."

Even while he was delivering his message to Congress, Mr. Roosevelt was speaking in the shadow of the court's power. Now the court proves definitely that it is the last bulwark of the vested interests. They have been displaced from the Legislative and have been outwitted by the Executive; they find their last refuge in the Judiciary. It is inconceivable that the good sense of a democracy will tolerate very much longer such a use of the judicial power. If Mr. Roosevelt has courage he will make the limitation of this power in declaring acts of Congress unconstitutional a major part of his campaign. If he has a long view of statesmanship he will make it part of a long-range effort to restore the basic decisions of a democracy to the legislative will of the people.

McDonald Speaks Out

WHEN James G. McDonald resigned as High Commissioner for Refugees from Germany he resigned with a bang. And the reverberations of the bang are still sounding in every corner of the world with results that have only begun to be felt. Mr. McDonald's departure from his post may well prove to be the most effective act of his two years' service, more effective perhaps than the whole period of heart-breaking labor. The labor was indefatigable and as successful as circumstances permitted it to be; it brought aid to some 65,000 harried, destitute refugees from Hitler's Reich. The resignation and the impressive statement which accompanied and explained it dramatized to the world outside of Germany the full measure of injustice and wholesale terror that has been visited not only upon the half-million Jews but upon all the groups set apart by Hitler's government as racially or politically alien.

In very brief, Mr. McDonald said to the League and to the world: What use to attempt to find homes and work for a flood of refugees from Hitler's terror in lands which can barely support their own populations and must prove inhospitable hosts to destitute invaders? New laws in Germany reinforce and legalize the ruthless practices of earlier days. Life becomes impossible for an increasing number of persons

helpless to alter their state. Therefore the flood will grow, not lessen. The task of alleviation becomes more desperate. The only hope lies in action by the League and by the civilized nations of the world to recall the German government to its senses and to its obligations to the political and racial minorities in its own territory. Such were his conclusions. They were buttressed by a series of factual surveys covering legal, political, economic, social, educational, and religious restrictions, especially those bearing on Jews and "non-Aryans" of other faiths. These surveys are a work of selection and compilation remarkable for its objectivity and sobriety—and the more explosive because of these qualities.

The time was ripe for an explosion. From the start the commission headed by Mr. McDonald was, for all its impressive sound, an international foundling. It was forced to plead its humane cause to wary or hostile governments and organizations without even the official backing of the body that brought it into being. Like many foundlings the High Commission was shunted about, politely snubbed or put off with merely formal sympathy. That so many countries accepted as many exiles as they did is commendable in the circumstances. But Mr. McDonald's thankless task was to induce already impoverished countries to take in a horde of even more impoverished alien Jews—refugees whose numbers and poverty grew greater with every month of growing terror in Germany. His mission was an honorable failure.

The victims of Nazi terror are not to be rescued like victims of flood or earthquake—by money and food and a temporary home until the waters recede or the earth settles. These things they need if they are to live. But piecemeal salvage cannot touch the fundamental factors in their fate. The refugees from Germany are merely fragmentary evidence of the continuing catastrophe of Nazi rule. The problem is primarily one not of relief but of government. Recognizing this, Mr. McDonald dropped his role of social worker and took up the task of political analysis. He exposed the realities that lie behind the objects of woe he was appointed to help. And he called upon the other governments and the League to become equally realistic; officially to face the fact of official German terror and take collective action to end it.

An admirable gesture. But we should be less than realistic ourselves if we believed that it would result in prompt or effective response on either side. The nations are likely to evade this issue as long as they can. The League has proved its unwillingness to assume full responsibility even for the mission of relief undertaken by Mr. McDonald. As for the German government, it prudently suppressed Mr. McDonald's statement and all but the bare mention of his resignation, and in a brief contemptuous reply advised the League to look after the treatment accorded minorities in the states which are members of the League before concerning itself with Germany's methods of "domestic reconstruction."

The value of Mr. McDonald's dramatic resignation lies not in its probable immediate results but in the challenge it presents to the conscience of the world. It thrusts under the noses of the nations detailed facts they might prefer to overlook. It gives official standing to authenticated charges of ruthlessness. It cannot be denied or ignored. It will stand with the Lytton report on the Japanese invasion of Manchuria as an unforgettable indictment of a nation which has abandoned even the pretense of civilized usages.

Wonders Multiply

IT is fitting that while the festival of the new year is being celebrated, our modern magicians, in the persons of our scientists, natural and otherwise, should get together and report on the progress of the past twelvemonth. In New York, St. Louis, Baltimore, Princeton, and other cities they gathered. They made speeches and read papers, and the facts or deductions they set forth were described in the press. It may be that the news stories laid undue emphasis on the sensational as opposed to the strictly scientific, but to untutored laymen like ourselves the reports were sufficiently marvelous to deserve repeating.

The American Association for the Advancement of Science, meeting at St. Louis, was told of a new "sun-trap" which seems to harness the energy of the sun so effectively that only the comparatively high cost of manufacturing it stands between us and its practical use. The same group heard Dr. Edward L. Thorndike of Columbia University present "a psychological analysis of what might be termed the American soul," through a critical study of where the American income goes. The American Chemical Society, meeting at Rochester, heard Dr. Marston T. Bogert of Columbia University read a paper on "Carotenoids" which promised that a diet plentiful in carrots and tomatoes would help one to see in the dark. The Zoological Society of America listened to a report on the results of transferring the hearts of ten embryo newts into the bodies of ten adult newts. The newts with the two hearts, it was announced, lived and functioned normally for from 100 to 165 days and then died "because they were freaks and not as healthy as their ordinary fellows." Before the same meeting Dr. Edgar Allen of Yale described a device for recording the moment of ovulation in rabbits. This last may in time be susceptible of application to human beings, making the rhythmic method of birth control less hazardous than it now seems to be. That the Dionne quintuplets may very well be the grandchildren or great-grandchildren of their parents, was the conclusion of Dr. David Clausey, of the University of Arkansas. This is the result of the multiple division of the ovum, which creates a new generation each time it divides, the father and mother having been the parents only of the first ovum fertilized.

A new electron tube which for the first time includes the infra-red and the ultra-violet rays in man's range of vision; an artificial musk which displaces the rare and costly animal which supplies musk for perfumes; a new theory of philosophy which outlaws metaphysics and classes Plato as a poet but not a philosopher; a new method of combining science and religion so that the facts of man's biological origin may be taught at the same time and not to conflict with "facts concerning man's origin and destiny as revealed by religion"—these are but a few of the other wonders which our scientists and academicians are toying with. The whole list is as long as it is incomprehensible; the news stories are—with all respect to the reporters—probably garbled. But one gathers from reading them that the wonders of the ancient world are as nothing to the wonders of this. More power to the magicians. The politicians evidently cannot save us. Perhaps the scientists can.

Issues and Men

How to Expose William Randolph Hearst

IF Dr. Edward Alsworth Ross of the faculty of the University of Wisconsin had made his speech before the fifth annual convention of the Pi Gamma Mu Society a few weeks before he actually delivered it on December 28, I should very strongly have urged him for a place on *The Nation's* Honor Roll for 1935. For he made a most admirable and practical suggestion of how to expose William Randolph Hearst and to stop his campaign against the supposed radicalism of our schools and colleges. He urged the formation of a committee to collect data regarding Hearst, "our chief and most pertinacious and malevolent assailant, as a man and a citizen, a property-owner and a taxpayer, newspaper owner and editor through forty years. It should show the deliberate deceits of which Hearst and his minions have been guilty." He then continued as follows:

There is not a community in the land infested by a Hearst newspaper that would not turn out in numbers for the high-school or college teacher who should announce a lecture entitled "The Truth About W. R. Hearst and the Hearst Newspapers." It would be desirable that slides be presented showing the vulgarity and viciousness of many of the cartoons which have appeared in the Hearst press through the years. Loan collections of such slides might be made available to teachers giving the lecture. . . . In this case, as often in warfare, the best defensive is an offensive.

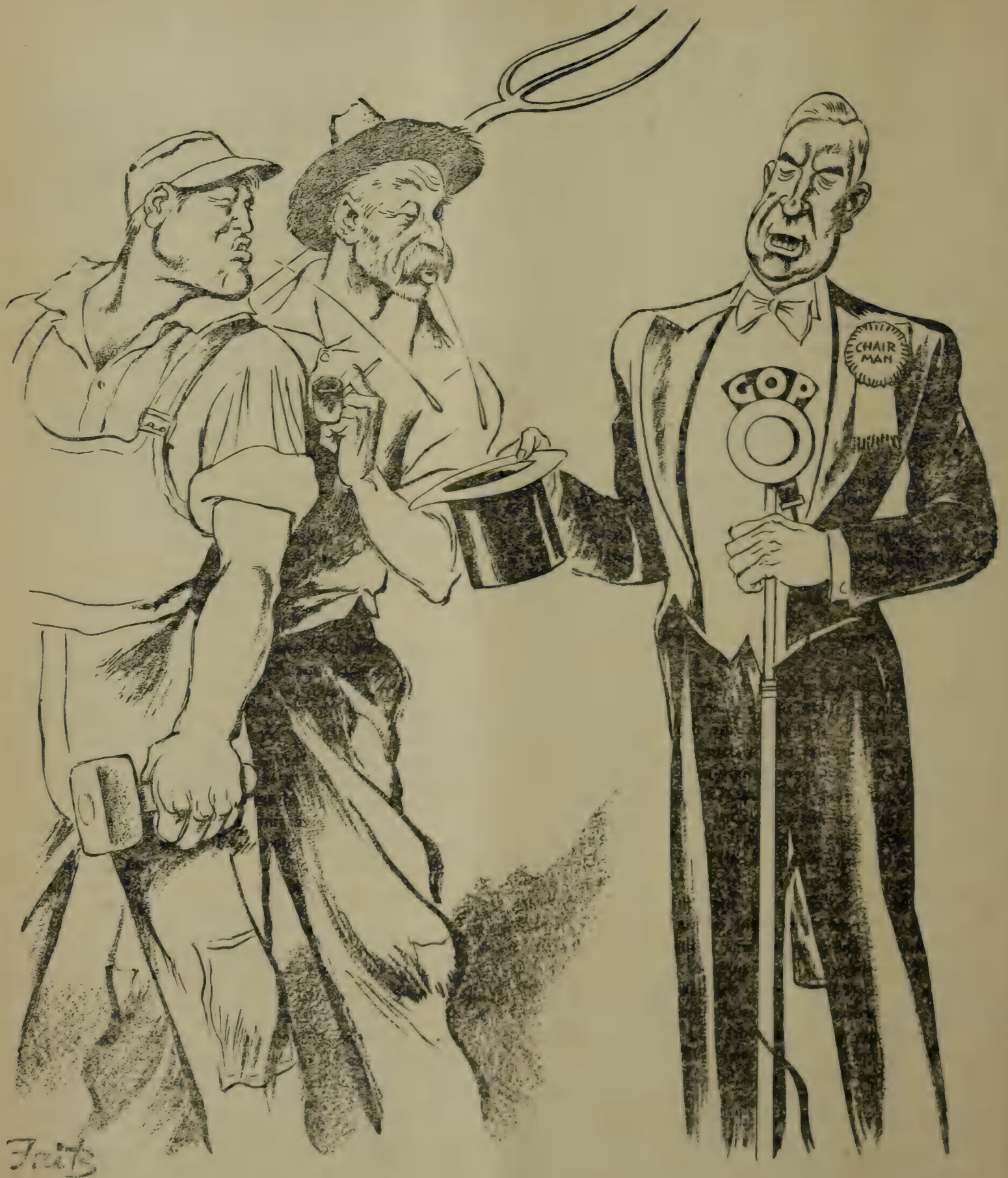
There can be no doubt that any such organized movement would badly scare the Hearst organization; however Hearst himself may feel about the movement against him, there can be no question that the men upon whom he relies for his profits are in a very jumpy state of mind. Proof of this is a happening at Williams College last spring. The students of Williams struck against the Hearst news movies and propaganda pieces at the local theater. The royalty paid by that little concern was so small as to be trifling, but not less than four representatives of the Hearst organization turned up in alarm, one after the other, to see what had happened, and one of them went so far as to ask in obvious anxiety whether the boycott was going to be extended to the Hearst newspapers. Last summer there was formed in California a society to boycott the Hearst newspapers; the members attached stickers to all mail matter they sent out and in other ways endeavored to spread the gospel of an anti-Hearst boycott. The year 1935 also saw that magnificent denunciation of Hearst by Dr. Charles A. Beard, which Hearst will never live down and which no future biographer of the world's worst newspaper owner can possibly overlook. But such a committee as Dr. Ross suggests would really alarm the Hearst forces, for Dr. Ross does not overstate the appeal that such a movement would make.

Moreover, the campaign would be an easy one to stage since one could make the lectures extremely interesting and very deadly merely by quoting from the Hearst newspapers. Thus it would be impossible for the Hearstites to claim that it was a biased undertaking instigated by prejudice and full

of inaccuracies. Certainly Hearst could not complain if it revealed his part in bringing on the war with Spain and some of the falsities of his pro-Cuba campaign from 1896 on. His relationship to the assassination of McKinley and a good many other incidents could easily be set forth by facsimile reproductions of editorials and articles. Extremely valuable would be a presentation of how and why he at one time urged war with Mexico, and then turned round a few years later and took precisely the opposite tack. Equally stimulating to thought would be a recapitulation of Hearst's changes of front on every other conceivable subject since he entered journalism as a champion of the plain people against the money-bags and the Republican bosses, who, as he then correctly pointed out innumerable times, dominated the political life of the United States. But, after all, the most damning thing would be the portrayal of the low quality of his entire newspaper product, and of the injury that it has done to American press standards, to say nothing of public taste. In this connection a reprint of a speech of the late Congressman Johnson of California, the father of the present Senator from that state, would astound people.

It would not be necessary to say anything about Hearst's private life. That would be a mistake, and Professor Ross evidently realizes it, as he made no reference to it. That, after all, is Hearst's own affair. What is essential is that his attitude toward our American institutions be clearly and unmistakably set forth, so that the public may get a complete understanding of just how baleful his influence has been. Men like Hearst thrive because of the forgetfulness of the American public. It is amazing, for instance, to hear Wall Street men now praising Hearst when they themselves, or their fathers, in 1898 and again at the outbreak of the World War were violently denouncing Hearst and having his newspapers thrown out of clubs and libraries. Hearst is entitled to free speech as much as anybody, but on the other hand true patriots are entitled to state just what they think of the man, and how they rate his contributions to American political, social, and economic life. At least the bankers and brokers who are now so eager to praise their new champion ought to be reminded of some of the things he used to say about the business men of the country, those whom his cartoonists, Oppen and Davenport, used to portray in prison stripes or with the dollar mark all over their clothes. There are few menaces as great in our American life as Hearst, especially since he has openly come out on the fascist side. In self-defense the forces of democracy have not only the right but the duty to strike back. A few mass-meetings of protest with speakers like George S. Counts, Professor Ross, and other brave men in public life would speedily put a different aspect upon matters in the Hearst offices.

Edward Garrison Villard



"The Republican National Committee welcomes contributions from the business man as heartily as from the tiller of the soil or the worker in the mill."—CHAIRMAN FLETCHER

Klieg Lights and Crisis

By PAUL W. WARD

Washington, January 6

LIBERALS and radicals who for a year or more have been damning the Supreme Court and all it stands for may find cause within the next few weeks or months to give thanks that the tribunal exists. It seems certain at this date that if the session of Congress that began Friday is to contribute anything at all in furtherance of the public welfare, the Supreme Court will have to be accredited as the action's instigator. It seems certain that it will take a series of jarring decisions against the New Deal to knock a working majority of the federal legislators out of their preoccupation with the task of saving their individual skins at the polls next November and into a realization that the New Deal, contrary to the most recent philippic of their White House messiah, is not perfect; that it has, in fact, not yet begun.

What makes this all seem so certain is the spirit in which the session has opened. Because his last "state-of-the-nation" message had got a bad publicity break through having to compete with the opening of the Hauptmann trial, and because some of his recent public addresses had had to be delivered at hours when they could not monopolize public attention, the President of the United States insisted on delivering his message to this session in person and at night. In consequence, the actual opening of the second session of the Seventy-fourth Congress was a rudimentary affair. The Senate remained in session only twenty minutes. The House, meeting in characteristic bedlam, dallied little longer. Its brief proceedings were given over chiefly to two things. The first of these was a bawdy scramble among its 435 members for unanimous consent to insert in the *Congressional Record* various articles, letters, and speeches which could then be converted into campaign pamphlets for free and dazzling circulation among their constituents. Interwoven with this was a running fight between the Republican and Democratic leaders over the arrangements for the joint session that night.

No less tawdry was the show in the House that night. The pack of Senators and Representatives jammed together in the well looked like a mixed convention of Elks and Shriners with a few Daughters of the American Revolution thrown in for good measure. The affairs of state sat lightly on these well-fed lawyers, bankers, merchants, farmers, backwoods preachers, ex-hoofers, ex-teachers, ex-cowhands, and professional office-holders who make the nation's laws. On some they rested not at all, for here and there were men in whom an excess of alcoholic content could be detected at fifty paces even without the aid of the klieg lights glaring overhead.

It was a festive gathering that owed what somberness it held to the pompous solemnity of the Cabinet members who had joined it and the doddering senility of more than a dozen of its own members. No tension gripped it such as must have gripped that last joint session of its kind in April, 1917, when President Wilson asked the Congress to declare war on Germany, and a Chief Justice of the Supreme Court,

in hysterical tears, led the applause. This time the Supreme Court, as well as a sense of crisis, was lacking. The court had not been invited to join the House and Senate in overhearing what the President of the United States had to say to the radio audience.

The lights quivered with the applause and cheers that shook the chamber as Roosevelt walked to the rostrum, cocked back his massive head, and beamed his famous beam upon the audience. To at least the applause the Republicans politely, even heartily, contributed. Then came silence as the President swung into his address, after drinking half a glass of water, placing his wrist watch beside his manuscript, and arranging his pince-nez. The first half of the speech, dealing with international affairs, he delivered in a low voice and with a minimum of histrionics. In it he neatly contrived to be both neutral and unneutral, to be for disarmament and for a big navy, and—even more neatly—to place himself on the side of the Nye-Clark neutrality faction in the Congress, as though he had been there from the beginning of time instead of only a month at best.

Having finished with world affairs and a profitable, if disguised, capitalization of anti-Nazi and anti-Mussolini sentiment in this country, the President of the United States put on a quick-change act. He doffed the robes of a statesman and became in a trice pure politico. His voice lifted, his pace quickened, and his head began to bob and jerk, as he went on to convert what was supposed to be a thoughtful discussion of the nation's ills and ways of treating them into a political diatribe. It was received as such by his partisans, the Democrats in well and gallery whooping, hollering, and stamping their feet as Roosevelt hurled barb after barb at the helpless Republicans present and thundered defiance at unnamed and unseen forces of darkness. Soon he had whipped his followers into that senseless ecstasy that overtakes political conventions when a leading contender has just been placed in nomination, and for such unprecedented behavior the Republicans at last retaliated in a fashion that promptly wiped the grin from Roosevelt's face and made it grim. They broke into raucous laughter at his expense when he referred to his address as "this message on the state of the union."

Passions were served, and not until the next morning did it begin to dawn on many of those who had so hoarsely cheered the President that he had said nothing about the 11,000,000 still unemployed while prices, profits, and production mount to "prosperity" levels, or about the thousands his Administration has had struck from the relief rolls and returned to the miseries of the soup kitchen and the parish poor basket, or about the soggianness of the banking structure and the fatuousness of his stock-market program, to mention only a few of the pressing issues before the country. Nor did it occur to them until then that each of his crescendo shouts against "intrenched greed" had been matched by diminuendo pleas to the interests he reviled, pleas couched in pledges to hold taxes at their present level and shape, to balance the budget, and to reduce expenditures

for relief while increasing the federal dole to battleship and munitions makers.

For those of his camp followers inclined to worry over such matters the President's budget message that came today offered no balm. In it he managed to add another to the series of Rooseveltian innovations by presenting a budget that was not a budget, for it expressly omitted the biggest item of all—work relief. And in it he also managed to give the electorate concrete and unquestionable proof that his Administration goes into 1936, as it went into 1935, barren of any adequate plan for dealing with its chief problem. The President tells Congress that not until at least another two months have passed—and the works program for which it gave him *carte blanche* last April is at last in full operation—will he be able to suggest how much should be appropriated for relief. And he adds: "It is reasonably certain that the total appropriations for work relief during the fiscal year 1937 will be far less than during the current fiscal year."

The budget he offers, such as it is, forecasts a deficit of \$1,098,000,000, exclusive of whatever outlay may be needed for relief. Proudly he contrasts it with his estimated deficit of \$3,234,000,000 for the current fiscal year. It would bring his accumulated deficit up to nearly \$12,000,000,000 as of July 1, 1937. The figure probably will go much higher not only because of relief outlays but also because of the \$2,000,000,000 soldiers' bonus bill. Add to that the cost of substitutes for the AAA, killed by the Supreme Court, and the need appears of saddling on the budget new and gargantuan appropriations for farm doles in addition to approximately half a billion dollars' worth of benefit-payment obligations to farmers, already incurred under the AAA.

No appropriation is included for the FERA, which now is in liquidation, or for the FSRC, whose fate had been uncertain. Nor is there any room in this \$6,500,000,000 budget for any new loans or grants to states and municipalities for public works. Loans of this kind must in future come out of Ickes's revolving fund—accumulated repayments on old loans. For what the President calls a permanent works program the sum of \$400,000,000 is asked, all of it to be spent on such federal projects as the Upper Mississippi development and Passamaquoddy.

On the other hand, though Roosevelt himself declares there is no threat of war in the Americas and this nation is bent upon a resolute peace policy, he asks for "national defense" a total of \$937,791,966, which is 26 per cent more than the 1936 appropriation and 75 per cent more than the 1935 appropriation. The navy is to get \$567,872,400 as against \$425,350,500 in the last budget; the army is to get \$369,919,566 as against \$319,489,088. Furthermore, the President explains that the appropriation proposed will not lift the army to its authorized enlisted strength of 165,000 but only to 147,000, and that as he plans to increase the outlay gradually, full strength will not be attained until 1939.

It is unlikely that he will have any material difficulty in pushing such a budget through Congress, for the only serious opposition must come from the hopelessly outnumbered Republicans, whose leaders will be busy publicly trying to cut the proposed appropriations while privately striving to pad the budget and throw it farther out of line. As for the Democrats, with their eyes on November they will be even more cooperative than they have been in the past, and that

goes for the Carter Glasses, the Byrds, the Baileys, and all the others who have been sharply critical of the Administration at private sessions.

Of the bills likely to pass, only the bonus bill would seem to be anti-Administration, but Roosevelt's legislative lieutenants, including Senator Harrison of Mississippi, are on record as predicting that even it can be so drafted as to receive Roosevelt's signature, and there is none who now predicts that it will not be passed. In the Vinson-McCormack version it was one of only three major pieces of legislation introduced on the opening day. The second was the Administration's neutrality bill. The third, which may prove the most important of them all, was slipped in unobtrusively. A bill forbidding the courts to pass on the constitutionality of Congressional enactments, it was introduced by Representative Oliver H. Cross, a sixty-five-year-old Democrat and retired lawyer from Waco, Texas, who left his farm in 1929 to sit in the House. Of the three major measures mentioned, it is the only one whose chances of passage are slim. It lacked Administration support when Mr. Cross introduced it at the last session, and apparently it still lacks that support. Senator Ashurst of Arizona, who as chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee handles such matters for the Administration in the upper house, expects no legislation in that vein, despite a passage in the President's message that seemed to invite such an enactment.

It is probable that one effect of the message will be to stir up a stiffer fight over the neutrality bill than the White House is prepared for. There never has been any doubt that a permanent measure would be enacted at this session; it would have been enacted at the last session had not White House and State Department opposition forced a compromise on a temporary measure. What has been in question is how far the permanent measure would go in denying discretionary authority to the President. The sentiment against executive discretion is still strong in both houses, and today there was introduced in opposition to the Administration's neutrality bill what will be called the Nye-Clark-Maverick bill. It parallels the Administration measure at several points but goes farther in making mandatory provisions for neutrality. The fight over the neutrality bill probably will be delayed until the bonus measure has been wangled to a vote.

There seems no likelihood at this time that the social-security bill will undergo any liberalizing amendments. The Wagner housing bill seems headed for the discard along with the Bankhead farm-tenancy bill. There is to be no new banking or tax legislation, and well-informed sources assert that the present smelly shipping-subsidy system is to be continued if a new subsidy bill, which merely perfumes the old one, cannot be passed without a stiff fight. Another attempt will be made to slip through the Tydings-McCormack anti-secession bill, which has the backing of the War and Navy Departments and the opposition of all civilized men. An attempt also will be made to repeal the Warren-Bailey compulsory potato-control act; four repealers were introduced in the House on opening day. But before any of these comes to a vote, the Supreme Court probably will have spared Congress the trouble by scrapping the Bankhead compulsory-cotton-control act. Such a decision actually, if not technically, would also kill the Warren-Bailey potato bill and the Kerr-Smith tobacco-control bill, all of them having been drafted to the same pattern.

Arms Over Europe

IV. Why Mussolini Went to War

By LOUIS FISCHER

Rome, December 20

MUSSOLINI believes in the ennobling power of war. Fascism, he wrote in 1932, "does not think that permanent peace is possible or desirable." Why? Because "only war raises all exhibitions of human energy to their maximum tension. It puts the stamp of dignity on nations which are able to wage it openly. No other test can take its place."

"I regard the Italian nation," he told the Chamber of Deputies on December 11, 1925, "in a permanent state of war. I have already said, and I repeat, that the next five or ten years will be decisive in the fate of our country. These years will be decisive because the international struggle has already commenced. It will grow fiercer as time goes on, and it is inadmissible that we, with our energy, should appear on the world stage too late." He added amid loud applause: "For me to live is to fight, to risk, to dare." This was Mussolini's honest warning to Europe. Naturally nobody listened.

Lest any person doubt his intentions, he repeated it on May 26, 1927. "The fundamental duty of Fascist Italy," he declared, "is the preparation of all armed forces on land, sea, and in the air. We must be able to mobilize 5,000,000 men. We must strengthen our fleet. Our air force, in which I have more confidence every day, must be so strong that the hum of its motors will drown out all other noises of the peninsula and its wings darken the heavens. Then, between 1935 and 1940, will come the tragic moment in Europe's history, and we can let our voice be heard. We will be in a position to achieve the recognition of our rights. The preparation for this will require several years." Mussolini is a great and dynamic personality. He is also Europe's frankest politician. Moreover, as the Roman daily *Ottobre* says in its permanent masthead, "Mussolini is always right." And now we are "between 1935 and 1940."

Mussolini's aim was foreign conquest. Personal ambitions, personal pride, a statesman's conception of his role in history play a part in shaping policies; and Mussolini saw himself as a modern Caesar. He dreamed of a new Roman Empire. Rome is the eternally beautiful city, and Mussolini has done a remarkable job in restoring its precious ruins and making it clean. Immediately upon my arrival I went to the vast Palazzo Venezia, built of stones taken from the Colosseum. Once the property of the Popes, it is now Mussolini's headquarters. From here the broad new Via dell'Imperio (Empire Avenue), with the Forum and the Column of Trajan on one side and the Forum Romanum on the other, leads to the impressive giant Colosseum. Just before one reaches it, in front of the Forum Romanum, is a brick wall which Mussolini has had decorated with four marble maps. In the first, Europe, upper Africa, and near Asia appear in pure-black shining marble, the seas are striped green stone, and the city of Rome is indicated by a small circle of cafe-au-lait marble. Rome was founded, we read

in the eighth century B.C. In the second map, representing the Roman Empire as it was in 146 B.C., the cafe-au-lait spot has spread to include half of Spain, Corsica, Sardinia, Italy, the Illyrian coast—now Yugoslavia—Macedonia, Thrace, and the city of Carthage. This was after the Punic Wars. By 14 A.D., as the third marble chart shows, Rome ruled all of Spain, all of France, Germany as far as the Rhine, southern Europe up to the Danube, Constantinople and its hinterland, Asia Minor, Cilicia, Antioch, Syria, Palestine, Egypt down to the Sudan, Libya, the Carthage region, and part of Numidia. Trajan (98-117 A.D.) brought the empire to its highest flower. His legions held sway over all the cafe-au-lait stretches of the past, plus Britain, Germany as far as the Baltic, the Balkans almost to Russia, Cappadocia, Armenia all the way to the Caspian, Mesopotamia down to the Persian Gulf, and Arabia. Mussolini has certainly noticed in studying this fourth map that his Roman forbears conquered England before they tried to take Ethiopia. It appears that Il Duce wants to upset one more precedent.

Wits add that there is no room on the brick wall for another map. Nevertheless, Fascism has sought to stamp the cult of imperialism on the mind of its people. "Empires come and empires go," a vigorous Fascist said to me yesterday. "Will the British Empire go on forever?" This is heard on all sides. Five days ago I had a long interview with Signor Edmondo Rossoni, said to be the third man in Italy. "Some people think that the world stands still," he declared. "But the dynamics of history is a big thing. I believe in imperialism." Mussolini himself has expounded this doctrine on numerous occasions. In 1926 he said: "Italy demands the acknowledgment by other powers of her undoubted need of sun and earth. If they do not acknowledge it, Italy will be forced to take what she has a right to."

"Africa and the East," that is, Asia Minor, is the direction of Italian expansion as stated by Mussolini in March, 1934. Some of his followers have been more definite. They have thought of Abyssinia, of course, of Egypt, and of India. It is a fact that Italians have endeavored to win over and organize the Indian students in Europe. On October 12, 1935, nine days after war commenced in Ethiopia, the Rome *Messaggero* said:

Italy has gained an exceptionally favorable position in India in the economic as in the moral field. All India is united in a sentiment of hatred toward the foreign lord who now dominates it. India pays a tribute of glory to the nation which has shown that it can challenge England on the British Empire's ways of communication. . . . British attempts to arouse the colored races against us have failed. The majority of Hindus understand the benefit which Italy's move in Africa represents to the resurgence of India. . . . Enslaved India looks to us as to a last hope.

The Zionist Fascists under Jabotinsky urge an Italian mandate for Palestine. Italian authorities have given them concrete encouragement. Italians have had their eyes on Syria,

and Roman attempts to gain a foothold in Yemen on the Arabian peninsula are well known. The ambitious are not modest.

The motives behind imperialism vary. The manifestations change. Indeed, of late a few scholars (see, for instance, Dr. William Langer's *Critique of Imperialism* in a recent issue of *Foreign Affairs*) have even suggested that imperialism no longer springs from economic causes. For this reason Mussolini's policy represents a marvelously interesting case study in the sources and character of Fascist imperialism—a subject which may yet give this troubled world much concern.

In Rome the apologists of Italian imperialism are numerous, vehement, and eloquent. "We are a young nation," they contend. "Fascism has renewed our vigor. But Italy is poor. We are crowded. We will not submit to permanent poverty without a struggle. Foreign countries, particularly the United States, now bar our immigrants, whose departure in former years not only relieved population pressure but also resulted in large financial remittances to the home country. Rising tariff frontiers, moreover, limit our exports; the world depression aggravated this situation. We must have an outlet for our surplus population, for our goods, and for our energy."

But why should fascism, which sometimes begins by nourishing the illusion of autarchy, invariably embrace the credo of external expansion? Are there no possibilities of expansion at home? This question was once answered by Mussolini, who occasionally relapses into the now-rejected phraseology of that early period when he sowed his Marxist oats. Addressing the Chamber of Deputies on May 26, 1927, he said:

Gentlemen, in order that Italy may become influential she must in the second half of the twentieth century count 60,000,000 inhabitants. You will say: "How will those 60,000,000 live on this territory?" But this same objection was probably made in 1815 when Italy had only 16,000,000 inhabitants. At that time, perhaps, some people believed that it would be impossible for the 40,000,000 of today to find the means of livelihood, at a much higher standard, on our present territory.

Il Duce never uttered a wiser word. This anti-Malthusian doctrine is corroborated by the experience of all nations. Just as the population of Italy, without helpful colonies, increased from 16,000,000 to 40,000,000 in 112 years, so the population of the entire world has risen sharply in consequence of the augmented productive capacity of capitalism and of better public-health conditions, which, in many respects, are a corollary of that augmented productive capacity. What has happened to prevent further progress in the same direction?

This is the problem I carried to Signor Rossoni, Italian Minister of Agriculture and, what is more important, a member of the Grand Fascist Council of Eighteen. After the interview I wrote out his words and submitted them to him; he approved and signed them. He spoke first of Italy's progress in agriculture, of her mounting wheat harvest, and of the greater yield per hectare. In principle we agreed that intensive cultivation by small farmers produces larger crops and employs more men than do most big estates. Thereupon I said to him: "You have a dictatorship. Why don't you nationalize land?" "A dictatorship," the Minister re-

plied, "is a political matter, not an economic or social matter. We cannot take the land away from the landlords. We cannot even fix the price at which we compensate the owners. Land prices are fixed in Italy just as they are in France, America, and other countries. We will proceed in the same way as we have in the past and take over, with compensation, only those lands which are not cultivated. If a landlord wants to sell his entire estate, that is all right. If he wishes to sell part and work the rest, that is all right. The peasants who receive the land sold by the estate owners pay for it in from fifteen to twenty years. Sometimes they become share-croppers of the landlord. In this wise we can place 2,000,000 hectares under cultivation in the next five years and give occupation to 400,000 families. The Fascist government prepares homes, equipment, and animals for these new settlers. They repay in twenty years."

This method must be slow and inadequate, for it places a heavy financial burden on the state. Many landowners have grown extremely rich by selling all or part of their huge latifundia at fancy prices. Moreover, many farmers hesitate to assume such gigantic debts at the start of a new and difficult career. It is probably for this reason that "crowded" Italy has much untilled land. According to the *Papal Osservatore Romano* of December 7, a congress of leaders of Fascist peasant syndicates in the provinces, meeting at Rome, urged that this land be divided. I therefore persisted. "Why," I demanded of Rossoni, "instead of conquering Ethiopia, which you hope will absorb surplus Italians, do you not attempt to accommodate them at home by introducing a land reform?"

"The war," he replied, "perhaps has economic reasons. But chiefly the reasons are moral and political. France did not acquire colonies because she was overpopulated. Nor did England. Economic problems are important, but nations cannot live solely on economic considerations. Italy can make a new contribution to civilization. A new regime could certainly improve conditions in Abyssinia. Mussolini has created a new nation which has a right to contribute to civilization."

This did not satisfy me, and so I said: "You have a dictatorship. You can send people to war, maybe to their death. Why cannot you take vacant land away from the estate owners and give it to the peasants?"

Signor Rossoni, to my delight, replied with equal frankness. "That is demagoguery. Peasants must be directed. 'Give land to the peasants.' That is a phrase. There must be organization. We are Fascists, not Socialists." Rossoni, like Mussolini, used to be a Socialist and a workingman. This made our meeting particularly interesting to me. We came soon to talk about corporations and the corporative state. He said: "The Italian corporations unite capitalists, technicians, and workers. The technicians must organize and direct industry. They must not be the instruments of the capitalists. They must guide the workers. The technician is the bridge between the worker and the employer. [All this reminded me of the American technocrats.] The worker himself has no executive ability. If he is talented he soon lifts himself up to a capitalist level. I know Socialist leaders who, when they recognized their own abilities, passed over to the capitalist side. Workers must be well organized and not free to be crazy. A strike is an act of folly. I am not bourgeois. We are anti-bourgeois."

Mussolini is Minister of Corporations. His Excellency Ferruccio Lantini is Under Minister and actual chief of the ministry. He likewise spoke freely with me about the nature of corporations. "The corporation," he affirmed, "tries to find a common ground between the proprietor of a factory and the workingman. The proprietor, however, remains the proprietor and the workers remain the workers. . . . The regime of corporations is not anti-capitalist." This last statement he repeated several times in order to reassure me, and he sought to prove it.

The best commentary on the words of Signori Lantini and Rossoni was the Senate session I attended. Mussolini was there and was vociferously cheered, but I am not sure whether the Prince of Piedmont, greeted with loud cries of "Savoy!" "Savoy!" and the four royal dukes who accompanied him did not receive at least as much applause. These five gentlemen were driven to the Senate, not in their splendid limousines, but in carriages each drawn by two horses. This is an innocent custom. Yet it is a symbol too, a symbol of conservatism and especially of intimate ties with the land. The Senate includes many heads of landed aristocratic families. And as long as royalty, nobility, and a powerful estate-owning class exist, it is obvious that all the free and undercultivated soil of Italy cannot be distributed among land-hungry peasants. In the Senate, apart from representatives of science, the armed forces, and the arts, sit many industrial magnates. That is another vested interest. Mussolini, to be sure, does not seem to like this reactionary body, and he has reduced it to legislative impotence. Yet it is there to demonstrate that the totalitarian political dictatorship has not been so totalitarian in economic and social matters.

This answers the question why Mussolini launched the East African war. Fourteen years ago Italy was on the verge of a social revolution. The workers had actually seized many of the factories; with more determined leadership they might have seized the state. The peasants were in open revolt against their miserable condition. The capitalists were frightened, economically weak, disappointed by Italy's World War booty, and incapable of producing a stronger figure than the pusillanimous Signor Facta. Then came Mussolini. The country had witnessed numerous armed clashes, one of them between Mussolini's Fascists and Rossoni's Socialist-Syndicalists. Mussolini drew Rossoni and others like him into his own camp. He undermined the movement of protest and received support from defenders of the status quo. There followed the March on Rome and the formation of a Fascist Cabinet by royal decree. Mussolini suppressed the workers' organizations. He inspired the bourgeoisie with new hope and with self-faith. The need was for a social revolution in village and town which would release new productive forces. But the stifling of those who wanted such a solution and the strengthening of those who abhorred it constituted merely a political change. Under the lid on which Mussolini sat firmly the old problems continued to brew. Mussolini did what he could. He launched innumerable public works which reduced unemployment and increased the national debt. He applied strict measures of control to the bourgeoisie, for though he had taught it self-respect he did not respect it. He had saved it, he was saving it every day, and it had to submit. He probably arrested the impoverishment of the lower classes too. But he could

not or would not undertake any fundamental economic or social changes.

Within the limits set by the existence and operations of landowners and a city bourgeoisie, Mussolini has done almost as much as he could for Italian economy. He realized soon enough, however, that these limits were confining and began to prepare another stimulus. The stimulus was not the economic profits of imperial expansion. Fascists themselves doubt the material advantages of the conquest of Ethiopia. "What we do in Abyssinia," Rossoni said to me, "depends on the amount of money and free land available." To exploit Abyssinia Italy will have to receive foreign loans, and if she can obtain these she can equally well use them to buy raw materials for intensified industrial production at home. All of Eritrea contained only 3,400 Italian inhabitants in 1934, most of them officials and missionaries. What proof is there that Abyssinia will yield better results?

The Fascists consequently stress other than material considerations. "Of course," Giuseppe Bottai, the Governor of Rome, admitted in an article in the *Messaggero* of November 14, 1935, "the real or possible wealth of Abyssinia is one of the elements of the problem . . . one of the elements, but not the decisive one." Italy has a mission; she must civilize. Italy is virile; she must find an outlet for her zeal and vigor. If Italy had vast possibilities for development within her borders, her rulers might say to the growing generation: "Prepare to become rich. Invent new machines. Build new industries and cities. Lead Italy forward toward economic greatness." Those possibilities do not exist. The regime therefore says: "War dignifies"—war for its own sake. "We have a right to an empire"; it enriches our national personality. This mystic cult becomes a necessity to a regime which has reached an economic and social impasse. Such is the force of agitation and education these days that abstract values like blood and soil or the call to carry Europe's heritage to dark Africa acquire a reality which moves hundreds of thousands to the sincerest efforts and the greatest sacrifices—although very few Italians have as yet subjected themselves to the ennobling influence of fighting in Abyssinia; they have gallantly stepped aside for their Eritrean Askaris.

Cramped by its own determination to remain a political dictatorship, Italian Fascism has tied itself into a knot which it hopes to cut with the sword. But it cuts itself when it tries to cut that knot. With or without Abyssinia Fascism must still face Italy's internal problems. The suspicion exists, therefore, that the mystic cult will have to be driven farther. It must be fed with new goals—Egypt, India? If England were to yield Abyssinia with little resistance, Italy might assume that less time and effort would be required to take the Nile lands than to convert Abyssinia into an asset.

No matter how much of Abyssinia they get, it will not be enough for the Italian Fascists. There is little balm in Ethiopia. Mussolini may know this. Several weeks ago, one hears, he told a number of foreigners that the Abyssinian war might lead him to make a social revolution. How he could do such a thing he did not say. But this is a pregnant thought. Apparently Mussolini realizes wherein he has failed.

[This is the fourth of a series of articles in which Mr. Fischer surveys the present international crisis from various European capitals. The fifth will appear in the issue of January 29.]

Presidential Possibilities

II. Landon as a Candidate

By RAYMOND GRAM SWING

GOVERNOR LANDON, as a candidate, would be no barnstormer and no mesmerist. He is not an orator, nor can he hide the deficiency behind a flow of easy self-revelation or even good fun. A candidate, or a President, does not have to write his own speeches, since this is the age of universal and shameless ghosting, and a public man can cull the best thoughts and best phrases from the minds around him. Even so, Landon would not deliver them brightly. He is the sober sort of speaker, running easily into homely abstractions. He could not have become Governor of Kansas by virtue of his speeches. He did it by building up an incredibly large personal acquaintanceship. As a political technique this is impossible nationally. Something like it might work if Landon had the gift of being warm and friendly over the radio; but though I have not heard him at the microphone, I am certain this is not his line. I doubt his ability to project his personality into the homes where he would be heard. So he would be only an average campaigner, and would appear mediocre when measured against the exceptional talents of Roosevelt.

So far he has not been specific about what he wants to see done nationally. This may be strategy, but I imagine it also is his nature. The national problem has suddenly loomed before him in a new aspect. He no longer is a sideline observer, but must be prepared to state his own views responsibly. He has declined to rush in with explicit declarations. He is feeling his way, and if he became President he would feel his way at Washington. That is, he is not spectacular or didactic or given to quick judgments. Nor is he thinking of how to set the stage so as to get the utmost popular acclaim. He is not the sort to promise to sweep the New Deal dramatically away. Speaking of the Roosevelt policies he said in his Cleveland speech: "I shall not attempt to characterize them as successes or failures, as revolutionary or evolutionary. For better or worse, such laws are there. . . . The major task ahead in the main is not more laws or more programs or more experimentation but sound common-sense administration." Here is a man, picked by some of the most pathological foes of Roosevelt to beat him, who himself is no such foe. Much in the New Deal he likes. What revolts him is extravagance and waste, and uncertainty about financial stability. He will not be hostile to whatever form of farm relief emerges from the ruins of the AAA. At least he will keep the principle of aid to agriculture until agriculture is on a sound footing. He would not, I believe, scrap the TVA—if the Supreme Court reprieves it. He is no friend of the utilities and no protagonist of bigness. One of his legislative successes has been to get through a law requiring public utilities in Kansas to pay the costs of any investigation by the state supervising commission. It took two sessions to get the bill through; in the first it was defeated because the railroads were included and took the responsibility of killing it. Before the second session the Governor made a bargain with the railroads giving them some minor concessions, and so split

the opposition. Now the Kansas utilities will be under a control that previously could not be financed by the state treasury.

He does not believe that the restoration of confidence is the only task of a Republican President. "Even with the return of industrial activity," he said in his Cleveland speech, "there will be major social, farm, and economic problems to meet. We must build against a return of what we have been through these past years. We must build on the realization that this economic situation did not come upon us suddenly, nor will we get out of it overnight." And he goes on to say: "We must face the fact that our economic difficulties now have basic world-wide implications, whereas previous depressions have been more completely mobilized within our domestic area."

A few sentences scrutinized like this make the Cleveland speech more meaningful than it was to his listeners, who dismissed it as not saying very much. A good many of Landon's views are hidden in it, for instance, his attitude toward relief. The budget balancers as a group speak about relief in stern tones and have awakened the suspicion that they are not deeply concerned about it. But to Landon the unemployed are victims of a system and not personally derelict. Relief "is a mutual responsibility, a common obligation created by the rapidity of our growth, the complexity of our society, and our inability to cope with situations as fast as they have arisen. Every right-thinking person sincerely desires to see the need for relief to the unemployed speedily pass away. Until that time comes it is reasonable—and nothing less than just—that the government exert all its powers to prevent suffering among the less fortunate."

An interesting sidelight on this comment is to be found in his inaugural address of January 14, 1935. "Our problems have been intensified," he said then, "by the great industrial plutocracy we have built since our last great depression of 1893. New adjustments must be made as a result of the development of machine production in the last quarter century." "The great industrial plutocracy"—these are strange words from Mr. Hearst's nominee. And the long view of the depression is out of key with the current Republican dogma, which is on the point of claiming that all was well under Coolidge and Hoover and that the shadow the New Deal cast before it actually caused the worst of the depression. Landon's belief in change is expressed in the same inaugural address: "America bids fair to join the procession of nations of the world in their march toward a new social and economic philosophy. Some say this will lead to socialism, some communism, others fascism. For myself I am convinced that the ultimate goal will be a modified form of individual rights and ownership of property out of which will come a wider spread of prosperity and opportunity for a fuller, richer life." Supplementing this thought he said in Cleveland: "Out in Kansas we try to distinguish between progress and change, to evaluate change not only in its im-

mediate effects but in its lasting results. . . . In solving old problems we must avoid the creation of new ones. . . . An innovation may be a backward step. This has been demonstrated in foreign countries where civil liberties have been yielded in return for economic security, without gaining economic security. Such a step in this country would be disastrous to all American ideas and traditions."

Sooner or later Landon will be more specific, and then the country will know whether he is doing his own thinking or subordinating himself to the big chance of being nominated and elected. The East, of course, will want him to stress the Kansas economies. But the balanced Kansas budgets—even 8,000 of them—are not particularly good campaign material. Reducing expenditure is a terribly depressing topic to most voters, who know about it from personal experience, and the Kansas story is not without its dangers. The school teachers, who have taken up to 25 per cent cuts in salaries already none too large, the recipients of old-age pensions now getting on the average less than \$9 a month, would not be eloquent supporters of the blessings of penny-pinching in Kansas. The Kansas roads are not being maintained as they should be in a progressive state, and the highway workers are paid hardly more than relief rates. The pay-as-you-go principle was no doubt justified in Kansas, for a state that had tumbled in corn production to one-third of its peak and was suffocated by the dust of its worst drought, had to bring down the speed of spending. I do not minimize the Landon achievement. I simply doubt that it will win millions of votes.

Kansas has survived, in the last analysis, not because of economies but because of federal expenditure in the state. Landon's leadership did bring a reduction in the cost of local and state government, and the figures are impressive. The per capita cost of state government fell from \$15.68 in 1932 to \$12.06 in 1933, \$13.31 in 1934, and \$13.41 in 1935. The cost of local government fell even more, from \$51.67 in 1932 to \$42.87 in 1933, \$38.01 in 1934, and \$39.13 in 1935. In these years the state and local bonded indebtedness was reduced \$18,500,000. But this could not have happened without the flow of federal relief money into the state. True, the same flow went into other states, and most of them have not managed anything like so well as Kansas. But there is a defect in the logic of arguing that Landon's economies of themselves represent salvation, since they were possible only against the background of federal relief poured in by the Roosevelt Administration. If Landon were President he could only repeat the miracle on a national scale by combining federal relief with skilful administration. Moreover, the status of relief in Kansas has not been anything to boast about. Last March Kansas ranked fifteenth among the states in supplementing federal expenditure with local appropriations. The rate of relief thus paid was low according to Eastern standards and has been slightly below the national average. It has, however, been higher than in the surrounding agricultural states. The humanitarian course would have been to pay more relief and postpone debt reduction till better days. But this has not been Landon's particular problem as the money for relief in Kansas is not raised by the state but is contributed by the local communities.

I have stressed the fact that Governor Landon is not a star performer on the platform. But he is a gifted executive. He knows what he wants to get done, and his art is in handling people to that end. When he was elected gover-

nor for his first term, he had a nominal majority of two in the legislature. But some of his Republicans were followers of Dr. Brinkley, the goat-gland specialist, and couldn't be trusted. Landon saw that his problem was to rally both Democrats and Republicans behind his program, and the Landon economies, of which Republicans now seek to make the most bitter partisan use, were the result. The party caucus in the Kansas legislature became almost unknown, and the reform of Kansas finances was a non-partisan triumph. Now this is an ability for which Washington offers plenty of scope. But it is not one which Eastern Republicans are polishing up for their main sales argument in the campaign. Actually it stultifies the use to which they want to put Governor Landon. The myth they want to create is of a Republican who kept the party flag flying during the worst Democratic assault of a generation. Is he not the one Republican elected governor west of the Mississippi in the Democratic landslide of 1932, and the only Republican governor reelected two years later? This being his distinction, is he not a find for his party? But on closer examination he turns out to be a man who rode the storm by being able to forget much of the time that he was a Republican.

This is not to say that Governor Landon is not a politician, a Republican politician at that. Nor are the two statements incompatible. The job of the politician is to get into power; after he gets there it is to use the power to stay in power. Landon came into power by a narrow margin, by a majority of 6,000 the first time and, as I have said, with only a nominal majority in his legislature. But to get into power at all was a triumph, and he beat Governor Woodring, now Assistant Secretary of War, who had been a good governor. To do this he had to end a feud in the Republican Party in Kansas, and that meant playing politics shrewdly and confidently. It meant tying together the left center wing—to which he and William Allen White belong—with the right center wing, personified in John Hamilton, now national Republican committeeman from Kansas and assistant for many months to National Chairman Fletcher in Washington. To the left of them remained former Governor Clyde Reed, who had worked his way into a lone position not because he was much more radical but because he was hard to get along with. To the right was the Old Guard, headed by former Vice-President Curtis. Landon consolidated the party between the outer wings of Reed and Curtis, and this was enough to win the election in a normally Republican state. Thereupon he departed from the straight party tradition during his first term, made his non-partisan record in the legislature, and was reelected by 60,000. This was good politics even when it was non-partisan. It even follows a pattern which can be applied nationally. Landon is wise enough to get on with his opposition when that is the thing to do, and since the next Senate is sure to be Democratic, this is an essential virtue for a Republican President. But it is hardly the quality for which he is being trumpeted by Hearst and the people who believe they have found a Kansas Coolidge.

Any estimate of Landon as a candidate should include consideration of his attitude toward labor. I have already said that his experience in this intricate field is limited by the conditions of Kansas. The largest city in the state is Kansas City, Kansas, which really is a suburb of the larger city across the Missouri line. Next to it in size is Wichita, cer-

tainly no industrial melting-pot. The Governor, however, did name as labor commissioner an official of the Kansas Federation of Labor, and I was told that federation members feel he has done as much for them as any governor of recent years. He had one moment of national attention in a labor dispute when he sent the National Guard into the southeast corner of the state in June, 1934. This is one of the unhappiest industrial districts in America, a mining zone lying in three states—Kansas, Oklahoma, and Missouri. During the trouble that year the troops of Oklahoma as well as of Kansas were called out, and the Oklahoma troops, according to the memory of the miners, behaved scandalously and the Kansas troops well. In Kansas, at least, meetings of strikers were permitted. The radical union which was taking the lead at the time was badly beaten and will hold this in part against Landon. But as he sent his labor commissioner, a former union official, to the scene of trouble, and acted under his advice, he cannot be bracketed with the governors of Indiana and Oregon, who openly put their troops at the service of employers. Landon's inclination, certainly, is to be fair to labor, and in theory he believes in collective bargaining. But even in his own business he has had little experience with unions. The oil fields, where he has made his money, have not yet faced unionization. Landon has not opposed unions there; the problem has simply not come up. And his record is that he was the first operator publicly to take a stand for the eight-hour day in the oil fields. In each of his two messages to the legislature he has urged legislation to benefit labor, and he strongly recommended, and worked for, the ratification of the child-labor amendment, though without success. Kansas farmers, for all their liberalism in other directions, thought this amendment would forbid the younger members of the family to work on the farm, and therefore rejected it.

Since Hearst is Landon's discoverer and sponsor, some mention should also be made of his attitude toward civil liberties. Here, again, he is a Kansan, which is to say that he takes civil liberties for granted. I have already recalled the fact that he once introduced Norman Thomas at a meeting in Kansas. This was several years ago, and it was such a natural thing for a natural Kansan to do that it doesn't merit much attention, certainly not as an act of distinguished bravery. I can add one more detail which shows how naturally Landon responds in such matters. A somewhat radical professor from the University of Kansas went to Oklahoma to lecture, and the Governor received a letter of complaint about Kansas sending out such a "dangerous" missionary. To the complainant, who was a friend of his, Landon replied simply enough that Kansas hadn't "sent" the professor; he had been invited to come to Oklahoma. He then added: "Under the academic freedom which we practice here in Kansas we do not attempt to control the thinking of the members of the faculties of our schools."

My conclusion is that Landon the candidate is much like Landon the man in being strangely different from the use that his sponsors seek to make of him. He is no bitter partisan, and he would be no grim, reactionary crusader against the "new tendencies." He is not much, if at all, less progressive in philosophy than Franklin D. Roosevelt, and if he only could, he would improve the quality of government, which in the last analysis means to scrap the spoils system. Why Hearst and the East have selected him baffles me. I

am told that Hearst sent half a dozen men to Kansas to study his record before he came out for him. I can only wonder whether Hearst is more of a liberal than he shows himself in his newspapers or I am a worse reporter than I care to believe.

[Part I of Mr. Swing's article on Governor Landon appeared last week. An analysis of Colonel Frank Knox as a Presidential candidate, also by Mr. Swing, will appear in an early issue.]

Correspondence

"Paradise Lost"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Because Joseph Wood Krutch's review of Clifford Odets's "Paradise Lost" appears in *The Nation* (issue of December 25) it cannot, as it should, be ignored. Your readers have a right to assume that the same standards of social responsibility are brought to your criticism of the arts as may be found in your articles dealing with political and economic subjects.

However, not by the furthest stretch of good-will could this review be dignified by the term criticism; it is not even honest reporting. On the contrary Mr. Krutch has written a hysterical polemic attacking the integrity and seriousness of one of our few important young playwrights—with a jeer or two thrown in for the most mature theater artists in America, the Group Theater.

The "St. Clifford" of the title sets the tone of Mr. Krutch's piece. It irks him considerably that Mr. Odets's previous plays, "Waiting for Lefty" and "Awake and Sing," received the admiration and acclaim which both the critics and the public accorded them. He then goes on to describe this much deeper and more complex play in terms of a mere list of the vices of some of its characters: "murder," "adultery," "embezzlement," and so on. That both "Hamlet" and "Macbeth" and Dostoevski's "Idiot" could also be so described is obvious. But that does not trouble Mr. Krutch in the least. For his purpose is to discredit, not to evaluate. Neither Shakespeare nor Dostoevski were so unfortunate as to be contemporaries of Mr. Krutch. That really is Mr. Odets's intolerable mistake.

Did not Mr. Krutch write a book, "The Modern Temper," part of whose burden was the inevitable sterility of the arts in our time? I remember that Waldo Frank's review of this book characterized it as an expression of defeatism. Frank's analysis of Mr. Krutch's primary motivation also explains this review. But now his defeatism reveals itself in its ugliest form, hysterical malice and a wanton will to destroy. To those who have seen "Paradise Lost" such a review as this can only emphasize the truthfulness and pertinence of the play. For Mr. Krutch's criticism reminds one of that hysteria which animates the character of Marcus Katz, the pocket-book manufacturer, whose arrogance toward other people, whose cruel and false accusation of sterility against his wife, are revealed as pathetic compensations for his own impotence.

New York, December 28

PAUL STRAND

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The Group Theater letter by Mr. Krutch in his article entitled On Good Intentions in your issue of January 1, though sent to all the critics, was not intended as a reply to his review of Clifford Odets's play "Paradise Lost." As a group the newspaper reviewers praised many things in Mr. Odets's new

play; the Group's statement was meant to point out that both praise and blame were equivocal since they had not made clear that the play, whether good or bad, was on a different level from most plays that are dubbed "entertainment." Since Mr. Krutch found practically nothing good in the play, it is obvious that our remarks could not apply to his review.

This does not signify, however, that we can accept Mr. Krutch's observations on our letter. By omitting its first two paragraphs Mr. Krutch alters its meaning. What Mr. Krutch says in effect is: The Group Theater deems it enough to assert that Clifford Odets wrote his play with honest motives; therefore the critics should have recommended it to their readers. But the Group Theater's letter bore a much clearer message—to wit, imperfect or not, in "Paradise Lost" the "level of thought, emotion, understanding is not only of a very high order but such as we find perhaps once in ten years in our theater." Mr. Krutch, we know, violently disagrees with our opinion, but no one ought to imply that we advanced the namby-pamby plea of "good intentions."

This, however, is a minor matter. More interesting are the generalizations that Mr. Krutch draws from the argument. "A pretty good tragedy," he says, "is not better than a very good farce." Perhaps Mr. Krutch is right. Yet we should like to hazard a few counter-statements of a more specific nature. Might we suggest that Chekov's immature tragedy "Ivanoff" is more important or, if you will, "better" than a very good farce like "She Loves Me Not"? Is it too much to say that Ibsen's unsuccessful tragedy "When We Dead Awaken" is "better" than a very good farce like "Seven Keys to Baldpate," or that O'Neill's weaker tragedies, like "Diff'rent" and "The Straw," are "better" than Molnar's "The Play's the Thing"?

We are not arguing at this moment the inherent superiority of tragedy to farce; we simply wish to submit that Mr. Krutch's friendly comments in this instance are questionable and a little beside the mark. The arbitrary contrast between "pretty good tragedy" and "very good farce" has hardly anything to do with "Paradise Lost," which may possibly not be a tragedy and certainly isn't a farce. Our point, we repeat, is that even with its faults "Paradise Lost" is a play of a superior order because its characters are alive, its dialogue is rich and pungent, its situations are affecting, and its feeling at least is as valid an expression of what many people feel to be the truth about the middle-class as is Mr. Krutch's flat denial.

New York, December 30

HAROLD CLURMAN,
for the Group Theater

More Names for the Honor Roll

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

To your excellent honor roll for the year I should like to add the following names:

SENATOR GERALD P. NYE and INVESTIGATOR S. H. RAUSHENBUSH, for their endeavors to dig up all the facts concerning the munitions racket in the face of the bitterest opposition by reactionaries.

GENERAL SMEDLEY D. BUTLER, for his intelligent criticism of the misuse of the army, navy, and National Guard, in *Common Sense*.

GEORGE SELDES, for writing "Sawdust Caesar" and "Freedom of the Press," the most revealing non-fiction books of the year.

SINCLAIR LEWIS, for "It Can't Happen Here," which has shocked and instructed thousands of hundred-per-centers.

PROFESSOR ROBERT MORSS LOVETT, of the University of Chicago, for his courage in defending academic freedom of

speech before a reactionary investigating committee last spring.

ISIDOR FEINSTEIN, for pursuing in the New York *Post* the most intelligent and independent editorial policy any big metropolitan newspaper has displayed in recent years.

NORMAN THOMAS, a perennial honor roller, for fighting a vigorous battle against oppression and tyranny everywhere.

THE EDITORS OF THE NATION AND THE NEW REPUBLIC, if their collective blushes will permit it, for the most courageous and instructive journalism of the year.

FRANCIS GORMAN, for his part in furthering the campaign for a Labor Party.

And, perhaps most important of all, with the hearty respect and admiration of a fellow-student, the members of the NATIONAL STUDENT STRIKE COMMITTEE, for their part in organizing last April's student strike against war, the greatest pacifist demonstration the United States has seen in years, and the EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE of the NATIONAL STUDENT LEAGUE and the STUDENT LEAGUE FOR INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY, for their part in organizing the American Student Union.

New York, December 30

ASHER LANS

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I want to call your attention to a gross omission in your Honor Roll for 1935—the name of the great humanitarian Dr. Francis E. Townsend. How come?

Brooklyn, N. Y., December 26

GEORGE FENTRICK

The Eternal Principles

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The series of articles, *Our Critics, Right or Wrong*, which has recently appeared in *The Nation* aroused a strong desire to protest from time to time, but the sprightly style rather disarmed criticism, and I have contented myself with sheer enjoyment. My interest in literary criticism is apparently greater than my objection to somewhat unfounded strictures, however, and as a result I now feel impelled to write for information.

In the last article (issue of December 18) the Misses Marshall and McCarthy criticize Mr. Gannett for confessing to a "lamentable ignorance of the eternal principles of criticism." I too think that such a statement is open to certain comment, only mine would not quite coincide with theirs. What I most want to know—and from what the authors say I imagine they must know—is, what are these eternal principles of criticism? Where can they be found? I am slightly acquainted with the major critical dicta from Aristotle to our present critics (right or wrong), but I cannot recall ever having seen any list of such eternal principles—at least not any that any group of appreciable size would agree to for any appreciable time. Could the authors be induced to take the few moments necessary to help?

Millburn, N. J., December 28

PHILIP C. JONES

Dr. Felix Adler

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

A "Life and Letters of Dr. Felix Adler" is being prepared by his wife and daughter. Anyone having any letters in his possession is requested to send them to the undersigned, who will greatly appreciate the use of them, and will have copies made and the originals returned without delay. The address is 3902 Spuyten Duyvil Parkway, Riverdale, New York.

Riverdale, N. Y., December 20

ELEANOR H. ADLER

Labor and Industry

Company Unions, F.O.B. Detroit

By ANTHONY LUCHEK

LABOR organizations in the automobile industry were practically non-existent in January, 1933. Since then a foothold has been gained by every sort of workers' group known to organized labor, and by a few new and unique ones. There has been a lively fight for workers' allegiance among such varied groups as company unions, works councils, American Federation of Labor unions, unaffiliated unions, a rump union, a dingman's club, proportional-representation agencies created by the Automobile Labor Board, an independent union growing out of one of these agencies, a "debating society," a confederation, and finally an amalgamation of unaffiliated unions. All these have been competing for membership and the right to be recognized as the one workers' bargaining agency in the automobile plants.

THE COMPANY INSTALS A UNION

Company unions were introduced just at the time that the automobile-manufacturing code under the NRA was adopted. It was no coincidence that independent unions had already begun their organization campaigns and had attracted a nucleus of members in many plants of the industry. There was wide variation in the organization, plan, and scope of the company unions set up to meet this competition. Some were "membership organizations" in which workers enrolled voluntarily or otherwise. Others were plant-wide systems of representation in which all employees automatically participated. Some provided for joint meetings of workers' representatives and management, others for meetings of representatives only. Representatives had to be employed in the department they represented and could hold no supervisory position. Often citizenship requirements and seniority status were added to the required qualifications. All automobile manufacturing companies except the Ford Motor Company and a few independents had some form of company union. General Motors, Chrysler, Hudson, and Packard were the most active.

There were important differences in the manner of introducing plans to the workers. In one of the most successful plans the idea of a company union was suggested to a committee of workers chosen from each department. Various plans operating in other industries were described to them, and a proposed constitution was submitted for their criticism. After a discussion resulting in a few minor changes, a panel from the group was elected as a steering committee to conduct the election of representatives; the company union was then in operation. Another manufacturer drew up a plan which was submitted to the employees for approval and adopted by an overwhelming majority. However, the procedure followed in this election did not permit the freedom of choice that an election suggests. One morning in October, 1933, each employee found in his clock-card space a letter from the president of the company announcing the plan and urging him to vote for its adoption. This was the first news of a representation plan received by the workman. Shortly after he commenced work he was given a pamphlet describing the

plan. Before noon of the same day he was approached by his foreman together with two "front-office" employees, one of whom carried a ballot-box and the other a ballot on which he was asked to indicate whether or not he was in favor of the proposal. He had to vote "yes" or "no" before three management representatives upon a proposal which he had not even had time to read. Of course, the vote resulted in an overwhelming majority in favor of adoption. The faith of the workers in this representation plan after it had been in operation for some time was shown when it was reconsidered in a secret-ballot election conducted by the Automobile Labor Board. Only 11 men out of more than 18,000 voted for it.

An automobile-parts plant also had its employees vote on whether or not they wanted a company union, but when the workers voted two to one against its adoption, the management did not announce the results of the election. Instead, it stated that "the results of ballots cast fully warrant carrying through the plan," and proceeded to do so!

According to the method most commonly followed in the industry, the management drew up a representation plan, submitted it to an employees' committee for discussion (if none existed, a committee was appointed), and then had the committee conduct the election. Since the vast majority of workers participated in the election, the management assumed that the workers supported the plan.

The automobile worker was anxious to try some form of collective bargaining to improve his status. He found both company unions and independent unions competing for his support. Because of the recent introduction of labor organizations the automobile worker had not developed an allegiance to any one form. He was willing to try anything, and that is what he usually did. Frequently the hopeful workman held membership in several labor organizations. The company union enjoyed special attractiveness, since it had the management's support and was free from dues, so he usually joined this too. What benefits did the company union obtain for him?

IT THICKENS THE HAM IN HAM SANDWICHES

Many petty grievances and misunderstandings which had been causes of irritation on his job were corrected. For example, an open door leading to the dock made a certain department a cold and drafty place in winter. The company union had the door closed, making the workman's job much more comfortable. Now that his representative has been able to get the windows washed on his side of the plant, he has some daylight. He can make more money on his piece-rate job now, because the company-union representative complained about the condition of the department tools at the request of his constituents and the company had them restored to first-class order. The ham in the sandwiches has been increased in thickness by the company union—it fixed a standard thickness with micrometers; the milk bottles now carry sanitary caps; the candy bars have improved in quality; the toilets are cleaner; a coat rack has been provided; and the

parking-lot mud holes have been filled. The workman can also participate in group athletics with the boys from the shop, thanks to the recreation committee of the company union. And now that he is a member of the company union he can—sometimes must—take advantage of group insurance and a savings plan. His condition has been improved in minor ways, and the management has been careful to point out that the company union has been responsible for these benefits. In other words, the company union has succeeded in doing some of the work which perfectly functioning personnel and engineering departments should do.

WAGES AND HOURS ARE "PROBLEMS OF MANAGEMENT"

However, the fundamental problems of collective bargaining in the automobile industry pertain to wages, hours of work, speed of work, lay-off, and rehiring. These are not subjects with which the company union is primarily concerned. When such problems are introduced, they usually come as a complaint from a single individual or department. It is true that when wage rates within a department are obviously inequitable, adjustments are readily obtained by the company union. But when requests for general increases in wages are presented, the management usually argues that it is impossible to grant them because of the competitive nature of the industry and their effect on the price of the car.

By carefully building up a series of favorable decisions in small matters the employer hoped to establish the desirability and effectiveness of the company union in the eyes of the workers. In one instance a department organized by an outside union was asking for an increase in wages. The management refused to deal with the independent union, but told the men to refer the matter to their company-union representative. When he presented their case, the department was granted an increase. Such experiences make a strong impression on the workers. In the spring of 1934 the 10 per cent increase in wages throughout the industry was announced in some of the plants through the company union, giving the workers the impression that the company union was responsible for obtaining the higher rates. As a matter of fact, a threatened strike by an outside union had really occasioned the increase. When wage changes are granted through a company union, it is difficult to tell whether this agency is really responsible. The existence of an outside union or the threat of unionization plays an important role. Some employers definitely banned the question of wages from company-union proceedings by stating that wages and hours were problems of management and therefore could not be proper subjects for collective bargaining.

DISILLUSIONMENT SETS IN

The deliberate enhancement of the prestige of the company union was not universally practiced. An example will suggest how a careless reply by a management lost the support of the workers. When one representative complained to the management that his wages were not sufficient for him to support his family, he was told that he shouldn't have married if he wasn't able to keep a wife. Because the management frequently let cases hang fire for long periods when it did not intend to render a favorable decision, the company union often lost the confidence of the workers. Let one of the representatives tell you in his own words:

"After this man's case had dragged along far enough,

the man comes to me and I start to talk to him. He says, 'Oh, Christ, don't ever talk to me. I've listened to you for four months now. You say two weeks, then thirty days.' I say, 'I can't do no more. I am working my damndest on it. The only thing I can do is if you make a statement, I will take it up again.' He says, 'No, I will forget about it.'"

One employer expressed confidence in his ability to control the company-union representatives. He has found that the representatives "are good boys and willing to listen to reason." "When the boys get out of line," he calls them in "to straighten them out." He has had trouble with only two representatives; one of these was asked to resign from the company union and the other resigned of his own accord to join an independent union.

With such experiences why did not some company unions become more militant? The answer lies in the existence of outside unions in the industry. The more aggressive representatives, becoming discouraged with the work of the council, soon left that body in disgust to join independent unions. More complacent employees were satisfied with their success in correcting minor grievances.

There are, to my knowledge, three plants in the automobile-manufacturing industry where the company union is acceptable to a substantial group of workers. In all of these, workers are actively organized in independent unions. In one of the plants almost all the employees support one group or the other, with strength about equally divided. The sincerity of the management in dealing with the company union may be due to the competition of other labor groups.

The typical worker's attitude toward company unions was expressed by the representative who said to the Automobile Labor Board, "We will be glad we won't have to serve as representatives of the company's employees' association" after the Automobile Labor Board elections. Another representative told how they "would discuss baseball, boxing, washing windows or floors for hours at a time, and the company praised us for our good taste in not mentioning wages, hours, or working conditions." The workers soon learned the place of the company union in collective bargaining.

ENTER THE AUTOMOBILE LABOR BOARD

When the Automobile Labor Board set up its system of proportional representation in the winter of 1935, the company unions were reduced to an indeterminate position. In a few plants where independent unions were relatively weak, the company union was identified in the worker's mind with the "bargaining agency" instituted by the Automobile Labor Board's election. There was a degree of truth in this impression, since many of the representatives were elected as affiliates of the company union. Some company unions dropped collective bargaining and functioned only in welfare and recreational activities. The typical situation was one in which the company union ceased functioning altogether.

In practice the Automobile Labor Board agency was essentially a continuation of the company union. Except for minor modifications the procedure of the bargaining agency and the problems discussed in the meetings followed those of the company union. There were, however, three real differences between the Automobile Labor Board's agency and the company union: (1) The voting for representatives was an unqualified free election. (2) The workers could elect any-

one to represent them, whether or not he worked in their

department. (3) Since the government conducted the election, the representatives secured an official position in the eyes of the workers. Here was a new agency that gave the workers fresh hope of improving their status.

THE RUN-AROUND, CONTINUED

The elected representatives soon lost interest because the Automobile Labor Board delayed unduly in determining rules for procedure, thus giving the employers an opportunity to lay down rules following company-union practice. When the Automobile Labor Board finally did establish a set of rules, they were so general in character that they did not alter the operation of the bargaining boards. The agencies continued to meet during the life of the board in spite of dwindling interest on the part of the workers.

The failure to get satisfaction on grievances presented under the company-union procedure was the real reason for the decline of interest of the workers and their representatives. In general the Automobile Labor Board agencies were more aggressive than the company unions had been. They introduced more issues dealing with the fundamental problems of collective bargaining. This aggressiveness, plus the reduced threat of unionization and the employers' half-hearted acceptance of the Automobile Labor Board agencies (since they were upsetting their existing industrial relations), brought blunt refusals from employers who would have declined more tactfully under the company union.

BATTLES FOR INDEPENDENCE

Disillusioned with their attempt to obtain collective bargaining under the Automobile Labor Board agency, one group of representatives gradually built up an independent union which has spread to other plants in the industry. Under rules of procedure laid down by the company this Automobile Labor Board agency was required to meet with an equal number of management representatives to settle grievances. The workers' delegates found that nothing could be successfully accomplished in an unwieldy body of more than a hundred men which met but once a month. The meetings usually degenerated into debates during which hours were spent on some trivial question. The telling blow was administered by the declaration of company executives that decisions of the joint council on questions of wages and hours were not binding on the management.

The men's representatives felt that by forming an executive committee of a few members who would meet with responsible management they would have a satisfactory form of collective bargaining. Upon the refusal of the management to accept this proposal, the representatives carried their case to the Automobile Labor Board with unsatisfactory results. The board argued that since the management had no voice in determining the number of representatives the workers elected, the workers did not have the right to determine how many representatives the management would appoint to meet with them. At the same hearing the board declared that the bargaining agency could discuss anything pertaining to collective bargaining—including wages and hours—but no method was provided for reaching an agreement.

The representatives, determined to secure some means for effective collective bargaining, finally decided to present a questionnaire to each employee in order to obtain his opinion on the formation of an outside union. Ninety per

cent of the workmen reached cast an affirmative vote and contributed twenty-five cents to the cause. This Automobile Labor Board agency then called mass-meetings of automobile workers urging them to join any of the independent unions. In the meantime, it enrolled a majority of workers in a "neutral" organization. This group would later determine by vote with which one of the established unions it would affiliate. Upon deciding that no established union was acceptable, it formed a new independent one. Since then it has enrolled workers in about a dozen automobile plants, claiming a membership of 20,000.

Another movement toward independent unionism grew out of an association of the Automobile Labor Board agencies. These bodies had hardly begun to function when a group of representatives invited all functioning agencies to send delegates to a meeting for the purposes of exchanging experiences. Sixteen groups from Detroit, Pontiac, and Lansing were sufficiently interested to send their officers to learn what others were doing. They formed a permanent association called the Officers' Association of Automobile Employee Representatives. Its purposes were "to create a central agency for the exchange of information and individual experience, to establish more uniform practices, and to build a united front." Although it was a conglomerate group of independent unionists, company-union chiefs, and unaffiliated men, all were sincerely interested in improving the conditions of automobile workers. Dissension soon arose. Upon being overruled in their objection to the election of an independent-union official to an executive position in the association, a group of company-union men withdrew from membership. Another company-union delegation refused to participate in future meetings. By the fall of 1935 all delegates who continued to attend had joined some independent union.

REORGANIZING FOR ACTION

Realizing the ineffectiveness of the Automobile Labor Board agencies, the association decided to reorganize. All independent unions were asked to send responsible leaders to its meeting to form a cooperative association of unions. The American Federation of Labor refused to participate, but the three largest unaffiliated unions accepted. A loose association of participating unions was organized, called the Brotherhood of Allied Automobile Organizations.

In plants where there are no competing labor organizations the Labor Board agencies are continuing their company-union business. One group has split in two, the outside-union representatives no longer meeting with company-union representatives. The two groups have established separate meetings and deal with management separately. One agency has formally resigned as a body. In many instances individuals have resigned. This is especially true of union men, since some unions do not permit their members to serve as representatives on these agencies. Since no official provisions were made for such replacements, some districts are without representation. With a new production season already under way the typical attitude is one of indecision. Neither the management nor the workers know what to do with the Automobile Labor Board agencies.

This situation has given some employers, in plants where conditions permit, the opportunity to revive the company union. One plant mailed ballots to its employees with a list of persons eligible to serve as representatives. Only 15 per

cent of the workers reached cast their vote. Another company union has moved off company property and plans to limit its functions to collective bargaining, leaving its welfare and recreational activities to the company. Most employers are waiting to see what will happen to the National Labor Relations Act and what independent unions will do before deciding to revive company unions.

In general, the automobile worker, recognizing the need for complete freedom of action, has turned to independent unionism. Since he also realizes the weaknesses of collective bargaining when an organization is limited to a single plant, he is participating in a definite move toward the formation of inter-plant unions. One year ago it would have been impossible to get the unaffiliated unions together even unofficially to discuss mutual problems. Today they are actually amalgamating for more effective action.

[This is the second of a series of articles on company unions in various industries. The third, on company unions in steel, will appear in an early issue.]

Facts for Consumers

THE steady growth of the consumer cooperative movement is indicated by the attention recently given it by business and advertising journals. Apparently the interpreters of business trends are becoming apprehensive, for Babson's Reports have warned subscribers that "this consumers' movement . . . has certain elements which are fundamentally sound. . . . If consumers ever get organized and go into real action, our present retailing, wholesaling, and producing systems might be blown to bits." *Printer's Ink* remarks: "Until the last year or so manufacturers of advertised brands have laughed off the co-op movement. . . . There hasn't been so much laughing lately."

Business, however, is ahead of the average consumer, who still has only the vaguest conception of the cooperative principles. But consumers are rapidly learning the advantages of cooperative buying. Both in number of members and volume of business the consumer cooperatives have grown prodigiously during the depression years. Although the compilation of the 1935 figures has not yet been completed, the indications are that sales for the year reached the half-billion mark. In England 50 per cent of the retail business in food and clothing is handled by the "co-ops."

A true co-op, organized in accordance with the Rochdale principles, gives each member only one vote and returns all profits directly to consumers. Buying is done on specifications, and advertising ballyhoo and advertised brand names are omitted. Although the movement in this country is negligible compared to that in Europe, our business men are worried when they see the growing sales figures.

THE Food and Drug Administration reports the seizure of the following products as "economic frauds":

Product	Shipper	Reason for Seizure
Libby's apple butter	Libby, McNeill, and Libby	Short weight
Condensed buttermilk	Center Milk Products Company	Adulterated with a foreign fat (probably coconut oil)
Near solid buttermilk		Low fat content
"Daisy" whole-milk white cheese	Sunrise Dairy Products Company	
Honey malt, chocolate flavor	Silver Label Products Company	Short weight and of composition not warranting name

Pure honey	L. E. Rogers	For short weight
Wilco honey		
Currant jelly; strawberry, cherry, loganberry, blackberry, pineapple, raspberry preserves	National Kream Company	Short weight, deficient in fruit, added pectin
"Nature's Own" strawberry preserves	Fresh Grown Preserve Corporation	Short weight, deficient in fruit, added pectin
"Milrey" raspberry preserves		
Lemonia E-Z Squeeze	Dover Importing Corporation	Citric acid labeled ■■ lemon concentrate
Peas:	Eastern Shore Canning Company	Substandard
"Pride of the Farm" Eastern Shore brand; Esco brand		
"Eyre Hall"	G. L. Webster Company	Substandard
"Green Pac"; "Vestibule"	Greencastle Packing Company	Substandard
"Ruth Brand"	Gibbs and Company	Soaked dried peas improperly labeled
Vanilla Extract "Try-Me"	Davis Manufacturing Company	Short volume

A FRENCH name and ■ Paris address add immeasurably to the sales appeal of ■ perfume. Prince Matchabelli Perfumery, manufacturers of some of the highest-priced and most extensively advertised perfumes on the market today, and Leading Perfumers and Chemists, makers of Fleur de Martin-Cartel, therefore labeled their products, manufactured in New York, in such ■ manner that they appeared to be imports. The Federal Trade Commission has now ordered both companies to discontinue these misrepresentations.

SAFEGUARD PRODUCTIVE CAPITAL

Dangerous pressure ■ exerted ■■ productive capital by growing tax burdens and recurrently inflating ground rents. Capital now stalled in banks would move into productive industry and employ more labor if taxation were transferred from agriculture, manufacture, trade, and real estate improvements and placed on ground values, improved and vacant.

Other programs aim to attack, regiment, or abolish capitalism on the illogical assumption that private ownership of "the tools and machinery of production" is oppressive to labor.

This book, by LOUIS WALLIS, is non-Georgian and non-utopian. It views Marxism as impracticable, and regards the New Deal as only a stop-gap.

Minneapolis Tribune: "A sensible suggestion at a time when big business and small business as well is crying for relief from heavy taxation. . . . Seems to fit the picture of what industry needs today."

All bookstores, 75 cents

Published by DOUBLEDAY, DORAN, Garden City, N. Y.

AMONG the expenses connected with death are cemetery plots, coffins, and gravestones. There is a natural reluctance to consider these things beforehand, and emotional distress at the time such purchases must be made permits unscrupulous undertakers to mulct the bereaved. This form of racketeering is comparatively well known. A newer and what appears to be a more profitable racket is the sale of cemetery lots as first-rate speculative investments. The cemetery salesmen are particularly active in Ohio, where they appear to be creating a little boom. Local better-business bureaus are actively campaigning against the cemetery racketeers.

Meanwhile the Federal Trade Commission has been proceeding against manufacturers of the new-style metal vaults, warranted to purchasers as water-proof, air-tight, and vermin-proof for periods ranging up to one hundred years. The findings in the case against the Maxwell Steel Vault Company of Oneida, New York, makers of the Maxwell Burial Vault and the Oneida Air Seal Vault, point out that many of each type of vault are not water-proof even at the time of interment and that the guaranties are false and misleading and serve merely as sales inducements.

The FTC will soon commence proceedings against seven other manufacturers of vaults against whom complaints of similar practices have been filed. These companies are the Galion Metallic Vault Company, the National Grave Vault Company, the Perfection Burial Vault Company, the Springfield Metallic Casket Company, the Clark Grave Vault Company, and Sissell Brothers. In October the Wyandot Company entered into a stipulation with the FTC agreeing to discontinue claims that its vaults will endure "for countless years," held to be an exaggerated and untrue statement. The FTC has also issued a complaint against Granite Arts of Omaha, Nebraska, alleging that the company's tombstones, advertised as granite, are in fact manufactured of cement; that these monuments are not permanent; and that they have not, as was advertised, the official approval of practically every cemetery in the United States.

RUTH BRINDZE

[Miss Brindze's page appears every other week in The Nation. Miss Brindze cannot answer questions regarding the merits of individual products.]

Contributors to This Issue

PAUL W. WARD is a Washington correspondent of the *Baltimore Sun*.

LOUIS FISCHER is *The Nation's* Moscow correspondent and the author of "Soviet Journey." At present he is traveling in Western Europe observing the political scene.

ANTHONY LUCHEK, a graduate student in the Economics Department of the University of Michigan, has spent the past two years in close contact with automobile labor organizations, attending their meetings, studying their records, and interviewing individual workers.

RUTH BRINDZE is chairman of the Westchester County Consumers' Council and author of "How to Spend Money."

LOUIS KRONENBERGER, editor of "An Anthology of Light Verse," is preparing a study of life and manners in the eighteenth century.

R. P. BLACKMUR has recently published a collection of critical essays entitled "The Double Agent."

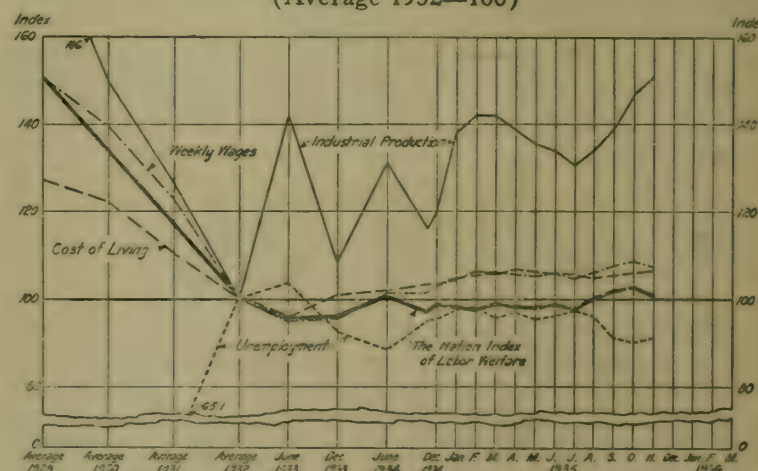
HAROLD E. STEARNS is the author of "The Street I Know."

MARY MCCARTHY frequently reviews fiction for *The Nation*.

The Labor Index

DESPITE an uninterrupted rise in business activity in November, *The Nation* Index of Labor Welfare shows working-class living standards to have declined practically to the August level. The average weekly wage in manufacturing and non-manufacturing industries combined dropped from \$22.13 in October to \$21.88 in November, while the cost of living—as computed by the National Industrial Conference Board—rose $\frac{1}{2}$ of 1 per cent for the fourth consecutive month. Unemployment increased slightly, and the number dependent on relief or WPA emergency jobs showed little change.

THE CHART OF LABOR WELFARE
(Average 1932=100)



The task of measuring real wages is rendered extremely difficult by the growing discrepancy between the cost-of-living figures of the Bureau of Labor Statistics and those prepared by the National Industrial Conference Board. The Bureau of Labor Statistics gives the increase in living costs in thirty-two of the principal cities of the United States from July 15 to October 15 as 0.4 per cent, and the rise from November 15, 1934, to October 15, 1935, as 2.2 per cent. In contrast, the NICB lists the advance between July and October at 1.6 per cent, and that from November, 1934, to November, 1935, at 4.3 per cent. On the basis of the government figures—which have been used hitherto in constructing the Labor Index—real wages for November would appear to be 0.7 per cent above the depression level of 1932. But if the NICB estimates are accepted, real wages are 1 per cent lower than they were during the depth of the depression in 1932. Since the change is at any rate an extremely small one, it is safe to say that living standards of employed workers today are no higher than in 1932 and are 18 per cent below the level of 1929. Taking into account the condition of the 11,500,000 persons who are without jobs, we still find very little change from 1932. *The Nation* Index of Labor Welfare for November stands at 100.4 (on the basis of the figures of the Bureau of Labor Statistics)—a decline of approximately 50 per cent since 1929.

Following are the tentative figures for November, compared with the revised figures for October and for November of a year ago:

(AVERAGE 1932=100)

	Nov. 1935	Oct. 1935	Nov. 1934
Industrial Production	151*	147	120
Average Weekly Wages	107.1*	108.3†	101.4
Cost of Living	106.4*	105.9†	103.7
Real Wages	100.7*	102.4†	97.7
Unemployment	91*	90	94
Index of Labor Welfare	100.4*	102.6†	97

* Preliminary. † Revised.

Books, Drama, Films

Ernest Cudlipp

Men and Brethren. By James Gould Cozzens. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

THERE are so many dismally cut-and-dried ways of writing about the clergy—their sincerity, for example, is ■ threadbare an object of satire as their hypocrisy—that Mr. Cozzens deserves almost special praise for creating ■ clergyman as real as Ernest Cudlipp. He has licked the problem of forgetting about the minister in thinking of the man, and vice versa, not merely by always seeing Cudlipp as both, but by making it hard to determine where the one leaves off and the other begins. The result is a brilliantly integrated and authentic characterization. Ernest has been sacrificed to no satiric preconceptions; Mr. Cozzens does not first size him up, and then write about him. He just lets him do the talking; gives him, as a good novelist should, rope and to spare. In consequence he never loses his hold over the man for a minute.

For my tastes, Ernest is the whole book. There are some interesting enough other people, but in the end—except as they give Ernest his opportunities—they do not count. And Ernest holds me, not because he is ■ thrilling or spectacular figure, or because anything of much consequence happens to him, but because he is real. It is enough to watch him for perhaps twenty-four hours as he follows ■ routine of parish duties in New York City; to see him involved in the lives of people who may mean something to him but cannot mean much. We watch an Episcopalian celibate getting on for forty, living pretty well and running into debt, with an attractive personality, an authoritative manner, and a quick wit rather too often substituted for a capacity to think.

Dealing with friends, parishioners, fellow-clergymen, servants, Ernest handles his job briskly and professionally. In one sense, ■ every administrator of people's lives must be, he is a worldling. He is undeceived and unsentimental, but he comes down hard—though often banteringly—where the church is concerned. It is something of ■ achievement on Mr. Cozzens's part that without making Ernest priggish or hypocritical or sanctimonious he makes him seem adjusted to his role, ■ though he had ■ vocation for it. Not, to be sure, ■ vocation in the strict spiritual sense, but rather because there is at bottom something aloof and impersonal in Ernest which keeps him unentangled and hence free to minister; and because, though he may lack the inner loftiness proper to the church, he has the perfect temperament for a churchman. It is not so much that he can resist temptation as that he is not tempted. It is again not so much that he has anything of God in him as that he can outstare the devil.

The result is a seasoned person, at once highly modern and not modern at all, neither admirable nor despicable, who half the time faces things and half the time evades them. We do not see him in the pulpit or at the altar; we see him directly in contact with the world he has half-forsworn. It is a commentary on the position of the church in contemporary life that people only come to Ernest when they need him sorely. They are, in one sense or another, near the end of their rope; and he offers to such people not high-sounding words but succinct and practical help. In other words, he has the ability to do a good job, but lacks the deep feeling to add any special, more personal touch.

As you may judge from the way I have been writing, one does not want to write ■ review of "Men and Brethren"; one wants to start ■ conversation about Ernest. He is a teasing mixture who might have just left the room and whom, with no

two of our opinions quite alike, we want to discuss. There are, I suppose, two kinds of real people in books. The one kind is real as people never are in life—that is, we wholly understand them, see into every dark corner of their minds, grasp all their motives perfectly. Mr. Cozzens's Ernest Cudlipp is not of this, which may be the greater, kind. He is like somebody we know in life, a contradictory and rather insoluble figure, whom sometimes we see through only too well, and sometimes can only guess at. Perhaps he appeals to nothing deeper in us than our curiosity about human nature; at least we realize that he is not an important person, and a life so little moving and tragic as his cannot be the vehicle for ■ really important book. But by creating an indestructible human being Mr. Cozzens has proved himself not only ■ livelier but a better writer than those whose talents are forever out of breath trying to keep up with their pretensions.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

In Second Place

Prophets and Poets. By André Maurois. Translated by Hamish Miles. Harper and Brothers. \$3.

T HE lectures on Kipling, Wells, Shaw, Chesterton, Conrad, Strachey, Lawrence, Huxley, and Katherine Mansfield which compose this book are light and easy, pretentious and irritating, inconsistent and revealing. Addressed to a French and popular audience they say for the most part all the easy enthusiastic things that make ■ substitute for actual reading, and they take for granted nothing but the hard things that come only with slow knowledge and intimate attention. They say, for example, that Kipling celebrates empire and action, that Wells is encyclopedic, that Shaw detests sentimentality, that Chesterton submits reason to miraculous faith and a sense of the quotidian, that Conrad found loyalty the great human virtue, that Strachey was a wilful artist in history, that Lawrence had ■ puritan bias in his sensuality, that Huxley "understands, refashions, and distrusts every system," and that "the virtue of Katherine Mansfield's stories lies not merely in their truthfulness but in their poetry." Thus these lectures serve the necessary social function which substitutes the quantitative handle for the qualitative experience; and in that capacity one need no more complain of them than of the daily paper.

But they assume also to serve ■ critical and ■ moral function, to assist in the serious evaluation of literature and the life which it reflects, which is altogether another matter and one where substitutes are not in order. Let us take as one example the first measured judgment—that on Kipling—to which M. Maurois brings himself. After stating and illustrating by quotation the conditioning limits of Kipling's talent and subject matter, the dogmatic narrowness of his ideology, and the radical incompleteness of his sensibility, he puts Kipling forward as a great moral influence, the evangel of the heroic life of action. "The things which he has described and sung are the eternal virtues which give man the faculty of leadership and give ■ race the power of survival." Earlier in his lectures M. Maurois anticipates his conclusion with a general feeling: "I have never ceased to regard Kipling as the greatest writer of our time, and one of the greatest of any time."

It is not that M. Maurois's facts are wrong, but that, as they are stated, they do not jibe with any notion of literary greatness acceptable to ■ rational mind. The facts show—those of M. Maurois and others—that Kipling is a special case of fanatic strength, not moral breadth or depth, and that the virtue of his work lies in the vividness with which his materials are recorded, the richness of his anecdote, both good from any

point of view, and not in the barbarous formulas of the heroic life to which the *weakness* of his mind before life compelled him to fit that material. These formulas prevent Kipling from being a great representative writer and prevent his people from achieving great character, because their basis is in moral illusion which we, and even M. Maurois, can point out; whereas great writing of this and most orders has as an end a moral myth of which we can gradually and rationally absorb the meaning. That moral illusion and especially the moral illusion of heroism may seem the only endurable face of reality and become a principle to which every value and charity of the understanding must be sacrificed, Kipling shows us dramatically; it is the drama, from a point of view which we supply ourselves, which his people suffer under the application of his formulas that makes his work only short of tragic. M. Maurois, by accepting the illusions literally and at their face value, exactly as the fascists accept their illusions, belittles what he intends to glorify—the work itself.

So much for the plane of morals and prophecy. On the plane of simple reading, which ought to be as important for the literary critic, M. Maurois errs no less. In the lecture on Lawrence there is quoted a part of the poem called "She Said as Well to Me." It is quoted with verbal accuracy but in the form of prose, which is mechanically inexcusable. Worse, M. Maurois imputes to Lawrence the marvel of "having discovered, through her, his own body," whereas the whole poem declares the untouchable proud isolation of the spirit in any animal.

It was once held the chief sin of an understanding spirit to put God in second place, since in any consideration God represented ultimate reality and truth. In these lectures M. Maurois puts literature in second place, and either his translator or his printer occasionally helps. On page 215 we learn that Lytton Strachey not only had a praiseworthy erudition but was "skilled in sniffing out details." R. P. BLACKMUR

"Suffer Little Children"

A Footnote to Folly. Reminiscences of Mary Heaton Vorse. Farrar and Rinehart. \$3.

THIS book is a highly extrovert, objective series of pictures of the labor and the exploitation of people who work in mills and mines, on ships and trains, in the dreary factories of the steel and cotton and coal and oil "towns." Mrs. Vorse is a reporter of misery—and above all of misery when it hits women and children and those who are helpless because they lack any money except their wages, and any chance of moving or changing their essential condition in life. "This book is not a biography. It is a picture of the world as I saw it during an important moment of history. A record of what happened to the little people and their children in war time and in peace; how they fought for their children, how they lived, and how war tore their lives apart."

When she writes on page 28 of a 407-page book, "Marriage took me into an older and more serious world," there is no pretense about this, any more than on page 30, where in three lines she states how she and her husband came down to Venice and took an apartment on the corner of the San Vio and the Zatterre. And the very next sentence is, "Through our gondolier we became acquainted with the secretary of the Sanola Guild."

Now we have reached page 56, Section IV. Section III ended with, "There's an entry in my journal which says, under date of January 17, that Joe was born. He was a fine baby with blue eyes and red hair just as I had always known he would be. The next entry is twelve days later: the notice of the meeting at Cooper Union." Hardly what you might expect

until you begin to realize the kind of person Mary Vorse was—and is. The main caption of Section IV reads, The Unemployed—1914. And then follow these subheads, Labor Defense—Church Raids—Headquarters at Home—Spaghetti on the Stove [mostly for other people I want to interject]—Arrest of Frank Tannenbaum—Case History—Police and the Unemployed—O'Brien's Saloon—Cracked Heads—Ludlow Massacre. Let us jump to Section IX, called Mesaba Range. Seventeen pages of almost "straight" reporting, then two and a half pages of purely personal life, but only two and a half pages! Follow Wartime, Postwar England, France and Germany, Italy, then The Second International. You begin to despair. When *will* this woman begin to tell us about herself? Yet you read the whole book through, fascinated, if you have in you any of the bowels of compassion. And gradually you begin to realize that in describing these things, these people, these episodes, these tragedies, these humors Mary Vorse is talking about herself all the time, even if, perhaps, without knowing it. For she is really giving us her autobiography: these things are part of her, of her blood and nerves and heart.

Then, if you piece these impressions together, you are—at least, I am, as a man—suddenly abashed by realizing that the key to this character, this fighter for decency and the good life for all, is something quite simple—love of children. Not the kind that employs the adjective "cute," but real love, the fighting, triumphant, perceptive kind. It has been a long time since I have read descriptions of children that moved me as did some in this book of Mary Vorse's. Take, for example, this short paragraph in the section called The Amalgamated Lockout:

As I looked at them they made me feel that everything is possible for humanity. Then I remembered that there was a lockout of the children's fathers. That the manufacturers were to reduce wages a third. That there was on foot a conspiracy to break the workers' organizations throughout the country so that children would grow up in industrial slavery. . . . Suddenly the full meaning of such an organization as the Amalgamated came to me. It came out flashing like a light. In fighting the rapacity of the manufacturers they were fighting for the children. These were just a few of them. There were hundreds and thousands of others just as lovely, just as beautiful. . . . Each time a child is born the race dips back into the fresh beauty of creation.

And, for my part, I think it deeply significant that the final two sentences of this book, which is really a document for all liberal Americans, should be: "There is another element on the side of an orderly society. It is the people who grow the food, and who run the machines—they and their children."

For if the anecdotal, personal, arm-chair, sometimes amusing sort of autobiographical chronicle is not here (I ought to know this kind, because I have just written one myself, and I believe it is interesting and moving, on occasion perhaps a bit more), there is a real narrative flow of a different kind—something like what I felt in John Reed's "Ten Days That Shook the World." Facts are not just piled on facts; events do not merely follow one another in sequence. There is a passion and a drive, an order of a different—and in some ways of a deeper—kind. It is the order, the unity, of love.

Yet there are plenty of incidents, plenty of action, abundant pictures of people in the labor, syndicalist, "wobbly," even fashionable and rich worlds. For example, the account of the emotion awakened by, the events leading up to, and the protests at the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti is, as we see it now with passion spent, a bit of singularly fine reporting.

It is inevitable that a "Footnote to Folly," being in essence one of the great pleas, packed with tenderness and a quiet bitterness like sugar and vinegar, for decency toward the weak and justice for the strong, should also turn out to be one of the most powerful documents against war of our time, a kind

By JAMES GOULD COZZENS

author of

"The Last Adam"

MEN AND BRETHREN

With *THE LAST ADAM*, James Gould Cozzens was recognized as a distinguished American novelist. That was a grand and lusty novel about a physician who was, first of all, a human being. In *MEN AND BRETHREN*, Mr. Cozzens portrays a modern, young, and successful clergyman who is a really likeable, intelligent, hard-working person. Shown in his study rather than in the pulpit, he is involved in the lives of a score of people, forced to a conflict between his beliefs and his own experience of men and the world. He is another superbly drawn character in a rich and masterly novel.

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by G. E. Manwaring and Bonamy Dobrée

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of children's "All Quiet on the Western Front"; for while men were dying sometimes spectacularly and sometimes ignominiously and wretchedly on the battle lines, little children were dying quietly, unlyrically, but inexorably behind those lines. I haven't yet seen anywhere in France or in Germany or in my own country a monument to these little children who died of semi-starvation and rickets and mournfulness while their fathers were slaughtering each other for the glory (and loot) of their respective governments. Is there anywhere in the world a monument to the Unknown Child? It is here, a bit of sculpture in prose done by Mary Vorse, and underneath it are chiseled the words "A Footnote to Folly."

HAROLD E. STEARNS

Saint Francesca of the Pacific Northwest

Marching! Marching! By Clara Weatherwax. The John Day Company. \$1.90.

"**M**ARCHING! MARCHING!" is the winner of the *New Masses* prize contest for a novel on an American proletarian theme. It is also the January selection of the Book Union. It should, in all fairness, further be awarded a pale green orchid as the Most Neurotic Novel of 1935. The *New Masses* and the Book Union have made a most peculiar choice. While Dos Passos, Conroy, Cantwell, and others have been taking man-size vigorous strides toward the creation of a proletarian hero and a proletarian epic, the revolutionary confreres of these very writers have decorated Clara Weatherwax for a pinched, unhealthy, distorted, and incidentally dull picture of American proletarian life.

As a novelist Miss Weatherwax reminds one of those tortured medieval ascetics who loved beggars not so much for saintliness as sores. In "Marching! Marching!" Miss Weatherwax licks with a good deal of relish all the excrescences of the working class. A number of left-wing writers, recognizing melodrama as an ideal propaganda form, have represented the bosses as repulsive satyrs and the workers as handsome young gods. Miss Weatherwax's bosses are not too appetizing, but her worker heroes and heroines—longshoremen, loggers, and mill workers of the Pacific Northwest—are, as she tells her readers again and again, thoroughly distasteful physical specimens. The Filipino working-class leader, about whom much of the confused story revolves, is described by a prostitute: "I remember the first time he came. With his face and all. Nobody wanted to take him on, he was such a funny looker. Those warts, and you couldn't hardly tell what he was, Japanese or Eytalian or Filipino or maybe even a Mex." Miss Weatherwax herself portrays him: "Mario built thick and short like a barrel, broad, solid with power, his hands fisted and smashing. Mario's numerous warts were blurred little mounds, the nose-holes large and black in the blunt nose." And in another place: "Mario stood looking at nothing much, the sweat still trickling down among the warts on his face like a small sea finding the way among the barnacles." A love passage between two heroic workers is summed up thus: "He . . . could hear the trembling thump thump in her, smell the Mary-smell with salty sweat in it, feel her warmth flowing to him." Here is another moment of ecstasy between the pair: "He dropped his face suddenly to the V of her dress, nuzzling, breathing deeply the warm smell coming out: womanflesh and the soursweet smell of her armpits." There is hardly one of the working-class characters who is not either maimed or deformed. The brother of one female worker is a drooling, sexually uncontrollable idiot, and this is her father, a sympathetic character: "She

could see the wen on the side of his nose, like a wad of gum stuck blackened there. His unfocused eyes came to short life. . . . He took his stinking dead pipe from his mouth and peered up at her through his glasses, his movements stirring stale smells. Cheap tobacco, drink, acrid layers of man-sweat."

The mental activities of Miss Weatherwax's people, displayed now and then haphazardly in stream-of-consciousness style, are not much more commendable than their physiques. On political subjects these workers are rational, if unreal and stilted; in all other departments of life they are subhuman. This masochistic, invertedly sentimental picture of working-class life might be tolerable aesthetically, though factually false, if the novel were all of a piece. Unfortunately, it is not. Heavy with detail, with precise, uninspired observation, it occasionally breaks jerkily into melodramatic action; and the human grotesques which Miss Weatherwax has so long and so lovingly molded are incapable of filling the heroic-melodramatic roles which she assigns to them. It is to be hoped that William Randolph Hearst will not chance upon "Marching! Marching!"; slightly cut and serialized, it would make excellent anti-labor propaganda for his chain of newspapers.

MARY MCCARTHY

Shorter Notices

Correspondence of Thomas Gray. Edited by the late Paget Toynbee and Leonard Whibley. Oxford University Press. Three Volumes. \$21.

In an age of great letter-writers Thomas Gray ranked very high. Not only was he in his own way as brilliant a correspondent as Horace Walpole; he was himself one of Walpole's best correspondents, and the letters between these two erudite and exquisite bachelors have long been a glory of English literature. In addition he wrote faithfully to such friends as Mason, West, and Wharton; leaving behind him altogether one of the most charming and admirable records ever left on paper by any individual. But his editors, from Mason to Gosse, have not been careful with the record; they have copied carelessly, transposed documents, and supplied in many cases the wrong dates. Tovey's edition made up for much of this, yet it has remained for the present editors to do what appears a perfect and definitive job. Few books have been more scrupulously prepared for any press—even the Oxford Press, which here continues its great series of English "Letters." It is a work for scholars primarily—or rather, considering its price, for university libraries. To anyone, however, its notes and appendices will furnish all of the information that is relevant to the text; and the text will never need going over again.

Tom. By E. E. Cummings. Arrow Editions. \$3.

This scenario for a ballet version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is written in Mr. Cummings's poetic prose, which is especially well adapted to suggesting the involutions of the dance. His directions to the choreographer are complicated but explicit: "outspurtinrushing-twittering-seizingly hands cringe," and "accompanied by rhythmic shuddering swirlings of upwhirling wildly together blacks, Haley embroiders the frontstage with crouching gloatings, with darting threats, with bloated struttings, all focusing on Shelby's cigar." As reading matter "Tom" amazes and excites by its display of linguistic virtuosity; it also leaves the impression that Mr. Cummings has imagined well in the medium for which it is intended, and that an adequate performance of it would be tremendously effective. If the directors of the American Ballet have not already discovered the piece, it is hereby recommended to them.

Drama

The Matron Queen

IMPROBABLE as it would have seemed only a few years ago, Queen Victoria in just now in the process of becoming our favorite historical character. Unless I am seriously mistaken, the audience which gathered at "Victoria Regina" (Broadhurst Theater) not only liked her enormously but came prepared to do so, and I should be willing to wager that she is, at the present moment, a far more promising subject for a popular play than even the spacious Elizabeth would be. Laurence Housman, author of the present piece, treats her much more sympathetically than Strachey did, and the fact is no accident. For a decade the poor lady was so satirized and reviled, so allegorized and so misused as the scapegoat for our sins, that the inevitable reaction has set in. No other historical character was quite so much a household word, and familiarity helped to breed affection. Once the ghost of Victorianism was laid, once we ceased to fear that we might ourselves be suspected of that deadly sin, our interest took on a kindlier cast. The whatnots came down from the attic, and it was fashionable to have them in the drawing-room—provided, of course, it was made perfectly clear that they were *revivals*, not *survivals*. And toward Victorian intangibles the permissible attitude is much the same. They are quaint, of course, and any admiration for them is necessarily tinged with condescension. But if one's own modernity and emancipation are beyond dispute, then one may find them rather more than merely ridiculous. The Victorian drawing-room was unquestionably stuffy. So was the Victorian moral atmosphere. But somehow or other certain of the gestures the Victorians managed to make were paradoxically spacious. It ought not to have been possible to rise majestically from a chair backed by an antimacassar and to strike a heroic attitude in front of a case full of stuffed birds. But somehow it was, and it is difficult not to have a certain admiration for the fact.

All this and more is somehow suggested in the long closet drama which Mr. Housman wrote, and certain scenes from which Gilbert Miller has staged beautifully, with Helen Hayes as the Queen. The acting version begins when Lord Conyngham and the Archbishop arrive in the early morning to rouse Victoria from her bed and to announce her accession. It ends with the Jubilee and thus, incidentally, affords Miss Hayes a remarkable opportunity to transform herself gradually from the slender, immature girl into the plump little widow who could make even puffing seem majestic. In between there is only a minimum of politics and a great deal of Albert, so that the emphasis is upon personality and upon the essential paradox of a woman who managed so curiously to combine ignorance and prejudice in certain fields, not only with imperiousness and dignity, but also with shrewdness and charm.

Mr. Housman writes so simply as to conceal his art. He is far less brilliant than Strachey, and his whole method is keyed much lower. In part, of course, this is because he takes for granted the paradox which Strachey was laboring to demonstrate. But he is, nevertheless, extremely effective, and so are all the acting and the staging. Perhaps there is a touch of some of Miss Hayes's former parts in the curious combination of girlish archness with wilfulness and intransigence, but it is not unconvincing as an interpretation of Victoria and it is difficult to think of a more suitable person for the part. Vincent Price, a newcomer, is also admirable as Albert, managing somehow to suggest very successfully his almost waxlike charm as well as that calm lack of personality which so well suited the near non-existence of his official position. And if George Zucco seems im-

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JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH says

Boy Meets Girl. Cort Theater. Rough and ready satire on Hollywood, but probably the funniest thing of its kind since "Once in a Lifetime."

Dead End. Belasco Theater. A play about gangsters in the making on an East River waterfront. Superbly acted by a group of boys. More a good show than a great drama, but a very good show indeed.

First Lady. Music Box. Comedy hit about a feminine feud in Washington society. Jane Cowl and Lily Cahill puncture one another with sharp implements in the forging of which George Kaufman had a hand.

Jumbo. Hippodrome. Paul Whiteman, Jimmy Durante, and a remarkable clown named A. Robbins surrounded by acrobats and animals. Literally better than a circus.

Let Freedom Ring. Civic Repertory Theater. A second chance for this drama of a strike in a Southern mill. I found it hard going, but it has been highly praised.

Libel. Henry Miller Theater. Exciting English court-room play. Surprisingly probable for this sort of thing and superbly acted.

Paradise Lost. Longacre Theater. Clifford Odets' complicated picture of a family composed exclusively of pathological futurists. He calls it a picture of the middle class but it strikes me as somewhat less than typical.

Porgy and Bess. Alvin Theater. The well-known play turned into an opera by George Gershwin. One of the big hits of the year but to me less effective than anything so elaborate ought to be.

Pride and Prejudice. Plymouth Theater. Amazingly successful adaption, brilliantly staged and acted. It gave me more pleasure than any other play of the season.

The Taming of the Shrew. Guild Theater. The play is gentle Shakespeare's most ungentle farce, and the players are Lunt and Fontanne. The result is exhilarating.

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probable as Lord Beaconsfield, it must be remembered that Lord Beaconsfield seemed somewhat improbable as himself, and one is only left wondering whether or not it is an actor's business to see to it that fiction should appear less strange than truth. The costumes and sets fit the mood of the piece precisely; they are, that is to say, very Victorian and yet somehow charming.

Perhaps it is also worth while to remark that Victoria was not only paradoxical herself but the cause of paradox in others. Everyone knows the common report that, despite all his popularity and all his patriotism, Kipling was never given the laureateship because his reference to the Widow of Windsor unfortunately missed the precise tone of mingled intimacy and awe which it was intended to achieve. Now the censor is compelled to refuse a license for Mr. Housman's on the whole very respectful play about twenty years after Strachey's devastating satire was a permissible best-seller. That is not merely locking the barn door after the horse has been stolen. It is more like shutting it in the face of someone trying to put the missing steed back.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Trudi Schoop

In keeping with his indefatigable interest in odd bits of art from overseas, Mr. Hurok recently introduced Trudi Schoop and her comic ballet to New York audiences. Miss Schoop herself is a fresh and charming young person, but her pantomimic ballets are slight in content and form. At best the episodes she pictures have a pleasing naivete; the gestures are timed to the tinkling of a music box. At worst the movements of her troupe are full of clichés in comic pantomime, acted, not danced, to piano tunes reminiscent of the old moving-picture-house accompaniments. In the serio-comic series of *Want-Ads*, the stories skid away from humor into what should be pathos, but isn't. In the second part of the program, *Fridolin on the Road*, Miss Schoop plays Fridolin, the young peasant meeting the bewildered of leaving home, and facing love, marriage, and infidelity; and the mood of these episodes is more consistently frivolous. I should think that Miss Schoop might bear microscopic examination by the magnates of Hollywood and musical-comedy Broadway.

RUTH PICKERING

Films

Dickens Week

HOLIDAY week brought three Dickens pictures to New York, and the best of them, "Scrooge," was so proper to the season that its existence is difficult to imagine at any later time—say, in warm weather. I should like to see it run on, however, if only to demonstrate the advantages of a certain species of material. If films are to go on being made from fiction, and from Dickens in particular, then the moral of "Scrooge's" success needs pointing out. "Scrooge" was better than "The Old Curiosity Shop" and "A Tale of Two Cities" because it had a simpler story to tell—one, indeed, which could be told completely and out of which every ounce of value could be extracted. The only trouble with the otherwise interesting "David Copperfield" of last year was that it tried to cover too much ground; it could have stopped, for instance, at Betsy Trotwood's house after David's journey from London, or it could have confined itself to one of the later episodes—Peggotty, Uriah Heep, or Dora. If it had so limited itself it would have escaped the effect of haziness which here and there reminded us

how desperately the director was working against time. Haste makes waste in Hollywood as elsewhere; material which cannot be handled well should not be handled at all. So with "A Tale of Two Cities," where the excellent acting of Ronald Colman as Sydney Carton lacked the relief of such a simple setting as that which helped to make Sir Seymour Hicks stand out as Scrooge. The same thing is true in different degree of "The Old Curiosity Shop," where the Quilp of Hay Petrie suffered from the fact that our attention was divided between it and the household of lawyer Brass. The director of the film, particularly since it is an English film, must have supposed that he could under no circumstances leave out Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness. Yet they could have been left out, as anything can, and if Mr. Bentley had felt himself responsible less to Dickens than to the rules of his own art he would have proceeded to suppress them, good as they are in themselves. In "Scrooge" there was nothing to suppress. There was much, indeed, to develop; and the development resulted in the most veritable winter night I have ever lived through in a movie, as well as in a fable perfectly rendered.

Alexander Dovjenko's "Frontier" (Cameo), to turn to something bigger, is not only powerful and beautiful in itself but an indication that propaganda in the Russian studios moves through its phases. The film, released at Moscow in celebration of the eighteenth anniversary of the October Revolution, has an emphasis which I assume it would not have had ten years ago. It shows the revolution triumphant, of course, but triumphant this time over persons and classes who are so far from contemptible as to claim a full half of the audience's sympathy. The scene is the Pacific coast, where a great military city, Aerograd, is to be built over the protests of certain kulaks and "old believers" who have fled to the neighboring wilderness for sanctuary. These diehards are represented as wrong, but they are represented even more clearly as a fanatical and pitiful minority doomed to be crushed by a majority at least one member of which, Stepan Glushak, shudders at the things he must do. One of the things he must do is shoot down his oldest friend, Vasil Khudiakov, in the magnificent forest where the two have hunted together. Khudiakov's last act before he falls—turning his broad face up the mountain and shouting to hear his voice come back once more from the trees—makes Stepan out to be something of a butcher, as does the speech of the Samurai before he too is shot down. The speech of this man will convince no Communist that the revolution was a crime, and it is not intended to do so, nor need it convince anybody; but it says to any human being that great movements are also ruthless movements, and that the cost in this case is something that bears thinking about. So when the minority is annihilated and the sky grows black with aeroplanes flying from every part of Russia toward Aerograd, there is a sense that might has prevailed no less than right, and that someone has been trampled in the process. The final scene of the thousand parachutes descending to earth carries just the suggestion, consequently, of a thousand bullies dropping from another planet. I may be imputing scruples to Dovjenko which he would be horrified to have. In any case, however, I can say that "Frontier" plainly takes its place among the great Russian films.

"Annie Oakley" makes agreeable capital out of a recent American figure who has already become something of a legend. Annie Oakley's shooting eye brought multitudes of people to Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show in its heyday. Here she is with a rural origin and a romance to keep her interesting, and very interesting she is as Barbara Stanwyck plays her. The Cinderella theme can't fail. "Ah, Wilderness" (Center) is primarily a costume piece as of 1906, the delicacy of Eugene O'Neill's play being present in part but only in part—by which I mean that it is wholly absent from Wallace Beery's Sid.

MARK VAN DOREN

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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	85
EDITORIALS:	
The Farmers' Fate	88
War Profits and Personal Devils	89
News from Red China	89
Socialists to the Left	90
ISSUES AND MEN. THE PRESIDENT'S DILEMMA. By Oswald Garrison Villard	91
CARTOON. By Fritz	92
THE AAA PUTS ON FALSE WHISKERS. By Paul W. Ward	93
THE LAST WAR AND THE NEXT. I. MORGAN, MONEY, AND WAR. By Walter Millis	95
SLUMBERING FIRES IN HARLEM. By Oswald Garrison Villard	99
WHAT REMAINS OF THE LEAGUE? By Harold J. Laski	102
LOOSE CONSTRUCTION. By Heywood Brown	103
CORRESPONDENCE	104
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	104
LABOR AND INDUSTRY:	
The San Francisco Waterfront. By Oliver Carlson	105
An Open Letter to Rex Tugwell. By Tom Burke	106
BOOKS AND DRAMA:	
Sweet Swan of Hollywood. By Joseph Wood Krutch	107
Salvemini on Seldes. By Gaetano Salvemini	108
Wilson and Neutrality. By Sidney B. Fay	109
Hokusai. By Benjamin Rowland, Jr.	110
A Dedicated Man. By Mark Van Doren	111
Drama: Necktie Party. By Joseph Wood Krutch	112

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THREE WEEKS' NOTICE AND THE OLD ADDRESS AS WELL AS THE NEW ARE REQUIRED FOR CHANGE OF SUBSCRIBER'S ADDRESS.

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THE SUPREME COURT RULINGS last Monday were less dramatic and drastic than the AAA cataclysm of the week before. All that happened was that some \$200,000,000 in processing taxes that had been impounded in the lower federal courts awaiting a ruling on the AAA were ordered returned to the processors. The decision, given in the case of the rice millers, was unanimous and indeed inevitable. For after the AAA ruling even the dissenting justices in the Butler case had to treat the majority decision as binding. The court expressly avoided passing on the validity of the provision in the 1935 amended act which made tax refunds conditional upon proof that the processors had not passed the tax on to the consumers. The rice millers' case was not an instance of tax refund, since the tax had been protested and had never been legally paid. The problem of what will happen to the billion dollars, approximately, of processing taxes that has already been collected still remains to be determined. The decision raises serious revenue difficulties for the government. Money to replace the sums to be returned will have to be found somewhere. Especially will money have to be found if the government is to proceed with its plans for crop control through bounties for soil conservation.

The distressing thing is that a precedent has now been set which puts a premium upon refusal to pay federal taxes and applying for injunctive relief on the chance that the Supreme Court will finally kill them. This is already being done with the Guffey act taxes. Carried far enough it will wreck any administrative program, no matter how sound its constitutionality may eventually be proved to be. If the new agricultural-bounty bill depends at all upon processing taxes, collapse would be probable even before the court ruling was given.

SOME CONSOLATION is to be found in the refusal of the court in the Lee Moor case to pass on the Bankhead act on the ground that no actual damage had been shown by the plaintiff in the lower court. We try to extract comfort from it, not because of any inherent merit in the act itself, but because of the hope the decision offers that the suit against the constitutionality of the TVA may also be thrown out on jurisdictional grounds. The government argument in the TVA case urged that a suit in equity brought by a minority stockholder could not be entertained unless fraud was involved in the original contract. If the court shows a disposition to apply such procedural limitations rigorously, the TVA may for the present be saved. Given the present temper of the court, however, this may very likely turn out to be only wishful thinking.

CONGRESS has set aside such problems as neutrality, agricultural policy, and the budget in order to devote itself to the politically more pressing matter of passing the soldiers' bonus. On at least two previous occasions the bonus has been passed by Congress only to be killed by a Presidential veto, but this time—especially since it happens to be an election year—some measure seems almost certain to be enacted. In contrast to last year, when the veterans themselves were divided on the type of legislation desired, the bill which passed the House by 356 to 59 carried the indorsement of all three of the chief veterans' organizations. It also lacks the inflationary features of the Patman bill, which was vetoed by the President last year. Meanwhile, however, whatever argument existed a few years ago for passing the bonus on the ground of distributing purchasing power has disappeared. Recovery may be halting and unsatisfactory, but the deflationary cycle has definitely been checked, and the chief danger at the moment lies in rising living costs and the threat of inflation. Nor is there any other excuse for prepayment of the veterans' adjusted-service certificates. Many veterans are doubtless in need, but the money poured into a soldiers' bonus bill could be used to better effect for a more adequate relief program. The President's admirable veto message of last summer will probably not be repeated. He may continue to oppose immediate payment in full, and thus gain the reputation of guardian of the national treasury, but the chances are that he will sign a compromise measure that will grant the veterans only slightly less than their full demands. Getting votes to the tune of \$1,000 each seems to us to be a bit extravagant—particularly when so much needed legislation is precluded on the ground of economy.

MONEY IS NEWS. Thus, although there is some doubt about the legality of publishing the names of persons paid a salary of more than \$15,000, the newspapers rushed into print with several columns of such names, and it is reasonable to believe that a good many persons perused the lists with avidity. With the welfare of our readers always in mind, we have prepared a few statistics on the basis of these salaries, to guide them in their choice of future occupation. The highest-paid profession is—you never would have guessed it—journalism! Beginning with Mr. Hearst, who pays himself a modest annual stipend of \$500,000, and stepping somewhat rapidly down to Mr. Arthur Brisbane, whose boss rewards him with slightly more than half his own pay, or \$265,000, we discover that five jobs on the *Daily News* (New York) pay more than \$100,000 each. By comparison, the railroad business is terrible. Daniel Willard of the Baltimore and Ohio and General Atterbury of the Pennsylvania draw a mere \$60,000 a year each. Nor is the utilities business booming. Mr. Cortelyou of Consolidated Gas gets only \$95,000; Mr. Thomas N. McCarter, president of the Public Service Corporation of New Jersey, has to struggle along on \$75,000. The five-and-ten-cent stores, however, do nicely by their upper employees; the president of F. W. Woolworth and Company was paid \$337,479. But Mae West, bless her heart and hooray for the arts, got \$2,000 more than that, and the combined salaries of Constance Bennett, Charlie Chaplin, Gary Cooper, Marlene Dietrich, W. C. Fields, and Sylvia Sidney amount to the tidy sum of \$869,521, unless our addition is at fault, which is more than likely. In short, the published salaries lead us to conclude that there is not much use raising your boy to be a banker (average pay something like \$60,000) or the president of a life-insurance company (with a \$150,000 top), but that the silver screen is gold plated and the printed word brings in the money. Even Walter Winchell was paid \$1,000 a week. Could any little boy or girl do less?

MIGUEL MARINO GOMEZ has been chosen President of Cuba in the first regular election to be held since the overthrow of Machado. The fact that the polling was unusually quiet—only five persons having been killed—is ascribed to the presence of women, who were exercising the right of suffrage for the first time. To assume from these facts, however, that conditions are gradually becoming more settled in Cuba would be wholly unwarranted. The military terror of Batista prevented any of the powerful revolutionary parties from participating in the election. Choice was limited to General Menocal, a former President, and Gomez, who had previously been Mayor of Havana. The political position of the two men was almost identical. Both are extremely conservative, and both were considered “friendly” to the United States. Only a small fraction of the Cuban electorate participated in the voting. Dr. Ramon Grau San Martin, the only Cuban President in recent years to possess genuine popular support, is still in exile at Miami. More than 3,000 members of the opposition parties are in prison, and political assassinations are almost a daily occurrence. Every opposition newspaper has been forcibly suppressed, and radio stations belonging to the opposition have been seized by the army. This terror would collapse if the present military dictatorship in Cuba were not condoned by the two key men in the situation—Ambassador Caffery and ex-Ambassa-

dor Welles, who as Assistant Secretary of State is in charge of Cuban affairs at the State Department. Their continuance in their posts casts strong doubt on the sincerity of the Roosevelt Administration's intention to be a genuine “good neighbor” to Cuba.

AFTER SEVERAL DAYS of uncertainty the Japanese have decided to abandon their farcical role at the London Naval Conference. From the beginning it was obvious that the Japanese delegation's demand for a “common upper limit” was being pushed, not with any hope of success, but as a means of “gaining face” with the home population. When it became apparent that the conference would refuse to discuss the matter further, the delegation was in something of a dilemma. To consent to a consideration of such details as the voluntary submission of naval building plans, the restriction of submarine operations, or qualitative limitation in the size and armament of the various types of warships would imply a surrender on the issue of parity. This the Japanese naval leaders would not tolerate. The Tokyo government, on the other hand, did not wish to lay itself open to the charge of having wrecked the conference. A severe struggle between the naval and civilian elements appears to have ensued in which the naval group emerged victorious. The Japanese delegation is remaining in London only long enough to restate the case for parity, after which it will withdraw, possibly leaving an observer. Just why the conference will continue when there is no hope of naval restriction no one seems to know, unless it is that the delegates are afraid to face the home folks with empty hands.

THE REPORT of the Federal Trade Commission on the natural-gas industry reveals a story of avoidance by holding companies of state regulation, elimination of competition, raising of rates, and write-ups of capital assets that would make an electric-utility magnate blush. It contains also one of the most serious charges that have been leveled against big business. Coal, oil, and other utility interests, the commission charges, have conspired to choke off the supply of natural gas to New York and Philadelphia. Only 100 miles of additional pipe line would be required to complete “one remarkable loop system from which to supply natural gas to the greatest industrial and most densely populated area in the United States. Yet so far as is known, these lines have been lying practically idle for years, with only insignificant sales to a few small communities on the way and to gas utilities in Washington, D. C.” The Associated Press story of the report declares that the system belongs to the Columbia Gas and Electric Corporation and the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, and this is borne out by the pipeline map in Moody's investment manual. Ownership of the vast network that leads “into this tremendous potential market,” the commission says, “makes possible an extraordinarily reliable natural-gas service, yet no service in any way commensurate with that investment has been developed.” The report continues:

One may well question why great organizations in business for profit can be constrained from acquiring business at hand amply sufficient to load their now idle lines and utilize idle and possibly wasting gas production (through extraction by other ownership), whereby they stand a chance of earning some return on the many millions of dollars repre-

sented by these hundreds of miles of pipe lines and the many thousands of acres of gas lands held in reserve to support them. . . . Are these pipe-line facilities left idle because the other utility interests controlling distribution of manufactured gas, and possibly powerful interests concerned with the distribution of coal and oil in those areas, exert financial pressure and otherwise on the owners of the pipe lines to delay or avoid seeking business for natural gas?

We should like to know why the commission has not answered these questions itself, and why the New York *Herald Tribune* published only the generalized conclusions of the commission on the industry as a whole and the New York *Times* published nothing on the report at all.

AFTER FOUR HOURS of heated arguments the Association of the Bar of the City of New York voted, 321 to 247, to adopt a resolution opposing the appointment of Lamar Hardy as United States Attorney. The resolution declared Mr. Hardy unqualified for the position to which President Roosevelt appointed him last November, by reason of his connection with the State Title and Mortgage Company, condemned for maladministration by the Moreland Commission. The Bar Association's decision is altogether commendable, and it should have weight with the United States Senate when the Hardy appointment comes up for discussion. It will be an impressive addition to the argument that confirmation should be refused. At the lawyers' meeting, however, Mr. Hardy did not want for champions. Among those who supported him were former Governor Nathan I. Miller, Bainbridge Colby, George Gordon Battle, S. Stanwood Menken, and Frederic Coudert, Sr. Two former presidents of the Bar Association spoke in favor of the resolution and against Mr. Hardy's appointment; they were Charles S. Burlingham and Thomas D. Thacher. Samuel Seabury joined them. Despite the Bar Association's vote, however, one should not be too sanguine. A news story in the New York *Herald Tribune* for January 3 explained that not only were the dispensers of Democratic patronage aware of Mr. Hardy's connection with the mortgage company, but Attorney General Cummings had "made a thorough investigation" and convinced himself of Mr. Hardy's fitness.

AS SOON AS the first pressure of business is out of the way, Congress may be expected to take up the question of saving the country from the reds. The two bills most immediately on the docket are the Kramer sedition bill, reported favorably to the House by the Judiciary Committee in the last session, and the Tydings "incitement to disaffection" bill, which slipped through the Senate last June and was approved by the House Committee on Military Affairs. The Kramer bill provides for imprisonment of not more than five years or a fine of not more than \$5,000, or both, for anyone who "knowingly and wilfully" advocates the overthrow of the government of the United States by force or violence; the Tydings bill imposes a fine of not more than \$2,000 and imprisonment for not more than two years for anyone who "with the intent to incite disaffection" advises, counsels, urges, or solicits any member of the army or navy to disobey military laws or regulations. Both bills are dangerous and wholly unnecessary; both, if they are passed, will be susceptible of use against honest criticism and protest, particularly in labor struggles and in the activities of minority

parties; both should be fought by every person who believes in free speech and a free press. So far we have no federal law on the statute books which limits American liberties in this manner. It is unlikely that Americans will now tolerate a beginning.

TWO SHOTS have been fired at the phalanx of teachers' loyalty oaths which have been marching through the state legislatures. In Massachusetts on January 11 the Council of Teachers' Unions sponsored the introduction by Representative Baker of a bill to repeal the act requiring teachers to swear loyalty to the Constitution. The bill was supported by the State Federation of Labor, among other groups. In Albany, early in the current legislative session, Assemblyman George Kaminsky of Brooklyn introduced a similar bill for repeal of the Ives loyalty-oath law. This proposal has the support of the Teachers' Union, the Teachers' Guild, and a few other teacher groups. Commendation is due to Mayor LaGuardia for his veto of the ordinance requiring that an American flag "thirty-six by forty-eight inches in area" be displayed at every meeting at which "the discussion of politics or public questions" takes place. These enactments which establish patriotism by legislative fiat would be downright silly if they were not potentially so dangerous. An important step in establishing a standing body to fight them has been taken by the Massachusetts teachers. They have organized the Massachusetts Society for Freedom in Teaching, headed by Professor Kirtley Mather of Harvard and including on its executive council men of distinction like Samuel E. Morison of Harvard, Henry R. Mussey of Wellesley, and Harold U. Faulkner of Smith. Teachers in other states would do well to follow the example thus set. The deeply rooted tradition of academic freedom in America may prove to be one of the principal elements that will distinguish our fate from that of Italy and Germany.

THE CONFERENCE of the American League Against War and Fascism, which met in Cleveland during the first week of January, represented a broader constituency and many more persons than earlier anti-war congresses. Careful estimates were offered to show that the 2,200-odd delegates could speak for nearly 2,000,000 persons. There were three or four times as many representatives of the trade unions, many of them being A. F. of L. locals; the farm representation had grown enormously; and that of cultural groups had likewise increased. In general the congress was distinguished by a real spirit of unity and a democratic attempt to formulate a program according to the wishes of all the delegates. The ten-point program adopted was strongly anti-militaristic and anti-fascist, as was to be expected, ending with an appeal "to organize mass support for every effort, national or international, which in our judgment is directed toward postponing, restricting, or shortening war." In addition it called for vigorous championship of American civil rights and opposition to "all legislation . . . denying citizens in the armed forces their constitutional right to receive printed matter . . . in behalf of this or any other program designed to secure peace, freedom, and justice." The usual opposition from the Hearst press, the American Legion, and the president of the American Federation of Labor was aroused, as was also to be expected. All in all, the meeting indicated an encouraging increase of anti-fascist feeling throughout the country.

The Farmers' Fate

AS a result of the Supreme Court's decision invalidating the AAA, the whole question of agricultural policy has once more been unceremoniously dumped into the lap of Congress. The Supreme Court does not even pretend to have been concerned with the plight of the farmer or the merits of the AAA as such. It merely asserted that the particular legal device which Congress had established to alleviate the farm crisis was unconstitutional, leaving the Administration with the responsibility for drafting new legislation to conform with the technicalities of the law. That Congress will take some action goes without saying. For political, if not for humanitarian, reasons the farmers cannot be allowed to fall back into the poverty and insecurity of the pre-New Deal era—at least not in an election year.

The fact that we can find no legal or moral justification for the Supreme Court's action does not alter the fact that the AAA—taken as a whole—was a dangerous and anti-social program. Granting that drastic steps were necessary to save the farmers from utter destitution, there were many provisions in the act which were indefensible on any grounds. The processing tax, for example, was scarcely more than a glorified sales tax which bore most heavily on those least able to carry the load. The necessities used by the poor—bread, flour, lard, pork, sugar, tobacco, and cotton goods—were arbitrarily raised in price by 10 to 30 per cent in order to pay farmers to limit their output. Although it has been argued that the contraction in acreage was rendered necessary by the decline of foreign trade, a part of the restriction, at least, has been at the expense of American living standards. Owing to the combined effects of the drought and the AAA, pork and lard consumption dropped approximately 30 per cent in 1935, while restrictive policies for milk led to a decline of 5 per cent in the use of dairy products. In order to give the population of the United States an adequate diet, it is estimated that the area of cultivated land would have to be increased at least 40,000,000 acres over that of 1933; instead, more than 30,000,000 acres were withdrawn from production!

No one will deny that the restriction of acreage has contributed, among other factors, to the increase of agricultural prices and the expansion of farm income. But instead of regaining our foreign markets, the AAA policies have intensified the drift toward economic isolation, involving a permanent loss of export opportunities. Prior to the depression the United States regularly exported approximately one-half of its cotton, one-third of its lard, and one-fifth of its wheat. The artificially high price of American farm products has resulted in the loss of practically all of this market. In the first ten months of 1935 our exports of raw cotton amounted to only 3,800,000 bales as against 8,500,000 bales in 1928; our exports of lard were 80,500,000 pounds as contrasted with 760,000,000 pounds in 1928; while shipments of wheat declined from an average of 116,000,000 bushels in 1926-30 to approximately 200,000 bushels in 1935—a drop of 99.8 per cent. Faced with the loss of foreign outlets, farmers turned to the production of supplies for the home market until, as was recently the case with potatoes, prices of these products also were driven to unprofitably low levels. More-

over, hundreds of thousands of the most underprivileged—tenants and share-croppers—have borne the brunt of the reduction program. And it could scarcely be otherwise. If foreign markets are permanently lost, our cities are faced with the choice of absorbing the surplus production of our farms or of finding some way to absorb the surplus farm population.

Secretary Wallace and other Administration leaders have recognized the legitimacy of many of these criticisms. But they insist that as long as the price of industrial products is maintained at an artificially high level through protective tariffs, there is no other means of obtaining a balanced economic structure. Some justification for this argument might exist if the processing tax under the AAA had been actually paid by the interests which profit by the tariff. Unfortunately this was not the case. Both the tariff and the tax were paid by the great masses of American consumers—factory and white-collar workers and farmers.

The agricultural-bounty plan proposed by the Administration to take the place of the invalidated AAA is discussed elsewhere in these pages by Paul Ward. It seeks to do under the form of soil conservation and reward for scientific management what the Administration has been forbidden to do under the taxing and spending power. This may be only a way of avoiding the uncomfortable constitutional problem in the present campaign and not a way of solving the farmers' problem. The farmers had been offered empty promises by the Republicans, but most of them felt that under Roosevelt they had finally found some substantial aid. Now they are to be abandoned to their fate. The Administration is willing to tide them over the campaign with promises of hand-outs through crop bounties, but it is unwilling to remove the principal obstacle in the way of a national attack on the problem—the power of the Supreme Court.

There may be a chance that the new plan will prove constitutional, although it is difficult to think so, given the present temper of the court. It is also true that a soil-conservation program has been badly needed. But a long-run program for the farmer must start with tariff reduction directed toward restoring agricultural parity. This will be difficult because no sustained effort has been made to educate the farmer and the city consumer on the amount which they pay each year as tribute to the industrialists under our outdated commercial policies. Meanwhile the agricultural worker, whether tenant, share-cropper, or owner, should be given the protection against insecurity which is planned for him in the Frazier-Lundeen workers' social-insurance bill. But basically neither tariff revision, soil conservation, nor social insurance meets the farmers' problem. That can be done only through a triple program of national control of industry bringing about a planned expansion of mass buying power, a reallocation of farm population so as to produce a balanced industrial-agrarian economy, and vigorous constitutional reform. Mr. Roosevelt may find that by abandoning the farmers to their fate he has made a political error. Nothing now stands in the way of their joining a third-party movement which will face their issues, and the issues of the workers, unflinchingly.

War Profits and Personal Devils

THE Nye committee investigation of the part played by the House of Morgan in bringing on the war continues to furnish drama for millions of breakfast readers and a paradise for the historians. We all love to go behind the scenes of politics, especially if we can watch a banker manipulating the stage machinery. Backstage with Nye has become a favorite American diversion. "An Arrow-collar man with a leathery face" (in the newspaper description) has made what happened twenty years ago not merely history but contemporary politics. He has done as much as any man in driving home to American opinion the economic pressures that dictated the abandonment of neutrality in the last war. If this is essentially a Marxian position, let us Americanize it by calling it Arrow-collar Marxism.

What do the diggings and delvings of the committee add to our picture of the American road to war? In an article in this issue Walter Millis summarizes his own researches and adds to them the committee findings in a brilliant and balanced version of the economic interpretation of neutrality and war. Professor Sidney B. Fay, in a vigorous book review on a later page, takes the opposite point of view. He contends along with Professor Seymour that it was the submarine, rather than war profits, that was "the main and final cause of our participation." The issue is sharply drawn. There can be no doubt that the men of light and learning on Wall Street and in our universities will prefer to agree with Professors Seymour and Fay. If they can lay the burden on the submarine they can take it off the profiteers and the profit system, where it rests so heavily. For ourselves, we feel that Mr. Millis's point of view is the more convincing. It is not a question of economic determinism in the narrow sense, or of finding a single cause for our entrance into war. Submarine warfare, diplomacy, and international law undoubtedly furnished the framework; but the dynamic was furnished by the quest of American business for profits. It was the danger of cutting off our profits and prosperity that made the submarine issue so explosive and hampered President Wilson in applying adequate pressures to stop the war.

The Nye committee has rendered great service in verifying and publicizing this position. But there is danger in its attempt to establish a personal complicity of the Morgans in America's entrance into war. The very fact of their unquestioned leadership in finance gives them a stability and a sense of responsibility that few other American firms have. Like a magnet they attract all the profit filings that happen to be lying around. There is less need for them to engage in skulduggery than for weaker firms to do so.

The House of Morgan played a role in the zooming curve of war profits, but it was probably a stabilizing role rather than the reverse. When in the first years of the war the Allied purchasing agents began to invade the American shores, the boom in war profits began. The first effect of war is to throw foreign trade and finance into chaos, but now prosperity seemed assured. How false and insubstantial a prosperity it was, the post-war events were to show. But it was real enough at the time, real enough to dominate the

entire sequence of diplomacy, propaganda, and international law. The scramble for war profits was increased by the competitive bidding of the various Allied purchasing agents. This competitive chaos was ended by the creation of a central purchasing agency under Morgan's Stettinius. That was followed by a central agency for financing the Allied purchases. It was natural that the House of Morgan should be intrusted with both. For they were almost fanatically pro-Ally, their traditions and their banking relations were English, and as the dominant bankers of the country their interests were tied in with the war profits of the business structure.

Thus analyzed, the onus for precipitating us into war falls not on the House of Morgan but on our whole business system, caught as it was in the obscene scramble for war profits. The most important function of the House of Morgan was not to generate pressures upon the government. It was not to bolster the pound-sterling exchange, "put the heat on" industrialists to invest in British loans, send clamorous cables—although on these points the Nye committee offers evidence that cannot be ignored. To see it only thus is to see the catastrophes of history in conspiratorial terms, and therefore to see the solutions of history in equally personal terms of breaking up the conspiracies. The real function of the House of Morgan was to register the pressures being exerted by the entire business system, to which the materials of death are as fair a source of profits as the materials of life.

If we do not take this tack there is danger that we shall waste our energy in a search for a personal devil. In the history of a nation the devils are not personal. They are institutional. The revocation of the "money embargo" by President Wilson and Secretary Lansing was not only the work of the banker interests. It was the imperative of the entire business community. We are certain that the Nye committee will not limit itself to a search for direct Morgan pressures in the interest of Morgan profits. Personal guilt is too slight a thread on which to hang the movement for a strenuous and unyielding American neutrality.

News from Red China

THE frank excuses given by Japan for its recent invasion of North China have at least had the advantage of breaking the conspiracy of silence in the American press regarding the progress of the Chinese Soviet armies since their dramatic westward movement of last winter. While fragmentary information has come out from time to time indicating that the Red Army had been far from weakened by the 1,500-mile journey, the correspondent of the *New York Times* apparently had to visit General Tada, commandant of the Japanese garrison at Tientsin, in order to learn the full extent of the Communists' progress during recent months. According to the General, who illustrated his remarks with maps containing huge red and pink splotches, Soviet districts are now to be found covering wide areas in six of China's eighteen provinces, and the number of men under arms is estimated to be over 200,000. Japan is now bringing pressure on Nanking to obtain agreement to a joint Sino-Japanese military drive against communism, which would open virtually the whole of China to Japanese troops.

The importance of the northward drive of the Red Army has probably been exaggerated by the Japanese because of their own ambitions in the adjacent areas of Inner Mongolia. Actually a comparatively small proportion of the Communist troops appears to be involved in the drive through Kansu and Shensi. According to recent detailed information published in the Soviet Union, the main Communist base is located in the northwestern portion of the rich, remote province of Szechuan. Although parts of this province have been under Soviet control for nearly two years, other large areas were taken over this summer when the main branch of the Red Army under Chu Teh and Mao Tse-tung arrived from Kiangsi. The union of these troops with the somewhat larger Szechuan army under Hsu Hsiang-chien was dangerous to Nanking, not only because of the unprecedented size of the combined force, but because it afforded an opportunity for a reorganization of the Red Army which has greatly added to its efficiency. The Szechuan forces, though consisting of more than 100,000 men, were notoriously weak in trained personnel, while the Kiangsi army, though not so large, contained tens of thousands of men who had received a thorough political and military training at their former base.

A further indication of the strength of the Communist movement in China may be obtained from the fact that much of the area evacuated by the Red Army a year ago is still under Soviet influence. In Kiangsi and Fukien, where the Soviets held uninterrupted sway for nearly six years, local partisan groups affiliated to the Communists still hold nearly one-third the territory supposedly occupied by Chiang Kai-shek, a region containing approximately 10,000,000 persons. In addition the Soviets have strong forces in Hunan and Hupeh—halfway between their old base in Kiangsi and their present stronghold in Szechuan. Here an army of 50,000 men under Ho Lung constitutes a perennial threat to Chiang Kai-shek's lines of communication, should he launch an attack on the main Red Army in the West. Other small Soviet areas are to be found in practically all of the provinces, bringing the total number of persons under Communist rule to nearly 50,000,000—or one-tenth the population of China.

After waging costly and unsuccessful war against the Soviets for nearly seven years, Chiang Kai-shek appears to have at least temporarily abandoned his campaign. That Japan should consider this a direct challenge to its ambitions is scarcely surprising. For the past four years the Communists have made political capital out of the fact that they have been practically alone in actively opposing Japanese aggression. For millions of Chinese, communism has come to be regarded as the sole alternative to Japanese domination. Now the situation has apparently got out of hand as far as either Nanking or Tokyo is concerned. The recent student uprising, at least partially Communist inspired, has revived much of the nationalist, anti-imperialist sentiment which has lain dormant since 1927. A mass revolt against the pro-Japanese policies of Nanking is a distinct possibility, a possibility that is greatly heightened by the existence of hundreds of red districts throughout China, backed by a well-disciplined army which with trained reserves may total as much as a half-million men. The new Communist tactics, emphasizing the necessity for forming a united people's government in opposition to both Chiang Kai-shek and Japan, would appear to be a far more potent factor in Far Eastern affairs than casual reading of our newspapers would suggest.

Socialists to the Left

THE fight within the Socialist Party reached a climax on January 5 when the National Executive Committee by a vote of eight to two deposed the conservative state committee of New York headed by Louis Waldman, suspended the charter of the state organization, and set up a temporary committee of fifteen to run its affairs pending an early election of party officers under the supervision of an N. E. C. committee of three and based on the membership of February 7. This resolution was substituted for an even more drastic one, submitted earlier, which would have condemned the New York organization, lifted its charter, and transferred it to the state organization set up at the Utica convention on the assumption that that convention represented a majority in the state membership.

The Old Guard charges that the procedure was unconstitutional. It charges, moreover, that the substitute resolution was not a compromise since eleven of the original "receivership" committee of fifteen were associated with the Utica convention. Later this committee was increased to twenty-one; so far six of its appointees and five alternates (all of them right-wing) have refused to serve. The deposed state committee, needless to say, has declined to accept the action of the N. E. C. The state committee elected at Utica, also needless to say, has accepted the arrangement; and the "militants" maintain that the Old Guard has grown suddenly tender of a constitution which it has not hesitated to violate in the past, that the plea of dictatorship and execution without trial is absurd since the issue has been hotly debated for months, and that the resolution as passed guarantees full party democracy.

The most intelligent and vigorous Socialist Party members and sympathizers must necessarily be on the left in this controversy for the simple reason that the Old Guard through its actions and policies long ago forfeited the right to be called Socialist. The fact that the radical Declaration of Principles was adopted at the national convention of 1934 by a two-thirds' vote indicates, moreover, that the left-wing has a majority of the membership on its side.

It is an unfortunate fact, however, that the right wing controls many of the institutions of the party and that it is strongly enough entrenched to make a nation-wide split highly probable. Mayor McLevy of Bridgeport has already denounced the action of the N. E. C., and James H. Maurer in Reading has taken the same stand. Mayor Hoan of Milwaukee prefers to remain aloof. He absented himself from the meeting in Philadelphia because he considered the situation hopeless from the point of view of harmony.

A split was inevitable, perhaps, in any case. If so, it is better that it should come as early as possible and on a clear issue. A realistic alignment of radical sentiment in this country is highly necessary. While the present struggle within the Socialist Party may mean a cut in the Socialist showing in the coming election, it will mean also more reality in the united front on the left, to which the Thomas group will give support. And at this stage in our political and economic development a genuine united resistance to the growing offensive against civil liberties and living standards—despite "recovery"—is of primary importance.

Issues and Men

The President's Dilemma

DESPITE the President's extraordinary political agility and his ability to avoid issues, it seems to me that Franklin Roosevelt is now in a place where he must come to a definite decision and that upon that decision will depend in good measure how high he will stand in American history. Will he give the country strong and effective leadership and a campaign for the amendment of the Constitution so that Congress may act freely for the social and economic welfare of the people, or will he take the decisions of the Supreme Court lying down and do nothing about them? It is hard to see how he can straddle on this issue. In his famous interview given after the Supreme Court's decision overthrowing the NRA, he declared that that august body was returning us to the "horse-and-buggy age." Then he shut up like an oyster, and I for one have been firmly of the opinion that he would not again refer to the question of a constitutional amendment until he was safely inaugurated for the second time. But now the situation has changed. Nearly all of the New Deal program appears doomed, and so there looms before the President one of the greatest opportunities for leadership that have ever come to any Chief Executive. If one may judge by the stump speech on the "state of the Union" which he delivered to Congress, he has about shot his bolt so far as new constructive measures are concerned which might help us to recover further and get our unemployed millions back to work. Will he now come out squarely for the limitation of the powers of the Supreme Court, or will he be content to campaign for reelection without further reference to the overthrowing of his legislative achievements?

The President can, of course, fight an effective battle for reelection on the basis of accomplishments other than those which the Supreme Court will have thrown out. He can truthfully declare that he has achieved a good deal; that he manfully stepped into the breach when the country was about to collapse in March, 1932. He can properly assume that his social-security act, the reform of the stock exchanges, and, perhaps, the control of security issues will remain unharmed. He can rightly claim that some of the reforms he has instituted will continue to be effective; I cannot conceive of any party hereafter advocating that old-age pensions, the care of prospective mothers, or social insurance be dropped. In other words, he can truthfully assert that he has given a new and a progressive orientation to our public life, and that that in itself is a great achievement. But if he really wants to make a slashing and effective attack upon the forces of reaction, he can best do it by raising the great question whether the time has not come for at least one more important amendment to the Constitution of the United States. Undoubtedly, if he chooses this course, the attacks which will be directed against him will be almost unparalleled, certainly unsurpassed, in their bitterness and violence. The big-business forces which he attacked in his message to Congress feel not only that the Supreme Court is their Gibraltar but that it is their last

bulwark. He must not attempt the amendment unless he is ready to risk everything upon his program. In other words, he must be as ready to face defeat as Grover Cleveland was when he told a group of his advisers that he was going to campaign for reelection in 1888 upon a demand for radical reduction of tariffs. His advisers said to him, "Then you will be defeated"; and he replied, "Then I shall be defeated." And he was.

Unfortunately Mr. Roosevelt has given very little indication that there is in his make-up much of Grover Cleveland. Such a courage would call, for one thing, for the complete abandonment of politics. Speaking recently before the American Association for Labor Legislation, Dean Howard Lee McBain, of the graduate faculties of Columbia University, said that he realized "the hopelessness of any such proposal now to amend the Constitution." But it is not hopeless to think of the Constitution's being amended cautiously and wisely, provided only there is the right leadership. It is already reported that the American Federation of Labor and the National Agricultural Conference, the latter representing 2,500,000 farmers, will throw their influence on the side of amendment, but that will be of no avail, of course, if the President fails to take a stand and to carry his party with him. Dean McBain also declared that the President "in the midst of a national crisis giving him opportunities for reform never before possessed by a President . . . has chosen for personal and party interests to play the usual game of putrid party politics." There is the rub. Dean McBain feels that we need to alter the Constitution because "the traditional American economic system clearly shows that it is no longer capable of self-operation." Will the President take hold and eschew partisanship? Will he from now on give to his enemies and his friends alike a clear-cut, concise statement of what his aims are and just how he visualizes the future United States? That he has failed to do so has been one of the weaknesses of his Administration.

The first thing that the President would have to do would be to make it clear that the amendment that is proposed would in nowise alter our structure of government or our institutions. They certainly will not suffer if the right of the Supreme Court to *legislate* is curbed. As Justice Stone wrote in the minority decision in the AAA case, "Courts are not the only agency of government that must be assumed to have capacity to govern." Justice Stone also wrote that it must not be assumed that "the responsibility for the preservation of our institutions" is "the exclusive concern of any one of the three branches of government or that it alone can save them from destruction."

Well, Mr. President, which is it to be?

Isaiah Garrison Villard



The AAA Puts on False Whiskers

By PAUL W. WARD

Washington, January 12

UNDER the glowering gaze of the Supreme Court majority the Roosevelt Administration is preparing to reenact the AAA. The show was put into rehearsal by our White House Ziegfeld twenty-four hours after the court's AAA decision was announced, and it will be ready for the House and Senate stage in a few days.

It is a startling performance, but it is not a courageous one. In its every scene it gives the lie to Roosevelt's Jackson Day assertion that in the coming campaign "the basic issue will be inevitably the retention of popular government." It also belies his profession of belief that "it is the sacred duty of us who are vested with the responsibility of leadership to justify the expectations of the young men and women of the United States." And it reduces to absurdity his attempt to pose as a reincarnation of Andrew Jackson, for Old Hickory defied the Supreme Court. What Roosevelt is preparing is not defiance; it is humbug.

Because it illustrates all those things and because it offers, in addition, a classic example of how laws are made, we might as well follow the show through rehearsal. We begin by noting that its theme song is "Let's Put False Whiskers on the AAA"; that the opening chorus begins, "We gotta keep the farmers in checks till November at least"; and that six big-time corporation lawyers, sitting as justices of the United States Supreme Court, helped with the libretto.

If those six who signed the prevailing opinion in the *Hoosac Mills* case had been compelled to be candid they would have set forth their decision in some such words as these: "You gentlemen who framed the AAA succeeded in getting around the letter of the Constitution. If we conceded victory to you, one of the barriers the Founding Fathers erected against the development of truly democratic government in this country would be destroyed. So long as we six live and sit upon this bench, that barrier—the division of authority between state and federal government—will stand and democracy will be denied. We are bound, therefore, by hook or crook, to hold your law unconstitutional, and will so hold as to any similar law."

Those, at least, are the words that many in the AAA, the Department of Justice, and especially in Congress read into the majority decision, and on Capitol Hill there were a few who wanted to accept its implicit challenge and move to amend the Constitution. Some of them, to be sure, were actuated by fear, notably cotton-state Senators and Congressmen who thought some public show of bravado an essential bulwark to their reelection chances. But there were others, such as Senator Costigan of Colorado and Representative Marcantonio of New York, who were moved by principle. Nothing of that sort moved the President of the United States. The fear that gripped him and his political sycophants was a fear that the Supreme Court had destroyed the chief factor insuring his reelection. With the AAA outlawed, the Republicans, who almost confessedly had no competitive plank with which to match it, stood on nearly a par with

him in bidding for the farm vote. What denied them complete parity was the fact that they never had made good on their quadrennial promises to the farmers, whereas the Democrats, under Roosevelt, to some extent at least had given performance to their pledges. That difference—slight or great—might be offset by the facts that the farm vote in important sections is normally Republican, that the AAA had benefited directly less than half of the 6,500,000 farmers, that a large proportion of the 3,000,000 contract signers were far from satisfied with their lot and had gone along with the program only for expediency's sake, and that in some parts of the country the AAA program was holding back a boom tide in order that other parts might not suffer.

That, of course, was only another way of saying that the New Deal had failed to accomplish any fundamental changes in the agricultural situation, just as it had failed to accomplish any fundamental changes in the industrial situation; that at best it had done nothing more than to implement agriculture with the chief anti-social device of manufacturing—production control; and that, in short, the Old Deal, to which Roosevelt had said this nation would never return, was just around the corner. Perhaps it might be stated more briefly by saying that, beneficent though the AAA was touted to be, it nevertheless could not command sufficient public support to warrant Roosevelt's risking his political fortunes by carrying the issue to the country.

But if the AAA were allowed to die, a number of things equally costly at the polls might happen. First, the farmer might get the idea that his White House messiah had abandoned him. Second, with the flow of benefit-payment checks stopped, there might be an apprehensive tightening of rural pursestrings, with a drop in automobile sales and with other consequences that would reverse the rising prosperity curve so essential to half of Roosevelt's campaign slogan: "I got you out of the depression and will keep you out of the war." Third, there might be—indeed, there probably would be—huge crops in corn, cotton, and tobacco which would send farm prices tobogganing to 1932 levels on election eve.

What, then, to do? Well, the only thing that occurred to Roosevelt and his advisers was to keep the AAA alive, partly by pretending that the Supreme Court had not meant what it said and partly by contriving a new disguise for this riches-through-scarcity device. The minority opinion, which up to this time had been revered because of its consoling qualities, was set aside and the majority opinion conned for loopholes. Down at the bottom of its sixteenth page the searchers finally found a paragraph that would support their pretense that the court was only joking. Justice Roberts in damning the AAA said: "We are not here concerned with a conditional appropriation of money, nor with a provision that if certain conditions are not complied with the appropriation shall no longer be available. . . . There is an obvious difference between a statute stating the conditions upon which money shall be expended and one

effective only upon assumption of a contractual obligation to submit to a regulation which otherwise could not be enforced."

Justice Stone in his dissenting opinion, with Justices Brandeis and Cardozo concurring, said that this paragraph meant: "The government may give seeds to farmers but not condition the gift upon their being planted in places where they are most needed or even planted at all. . . . It may spend its money for the suppression of the boll weevil but may not compensate the farmers for suspending the growth of cotton in the infected areas." But the Administration's legal experts said it meant quite a different thing. They said it meant that all the Administration had to do to keep the AAA alive was to do away with the AAA contracts. If Justices Stone, Cardozo, and Brandeis were right and they, the experts, were wrong, at least their mistake would not be discovered until after November, if then, for by a simple trick they had in readiness the Administration could make the new AAA immune from court attack. In *Massachusetts vs. Mellon*, they pointed out, the Supreme Court had held that a taxpayer could not ask the courts to invalidate a federal tax unless he could show that the tax injured him individually and specifically. If we finance the AAA out of general revenues, said the legal wizards, no man or corporation will be able to get a foothold in the courts from which to attack it and bring it to the Supreme Court's attention.

Roosevelt thought it all a good idea. So did the AAA and the Department of Justice. If there were any misgivings, they were felt only by the Treasury Department, whose chief, Budget-Balancer Morgenthau, must have shuddered at the expense involved.

There now arose the question of a disguise, for the White House did not dare appear publicly to be thumbing its nose at the august Six-and-Three. One was ready at hand. For several months a committee of experts in the Department of Agriculture had been working up a series of disguises in anticipation of an adverse decision from the Supreme Court. Secretary Wallace picked out a relatively honest one—a simple domino, let us say. But Administrator Davis went out for one with whiskers, cowl, and a floor-sweeping robe, and Roosevelt backed him in that choice. Wallace, whose conscience has been bruised every time he allowed himself to look at the realities of agriculture *à la* New Deal, wanted to institute a program of scientific farming under which farmers would be bribed to be good farmers. Davis, however, knew that the farmers to whom the AAA caters do not want to be bribed to be good farmers; they want to be bribed to be rich farmers. Roosevelt could understand that, too.

As a result, there was hastily and secretly drafted a bill which perpetuates all the old objectives of the AAA, with only contracts omitted. What were "benefit payments" under the old AAA become "conditional payments" under the new. What was "crop control" becomes "soil conservation." And the old program was given a further verbal twist. Farmers who had been paid for "doing nothing," as the Liberty League would have it, were now to be paid for "doing something," as the Administration would have it. The planter with a hundred acres in cotton, who under the old AAA would have been paid benefits for retiring forty of those acres, would be paid a bounty under the new AAA not for retiring those forty acres but for turning them into

pasture, woodland, or fertility-restoring legumes. The result, of course, would be essentially the same—less cotton and a higher price for it. The result also would be the same with respect to the long-suffering share-croppers, except that there would be no contracts with 'cropper-protection clauses to embarrass the Administration.

As soon as the plan had begun to jell, Wallace sent out a call for all the national farm leaders to assemble in Washington. They came rushing, a hundred strong and aptly described by an observant farm journalist who said, "A 'farm leader' is a man who has no followers." I was assured by men of long intimacy with them that to describe them as the Matt Wolls of organized agriculture would be more than flattering. Like most of the high priests of the A. F. of L., these gentry who assembled Friday morning in Wallace's office were all small business men, drawing down fat salaries from the organizations they head and from the affiliated banks, real estate, and insurance companies. At least one of the farm organizations represented has been shown by Congressional investigations to have made itself the well-paid tool at one time or another of all the major financial or industrial rackets in the country. The American Farm Bureau Federation, into whose leaders' hands the Administration maneuvered the reins of the conference, has been the servant of the power trust, the ship-subsidy grabbers, and a host of industrial tariff lobbies.

It was to help them maintain that pose and, by helping them, to secure their support for the disguised AAA that the Administration called this motley gang to Washington. The Administration was afraid that these men, unless coddled, would return to their old tricks, sell out to the highest bidder, and go roaring about the country demanding currency inflation, higher tariffs, export subsidies, the McNary-Haugen bill, or any one of half a dozen of agriculture's other traditional panaceas.

So the Administration's bill was kept in hiding, and for two days an elaborate pretext was kept up of "consulting the nation's farm leaders" and letting them shape the Administration's program. Adroit guidance of committee selections—including the selection of William H. Settle, Indianapolis head of a Farm Credit Administration adjunct, as chairman of the conference, and the appointment of Earl Smith, Administrator Davis's old pal from the Illinois Agricultural Association, to the "legislative-committee" chairmanship—insured promulgation of a set of recommendations fitting the Administration's program. To make doubly sure of organization support, the recommendations were loosely drawn so that those organization leaders whose followers demand currency inflation, or higher tariffs, or export subsidies could claim to have forced an opening for their eventual inclusion when Congress gets the bill.

It was in precisely this fashion that the original Adjustment Act was drawn, and it too included all the assorted farm panaceas, the Administration forces in Congress having managed their acceptance on a discretionary rather than mandatory basis. It is probable that the new bill will follow the same course in Congress, with the Republican minority hiding behind the old McNary-Haugen bill while they inveigh against the Administration measure, only to vote for it in the end. All that remains is to find a way to make the thing work without compulsion or contracts, and to finance its probable cost of half a billion dollars.

The Last War and the Next

I. Morgan, Money, and War

By WALTER MILLIS

FOR the first time in the fifteen years since the ending of the World War the United States is facing with some seriousness the problem of how to keep out of another one. In the debate over this intricate subject a certain amount of new material bearing upon the strictly economic aspects of our entanglement is coming to light, and a good many persons have been stressing what would seem to be the obvious importance of economic factors in any attempt to control such another situation. This emphasis has brought an unexpected response. Mr. Thomas Lamont has descended upon the public prints in a flood of letters disposing of "the myth that it was chiefly American commercial interests, and not Germany, that drew America into the war"; Mr. J. P. Morgan has told the Nye committee that although from the first he considered the defeat of Germany to be vital and did all he could to encompass it, yet Germany alone "drove us into the war," and his own activities had nothing to do with that essential step in defeating the Germans; Professor Seymour of Yale has published a book of essays to demonstrate that the German resumption of unrestricted submarine war was the only relevant factor in our abandonment of neutrality; while the *New York Times* has summarily dismissed "all the fables to the contrary" as either "misunderstandings" or "malicious inventions."

But in thus abolishing some of the mythological ideas now current as to the economic influences behind the American declaration of war, these authorities seem to be in danger of manufacturing an equally misleading myth of their own. If it was really the German submarine decision of January 9, 1917, which alone and automatically determined the issue between neutrality and a full-scale participation in the world's greatest war, we should have to throw up our hands and grant at once that the lives and fortunes of the American people are perpetually at the mercy of outside circumstances which we have no possibility of controlling. Fortunately, it is unnecessary to accept any such hopelessly fatalistic conclusion. One must still ask how it was that the United States came to raise the submarine war into an automatic *casus belli*; and here one is immediately in the presence of many factors more susceptible to our own prevision and control than the possible military exigencies of foreign powers locked in a life-and-death struggle. The economic factor is by no means the only one of these. But it is certainly of more than negligible importance.

The European war was not a month old before at least one Congressman had foreseen that to supply vast quantities of food, clothing, and commercial raw materials, to say nothing of munitions, to one side while the other was debarred from our markets was directly to aid the favored party and so to "invite our own entanglement." It was not a fortnight old before J. P. Morgan and Company had raised the question of floating belligerent loans in the United States, leading Mr. Bryan to the prophetic conclusion that "money is the worst of all contrabands because it commands

everything else," and that such loans would "make it all the more difficult for us to maintain neutrality." Even Mr. Lansing agreed at that time that the government should "discourage the money of this country from taking part in foreign wars," just as it discouraged its citizens from enlisting in them. Thus, in the first breaking of the great storm the importance of economic influences upon our own neutrality was quite apparent to those who paused to think about it. And almost from the beginning, great sections of American industry and finance, led by the Morgan firm with all its commanding influence, devoted themselves to establishing the economic complex which tended constantly thereafter to thrust the nation more and more deeply into an economic alliance with the Entente and consequently nearer and nearer to war against Germany.

It is as unnecessary as it is confusing to embroil the subject with allegations as to motive. Whether the leaders of American finance and industry used their great powers as they did because of a vulgar greed for profit, because they thought they were acting in the best interests of the country, or because, as Mr. Lamont once said, they "didn't know how to be neutral," is beside the point.

In what actually happened, as a matter of fact, the motives were clearly mixed beyond any possibility of scientific disentanglement. The outbreak of war in 1914, it must always be remembered, came as a tremendous economic shock to the United States. It thus presented an initial problem—no less urgent for the patriot than for the profit-maker—of salvaging a disaster rather than of exploiting a gold mine. Broadly, there were three possible ways of meeting the economic crisis presented by the sudden dislocation of our great foreign markets. We could let them go and learn to live by ourselves—a course which under the ideas of the time would certainly have seemed too fantastically difficult for consideration had anyone seriously proposed it. We could attempt more or less to restore the pre-war position by insisting upon neutral rights which seemed to guarantee our freedom to carry on our normal peace-time trade with the civil populations of all belligerents. Or we could find substitutes for the lost German and Austro-Hungarian markets by supplying the war needs of the Allies. We were urged into the third course alike by sympathy with the Entente, by the fact that it was practically much the easiest, and by the fact that it was by far the most profitable. The third course was adopted. The motives may have been mixed; the results soon began to appear.

By the end of 1914, with the wheat market sustained on the war demand, with business men already flocking into the rich pastures of Allied war contracts, with the Morgans setting up their purchasing agency to organize American industry in the service of the Allied war effort, the foundations of the economic alliance with the Entente had been firmly laid. The process thus initiated tended rapidly to accelerate

of its own motion. The pressure of American business interests, seeking the valuable trade which the Entente had to bestow, provided the Entente statesmen with one of their more effective means for undermining the State Department's continued efforts to reopen the trade with the Central Powers. Presently the Morgan purchasing bureau was calling into existence the great munitions industry which we had lacked at the outbreak of the war, thus establishing a new and very direct interest in the Allied war effort. The effects have been shown in the Nye committee's hearings on the ramifications of the rifle contracts, which reached a point at which an attempt to cancel them in 1916 left the Morgans frantically cabling that it was "unthinkable," that "important and influential interests, financially and commercially, are concerned in all these companies," and that banks were "committed . . . far beyond their expectations and even in some cases beyond their legal limits."

The question of payment early arose. In October, 1914, the National City Bank urged upon Mr. Lansing the economic importance of the war-supply business as a reason for permitting the Allies to use bank credits. Dutifully Mr. Lansing perceived that our money must take part in the war after all; transcribing the bank's words as his own, he obtained Mr. Wilson's assent to this first breach in the barrier against loans. The war business was thus encouraged to expand. By the middle of 1915 it was reaching the point where the Allies could no longer carry it on a cash and short-term credit basis; but by that time it was too important to our own prosperity to be simply lopped off, as the non-lending policy would have demanded.

As soon as this embarrassing situation began to appear, the British Ambassador, Sir Cecil Spring Rice, reported that "many secret forces began to act" in favor of a long-term Entente loan. The Nye committee has now revealed these forces earnestly in action. It has shown the Morgans, the commercial banks, the violently pro-Ally McAdoo and equally pro-Ally Lansing, all applying the pressure for long-term loans in order "to maintain our prosperity" and avoid a stoppage of war orders "that would be disastrous"; it has shown the British government apparently adding a little additional "leverage" by unpegging the pound; it has shown Warburg's protests that loans would "violate the spirit of neutrality" swept contemptuously aside, and Wilson tersely acquiescing in the reversal of the position taken a year before. The flotation of the \$500,000,000 Anglo-French loan which followed opened the way for this country not only to sell to the Allies but to finance them as well.

Another year passed; the American war-supply business and the consequent dependence of our prosperity upon the Allies continued to grow. Only in the autumn of 1916 did the Allies come as really heavy borrowers into the American money market; from this time on their loans were in general fully secured by the deposit of American and neutral securities, and no doubt the bulk of the Allied borrowing prior to our entry into the war could have been liquidated without great loss in the event of a German victory. The loans themselves thus established more an emotional than an immediate economic interest in Allied victory. But by the spring of 1917 it began to appear that the Allies were running out of collateral. What confronted our bankers and business men, wage-earners and farmers, alike was not the loss of relatively

small-scale investments in Allied bonds; it was the loss of the whole rushing trade upon which the national economy was largely being sustained. Our excess of commodity exports in 1916 passed three billion dollars—as against a pre-war average of about half a billion—and was mounting through the first three months of 1917 at a rate which would have produced an export balance of about \$3,700,000,000 for the year. This *excess* of exports—the trade, that is to say, which had to be sustained by cash or by credit—was on the order of one-tenth the total income of the American people. Its abrupt excision from the national economy clearly would have spelled something very like a first-rate disaster.

Probably only J. P. Morgan and Company appreciated the imminence of the peril, alike to themselves and to the rest of the country. But here was a tremendous potential economic pressure toward American entry into the war, for when the Allied collateral came to an end the United States government would be the only remaining source of credit on the necessary scale, and a government cannot loan money to a belligerent without itself ceasing to be neutral. No doubt it is true that Walter Hines Page's celebrated cable of March, 1917, stressing this situation as an argument for an American declaration of war, was in itself of little significance. The submarine crisis had already reached its last stages by that time, and Mr. Page had long since forfeited the President's confidence. But Mr. Page was certainly not the only one to whom the thought had occurred. McKenna, the British Chancellor of the Exchequer, had realized months before that an American entry into the war would solve his pressing financial difficulties; the Morgans, throughout so anxious to do all in their power to aid the Allied cause, must have recognized the fact; and it will be interesting to learn whether the Nye committee has uncovered any additional instances of this argument entering into the submarine crisis.

Even more interesting, though of course unanswerable, is the question whether the imminent collapse of the war market in the summer of 1917 might not have drawn us into the struggle even without the specific issue of the submarine. It is admittedly difficult to imagine Mr. Wilson asking Congress to declare war on a purely economic calculation; but there was never any lack of loftier grounds for action, and with many other factors urging us on, it does not seem impossible that economic interest might have tipped the scales against neutrality in any event.

Yet these are purely hypothetical realms; events were actually shaped in a different pattern, and it was the primarily political issue of the submarine rather than a failure of war orders which in fact precipitated us into the struggle. This would doubtless raise no difficulty for the thoroughgoing economic determinist. He would point simply to the obvious economic reason for the intransigence of our stand on the submarine and assume that it was the controlling one. Largely because of economic influences we had permitted the Allies to destroy our trade with the Central Powers and had been led step by step into a feverish prosperity resting upon our trade with the Entente. To authorize the U-boat to destroy this latter trade in turn would be to invite a complete and irreparable disaster. So apparent is this that it is difficult to believe that the thought was not behind the vigor

of the periods in which the President denounced the immorality of the U-boat. Spring Rice, the professional diplomat, took it as a matter of course. There was an "important difference," he noted on the morrow of the declaration of unrestricted submarine war, between the crisis which it produced and that created two years before by the sinking of the *Lusitania*. The effect of the unrestricted war "has been to cause a very severe loss in values, especially in cotton and wheat. This is a very serious matter. If the Germans are able to make good their menace to any extent, a practical blockade of American ports is carried out, as three-fifths of the trade is with the Allies." Yet in the actual development of the Wilson submarine policy it is extraordinary how scant are the tangible evidences of the influence of such mundane calculations.

The material may be illusory, for statesmen and their memorialists alike show a notable reluctance about committing their more severely materialistic cogitations to history. It is apparent, however, from the way in which the submarine issue actually arose that it was not originally an economic controversy. The President rashly committed himself to hold the Germans to "strict accountability"—thus giving a hostage to fate which he could not afterward recover—in the winter of 1915, when few in this country supposed that the submarine could ever seriously interfere with British trade, much less that it might prove to be almost the decisive weapon of the war. His attitude was hardened in the *Lusitania* crisis by the influence primarily of emotional and political factors; and, as the quotation from Spring Rice suggests, the true economic importance of the submarine to ourselves was not apparent until after the President had taken a stand in regard to it from which retreat must in any case have been difficult.

But if the direct effect of economic interest on the submarine controversy is obscure, the indirect effects are reasonably apparent. It is not only that when millions, both great and small, found their profits or their prosperity bound up with the Allied side, the fact must have lent added passion to the arguments they discovered for urging the government onward upon a course that could only benefit the Entente and hamstring the Germans. When Senator Lodge took the flamingly moral stand that "the body of an innocent child floating upon the water is to me a more poignant and a more tragic spectacle than an unsold bale of cotton," we may guess, even if we cannot know, that the interest of the Senator's constituents in the exports protected by the presence of the innocent children may have had something to do with it. We do know the countless other instances in which those who were concerned with the Entente war business brought every sort of pressure to bear to strengthen our intransigence toward the Germans. Mr. Warburg, indeed, interpreted the 1916 election returns as showing a majority still convinced that the war was "none of our affair" with only the "war-business and prosperity-first" Northeast hurrying the nation into it.

We know, for example, that Mr. H. P. Davison and Mr. Paul Cravath were at one time "anxious to form a committee which should educate American opinion regarding the democratic principles for which Great Britain and France were fighting"; we also know that Mr. Dwight Morrow properly—and no less astutely—vetoed this proposal for a

secret propaganda against our neutrality. But we find Mr. Morrow himself writing "with great subtlety"—as Mr. Harold Nicolson justly puts it—to Mr. Lansing, urging the Secretary of State to influence the President to exert a greater "leadership" as against Mr. Bryan; and this at the moment when Bryan had resigned because of the President's too reckless leadership in the *Lusitania* crisis. It can never have occurred to Mr. Morrow that there was anything improper in thus secretly utilizing the great influence of his firm to push the country onward in a bellicose policy that accorded with his own economic interest. But, again, the purity of the motive does not affect the results of the influence, and such details suggest with what caution one must accept Mr. Lamont's recent statement that "nothing could be farther from the truth" than the impression that "this firm or any of its partners carried on propaganda in favor of our going to war . . . or attempted to influence Washington in favor of war." In the rather narrow sense in which Mr. Lamont evidently uses these words, they are of only secondary relevance to the question.

Economic influences must have played their part in building up the submarine controversy to the explosive tension which sufficed to precipitate us, not merely into military action in defense of our nationals against U-boats, but into a great national crusade for the total defeat of Germany, leading us to pour out billions of money for the rescue of the Entente, to raise 5,000,000 men and ship 2,000,000 of them to the Entente battlefields, to sacrifice a hundred times as many lives as were taken by the submarine, and to prepare for the sacrifice of hundreds of thousands more. But though this positive effect can, in the nature of things, be only vaguely estimated, economic considerations also had a negative effect on the handling of the submarine controversy, and here the evidence is more precise. At the time of the *Lusitania* crisis, and even before, Mr. Bryan very correctly analyzed the course to which the President was committing himself. Since Mr. Wilson possessed no threat adequate to strike the submarine weapon from the hands of a desperate Germany without actually going to war, war was the logically inevitable consequence of the Wilson policy. Unless we were in effect to withdraw the policy—by warning Americans off ships going into the war zones and reserving the legal question for post-war settlement—there were but two general methods open to practical statesmanship for escaping this consequence. One was to make it worth Germany's while to abandon the U-boat by insisting upon American sea rights that were quite as valuable to Germany as to the United States. The other was to terminate the war by forcing both sides to peace negotiations.

In fact, the President was to experiment for a time with the first device and ultimately to make a determined effort with the second. Again, one must cite other than purely economic factors to explain the total failure of each; but in both cases the President was seriously handicapped by the economic alliance with the Entente which had been allowed to develop. For both devices necessitated putting severe pressure on the Entente, and this we were unable to do because of our dependence on the Entente war orders. As Professor Seymour has put it: "If Wilson had destroyed the basis of our prosperity in order to compel immediate acceptance of the American interpretation of international law, he would

have provoked something like a revolt against his Administration."

The efforts to compromise the sea war continued intermittently from the sinking of the *Lusitania* until the spring of 1916; but at no time did the United States give any real indication of insisting upon the rights which our formidable-sounding notes asserted against the Allied blockade measures. We know now that Mr. Lansing, who was no less impressed by the necessity of maintaining the war-supply business than by the necessity of defeating Germany, deliberately spun out the controversy with Great Britain and enmeshed it in fine legalisms in order to prevent its ever coming to a head. But unless it came to a head there was no hope of regularizing the submarine question; and the attempt ended in April, 1916, when Colonel House told Count Bernstorff, the German Ambassador, that "it would be easier to bring about peace than to cause England to abandon the blockade. . . . A prohibition of exports as a weapon against the blockade is not possible, as the prevailing prosperity would suffer by it." Professor Seymour suspects that this was much more Bernstorff's argument than House's, but however that may be, the fact is that Wilson's efforts were thereafter to be concentrated on the alternative means of escape from the war danger—that of forcing peace in Europe.

Yet for this it was still necessary to bring pressure upon the Allies as well as upon Germany, and it was essential to regain a more nearly impartial position ourselves. The way was apparently made easier by the President's deepening irritation with the Allies in the summer and fall of 1916, and by the resentment aroused by the "black lists" and other measures tightening the Entente control over American commerce. By the latter part of July the President was telling House that his patience was at an end and that he was considering asking Congress for authority to prohibit further Allied loans and embargo exports. It was the beginning of a wholly new movement which might profoundly have altered our relationship to the struggle and at last have cut us free from the war complex into which we were sinking. But Spring Rice, while recognizing that the British would have to step cautiously in meeting it, was not seriously worried. "The reason," he reported in August, "why there has been no embargo on arms and ammunition is . . . the sense that the prosperity of the country, on which the Administration depends for its existence, would be imperiled by such a measure. . . . At present I don't see any chance of it."

There was none. In September Congress did enact legislation authorizing the President to retaliate upon the Allies. But in August and September J. P. Morgan and Company floated \$350,000,000 worth of French and British bonds with more soon to come. The retaliatory legislation said nothing whatever about loans. Our war exports continued to boom. The act said nothing about an embargo on exports; its largest club was an authorization to embargo imports from the Allies. When even this weak threat was submitted to Mr. Redfield, the Secretary of Commerce, for study as to how it might be utilized in a way that "would be effective and, at the same time, least injurious to this country," his experts replied with the conclusion that "immediate reprisals as authorized by recent laws afford no assurance of success and threaten even the present basis of neutral commerce." The reprisals were never applied.

The President was to make a last attempt on his own account to break the economic strait-jacket in which he was caught. At the end of November the Federal Reserve Board issued a warning to the banks against investing in British treasury bills, a method of short-term financing to which the British were about to resort on a large scale. The purpose was apparently to shake the Allied credit and thereby to check the war-supply business in the United States, and, as Spring Rice put it, "to exercise pressure" on the Allies "in order to accelerate peace." The Morgans, at any rate, were seriously alarmed, and the British seem to have tried the exercise of a little counter-pressure by putting out the rumor that they would take their trade to Canada or Australia. The whole passage is another upon which one hopes the Nye committee may shed further light. The British threat was, of course, as unreal as the American, and the warning was not at that time withdrawn. But the British Treasury bestirred itself to find other means for meeting the immediate problem, while the Morgans, addressing themselves to the task of floating another long-term British loan, helped to repair whatever damage was done to British credit in general, thus averting the danger to the country's export trade and nullifying the Presidential pressure to "accelerate peace."

It must be granted that the President's chances of forcing a peace in Europe at the end of 1916 were slim at best; and it would certainly be too much to say that economic pressure was solely responsible for his failure. Economic pressure did, however, forbid his resort to the one instrument which might have given some hope, at least, of success; and in so far as it was responsible for closing the last door through which he might conceivably have escaped from the situation which had been allowed to develop, it must in still another way be regarded as a significant factor in determining the final outcome.

It is along some such lines as these that one must trace the strictly economic influences entering into the complex which converted us from the correct neutrality of 1914 to the passionate hostility against Germany of the summer of 1917. They do not reveal any significant conspiracy of profiteers, intriguing to compel the President and Congress into a declaration of war for the direct and vulgar advantage of their own pocket-books. But so concrete a demonstration as that is rarely achieved even by the most rigid economic determinists; nor is it necessary to the view that economic influences and the great economic powers wielded by our leading bankers and industrialists were important factors in our experience last time, and offer no less important possibilities for the better control of such another situation in the future. One must agree wholly with Mr. Newton Baker that "America's security from future wars cannot be secured by muzzling bankers or disabling munitions makers." Unhappily, there is no method whereby this or any other country can be finally guaranteed against a future war; economic motives are only a part of the problem of reducing the chances of war, and even these motives—although our available techniques for dealing with them are rather better than our techniques for dealing with the emotional or instinctive facets of human nature—are difficult to control. But it does not follow that nothing can be done in that direction.

[Mr. Millis's second article on *The Last War and the Next* will appear next week.]

Slumbering Fires in Harlem

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

LLOYD HOBBS, sixteen, and his brother Russell, both colored, were New York high-school students of excellent standing and character. On the evening of March 19, 1935, these boys came out of a moving picture house and noticed a small crowd standing before a shop near the corner of 128th Street and Seventh Avenue. Eager to see what was happening they joined the crowd, only to behold an amazing spectacle. The windows of the shop had been broken, and colored people inside were passing out to others the contents of the store. Soon afterward a police car drove up to the curb, and one of its two occupants alighted, brandishing a pistol. At once everybody ran. Patrolman John F. McInerny picked out Lloyd Hobbs as his quarry. He swears that he called on Lloyd to halt; other witnesses swear that he did not. Without stopping to fire a shot in the air, this guardian of the peace brought down Lloyd as he was running across 128th Street by a bullet which passed through his body and into his wrist. Lloyd died in the Harlem Hospital a few days later. McInerny has neither been indicted nor tried by the Police Department.

This was in many ways the most tragic and certainly the most unnecessary event of the riots which kept the center of Harlem in turmoil for the entire evening and night of March 19-20. The deaths were few, the injuries and arrests numerous; the damage to plate glass alone ran up to \$150,000. It was a passionate but an undirected outbreak. It was not engineered by Communists or anti-Semites, nor was it a racial riot in the sense of white and colored being aligned against each other. The stores that were raided were owned by Jews, white Gentiles, and Negroes. The affair had its origin in a wholly unfounded rumor that a boy caught stealing a pen-knife in Kresge's store on 125th Street had been beaten and murdered by employees in the store basement.

The rumor spread like wildfire. The boy was in fact caught in his theft at 2:30 p.m. and released unharmed. But within an hour crowds began to form and refused to believe statements by store employees and some of the police. By 5:30 it was necessary to close the store. At 6:30 a window of the store was smashed, and the disturbance then grew rapidly. At 7:30 the Young Liberators, a radical colored group bent on protecting the rights of the Negroes, issued a false leaflet that a boy had been maltreated in the Kresge store and was near death, and the Young Communist League also spread the statement in a broadside. Neither organization took the trouble to ascertain the facts. There are still Negroes in Harlem who believe to this day that the boy was killed, despite the fact that he was photographed with a colored police lieutenant on the night of the riot and that he has twice appeared at public hearings and sworn that he was the guilty lad.

Never did a serious public disorder arise with less immediate provocation. Why, then, did this outburst take place? The answer has been fully established by Mayor LaGuardia's Commission on Conditions in Harlem, headed by Dr. C. H. Roberts, a leading colored dentist, appointed to look into the entire situation. The rumor was simply the match to touch

off a magazine which had been years preparing. The nerves of a considerable portion of a community of 200,000 people snapped because of five and a half years of depression, with an unemployment average of no less than 70 per cent in certain areas, because of economic and social discrimination and prejudice, because of rank misgovernment greatly accentuated by certain specific grievances. Thus the riot was preceded by a determined movement among the colored residents of Harlem to obtain employment for some of their number in the many stores which owe their very existence to Negro patronage. The Kresge store was one of these; it had only two or three Negroes in its employ when the storm broke.

But this was only one grievance. Other wrongs were persistent: grievous mishandlings by the police in violation of the Bill of Rights, seriously inadequate school accommodations, discrimination in the administration of relief to destitute unemployed, inadequate hospitalization and institutional care, bad housing and worse overcrowding in the tenements, indefensibly high rentals, inadequate playgrounds and recreation centers, the closing of one avenue after another to economic advancement—these were some of the conditions which caused the sudden outburst. The wonder is that the emotions of the Negroes did not get out of hand before, and the danger is that there will be other outbreaks if the depression continues and the situation in other respects remains unchanged.

INADEQUATE SCHOOL ACCOMMODATIONS

Take the question of the schools. The keen interest of colored parents in school conditions in Harlem astonished the Mayor's Commission. Not only the various Parents' Associations but every intelligent person in Harlem knows that that section has been gravely discriminated against by the Board of Education, over which the Mayor of New York has only slight control. Actually there have been only nine schools built in Harlem since 1900, and not one elementary school since 1924, yet this period covers the tremendous influx of Negroes from the South as a result of the World War. Moreover, since many Negro schools have been closed in the South during the depression, parents have recklessly shipped their children to friends or relatives or even speaking acquaintances in the North in the hope that they would be taken in and educated. It has been extremely difficult to fit these children into classes, since most of the Harlem schools are compelled to hold two, and in some cases three, sessions from 8 a.m. until 5 p.m., with a strain upon teachers and pupils and the educational plant which needs no belaboring. There are between forty and fifty pupils to a class in fully half of the elementary schools. The problem would be difficult enough if all these children were well nourished and adequately clad, but they are not. Johnny A., whose case lies before me, is unfortunately not exceptional. His teacher discovered that he was half-fainting from hunger and had not had sufficient food for three days. School lunches are furnished, and teachers make every effort to discover such cases and to aid them, but there are only a few visiting teachers to act as liaison officers between school and family.

If Johnny A. came from a home which was normal and intact and merely hungry, he was lucky. The principal of one school testified that out of 1,600 families 700 were "broken." In fully 90 per cent of these the father was missing, and the mother was trying not only to do all the housework and cooking for her children but to go out to work besides. After school the children are adrift upon the streets or at home alone or in bad company. Often male and female solicitors are in evidence when the girls' schools empty their pupils into the streets in the early afternoon, so much so that several principals testified that they had had to demand a police guard. The police themselves seem to be unable to drive away the evil resorts of every kind that infest numerous neighborhoods.

The commission also found that the school plant was "old, shabby, and far from modern," in many instances neither sanitary nor well kept nor free from serious fire hazards. Four of the schools are without auditoriums; one tries to serve luncheons to 1,000 children when there are seats for only 175. There is no special school for over-age boys and girls, and there is complete lack of coordination between the home, the school, and public-welfare agencies. Worst of all, there is no school or institution to which a delinquent child may be sent. There are such for white Protestants, Catholics, and Jews, but not one for Negroes. There is no nursery school. The teachers are so terrorized by superior authority that many of them would not testify before the commission except with a guaranty of protection and the suppression of their names in the records. The only pleasant aspect of the whole situation is that there was proof of complete and cordial cooperation between white and colored teachers.

DISCRIMINATION IN RELIEF

As for the relief situation, it is not easy to say just how much conscious discrimination exists, but there has certainly been a lot of it. Take the case of Mrs. F. W., who told the principal of a school that her three children were unable to go to school because they were so hungry. This woman was trying to keep herself and her children alive on two cans of milk and two of beef issued every two weeks, the relief bureau being out of other articles listed on her supplementary-relief card. Investigation showed that she had been sent to the Bureau for Mothers' Pensions and to the Home Relief Bureau, but had received nothing because she had got some insurance after the death of her husband, a veteran, for whose funeral expenses the government had made a cash grant. The undertaker had received this money and more besides. What was left had been taken from her by a brother-in-law, but the city authorities insisted that they could not aid her because she had had this money, and they held to this position long after the time during which the \$200 or \$300 would have sufficed to maintain her and her three children. Similar things have doubtless happened elsewhere in the city, but the colored people are convinced that it happens more often in their case.

An especial hardship for the Negroes has been the requirement that all applicants asking for relief give up all insurance policies above \$500. Often these small policies represent the entire life savings of the holder. More than that, these sums are counted on to assure a worthy funeral—funerals bulk very large in Negro life and the thought of

a pauper's grave is a dreadful one. At the beginning of the relief work in New York City there was a marked tendency to discriminate against the Negro and to assign every Negro applicant to one of those menial jobs which in the public mind are associated with Negroes, no matter if the applicant had been a white-collar or professional worker all his life. It is also true that at the outset no Negro of standing was given a position of authority in the relief organizations. After the riots three were appointed administrators in precinct offices. Today the work has been much more standardized, and there are no longer charges of discrimination in the matter of food issued, but people in charge of public-work projects are in general unable to find opportunities for high-grade Negro workers. Fortunately the new Works Progress Administrator, Victor Ridder, has set his face rigidly against any racial discrimination.

POLICE VIOLENCE

Harlem is never an easy police problem. That under existing conditions it presents a more difficult one than ever must be plain. If that entitles the police of the city of New York to sympathy, it does not put an end to criticism. The hearings before the Mayor's Commission on the riots and what caused them were as exciting and dramatic as anything ever put upon the stage, and the revelations of intense bitterness and antagonism toward the police were a shock to all who heard. Arthur Garfield Hays, who presided admirably as chairman of the subcommittee on the riots, allowed the fullest latitude to witnesses, to lawyers, to Communists, and even to casual spectators; all the hearings of the commission served a most useful purpose as safety valves. Most surprising of all was the fact that the colored people were as bitter against colored men in uniform as against white officers. The hostility was justified in many cases; the police respect the rights of the individual citizen no more in Harlem than elsewhere. Several police officials, when asked by Mr. Hays to state what their right to arrest was, showed ignorance of the law requiring warrants. They admitted that the police are constantly going into homes and taking out people without due process of law. It appeared also that men are being arrested on the streets at the will of the police without even having given ground for suspicion.

One of the few amusing moments was afforded by the testimony of a reporter for a Communist newspaper who said that he had been arrested and taken to the police station for walking on the street with a colored woman. He was detained for some time, in fact, until he was able to prove that he was a Negro. Such detentions and arrests are frequent and are defended by the police on the ground that they contribute to the breaking up of prostitution in Harlem. But the fact is that there is an enormous amount of prostitution, that hundreds of white men invade this district every night, that investigators for the commission report one tenement house after another as infested with prostitutes and representatives of every form of vice, and that the police make no efficient effort to remedy these conditions. It is of course obvious that even if this procedure of arresting white men for walking with colored women were a remedial police measure, it would still be contrary to law. But annoyances like these are insignificant, aside from the principle involved, in comparison with many cases of brutal violence.

One policeman who appeared before the commission admitted having killed two Negroes within a year. One was a sixteen-year-old boy charged with burglary whom he shot as the boy was running off. The other was a mildly intoxicated man whom the officer was called by another Negro to arrest. The drunken man having lightly hit the policeman on the shoulder, the latter hauled off and hit the man with such violence that he knocked him down and fractured his skull. The man died just as he was carried into a hospital. In neither case, so far as appears, was the act of the officer investigated by a high official, nor was the man placed on trial to defend the propriety of his acts. Even worse was the case of Thomas Aiken, who six days before the riot was standing at the end of one line of relief seekers in the armory of the colored regiment. Another line was behind him with a space between for people to pass through. Some men came in and filled the vacant space; two policemen ordered them away and Aiken also. When he protested, they not only beat him unmercifully but actually gouged out one eye. No allegation was made that Aiken was armed or that he in any way attacked the officers. The incident occurred in broad daylight in a public building and can only be described as an act of sadistic cruelty and complete abuse of official authority. But here again the grand jury refused to indict and the Police Commissioner to punish.

Like many of his predecessors, the present Police Commissioner seems to run the department on the theory that the police are to be upheld at any cost. The commission made the suggestion that a policeman who uses his revolver with fatal results should be put on trial and, if acquitted, commended and the commendation communicated to the entire force. If, on the other hand, the verdict went the other way, he should be punished by the loss of his position and by a trial and conviction in a criminal court. The commission's appeal to the Mayor and the Police Commissioner has as yet been ineffective. The Commissioner has shown no desire to cooperate with the commission or to remedy conditions, with the result that the commission is now considering a mass-meeting at which it might lay the facts and what it is trying to accomplish before the public. To the commission's suggestion that there be formed a joint committee of whites and Negroes to which anyone could go with complaints about police conduct, which committee would promote intelligent cooperation with the Police Department, the Commissioner replied that he could not consent to that as the Police Department does not recognize any color line!

HOSPITALS AND HEALTH

With respect to hospitals and other public institutions, there are countless reasons for public unrest in West Harlem. The only municipal hospital in this area is the Harlem Hospital, for years past a storm center because of shocking overcrowding. With a bed capacity of 325 it is not an unusual occurrence for the hospital to house as many as 450. The average daily attendance for 1934 was 393. Men and women are turned out just as soon as they can be moved. Some are sent to other institutions in the city only to be returned, in one case no less than three times. The regulations of the College of Surgeons as to the amount of air space each patient should have are constantly violated. There are cots in the hallways; even stretchers are used as beds, and so are chairs. In the wards the beds are side by side so

that there is practically no privacy. There are constant charges of lack of discipline and of inefficiency, but it is of course impossible for any staff of physicians, surgeons, and nurses to do good work under such conditions.

The central fact remains that Harlem has been served by only one public hospital—325 beds for a population of over 200,000. How great is the need appears from the fact that in four Harlem health areas, in which Negroes constituted between 95 and 100 per cent of the population in 1929-33, the infant-mortality rate ranged from 94 to 120 per thousand of live births as contrasted with 55 for the city as a whole in 1931; and the tuberculosis mortality rate ranged from 251 to 319 per 100,000 population, the rate for the United States being 64.6 in 1930. The tuberculosis figures are for the very area in which the Harlem Hospital is situated. These figures are in striking contrast to the health situation in the East Harlem district, where only 10 per cent of the population is Negro. It remains to be added that there is not a single convalescent home to which Negroes can be sent. What makes the situation worse from the Negro point of view is the constant discrimination against colored members of the medical staff of the Harlem Hospital. It took years to get Negro physicians and nurses assigned to this hospital, and they still have to contend against racial prejudice.

Thus far the Mayor's Commission has published three reports, one on the housing situation, one on the police, and one on the schools, with a fourth on hospitals coming. The first, for which a subcommittee headed by Morris L. Ernst was responsible, resulted, thanks largely to Mr. Ernst's energy and the cooperation of the city officials, in bringing about some improvement in the housing laws as affecting Harlem. The police and school reports lay for weeks unpublished in the office of the overworked Mayor, and other scheduled reports are still lagging. This is disappointing, and so is the fact that no one in the city administration has been assigned to the task of starting a long-range reform program. The Mayor has practically no control over the school board, which persistently overlooks the Harlem schools when called upon to set up a large building program. The Mayor is eager to do what is right and is well aware of the need, but where the millions necessary for the reconstruction of Harlem or for furnishing even the necessary institutional care can be found no one knows.

It is a question whether the Mayor's Commission should not be succeeded by a volunteer body to keep after the city until at least a beginning in the job of ameliorating existing conditions has been made. Only one important result of the commission's work is so far in sight: an elaborate report on the Harlem situation is being drafted by Dr. E. Franklin Frazier, a professor in Howard University, who was given a leave of absence for the purpose of conducting this survey, for which federal aid was obtained. One housing project is under way with the aid of money from Washington and with the full approval of Secretary Ickes, but this has its discouraging side in that it is using for housing the best tract available in Harlem for recreation and playground purposes. And it is only a beginning. Unlimited sums are needed to wipe out the slums and to supply the additional recreation grounds and parks and the institutions which must be built if Harlem is to be brought up to the standard of other portions of the city.

What Remains of the League?

By HAROLD J. LASKI

[Mr. Laski's article was delayed on its way from England. Written and mailed the day after Sir Samuel Hoare's resignation, it arrived just in time for inclusion in this issue of The Nation. Omitting his exposition of the events leading up to the government crisis, by this time generally known, we present herewith Mr. Laski's analysis and conclusions, both of which are still of interest.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

London, December 19

SIR SAMUEL HOARE'S explanation of the crisis which led to his resignation is that when he went to Paris he found a dangerous situation which might easily lead to war. Either there must be conciliation or oil sanctions must be applied. Mussolini would regard the latter as a military sanction and might attack the British fleet. The French, though pledged to assist, were not ready for mobilization; and no other power in the League had taken any precautions for defense. In the circumstances he thought it right to agree to an offer which might avert a European catastrophe. He was, he said, prepared to justify the terms outlined on the basis of a reasonable settlement. Mr. Baldwin, explaining in the House of Commons the position of the government, added that Sir Samuel Hoare had reshaped these terms without the authority of the Cabinet, which subsequently indorsed them because, though they went too far (in what way he did not say), it could not repudiate an absent colleague and so compel his resignation.

All this is wholly unsatisfactory. Mr. Peterson of the Foreign Office had been negotiating with M. Saint Quentin of the Quai d'Orsay for some weeks. The Hoare-Laval proposals were the outcome of these discussions. Their character must, therefore, have been known for some time (a) to Sir Samuel Hoare, (b) to the Prime Minister, and (c) presumably to the Cabinet; and Sir Robert Vansittart, the Permanent Secretary of the Foreign Office, was associated with the last stages of the Paris discussions. It seems to follow that something like these proposals were known to the Cabinet before Sir Samuel Hoare agreed to them. What were Mr. Peterson's instructions? Did the Cabinet think that anything like what has emerged satisfied either the Covenant of the League or the government's election protestations of loyalty to the League? And is Sir Robert Vansittart fit to be the head of the Foreign Office if, whether on procedural or on substantial grounds, he does not prevent his minister from making such a grievous and criminal blunder?

Nor is this all. Mr. Baldwin sacrifices Sir Samuel Hoare to the fury of public opinion. But the Cabinet—including that League enthusiast, Mr. Eden—indorsed proposals they now aver they disliked. Had they not been published by indiscretion, the British public would almost certainly have known nothing about them until Mussolini had accepted them, and Abyssinia, and probably the League, had rejected them. It looks as though, in that event, the British and French governments would have been prepared to call off sanctions against Italy. That, on what appears the most likely interpretation of his position, was the policy M. Laval was aiming at, and in that policy—a clear outrage

against the League—the British government would have been *particeps criminis*.

What, further, are we to assume of a judgment which argues, as Sir Samuel Hoare argued, that a possible threat by Mussolini should be followed by a panic on the part of the British government? What was their authority for dismembering Abyssinia to placate a growingly unsuccessful Mussolini? If it was the fear of war, what better method could they have adopted for encouraging aggressor states all over the world? If it was the fear of war, what steps had they taken to define to themselves the meaning of that collective security to which, from September until the other day, they gave such eager lip-service? Or is the explanation the much more simple one that they do not desire the fall of Mussolini, which would certainly follow on his defeat? From any angle, the mere resignation of Sir Samuel Hoare does not end the issue. The country has only just missed the gravest betrayal of modern times. The men who were prepared to sanction that betrayal are still in office. What credit can we attach to their professions of faith in the next critical months? Mr. Baldwin has still to deal with the issues created by these grim facts.

For, on any showing, the following consequences emerge from the situation this crisis created:

1. There is a grave disparity between the country's conception of collective security and that of the Baldwin government.
2. No one can now trust this government's loyalty to the League.
3. No one can now trust it—the greatest power in the League—to act as an "honest broker" between Italy and Abyssinia.
4. All the prestige won by Sir Samuel Hoare for the League ideal by his September speech has been thrown away. With it goes Great Britain's leadership in the League.
5. What future, if any, have sanctions? Are we now to infer that collective security breaks down once it implies the possibility of war? If so, what value has the League except as a statistical organization?
6. Will not the repercussion of this incident be the encouragement of fascist aggression all over Europe and the Far East?
7. Is not the foreign policy of the Baldwin government now in ruins? When are we to have a considered account of the principles upon which it will act in the future? And what proofs shall we be offered that it is, in fact, loyal to its professions?

Two other things it is, I think, necessary to say. It is impossible to accept Mr. Baldwin's account of the crisis as satisfactory. He says that the Cabinet acted as it did in order not to repudiate an absent colleague. But he does not explain why, when public indignation against that colleague rose high, he then accepted the resignation of the colleague whose action the Cabinet had indorsed. The true inference, if there is any serious meaning in the idea of collective Cabinet responsibility, would have been the resignation, not merely

of Sir Samuel Hoare, but of all those who, *ex post facto*, made his policy their own. You cannot conduct cabinet government in a parliamentary system, as Sir Stafford Cripps said in the debate, on the principle of collective security with individual sacrifices.

Not less fundamental is the wider issue. Is the policy of the League of Nations compatible with an imperialist system? To me, at least, this last incident is only one more proof that the answer to this question is definitely in the negative. Not only does Japanese aggression in the Far East continue unchecked; not only does rearmament proceed upon an unexampled scale; not only is there now reason to suspect the *bona fides* of both France and Great Britain in relation to the League. Public opinion, as in this instance, may cause the fall of a particular minister; it may even bring down the Laval government in the next weeks. But, effectively, the contradictions between imperialist purposes and the League ideal remain; in a society of capitalist states they appear incapable of resolution. I doubt whether anything can now resuscitate the League save a resounding victory in the Italo-Abyssinian crisis. It is not easy to believe, in the light of the Hoare incident, that the main members of the League are prepared to pay the price that victory may involve.

Loose Construction

By HEYWOOD BROWN

I HEARD a Communist say once that the Russian Revolution was brought about by a group of not more than 20,000 persons. "A rather larger number would probably be required in America," he added. Recent developments would seem to prove his supposition incorrect. At the moment a nucleus of only nine appears to be doing profoundly effective work to make the overthrow of government in this country possible.

THERE is no denying that the examination of the bankers by the Munitions Committee brought out information which should be useful to us in attempts to preserve neutrality. Senator Nye and the men associated with him have done a good job, but on the basis of two sessions it seemed to me that the examination might have been more pointed and more searching.

I am thinking wholly of technique and not of intent. Of the banking group Mr. J. P. Morgan was easily the most expansive. He rather enjoyed having an opportunity to talk. Perhaps he is somewhat suppressed in his own office. Sound strategy should have suggested constant pressure against the back hand of Mr. Morgan. To some extent this was done, but Thomas Lamont was quick to poach upon his associate's territory. At such times as Mr. Morgan fumbled or seemed to be inclined to talk too freely Lamont leaped in with a sort of I-think-Mr.-Morgan-means-to-say attitude. And it would have been distinctly in the province of any examiner to say, "One at a time, boys. Tom, don't you talk while John is speaking." I think the Senate ought to be more scrupulous in protecting the rights of the head of the House of Morgan.

IN New Orleans, where the law schools met in convention, a story went about concerning Professor Thomas Reed Powell, who is famous as the most indiscreet member of the Harvard faculty. One of the students in a course on constitutional law was markedly slow in his utterance. In discussing a Supreme Court case he began, "Professor Powell, do you believe Justice Sutherland thought —?"

"No," said Reed Powell. "Are there any other questions?"

* * *

THE man by the window in the smoking compartment wanted everybody to know that he was a Californian. "I heard one of you gentlemen say something about the American Federation of Labor," he began, "but you people in the South and the East don't know anything about labor troubles. I don't know whether it's generally known or not, but we almost had violence in San Francisco in the general strike. I suppose we've got the finest cops you could find anywhere out in San Francisco. They know their stuff and they know their people. I don't mean, of course, that there isn't a little petty grafting about stolen automobiles and things like that, but our cops are kind and they are considerate.

"They had to shoot two of the strikers after the reds came in. It was the reds that caused it. And would you believe it, they had a funeral parade for those dead strikers. It stretched for blocks and blocks. You might have thought it was Armistice Day or some other patriotic holiday. It was just ignorance of course. Those people parading didn't know how the two men got shot. They didn't even know what it was all about. I remember I asked a taxi driver just before the general-strike call came whether he was going out, and he said he was. When I asked him why, all he could say was that he was on the side of the workers. Just ignorant you see. It's the leaders that fool 'em.

"Well, believe you me, when they began to tell respectable citizens what restaurants and grocery stores and cafes they couldn't use, that was a little too much. When a man's baby is hungry, you can't stop him by telling him that something is illegal. A bunch of five thousand of the finest fellows in San Francisco got together. In confidence, one of them is the president of the club I belong to. Another was the vice-president of the very bank where I have my account. Make no mistake about it, these were solid citizens, patriotic Americans. I suppose everybody knows where they got their forty-fives, and in addition they told the police the precise time they'd arrive at each of the red strongholds. They promised the police that they wouldn't shoot unless any of the yellow agitating dogs put up a fight. We even had national guardsmen in that crowd. Of course they didn't wear their uniforms. That might have given a bad impression. They raced through the city that night and just tore everything loose from its moorings in all the red headquarters—typewriters, presses, tables, chairs—everything they could lay their hands on. And of course the cops always came half an hour late and reported that they couldn't possibly find out who'd been around.

"That's patriotism for you all the way up and down the line. The vice-president of a bank and an Irish cop both standing shoulder to shoulder for the good old United States. With loyalty like that nothing can lick us, but let me tell you that if that crowd of five thousand patriots hadn't come together, there would have been violence in San Francisco."

Correspondence

"Squaring the Circle"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Your comment on "Squaring the Circle" in the issue of December 25, in your "Joseph Wood Krutch Says" column, says that "after some revision" it is now approved by the *New Masses*.

In this you are following the say-so of the *New Masses* and the *New Theater* as well. The alleged "revision" took place only in the minds of the editors of those magazines and amounts to a puerile device on their part to save face for Mike Gold. The implication is that the play has now been duly purged under pressure from the orthodox left and that Mr. Gold's fit of Hearsterics was justified.

As a matter of simple fact, there has been no revision. One of the actors, a midget, has been sensibly replaced by a real child, as I had begged the producers to do from the beginning. The sound effects have been improved and maybe one or two other minor matters in staging have been straightened out. But in not a single essential has there been the revision implied by the *New Masses* and the *New Theater* and accepted, in all innocence, by yourself.

The supposed revision is one of the most bald-faced lies ever devised to placate a tender-skinned revolutionary writer.

New York, December 20

EUGENE LYONS

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Herbert Kline, editor of *New Theater*, was the left-wing critic who most warmly defended "Squaring the Circle" against my own attack on the play. Here is an extract from an editorial in *New Theater* (December, 1935): "The producers and directors [of the play] met with those [left-wing] critics who saw that certain changes would make the production a clearly sympathetic one, and some of these changes were made."

Since Herbert Kline was one of these critics, I would say it is he and the director and producer, and not I, that Lyons is calling a "bald-faced liar." I was not in on the revision, nor have I seen the play since. But I know that Herbert Kline is not given to lying. Nor would he have a motive in this case, since nobody, including myself, has ever thought I needed to have my face saved. I am still glad that I pointed out the vulgar gags and anti-Soviet slant that had been inserted in Katayev's comedy. If other left-wing critics differed with me, that surely is only a sign that nobody imposes our opinions on us from some mysterious "headquarters" that exists in the imagination of Eugene Lyons. Incidentally, many of us have followed his anti-Soviet articles for the past few years, and think he is not a bald-faced but a most subtle liar.

New York, December 29

MICHAEL GOLD

Black Lists and Bedding

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In your issue of December 4 is an article by Ruth Brindze, in which she states that the Chicago Better Business Bureau has a list of manufacturers of bedding whose products are blacklisted. We beg to advise you that we have no black list of firms in any industry. Our reports carry names of firms which have committed infractions of what we believe to be good business practices.

We have received a large number of inquiries from mem-

bers of the public who apparently have read this article, and we are advising them that we do not have any black list of the nature described in your publication. Further, it probably would be of little advantage to these inquirers to have the names of those manufacturers whose products have been found to contain what we believe to be second-hand material inasmuch as most of these products are retailed in this immediate trading area, whereas the inquiries are from many points throughout the United States.

A. B. JOHNSON, Merchandise Manager,
Chicago, December 15 Chicago Better Business Bureau

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Certainly the list of firms where dirty and mislabeled bedding was found is not an honor role and popularly would be called a black list. These lists have appeared in the reports of the Chicago Better Business Bureau, and since I received them in mimeographed form, which appeared to be that of a press release, I assumed that the same information would also be readily available to the buying public.

The statement that the lists would be of little value to consumers is questionable, first, because the bureau said in its November 14 release, "This obligation [to use only new materials] covers not only products for local consumption but prevails in connection with all such articles produced, regardless of their point of destination," and, second, because Chicago readers of *The Nation* have been refused lists of the firms which have infringed what the bureau believes to be good business practice.

The bureau appears to be doing a worth-while job, but its work would be more valuable if all its findings were made public.

New York, December 29

RUTH BRINDZE

Contributors to This Issue

PAUL W. WARD will contribute a weekly letter on developments in Washington. He is a regular Washington correspondent of the *Baltimore Sun*.

WALTER MILLIS is the author of "The Road to War" and "The Martial Spirit."

HAROLD J. LASKI is professor of political science at the University of London and active in the British Labor Party. He is the author of "Democracy in Crisis" and "The State in Theory and Practice."

HEYWOOD BROWN, columnist and president of the American Newspaper Guild, has recently returned from New Orleans, where he attended the annual convention of American law schools.

TOM BURKE is assistant secretary of the Share-Croppers' Union in Alabama.

GAETANO SALVEMINI, formerly professor of modern history at the University of Florence, was compelled to leave Italy in 1925 because of his opposition to the Fascist dictatorship. He is now at Harvard. He is the author of "The Fascist Dictatorship in Italy" and of other books.

SIDNEY B. FAY, professor of history at Harvard, is the author of "The Origins of the World War."

BENJAMIN ROWLAND, JR., is a member of the Oriental Department of the Fogg Museum at Cambridge, Massachusetts.

MARK VAN DOREN is the author of "A Winter Diary." He is *The Nation's* film critic.

Labor and Industry

The San Francisco Waterfront

By OLIVER CARLSON

San Francisco, January 11

“WE’VE got to go along with the young fellows, ’cause they’re the ones that run the union now. Lots of us old stiffs would be glad to work for almost anything—to sign up under almost any kind of an agreement. But damn it all, it’s the young pups what runs the I. L. A. around here. Look at ’em—young fellows of twenty-five or thereabouts—with lots o’ fight and mighty well educated. Say, you’d be surprised at the number of college boys who are longshoring nowadays. They tell us to let them run the union and they’ll get us better conditions than we ever had before.”

What the grayheaded old stevedore told me on the San Francisco waterfront a few weeks ago was undoubtedly true. I’ve been down to the docks at Oakland and San Francisco and I’ve covered the waterfront at San Pedro and Terminal Island. The stevedores—and the sailors too—are *young* men. Not only are they young, but many of them are well educated. They are part of that generation whose potential professional careers as teachers, lawyers, doctors, chemists, or engineers were cut short by the depression. In their desperation to do something, to get a job no matter how lowly, many of these ambitious youngsters turned to the ships and the waterfront.

The shipping companies and the stevedoring concerns were glad to get young, ambitious fellows. College boys had been used successfully in the past to break strikes among the longshoremen and sailors; why couldn’t the same thing be done again? So reasoned the bosses, as they tightened down on their men from 1930 to 1932. The immediate effect of this policy was undoubtedly profitable to the waterfront employers. The ex-football players looked upon their jobs as temporary. They had little in common with the semi-literate workers. In fact, there was plenty of bad blood between the two groups. The youngsters knew little—and cared less—about the unions.

But the depression didn’t end. More and more college and high-school boys applied for jobs. The employers tightened the screws upon those who had work. Wages dropped. Hours lengthened. Speed-up was in the air.

Within the past two years most of these young men have come to the conclusion that unionization is a good thing. The early days of the NRA saw them pouring into the waterfront organizations. The program of the progressive and left-wing groups within the unions sounded much more sensible to them than did the windy orations of the old-time business agents and officials. So they turned to the left, gave the left wing numerical support, financial support, oral support. Harry Bridges is merely the official spokesman for an enthusiastic army of young, literate, and vocal elements out to establish newer and higher standards for the workers on the waterfront than they have ever had before.

California shipping interests are in a frenzy. They cannot understand what has happened. Almost overnight, so it seems, their ships are organized from bridge to fore-

castle. The Master-Mates’ and Pilots’ Union takes care of the officers. The radio men, so essential to modern shipping, are nearly 100 per cent organized. The crews belong to the International Seamen’s Union. At the piers are to be found the men in the International Longshoremen’s Association, as well as those who carry their cards in the Teamsters’ Union. And these unions are developing an unusual degree of cooperation. Ships are tied up at a moment’s notice by the unions when they find the owners are trying to break the rules laid down or the contracts entered into. The longshoremen refuse to load or unload ships whose cargo has once been handled by non-union labor or strike-breakers, or whose crew is non-union.

No stone is being left unturned by the anti-labor forces on the Pacific Coast to break the maritime unions. They have already established a huge war chest. During the fall and summer of 1935 they tried to precipitate a strike which they knew would wreck the unions. The good old ladies of San Francisco are being worked into a frenzy of hatred for the “reds on the waterfront who want to destroy our fair city.” Harry Bridges is pictured as a sinister figure, incredibly vile.

Speeches made in Moscow last summer at the sessions of the Communist International by Sam Darcy and Earl Browder telling of the amount of Communist influence in the maritime unions and of the great labor struggles soon to develop were given front-page spreads by the California press and emphasized by long and violent editorials calling upon all good citizens to join in stamping out this Communist menace. Such tactics on the part of representatives of the Communist Party have played into the hands of the reactionaries, and have added to the many problems which the militant leadership of the Maritime Federation must face.

William J. Lewis, district president of the I. L. A., and A. H. Peterson, district organizer, are devoting all their time to fighting Bridges and his lieutenants. There is no question in my mind that they have been working hand in hand with the Waterfront Employers’ Association. Between them they are prepared to rule or ruin the I. L. A. At this point it may be of interest to report that the Waterfront Employers’ Association boasts that it has four men in the San Francisco headquarters of the I. L. A. and another four in the sailors’ union. Whether this be so or not, it is a fact that copies of all wires sent to either of these local organizations are delivered to the Waterfront Employers’ Association. Time and again the association has announced to the press the contents of confidential union telegrams.

The “news” that the San Francisco papers publish about the waterfront situation is so colored that the Associated Press has had to establish its own service; and it checks carefully every story it gets from the *Chronicle*, the *Examiner*, the *Call-Bulletin*, or the *News*. Waterfront “news,” I am told, is at least 50 per cent fake. It is part of the build-up made use of by a hostile press to turn the rest of the population against the waterfront employees.

Meanwhile, a new "labor" paper has appeared on the streets of the Bay cities. It is called the *California Federationist* and is the personal property of one or more of the conservative labor leaders. The *Federationist* is as bitter as the daily press in its attacks upon the radicals in the waterfront unions. Rumor has it that the money for this paper was put up by none other than William Randolph Hearst. At any rate, Allen T. Baum—who is not a member of the San Francisco chapter of the Newspaper Guild—is editing the sheet. Baum is the former labor editor of Hearst's San Francisco *Examiner*.

Some time ago a streamer headline across a page of the San Francisco *Bulletin* announced, "Vigilante Dead Line Nears!" A two-column boxed editorial on the front page let it be known that vigilante efforts would be resorted to unless peace could be established on the waterfront. "Peace," of course, meant a complete knuckling under by the unions.

An Open Letter to Rex Tugwell

[*The Rural Resettlement Division of the Resettlement Administration, of which Rexford Tugwell is administrator, is engaged in rehabilitating some 290,000 farm families taken from the relief rolls in the spring and summer of 1934. The program is designed to help these families become self-sustaining. The Resettlement Administration makes small loans directly to the "rehabilitant," who purchases his goods, however, according to a budget made for him by the local representative. The following letter, which we urge upon the attention of Mr. Tugwell, relates the experience of one of these families in Alabama. Mr. Burke is assistant secretary of the Share-Croppers' Union.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Birmingham, Alabama

DEAR Mr. Tugwell: I have just visited Mrs. Pierce White, who lives on a rehabilitation farm near Lafayette in Chambers County. Mrs. White and her four little girls had a very unhappy Christmas this year, not because they were starving on the farm—they were hardened to that—but because Mr. White had been sent to jail. I promised Mrs. White that the Share-Croppers' Union would do everything it could for her husband and family, and that is why I am writing this letter.

The local representative of the Resettlement Administration in Chambers County is Vernon Jennings, a small landowner. He is known as the field foreman. You have perhaps read about him in your special investigator's report on Chambers County.

You remember that the Rehabilitation Administration stopped advancing money for food last August and many of the people got in a pretty bad fix. Mr. White took a couple of hundred pounds of his seed cotton and sold it in order to buy food for his family. Mr. Jennings found out about it and had Mr. White arrested. When Mr. White's brother, Walton, tried to get signers for a bail bond for Pierce, he found that Mr. Jennings was going around telling everyone not to sign the bond. Of course, only the landlords are eligible to sign a bail bond and they are friends of Mr. Jen-

nings. To cut it short, Mr. White was held in jail until his trial and then was convicted and sent to jail for six months. Pierce White's brother Walton was arrested, too, because he had hauled the cotton. However, he appealed his case and he will be free until the spring-term court.

Pierce White has been in jail for two and a half months now, just for selling about 200 pounds of his own seed cotton. But this isn't all. After Pierce went to jail Mr. Jennings came out and took the steer (the work animal), the fertilizer distributor, the plow stock and tools, the scooter, the scrapes, and the mow boards and gear. Then Mr. Jennings took the three bales of cotton they had made and their AAA rental and parity checks; the Whites didn't get a penny out of this. A little later Mr. Jennings came and asked Mrs. White if she would need the syrup, corn, and sweet potatoes. She said she would because she had nothing else for the winter except a cow that only gave half a gallon of milk a day.

To tell you the truth, Mr. Tugwell, Mrs. White doesn't understand just how she stands because she has not received any accounting of what they were given by the government, what they owed the government, or how the government was to get it back. Mr. White must have figured that the cotton was his; so he sold a little (I haven't talked to him about it). Also the Whites believe that they had paid for the things that Mr. Jennings took away from them. You see, the cotton Mr. Jennings collected must have brought at least \$150; this with the rental and parity checks would surely have paid almost all of their debt to the government. Now, Mr. Jennings has not given them any account of what they owe or any receipts for what they paid. He may have given an accounting to the Resettlement administration, but as far as the Whites are concerned, the book-keeping system is just like the landlord's system. Mr. Jennings just takes everything and says it is for "indebtedness."

Mrs. White only got six gallons of syrup, about ten bushels of sweet potatoes, and about fifty bushels of corn, and that is all she has for the winter, along with a little milk. It is a pretty terrible diet for her little girls—the oldest is five and the youngest is four months old.

When I last saw Mrs. White she was very worried about something else, too. Mr. Paul Martin, the federal land agent, had ordered her to move. Mr. White signed the rehabilitation contract for three years, and it seems as if Mr. Jennings should be looking out for a place for the family, but he isn't.

I remember Mr. R. K. Greene, the Alabama Rehabilitation Director, saying that they could not let these rehabilitated farmers get a better living than the share-croppers because all the croppers would want to be rehabilitation farmers. Well, Mr. Greene did a 100 per cent job, and there is not a rehabilitation farmer in these parts who is getting along as well as the share-croppers.

And much as Mrs. White needs help, all the other rehabilitation farmers are in almost as bad a fix. Mr. Jennings has collected almost everything they raised and intercepted the rental and parity checks and cut off the food advances; so you can see that they are in a terrible fix. Many of the rehabilitation farmers are being told to move, and Mr. Jennings isn't paying any attention to it and is letting the landlords run them off the land.

Mrs. White lives on Route 1 out of Lafayette, in case you want to get in touch with her.

TOM BURKE

Books and Drama

Sweet Swan of Hollywood

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

ACCORDING to the *New Yorker*, which quotes a San Francisco paper, one Charles Kenyon has been asking himself whether or not Shakespeare could break into the movies if he were alive and unknown today. It seems that Mr. Kenyon made the scenario for "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (recently presented with considerable éclat to the Dramatic Museum of Columbia University by Max Reinhardt), and it seems, further, that he can answer his own question without equivocation. "Kenyon believes that the Bard's uncanny insight into human nature, his genius for putting words together, and, most of all, his infinite and daring imagination would win him immediate entrance into filmdom."

Whether this is intended as a tribute to Hollywood or, as seems more probable, a graceful compliment to Shakespeare is not quite clear. In either event, however, it seems almost too complete for further comment. The mind is immediately filled with the pleasing picture of the "Bard" clearing at one bound the chasm between deer-stealing and a contract in this best of all possible Californias. Mr. Goldwyn hands him a golden pen. The camera rolls forward on a "dolly" until it reveals in close-up Mr. Shakespeare's hand signing his name in one of the seventeen recorded spellings. Thanks to the invention of the optical printer, the nine Muses are seen superimposed in wraith-like form, casting significant glances at one another. Fade.

Unfortunately, however, Shakespeare is not alive and unknown today. Hollywood, being deprived of the opportunity to recognize him first, is fain to content itself with tributes like those of Mr. Kenyon and with the production of cinematographic versions of works which the author would himself have composed somewhat differently if he had had the camera in mind. According to an interesting article published in the *Yale Review* by Richard Watts, sapient commentator on the movies for the *Herald Tribune*, the magnates are only waiting to see how "A Midsummer Night's Dream" turns out before deciding to raid the collected works, and accordingly the fate of Shakespeare is even now hanging in the balance—of the box-office books.

Like most of the more restrained commentators, Mr. Watts is far from believing "A Midsummer Night's Dream" wholly successful from the artistic standpoint. Several of the more important actors were easier on the eye than on the ear and seemed little at home with a certain aspect of the Shakespearean drama which has hitherto been considered of considerable importance, namely, its words. Mr. Watts believes, however, that there is nothing inevitable or incorrigible about the deficiencies in this most elaborate of all attempts to adapt Shakespeare to the screen, and professes to believe that the plays are, as a matter of fact, peculiarly adapted to the movies.

The shifting backgrounds and the numerous scenes in the Shakespearean dramas, as well as the very nature of the tales, make them admirable cinema material. Always the screen, at its best, has had a curiously Elizabethan, if

not Shakespearean, quality about it. . . . At the same time, there is no denying that numerous objections have been and will be raised against the filming of Shakespeare. . . . For example, a number of people have objected to the current version of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," not because of any lack of imagination in the camera work and production—a quite possible cause for complaint—but because the camera did its work too well. The theory was that since the words of Shakespeare created a vision of fairyland that approached perfection, any endeavor to recreate that moonstruck world by mechanical artifice was an intrusion and a sacrilege. Since Shakespeare wrote . . . for the stage, and the stage, even in its simplest forms, cannot escape its visual elements, it seems to me that any such objection should go the whole way and resent the presence of actors as well as of camera work.

Mr. Watts's arguments are interesting, and on paper they look well, but there lies in the second of his points a difficulty which, so it seems to me, he has tended to overlook. Is Shakespeare really better when produced with all possible elaboration and supplemented by the physical recreation of the scenes which he suggests? Undoubtedly the plays do suggest elaborate pictures. Moreover, the evidence seems to indicate that Shakespeare himself tended to use to the full all the resources of the Elizabethan stage for the production of spectacular effects. If that stage had been mechanically more resourceful, he would probably have depended upon spectacle much more than he did, and in view of that fact it might seem that Hollywood could advantageously confer upon him the benefits of its technical resources—just as stage producers of the Irving-Tree tradition conferred (unfortunately with disastrous results) the supposed benefits of the Victorian picture stage. The fact remains, however, that Shakespeare did *not* have a theater capable of elaborate spectacle, and that its limitations had results which one may well hesitate to regret. They threw him back upon the necessity of creating the illusion with words; he was compelled to suggest or to describe what he could not present; and the consensus of opinion is that he managed to make out very well indeed.

Of course one may attempt to realize by visual means also what he realized through imagination, but to suppose that the addition of this secondary appeal to the eye obviously increases the richness of the whole is to misconceive the whole nature of artistic effectiveness. Art works within limitations and reveals itself, in part at least, through its success in achieving its results in their despite. To make much out of little, to make the part seem more vivid and more real than the whole, to suggest more vividly than it can present, is an important part of its secret. And the lack of limitations, the ability to do everything and show everything, is one of the reasons why the movies have never found it necessary to develop a real artistic method. There is no need to be subtle when you can actually present.

Consider a familiar passage from Shakespeare, the speech of Banquo before the gate of Macbeth's castle:

This guest of summer

The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
By his lov'd masonry that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here; no jetty, friez,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle.

Obviously the speech would never have been written if Shakespeare had actually envisaged performance before a completely realized castle with "temple-haunting" martlets flitting about like the gigantic moth which Harpo Marx raises from the whiskers of the sleeping aviator. As a matter of fact, it is one of those directly descriptive passages which are not wholly effective from the dramatic standpoint because they are so obviously put there to supply a deficiency which the spectator is reminded of. But that is not the point. The point is that if we are to have that speech we do not want representation also. If the pendent beds and procreant cradles were actually there, the effect of the speech would not be greater but less, because we should be divided in our attention and trying to appreciate the same picture twice. Art does not love duplication of effort. It does not do in one way what it has already done in another, for, if it does, the result is to deprive it of that suggestion of power which comes from achieving an effect with the utmost economy of means. To say this is not to put oneself in the position of being logically compelled to "go the whole way and resent the presence of actors, as well as of camera work." Shakespeare wrote in a manner which presupposed the effects contributed by the actors, but he did not write as he would have done had he also presupposed the aid of "camera work." In the planned economy of his dramatic microcosms actors had a place because actors would be at work during that ultimate realization upon the stage which was always in his mind. If they had not had such a place, he would have been—as he certainly was not—a mere closet dramatist. But at the same time he was equally careful to supply in the text the deficiencies which existed in available methods of staging. If you are going to build Macbeth's castle complete (with practical martlets), you had better leave Banquo's speech out.

That brings us to the real point, which is that a genuinely successful translation of Shakespeare to the screen implies far more drastic transmogrification than "A Midsummer Night's Dream" attempts. Unfortunately, of course, it is not all so simple as the omission of a descriptive passage which one has decided to realize pictorially. It would involve also, at every point in the play, an attempt to determine which of the effects realizable in picture or action make necessary the modification of text or order of events. Nothing is gained by simply adding spectacle or supplementary scenes to Shakespeare's text. The problem is to create in terms of the cinema something equivalent to that which he created in terms of the Elizabethan theater. Whether or not that would be worth doing at all is a separate question. Perhaps it would be only to discover that even the cinema is less flexible and less magical than the English language. But to do it as well as it might be done would require a more ruthless irreverence toward a sacred text than Hollywood, torn between its arrogance and its sense of inferiority, can summon at the present moment. Granted the boldness to commit the necessary sacrilege, there would still, of course, be required the necessary skill. But perhaps the courage to profane, not timidly but recklessly, will have to come first.

Salvemini on Seldes

Sawdust Caesar. By George Seldes. Harper and Brothers. \$3.

NO other man in power has ever succeeded to the same extent as Mussolini in controlling not only the press of his own country but numerous foreign papers as well. The correspondents of the foreign papers living in Rome are not channels of independent information but merely zealous mouthpieces of Fascist propaganda. There are few newspapers outside Italy which do not have on their editorial staff an "expert" on Italian affairs who concocts Italian news items according to Fascist interpretation, puts them on the front page when they do honor to Mussolini, suppresses them or buries them where nobody will find them when they might make a bad impression, adorns them with appropriate headlines which may even say just the opposite of the news item itself, annuls the effect of one piece of information with another, in short, puts at the service of Fascism all those manipulations of news, words, and phrases with which newspapers slowly educate their public to repeat certain slogans as truths above discussion.

In 1928 the Italian government established in Italy a "Committee for Propaganda Abroad." "This committee," announced the editors of *Industrial and Labor Information*, of the International Labor Office (July 23, 1928, p. 23), "will furnish persons abroad with learned and popular publications on the development of the movement." In March, 1929, there was begun the publication of a bulletin in French, English, German, and Spanish bearing the title, in French, *Feuilles d'Information Corporatives*, for the use of foreign students. In 1933, 100,000 copies of this publication were circulated all over the world. The learning of many "experts" who write about Italy without knowing anything about it is derived from that bulletin. All the experts have to do is to garnish the "dope" handed out by the bulletin with their own fancies.

If foreign writers want to come to Italy to "get the atmosphere," and have no money or do not like to spend their money, the Italian government pays their expenses. When the books which result from such visits are deemed suitable, the government has them translated into many languages and buys thousands of copies for distribution among "experts." In this way, the "unbiased" author is assured large royalties.

Thus an army of writers, both male and female, of every conceivable caliber, floods the world with books, articles, lectures, interviews, open letters, and what not, on the subject of Fascism. Everywhere the public mind is the victim of misinformation. The enthusiasm of the gullible foreigner is substituted for the opinion of the muzzled Italian subject. The Fascist experiment is falsified. The material and moral sufferings of the Italian people do not serve to enlighten other peoples.

The danger of this mystification is far greater for other countries than is generally believed. Very few suspect that by swallowing and spreading false information about Italian Fascism they are helping to discredit free institutions in their own countries. When you have convinced your fellows that Mussolini has made Italy happy—Italy which was so unhappy under the pre-Fascist regime—what will prevent them from thinking that the same medicine which has accomplished miracles in Italy deserves to be tried in your country too?

This book of George Seldes's will be an efficacious antidote for the poison of this propaganda. It is the best comprehensive work on Fascist Italy which thus far has been published in the English language. It is to be hoped that it will be widely read and meditated upon.

In gathering his material and in writing his book Seldes

has had before his eyes those newspapermen and experts who for the last ten years have been flooding the English-speaking world with lies. In many instances he gives not only the correct version on the basis of the most reliable evidence, but also the false version which was circulated. The book, therefore, is doubly useful in that it gives at the same time the account of the facts and the account of the lies. The contrast is often revolting.

Having had experience in this kind of work and knowing the enormous difficulties which it presents, I do not wonder at the inaccuracies which I have come on here and there. They are especially numerous when Seldes recounts Mussolini's pre-Fascist life. The official biography of the Duce written by Signora Sarfatti has accumulated veritable mountains of lies. To demolish them it would be necessary to do a more prodigious deed than that which Hercules performed when he swept the Augean stables. I know a young American of Italian extraction, Dr. Megaro, who has applied himself for years to this work with surprising results, and I hope that he will sometime publish the results of his researches. If Seldes had had to do a similar amount of work for all the parts of his subject, a century of life would not have been enough for him.

On one point only I preserve a grudge against Seldes. I wish that he had cited his sources with greater care. Often in reading this well-informed book I have come across precious bits of news which were unknown to me and which have all the marks of authenticity, but their source is not indicated.

GAETANO SALVEMINI

Wilson and Neutrality

American Neutrality, 1914-1917. By Charles Seymour. Yale University Press. \$2.

Woodrow Wilson: Life and Letters. Volume V. *Neutrality, 1914-1915.* By Ray Stannard Baker. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$4.

WHY did the United States abandon neutrality? C. H. Grattan, Walter Millis, and Senator Nye give the impression that it was the selfish influence of Wall Street bankers, munitions makers, Allied propaganda, Sir Edward Grey's cunning, and so forth. Professor Seymour in his new volume reiterates that it was the German submarine campaign. Mr. Baker cannot be called as a final witness, because his volume goes only to the end of 1915, when Wilson was still keeping us out of war.

In the reviewer's opinion, although all these factors had an influence, Professor Seymour is much nearer the truth in his view; he may emphasize too exclusively the submarine, nevertheless it was the main and final cause of our participation. The other group seem to assume that the factors which they emphasize—and which were very influential with Lansing, McAdoo, Page, and public opinion generally—determined the policy of the United States. But Mr. Baker, and still more Professor Seymour, makes it clear that the person who really determined American policy was President Wilson himself; that he was a singularly strong and self-reliant leader; that when his advisers or pro-Ally partisans tried to urge materialistic motives and persuade him to join the Allies, their efforts had exactly the opposite effect. Lansing's "Memoirs" are significant on this point—and he had reason to know. All through his book he stresses Wilson's independence, his tendency "to oppose any action urged by the press or by partisans. . . . The idea of being induced to act under the pressure of public demand was always distasteful to the President and aroused in him a spirit of resistance." One of the chief results of Page's pro-English arguments, according to Lansing, was "to

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make the President more than ever irritated against the British. . . . If he had read aright the character of the President, Mr. Page would have avoided taking such a course because it was the one way of arousing Mr. Wilson's spirit of obstinacy." The fact that President Wilson occasionally changed his mind in accordance with arguments pressed upon him, as when he consented to loans to the Allies in October, 1915, after discountenancing them for fourteen months, does not invalidate the substantial truth of the fact that he was independent of pressure groups, that he determined American policy with the two aims of keeping out of war and of mediating peace, and that it was the German submarine which eventually thwarted these aims. It may well be argued that, in the future, under a weaker President who would be more subject to pressure, materialistic influences might easily involve us. But the facts of 1914-17 should not be misinterpreted in order to support the argument.

Professor Seymour also examines carefully the German side of the evidence. The sale of American munitions to the Allies, of which we have been made so conscious lately by Senator Nye, and which was greatly resented by Germany, was not, however, the main thing aimed at in the submarine campaign; the primary purpose was the destruction of English shipping and cargo space, which was expected to bring England to her knees by cutting off her food, raw materials, and revenue from foreign trade. The Germans were perfectly aware that unrestricted submarine warfare would be the decisive factor which would certainly bring the United States into the war, but the military authorities reckoned that the quick crushing of England was more important.

Turning to Mr. Baker's meticulous account of President Wilson during the first year and a half of the war, one finds less that is new than one had hoped. But one is deeply impressed with the terrible weight of the burdens he had to bear. Grief-stricken by the death of his wife just at the moment the European conflagration began, hampered in carrying forward his cherished program of domestic reconstruction but determined not to let it be disrupted by the European war, he was assailed by ever-increasing difficulties caused by the disregard of American rights by both the Allies and the Germans. After describing to a friend the multifarious duties of a typical day, the President ended saying, "I fall into bed so tired I cannot think." Nevertheless, by daily golf and long restful drives about Washington he kept himself cheerful, fit, and full of high courage.

Bryan is put in a much more favorable light by Mr. Baker than by most earlier writers. Bryan's proposals for bringing the belligerents together to discuss peace terms was "a broad, sound thought—with constructive ideas which Wilson was afterward to profit by." If they had been tried in the summer of 1915, before the United States capitulated to England in regard to the Declaration of London and when it still possessed the power of an embargo on munitions as a diplomatic weapon, "something might possibly have been accomplished." But knowing as we do now the temper of the Germans at this time, we can be certain that they would never have conceded terms which the Allies would have been willing to accept. Even Mr. Baker seems to have realized this, for he says later of Wilson's refusal to adopt the plan so urgently advocated by his Secretary of State, "Probably everything would have failed, but not everything was tried." In championing Bryan, Mr. Baker takes more than a score of sarcastic digs at Colonel House, which are hardly justified.

As to the future, Mr. Baker says "we are still involved [1935] in world economic and financial relationships which make political isolation an unreal concept, and which will prevent the United States from keeping out of any important conflict in the future." He feels this so strongly that he re-

peats it in substance in three other passages, adding, however, in one, "with Great Britain or any other belligerent in control of the sea," and in another, "unless we are prepared for the self-discipline and the economic losses resulting from embargoes and other restrictions." Professor Seymour, with a wise *caveat* against placing too much confidence in alleged historical analogies, agrees that it is going to be terribly difficult for us to stay out of another major war, but is doubtful about the wisdom of automatic isolationist measures for mandatory embargoes announced beforehand. The best hope of staying out of war is to take steps in cooperation with other states to prevent war from breaking out. Both books are obviously of the highest importance to anyone who wants to clarify his mind about the present Congressional neutrality proposals and their historical background.

SIDNEY B. FAY

Hokusai

Hokusai. By Gustav Eckstein. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

THROUGH an intimate study of the prints and drawings by his hero and through even closer observation of the Japanese themselves, Dr. Eckstein, in his dramatized life of Hokusai, has caught the full nostalgic savor of the era before the Western penetration of Japan. As a result of that Westernization we today are witnesses to the spectacle of Japan dying in the embrace of industrialism. Japan sends out her soul in ill-starred international adventure and cannot call it back. Riding through Tokyo in the stabbing glare of the Neon signs on the Ginza, we are scarcely conscious that there ever was on this spot such a town as Yedo—a name that survives only in the musty index of the British Museum Reading Room. In his "Hokusai," Dr. Eckstein gives us the personality of the great print-maker and, more than that, the personality of Yedo in the time in which he lived. The master of Ukiyo-ye is outlined against the very background from which his drawings took form—during that little space in time when Japan drew apart from change. The characters that move in the play are the same that have their places in Hokusai's prints: the vendors of *tofu* and *soba*, the actors and samurai, the wan beauties of the geisha house, even the professional story-teller, who survives today as the explainer of foreign talkies in the cinema palaces of Tokyo.

The author has chosen the episodic form for his presentation. In the fourteen scenes of the play we follow Hokusai from the time he was an ecstatic adolescent at a performance of the forty-seventh Ronin until his death against a background of the cone of Fuji. Dramatically the play does not work up to any climax, nor does its tempo vary notably throughout the scenes from Hokusai's life. Its success depends on the sheer effectiveness of the individual scenes—as laconic and exquisite in arrangement as the master's prints themselves. One remembers particularly the magnificent tongue-in-cheek bravado of Hokusai's virtuoso performance before the Shogun. In this episode the Shogun speaks what might well be an epitaph for the whole Tokugawa dictatorship: "Nothing in a Shogun's reign is more important than what his artists leave behind them." The loveliest scene of all is perhaps that of the old artist staring out into the rain, alone in the green darkness; the lines have all the melancholy, evocative quality of *haiku*.

Dr. Eckstein's penetration under the surface of Japanese life is always astonishing. Not only is his portrait of Hokusai himself a striking piece of work, but all the little niceties of observation—the subservient and exquisite entrances of the women, the etiquette of greeting, marrying, and dying, and of drinking tea—arouse the enthusiasm of a reviewer who shares the author's feeling for Japan. Through the episodes of the

play we follow the unfolding of Hokusai's artistic personality, and it is to Dr. Eckstein's credit that we are never once led to think of Hokusai as a self-conscious subjective artist in the Western sense but rather as a gifted master of his craft. A craftsman just as much as his foster-father, the maker of mirrors, it was Hokusai's trade to record the sights and marvels within bow-shot of the River Sumida, to capture Fuji's moods, and rival Utamaro in portraying the darlings of the Yoshiwara. Perhaps the explanation lies in that, in a life devoted to picturing the "floating world," Hokusai realized that "at bottom reality is nothing and nothing is reality." Hokusai understood this, and so does Dr. Eckstein, another honest craftsman.

BENJAMIN ROWLAND, JR.

A Dedicated Man

Letters to Harriet. By William Vaughn Moody. Edited, with Introduction and Conclusion, by Percy MacKaye. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.50.

AS editor of these letters Mr. MacKaye makes them tell a story which they were not written to tell, and which, in so far as they do tell it, is a less interesting story than Mr. MacKaye believes. It is the story of several persons who during the first decade of the present century set out self-consciously to produce an American poetic drama—to arrive at "Stratford and Weimar by route of Medicine Hat and Kalamazoo." They were in the habit of referring to themselves as "our little group," to their activity as a "crusade," and to their organization as a "phalanx." One of them wrote to Mr. MacKaye in 1905 begging him to "tell me of things dramatic and poetic, and what you are doing, and what I ought to be doing, and what hope—or fear—there is for all of us who are growing pale and thin watching for signs of American drama." And Moody himself wrote to Mr. MacKaye in 1904: "I am heart and soul dedicated to the conviction that modern life can be presented on the stage in the poetic mediums, and adequately presented only in that way." The failure of the story to be interesting now is not at all because we have ceased to consider the possibilities of poetic drama; indeed, such possibilities are the theme of a lively criticism at the moment, both in England and in America. Rather it is because these people worked in a hopelessly literary way—"dedicating" themselves in phrases and attitudes that could never have had anything to do with a living theater, and hating commercialism with the kind of holy air which results in the composition not of better plays but merely of different ones.

At any rate the story gets told in the voluminous introduction, conclusion, and notes to this book; and Mr. MacKaye does contrive to leave on record a good deal of information which literary historians will enjoy concerning the dramatic careers of Moody and himself, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Josephine Preston Peabody, and Ridgely Torrence. Nor is the story entirely irrelevant to one theme which Moody pursues throughout his letters to the woman, Mrs. Harriet Brainard, who became his wife a year before he died in 1910. This is the theme of his dedication to the poetic art. For he thought of himself first and last as a poetic artist, and his letters to his best friend are full of reports on the progress he is making, on the state of his mind and imagination at given moments, and on the processes which he discovers taking place inside his heart and soul. These reports, made by an extremely intelligent, attractive, and honest man, are nevertheless unconvincing. I fancy that if we had only them to go by we should know that Moody had not been a first-rate poet, as in fact he was not. His poems say so no less clearly than these introspective passages wherein he somehow never quite strikes a plausible

THEATRES

"I was greatly impressed by 'PARADISE LOST', so much so that I have been thinking of it ever since. It is crowded with illuminating material. It should cause millions to think and even if it did not do that it should still be recommended as thrilling entertainment."
—Theodore Dreiser

'Paradise Lost'

By Clifford Odets

LONGACRE THEA. W. 48th St. Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. Sat. 2:40

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH says

At Home Abroad. Winter Garden. Beatrice Lillie, Ethel Waters, and others, in one of the two best musical shows of the year. No plot but good fun.

Boy Meets Girl. Cort Theater. Rough and ready satire on Hollywood, but probably the funniest thing of its kind since "Once in a Lifetime."

Dead End. Belasco Theater. A play about gangsters in the making on an East River waterfront. Superbly acted by a group of boys. More a good show than a great drama, but a very good show indeed.

First Lady. Music Box. Comedy hit about a feminine feud in Washington society. Jane Cowl and Lily Cahill puncture one another with sharp implements in the forging of which George Kaufman had a hand.

Jubilee. Imperial Theater. Competes with "At Home Abroad" for first place among the musical shows. Remarkable for its décor, which is not only splendid but in unusually good taste.

Jumbo. Hippodrome. Paul Whiteman, Jimmy Durante, and a remarkable clown named A. Robbins surrounded by acrobats and animals. Literally better than a circus.

Let Freedom Ring. Civic Repertory Theater. A second chance for this drama of a strike in a Southern mill. I found it hard going, but it has been highly praised.

Libel. Henry Miller Theater. Exciting English court-room play. Surprisingly probable for this sort of thing and superbly acted.

Mid-West. Booth Theater. Reviewed this week.

Paradise Lost. Longacre Theater. Clifford Odets' complicated picture of a family composed exclusively of pathological futilitarians. He calls it a picture of the middle class but it strikes me as somewhat less than typical.

Pride and Prejudice. Plymouth Theater. Amazingly successful adaption, brilliantly staged and acted. It gave me more pleasure than any other play of the season.

Victoria Regina. Broadhurst Theater. Delightful series of scenes from Laurence Housman's drama, stunningly acted by Helen Hayes and others. Fairer to the matron queen than Strachey but funny nevertheless and charming besides.

Winterset. Martin Beck Theater. Maxwell Anderson's surprisingly successful attempt to write a poetic play on a modern theme. Bold, original, and engrossing.

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balance between self-consciousness and its opposite. He knows both too little and too much about the mind of the poet; too little, or he could say more, and too much, or he would say less. He manages in the same breath to be modest and embarrassing, and to be tragic without realizing it. For it is surely tragic that intelligence, integrity, and a great personal decency should not be enough to make a poet out of a man who wants very badly to be one. God knows what is needed in addition, but whatever it is Moody did not have it.

In his poems, that is. He has it in these letters, which are not only his best work but among the best things of their kind in American literature. The truth comes out clearly enough in a comparison between the following lines of prose, written to Mrs. Brainard from Crete in 1902, and the poem called "The Second Coming," written in New York two years later:

The sailors were lying about asleep in the fierce sun—except one, who had heaved his boat on her side and was calking her. By him stood a man dressed in a long dark robe of coarse stuff, bareheaded, talking earnestly to the stooping sailor. I took him for a Greek priest, by reason of his long hair and spiritual profile. There was something in the spare frame of the man, the slight stoop of the shoulders, and the calm intensity of the attitude, which made my heart stop beating. Presently he turned to look at me, and it was indeed He. This has happened to me twice now—once before at Sorrento seven years ago.

Moody seems not to have understood that this *was* the poem, and that the 120 lines which he lavished on the incident were doomed to mediocrity for the simple reason that the incident had been closed—both in his mind and in the words which already so perfectly contained it. But no such comparison is needed to establish our point. The genius which is lacking in the poems is abundantly present in the letters, where a high and holy seriousness lies down naturally with the most charming, the most unsubduable wit; where a magnificent rhetoric, suitable for the landscapes of Greece and Arizona, is always correcting itself with warm-hearted humor and an eye to human detail; and where a sustained note of worship—literally worship—for Mrs. Brainard is never marred by failure to remember that she too is capable of comedy—that she is, indeed, "my gay and disquieting and ever incalculable companion, upon whose shifting moods I have learned to build from hour to hour my house of life." As a collection of letters the book is brilliant and beautiful; as a love story it brings home to us one of the most heroic and honorable and amusing of American men.

MARK VAN DOREN

Drama

Necktie Party

A FEW years ago James Hagan wrote the sentimental and elegiac comedy "One Sunday Afternoon." Now he has brought what is obviously the same temperament and attitude to bear upon the somewhat less suitable material of a contemporary tragedy called "Mid-West," which has been set and acted with considerable skill at the Booth Theater. Mr. Hagan's admiration for the simple virtues, his sympathetic understanding of plain, uncomplicated people, and his tinge of cracker-box philosophy serve him well when he deals with the ordinary perplexities of ordinary people, but they seem hardly adequate to deal with some of the grimmer and uglier aspects of the story he has now undertaken to tell. They were sufficient to illuminate with a soft and pleasing light a tale of

quiet affections in a placid village; they are not sufficient to enable him to see very deeply into an acute social problem or to comment very significantly upon a series of incidents which reach their climax in a lynching.

The action of the piece takes place before a Grant Wooden house set somewhere in the midst of the drought-stricken farm lands. The house is inhabited by a sturdy farmer and his wife whose patience, piety, and fortitude are of the hearty Mid-western, rather than of the ascetic New England, variety; and the play is at its best when it is representing such people with a slightly softened realism. But their troubles are not confined to the ordinary hardships of the farm plus the withering blight of the drought. A son whom they have sacrificed themselves to educate returns home a very callow Communist, plays into the hands of two wandering agitators, works up a strike among the farm hands, and is finally lynched for his pains by a party of irate neighbors. Though the parents have no sympathy for his convictions and have themselves suffered from his activities, they voluntarily isolate themselves from the community which has stained itself with such a crime, and the curtain falls upon the beginning of a rain—in itself enough to inspire in them that modest hopefulness which is sufficient for people like them to go on.

As long as the author confines himself to the representation of events from the point of view of his characters he is often both moving and convincing. In their quieter moments the people are real, and the play has many of the elements of a successful genre study. But though Mr. Hagan has obviously made some effort to do so, he cannot refrain from a recurrent impulse to editorialize, and when he yields he not only reveals very clearly the painful inadequacy of his philosophy to deal with the ugly situation involved, but at the same time loses his grip on verisimilitude. His group of striking farm hands intrude upon the realistic scene like some creatures out of a Hearst cartoon, and at the same time the farmer is surprisingly transmogrified into a St. George in overalls. Thus Mr. Hagan's infantile rightism has much the same effect as the—well, over-simple—leftism of some of the Fourteenth Street playwrights. Life goes out of the window when the all-too-final and comprehensive moral comes in from the wings. The verisimilitude of drama is sacrificed to the didacticism of the fable, and not all the very skilful acting (especially of Jean Adair as the farm wife and of Curtis Cooksey as the husband) can save it.

As the curtain descended upon the first act of the performance I saw, a fist fight broke out between a gentleman who applauded from the front row and a gentleman who hissed from the row just behind. Several persons to whom I mentioned the incident all replied in almost the same words: "That's fine. We need more of that in the American theater." There is, I am afraid, hardly space to discuss the question here, but I am a bit surprised that the attitude should be taken so much for granted. I assume that art should be moving. I assume even that at its best it is very likely to arouse strong differences of opinion, sometimes over aesthetic and sometimes over moral or social questions. But I am not sure that the kind of effect which, at its best, it strives to produce is the kind which reveals itself in fisticuffs. At the Abbey Theater, I know, there was long a tendency to measure the worth of a play by the number of bloody noses which could be counted in the audience after the curtain had gone down. But I had supposed that at least a considerable number of people assumed that art operated upon a somewhat different plane of emotions, and that the tension it generated was to be released in some more complex way. Aristotle said it was to be purged through pity and terror, and though I have never been sure exactly what that means, it doesn't mean through a "punch on the nose."

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	113
EDITORIALS:	
The Uses of Woodrow Wilson	116
The League Falters	117
Remove the Rat	117
Infancy of an Art	118
ISSUES AND MEN. A MEASURE OF AMERICA'S BETRAYAL.	
By Oswald Garrison Villard	119
CARTOON. By Fritz	120
THE RIDDLE OF THE SUPREME COURT. I. THE DIVINE	
RIGHT OF JUDGES. By Max Lerner	121
ARMS OVER EUROPE. V. MUSSOLINI OUTBLUFFS ENG-	
LAND. By Louis Fischer	123
THE LAST WAR AND THE NEXT. II. WHAT DOES NEU-	
TRALITY MEAN? By Walter Millis	125
WASHINGTON WEEKLY. By Paul W. Ward	128
LOOSE CONSTRUCTION. By Heywood Brown	129
CORRESPONDENCE	130
LABOR AND INDUSTRY:	
How to Break a Labor Union. By Ray L. Kringer	131
Facts for Consumers. By Ruth Brindze	132
BOOKS, DRAMA, FILMS:	
Revisitation. By Siegfried Sassoon	134
A New Poet. By Philip Blair Rice	134
Order Versus Chaos. By Maxwell S. Stewart	134
Gustav Stresemann. By Ludwig Lore	135
The Romantic Personality. By Frederick Dupee	136
Shorter Notices	136
Drama: The Trappings of Romance. By Joseph Wood Krutch	138
Films. René Clair Goes West. By Mark Van Doren	138
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	140

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ONE OF THE FEW remaining monarchs of a first-rate power, King George V bore with dignity and seemliness the burden of providing the world with the pomp and circumstance of kingship. Whether the plain people in America and all over the world really mourned him is difficult to say. We feel certain that the King's death scarcely warranted the eight pages which the New York *Times* devoted to it on Tuesday morning, or the eleven pages with which the *Herald Tribune* outdid its contemporary. To a political observer the striking thing about the King's passing was the smoothness with which the succession of power took place. The expense of the royal establishment is probably warranted by the function which the kingship so beautifully serves—that of stabilizing the political system, much as the American Constitution does. But the British kingship does its job with far less rigid consequences for the whole social structure. During George's reign the British Empire became the British Commonwealth of Nations—a vaster change than any contemplated at present by the adherents of a constitu-

tional amendment in America, and carried through with less intensity of feeling than we are likely to have. The King himself, although unassuming personally, was by no means inactive in affairs of state. There is considerable evidence that he intervened unconstitutionally in the establishment of a Cabinet of national concentration to save the financial structure of England from a possibly radical Labor government. Economically England, despite its derelict areas that are like scars on the face of the country, has survived the depression better than most countries and has better social legislation than America. For England, at least, monarchy seems to be more than an archaic survival. It has visible effects in social cohesion.

BY THE TIME these lines are read the Senate's "baby-bond" bonus bill will presumably have been accepted by the House and forwarded to the President. That it can be passed over Mr. Roosevelt's veto is a foregone conclusion, judging by the tremendous majority which it obtained in both branches of Congress. We are not so much concerned that this may be the entering wedge for a new period of unrestricted government spending as that it may be taken as a pretext for refusing money for socially desirable purposes. Despite all the current talk of governmental extravagance, it is evident that the amount of money that Congress can appropriate is strictly limited. If the bonus bill is enacted, there is certain to be increased pressure for the curtailment of needed expenditures for relief, housing, and social security. An illustration of this pressure may be seen in the unscrupulous exploitation of Secretary Morgenthau's statement that new Treasury financing would total \$11,500,000,000 in the next year and a half. Actually more than half of this amount, or \$5,800,000,000, is accounted for by routine re-financing to meet maturities of short-term notes, which with \$2,000,000,000 for the bonus leaves a deficit of \$3,700,000,000 attributable to the Administration's recovery program. The zest with which the Republicans have supported the bonus is sufficient evidence regarding the sincerity of their constant prattle about economy. Their satisfaction has doubtless been enhanced by the knowledge that they were not only getting votes for themselves but effectively sabotaging the Administration's social program.

DEVELOPMENTS on the farmers' front are none too encouraging. Mr. Roosevelt has resurrected the Soil Conservation Act of 1935 and turned it into a substitute for the invalidated AAA. Mr. Hoover has delivered himself of a farm plan of his own to serve as a plank in the Republican platform. The Soil Conservation Act was designed to preserve fertility by the withdrawal from cultivation of land which threatens to become exhausted by over-use. Farmers whose land has thus been withdrawn are to be reimbursed by the government. When pressed by reporters to distinguish between limitation of land use for purposes of soil conservation and limitation for purposes of crop control, Mr. Roosevelt refused to comment. On the other side is Mr. Hoover, who introduced his plan with a denunciation of the AAA in these words: "The farmer has less to sell and pays more

for what he buys. Labor pays for it in increased cost of living. By this device we get the economic dog running around in circles chasing its own tail." But Mr. Hoover is still running around in circles, too. He agrees with the Supreme Court that national efforts to relieve the farm situation are a "flagrant flouting of the Constitution," but he produces a farm program of his own which is at heart much less different from the Democratic program than he pretends. He carries over from the AAA federal intervention in agriculture, retirement of submarginal lands, and subsidies financed by some such levy as a manufacturers' sale tax instead of the processing tax. Whether Mr. Hoover's proposal is any less unconstitutional than Mr. Roosevelt's is a matter for the G. O. P. and the Democrats to fight over among themselves; meanwhile, the farmer, whose votes both are trying to win, stands to gain very little.

THE AMENDMENT to the Administration's neutrality bill reaffirming America's traditional insistence on the freedom of the seas seriously undermines the value of that measure as a means of avoiding international friction. Throughout its history, insistence on this right has been a constant source of trouble for the United States. The experience of the World War showed that there can be no real freedom for neutral shippers in any war in which the British Empire with its naval power is involved. Even more serious difficulties would be created if the League should attempt to enforce an embargo against an aggressor and the United States should insist on maintaining "normal exports" to the offender. In fact, the application of normal trade quotas to belligerents, as provided by the bill, would clearly work to the advantage of such countries as Germany or Italy if they launched a war of aggression. With the possibility of averting a general world conflict dependent very largely on the outcome of the present efforts to strengthen the League, the least that the United States can do is to avoid legislation which will obstruct the development of a system of international sanctions.

JAPAN'S WITHDRAWAL from the London Naval Conference, though provoked by the military-fascist clique, may lead to a distinct setback in Tokyo's imperialistic ambitions. With finances already strained to the breaking-point by war preparations, Japan will find a general race in naval armaments—such as now seems inevitable—far more burdensome than will either of its chief rivals. And the burden will be increased by the fact that the abrogation of the Washington agreement leaves the United States and Great Britain free to construct new naval bases in the western Pacific. Already there are intimations that the British are planning to modernize the fortifications at Hongkong, which would serve as a base for the defense of British interests at Shanghai. The creation of strong American bases at Guam and in the Philippines would add considerably to Tokyo's worries, particularly if the Japanese intransigence at London should bring about closer Anglo-American co-operation in the defense of the Western stake in China. Japan has gone too far in North China and Mongolia to turn back without a serious loss of face, and there is little chance that its militarists can be stopped short of war except by drastic international pressure. The framework for such international action already exists in the Far Eastern

Advisory Committee of twenty-two nations established by the League in 1933 to enforce its findings in the Manchurian controversy. Collective action of some sort, whether through this agency or a new Pacific security pact, now appears to be the only alternative to rearmament and war.

LANDLORDS HAVE LAUNCHED a new offensive on the embattled share-croppers of Arkansas. More than a hundred persons, including twenty-eight children under six, have been evicted; members of the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union have been blacklisted by the planters; and two share-croppers have been shot. The suddenness and violence of the attack are easily explained. The S. T. F. U. has just held at Little Rock a highly successful convention which was attended by white and Negro share-croppers from six states. The S. T. F. U., which started with only a few members in 1934, now has more than 20,000 members in 200 locals. It has moreover aligned itself with American labor as a whole. The A. F. of L. pledged its strong support of the organization at its convention in October, and one of the speakers at Little Rock was David Fowler of the United Mine Workers, who brought greetings from John L. Lewis. The present attack of the landlords is a direct answer to the militance and enthusiasm of the Little Rock meeting. The landlords and the officials, who are usually landlords also, have determined to wipe out the union before it gets any stronger than it is. The two share-croppers who were shot were both hit in the back—they were undoubtedly "trying to escape"—and later advices tell of threats of lynching and "massacre" if "the damn union" is not dissolved. The share-croppers cannot expect any support from the fact that they are citizens of the United States. The only hope is to arouse public opinion throughout the country and force action from Washington. Wire Secretary Wallace.

FIVE RADICAL EDITORS were subpoenaed to appear on January 17 before District Attorney Dodge of New York for "questioning." Clarence Hathaway, editor of the *Daily Worker*, accompanied by his counsel, Louis I. Brodsky, was the only one to appear. Assistant District Attorney James T. Neary, who asked the questions, was a little vague as to the occasion for them, although he implied that a violation of the criminal-anarchy section of the New York penal code was the point at issue. No representatives of the press were present, and when Mr. Neary refused to name the persons in whose behalf the complaint was made, Mr. Hathaway, on advice of his lawyer, refused to answer. He made it clear, however, that he would be perfectly willing to answer all questions put to him in an open hearing. When the session ended, Mr. Neary proposed a gentleman's agreement to refrain from publicity until he had had time to submit to District Attorney Dodge a transcript of the record—a copy being also submitted to Mr. Hathaway. Mr. Brodsky refused this request also and hastened to tell the story to the newspapermen waiting just outside the door, whereupon Mr. Neary, considerably annoyed, gave out a statement which declared that the attempt to question Mr. Hathaway was part of a six months' secret investigation into the activities of Communist newspapers. It will be recalled that the criminal-anarchy statute referred to was invoked successfully in the Gitlow case in 1919, that it was several times upheld on appeal, and that it was declared constitutional by the

United States Supreme Court five years later. In other words, if this law is employed to silence the Communist newspapers there will be, to our shame, ample precedent for it. But not even Mr. Hearst or Mr. Ralph Easley, either or both of whom may be responsible for the complaint, may be prepared for the violent protest which will ensue.

CHARLEY JONES of Gamoca, West Virginia, last week told a labor subcommittee of the House of Representatives how he contracted the lung disease, silicosis, from which his three sons have died in the past three years and to which he is now slowly succumbing. About 2,000 men worked in a tunnel near Gauley Bridge, West Virginia, which was being constructed by the contracting firm of Rinehart and Dennis. It is alleged that a large proportion of this number have contracted silicosis, that hundreds have died, and that hundreds of others are doomed because the company, to save money and time, has dispensed with the safety devices which protect workers from the fatal silica dust. The company, it is further charged, has resorted to all possible methods to hush up the story and defeat the suits brought by silicosis victims and their relatives. P. H. Faulconer, head of the contracting firm, maintains that men brought suits who had never been inside the tunnel. We do not see that this answer, even if true, proves the company's charge that the whole affair is a racket for collecting damages. It is quite possible that a few unscrupulous individuals might try to collect money dishonestly even though it entailed a day in court. It is entirely unlikely that 2,000 workers would unite in such a racket; and the fact remains that a large number of workers employed in the tunnel have died. A thorough inquiry is certainly in order.

THE RFC has been successful in the second skirmish of its campaign to drive down the interest rates charged by private bankers in their loans to the railways. Spurred by what it considered to be an unjustifiably high charge in a projected refunding for the Great Northern Railway, the RFC entered the arena by offering to assume the loan at 4 per cent. The bankers withdrew, and it looked as if the government might take over a further large portion of the banking field. The apparent trend toward government financing was quickly checked, however, on January 15, when it was announced that Kidder, Peabody and Company would supersede the RFC in a loan which had already been arranged for the Maine Central Railway. According to the agreement the bankers will buy 4 per cent bonds from the railroad at 98½, leaving them 1½ per cent for underwriting and expenses, and the railway will use \$2,424,663 of the proceeds to repay previous advances by the RFC. Shifting the burden of financing back to the private banks is in line with the government's recently launched drive to reduce the excess reserves of member banks from their recent unprecedentedly high mark of \$3,310,000,000. As a safeguard against uncontrolled credit inflation, the Treasury has recently withdrawn \$125,000,000 of its funds on deposit with the commercial banks, apparently with the view of maintaining increased balances with the Federal Reserve banks. If the Maine Central case can be taken as an indication that the banks have at last seen the necessity of lowering long-term interest rates, it is possible that a part of the huge idle reserves may yet be put to productive use.

But it is difficult to see how this surplus can be completely absorbed without either a resumption of foreign lending or a sharp increase in the incidence of social taxation.

HARLEE BRANCH, second assistant postmaster general, has disclosed further results of the speed tests of subsidized ships which he has been conducting. Under the mail-contract system the amount of bounty is determined by the speed of the ship, and evidence that the Hoover Administration certified speeds that the ships were not capable of making prompted the tests. Of twenty-seven vessels—fifteen of them being the best that the American merchant marine has to offer, including nine Dollar, four Munson, and two United States liners—only four qualified in the tests, and not one of the fifteen was among these. Moreover, of the four, two are old Hog Island freighters whose owners ingeniously fitted them with special propellers which raised their speeds and gave them a subsidy classification intended for ships of an all-round better grade. This practice, the investigation of the Black committee revealed, has been engaged in by other owners; the disclosure emphasizes anew how subsidies have failed to improve the merchant marine. Mr. Branch estimates that the reclassification of the nineteen vessels will save the government about \$5,000,000 of the \$146,800,000 that is still to be handed over to the shipping barons. Mr. Farley's refusal to knuckle under to the International Mercantile Marine deserves praise. In a test of the I. M. M.'s President Harding, his department, in order to be fair, adopted a formula for the determination of "normal" speed which was less severe than that in long use by the navy and the Shipping Board. The vessel failed to make its required eighteen knots even under this formula. That was in October; since then, in contrast with other shipping companies which conceded the results of the tests, officials of the I. M. M. have lodged a series of personal protests with Farley and Branch. Farley has held firm, and his decision will cost the I. M. M. \$187,000 a year.

IT MAY BE that here and there in certain government projects a little questionable boondoggling creeps in; but judging by a report in the January 20 issue of *Uncle Sam's Diary*, a weekly published in Washington, D. C., some federal employees are doing pretty useful work. Under a heading New Facts—From Official Sources, the *Diary* prints the following:

Work habits of field mice have been clocked by federal scientists: 6 a.m., reveille; breakfast hunting, until after 7:30 a.m.; rest period until 11 a.m.; lunch, 1 p.m.; general nosing about until 2 p.m.; dinner, 4:30 p.m.; half hour for napping, and then to bed at 5 p.m.

And a very good schedule it is—one which the federal scientists themselves, not to mention plain citizens and magazine editors, ought to follow. The lunch hour, to be sure, seems a little short, because one would not wish to cut down too much on the nosing-about period; and the nap just before going to bed might be thought a trifle excessive, although we should be willing to try it for a couple of weeks. But what worries us is this: How do the federal scientists know that the field mice sleep from 5 p.m. to 6 a.m.? Might not a couple of mice, bent on a little night life, get up without being observed by a single federal scientist? If this is to be a really valuable experiment, we should have all the facts.

The Uses of Woodrow Wilson

HISTORIC figures seem to have not only their past careers but their present uses as well. Woodrow Wilson has now ceased to be merely our war-time President and a reputed figure in the history of American idealism. He has become a practical weapon with which rival groups are today seeking to bludgeon each other.

The picture of Mr. Wilson that has been emerging day by day from the record of the Nye committee hearings has been tragic and arresting. On January 9 the nation learned of his extraordinary letter to the Secretary of State, in effect permitting the great flood of war loans to begin. On January 17 the Nye testimony contained Lansing's letter to Edward N. Smith, in which the President was revealed—in the very act of campaigning for reelection on a peace platform—as waiting for the right moment in which to introduce a resolution bringing this country into war. Finally came the revelation—which, as Mr. Villard writes on another page, was merely further proof of what had long been known by many—that Mr. Wilson had known more about the secret European treaties than he cared to reveal when he testified before a Senate committee in 1919. Not content with spreading the story upon the record, where it was unmistakably clear, Senator Nye made the mistake of dotting the i's and crossing the t's. He was moved to make an explicit accusation that Wilson had lied.

This was when the storm broke. Nothing in the entire range of the Nye committee evidence—not even the activities of the munitions makers as revealed last year or those of the House of Morgan as revealed a few weeks ago—created as much stir in the Senate as the accusation against Wilson. Perhaps it was that a taboo had been violated: just as in the English law the king could do no wrong, so in American Senatorial mores it is understood that a President can tell no lies. It is possible that more than *lèse majesté* was involved, that there is in all of us a primal instinct that leads us to rush gallantly to the defense of a dead man since he cannot answer his accusers. However that be, the nation was treated to some excellent oratory. Senator Tom Connally of Texas outdid himself in defending his former leader. Senator Carter Glass of Virginia, a Cabinet member under Wilson, in a speech which has not been surpassed for vitriol since the days when Huey Long and his opponents were enriching the American vocabulary, thundered away as if Senator Nye were Catiline, and pounded his desk with his fist until it bled and had to be taped up. He was treated by his associates with the double honors that go to martyrdom as well as victory.

But we may ask whether it was something more than reverence for a former leader that led to all this blood and thunder. The fact is that this whole Wilson incident represents a strategic blunder on the part of Senator Nye and masterly tactics on the part of the opponents of the investigation. We will grant that an adequate job of educating the nation on the causes of the last war involves publicizing and dramatizing the role of the principal figures in the play. But in the process Senator Nye has provided ammunition for the committee's enemies. As long as the committee confined

itself to revealing the part which the profits of industrialists and bankers had played in bringing on the war, Senators might gnash their teeth and wail in silence; they could not openly come to the defense of the victims. Senator Glass could not very well bleed publicly in defense of Mr. Morgan. Those who feared stringent neutrality legislation because it might hamper the flow of American profits during future foreign hostilities could not admit their motives. They waited their time and it looked for a while as if they might get no chance to burke the committee's efforts. But Mr. Nye's attack on Wilson gave them an opening. The pent-up energy of the anti-committee and the anti-neutrality forces was released.

It may be hazarded that the men who were really being defended in Senator Glass's speech were the bankers who had already been called before the committee and the industrialists who were about to be called; and that the real direction of the speech was revealed when the Senator stated that he would not pay out another penny to continue the investigation, and that he felt ashamed of ever having voted any appropriation at all. It may well be that as a result of this blunder in the Nye strategy much of the admirable work which has been done toward achieving strict neutrality will be undone. At least, the hand of any Administration forces for which the Nye committee drive for neutrality has been too zealous will now be strengthened.

Wilson's personality is far more complex than anything that either of the Senators has said and will defy their biographical attempts. It is indeed ironic that, of all the Presidents we have had, it should be Mr. Wilson whose honesty is questioned. His reputed idealism was extremely useful as a halo with which to invest American policy at the Peace Conference. The halo is now completely dissipated. But for us today the thing that stands out most clearly about Wilson is his indecisiveness. He was like the protagonist of a Greek drama, with fate and the gods implacably set against him, and his own purposes too uncertain to prevent the catastrophe. He let the tide of war carry him where it would. He could never quite make up his mind. He sincerely wanted peace—everybody wanted peace—but at the same time he got entangled in the pro-Ally feeling and became a prisoner of the whole set of circumstances that were rushing us into war. The most disturbing thing about the Nye testimony with respect to Wilson is his apparent failure to grasp the terrifying, the irresistible momentum of the forces which, once allowed a start, lead any country on to the doom of war.

The one thing we must do is to keep the Wilson-Nye-Glass incident in perspective. Adequate neutrality legislation must not be compromised by the problem of how unsullied Mr. Wilson's character was, and the same applies (as we pointed out last week) to the problem of Mr. Morgan's personal complicity in the coming of the war. The Nye investigation must proceed on a broadened base of investigation—but it must proceed. If the Senators carry out Senator Glass's threat of cutting off the funds of the committee they will show that they are motivated more by fear of disclosures than by reverence for the dead.

The League Falters

IT is now a foregone conclusion that the League Council will take no action, for the time being at least, to strengthen its sanctions against Italy. The excuse given for failing to add oil, coal, and steel to the list of embargoed commodities is that existing sanctions have already weakened Italy and that further action might drive Mussolini into a mad attack on the League powers. Such an explanation can scarcely be taken seriously. While Il Duce has encountered unforeseen obstacles both at home and abroad, he is by no means beaten. The Italian armies have been checked on the northern front in Ethiopia, but this setback has been partially counterbalanced by a brilliant victory along the Somaliland border. The effectiveness of the sanctions now in force cannot even be tested for many months to come. Meanwhile, the danger of a war of retaliation has become progressively more remote. If sanctions are crippling Mussolini's drive in Ethiopia, it is evident that he dare not think of war against a first-rank power.

But all this merely makes the League's failure to extend its embargo the more perplexing. From the standpoint of collective security, it is important not only that Italy be defeated but that the League, once and for all, prove its ability and determination to stop an aggressor. After a brave beginning, however, the League appears to have lapsed into complete ineffectiveness. Nor can this shocking retreat be explained by any single development in the past few months. Most of the League members are as determined as they were in October that the aggressor shall not be rewarded. With the overthrow of Laval now apparently only a matter of hours, France may be expected to be far more favorably inclined toward sanctions. Uncertainty regarding the role of the United States in case of an oil embargo may have contributed to the League's delay, but the chance of action by the United States is now much greater than it was last fall.

Obviously the primary responsibility for the new solicitude toward Mussolini must be placed on Britain's shoulders. Captain Eden's weakness at Geneva is convincing evidence that the late Hoare-Laval plan was not, as Mr. Baldwin claimed, wholly the result of his failure to keep informed of developments at Paris. On the contrary, Sir Samuel appears to have been made the scapegoat for what is essentially the present policy of the Conservative government. His imminent return to the Cabinet in some other post after having been associated with one of the gravest diplomatic blunders in modern history merely reinforces this interpretation. But why should Britain, either because of its avowed desire to uphold collective security or for purely imperialistic reasons, suddenly decide to throw in its lot with Italy? From the standpoint of the Baldwin government there have been only two significant changes in the situation since sanctions were initiated. The first was the result of the British elections. It is no longer possible to doubt that the Conservatives deliberately capitalized the pro-League sentiment revealed by the peace poll in order to be returned for five more years, and then just as deliberately repudiated all their campaign promises. The other development, scarcely anticipated, was the setback which Mussolini has encountered in northern Ethiopia. If Baldwin had really desired to strengthen the

League, he would have seized upon this strategic occasion for bringing greater pressure upon Italy. The fact that he did not indicates that imperial considerations have been paramount. Whether this implies that a deal has definitely been arranged or merely that England is loath to see Fascism overturned in Italy is impossible to say, though the latter is the more plausible interpretation. The threat to the white man's prestige in case of an Ethiopian victory has apparently transcended any fear that Italy might threaten the British Empire.

Does this mean that we must despair of achieving anything approximating collective security as long as imperialist rivalries exist? This is the instinctive reaction of most American isolationists, and in view of the events of the past few weeks, no one can definitely assert that they are wrong. It is not enough to say that if it were not for the weakness of Hoare and Baldwin, Italy would today be faced with inevitable defeat. The forces which drove two such dissimilar men as Sir Samuel Hoare and Captain Eden to repudiate the principles upon which they were elected cannot be explained merely in psychological terms. But the alternative to collective security, as the British indicate by action if not by word, is the desperate one of rearmament and a return to the pre-war system of alliances. Unless a collective organization can be established before German Nazism reaches the stage in which Italian Fascism found itself this fall, nothing can head off a world conflict. Fortunately, the outlook is not as completely dark as it appears at the moment. We must not forget that the League has shown that it can act—and act with swiftness and decisiveness. A preposterous plan for rewarding the aggressor has been stopped by enraged public opinion. There is still hope that public opinion will once more assert itself in time to preserve the League from the dry rot of compromise and procrastination.

Remove the Rat

THE president of the World Association of Detectives at its last annual convention stated that "the seeds of unrest . . . particularly the inroads made in organized labor, constitute a major problem with which the members of the association are in daily touch." He went on to say with the pious solemnity of a Rotarian who has just eaten a radical high-school teacher that the private detective performs in this connection "one of the most important services to society."

An excellent example of this service to society is outlined in an article in this issue. Ray L. Kringer reports on page 131 the testimony of a labor spy at a hearing before the Regional Labor Board in St. Louis. The activities of A. A. Ahner, "labor-relations counselor" for the Brown Shoe Company, in destroying union locals from within conform to the usual pattern of labor espionage. The case is of special interest, however, because it shows how the labor spy works hand in glove both with local officials and with the "citizens' committee" which stands ready in all its outrage and sawed-off shotguns to protect the fair name of practically every village and town in the United States—particularly in those rural areas to which industry continues to flee, hoping to escape from organized labor. The Brown Company case is also significant because it puts the labor spy

and his works into the government records—thereby bolstering the demand now being put forward by various groups for a thorough investigation of what is probably the most loathsome of all professions.

Public opinion, with the help of various agencies, has of late been closing in on the labor spy. This has been due in part to a series of books and articles exposing his methods of dealing with "faults and abuses, such as radicalism, discontent, dishonesty, inefficiency" among workers—we quote from the sales talk of the Pinkertons' National Detective Agency, which has offices in every large city. Edward Levinson, author of "I Break Strikes," and the *New York Post*, which he serves as labor editor, have done admirable work in exposing the private detective as social worker. And there can be no doubt that the trial of Pearl Bergoff, Strike-Breaker Number One, made a deep impression on the public and gave impetus to a campaign to remove the rat from labor's house, which is pretty flimsy at best. Mr. Bergoff's exposure was precipitated when some of his social workers sued him for non-payment for a little trip to Georgia in connection with a textile strike. When the strike-breakers arrived in Georgia, Governor Talmadge, with great éclat but for reasons having nothing to do with pro-labor sympathies, shipped them out again. It made a pretty story in court.

Representative William P. Connery, chairman of the House Labor Committee, is ready to introduce a bill to prevent the use of hired thugs and push through its passage unless the National Labor Relations Board, on the basis of testimony it has collected, can find ways of stopping the practice of espionage.

We do not mean to imply, of course, that the mere passage of such a bill would solve the problem. That would be to overlook the highly respectable gentlemen in steel, automobiles, shoes, and every other industry who by their generous patronage have fostered the noble trade of spying until, according to Mr. Levinson, 55 of the 187 licensed private-detective agencies in New York City now solicit business in supplying spies, professional strike-breakers, or guards, armed and unarmed. Almost any industrial magnate, it seems, would rather share his profits with Pearl Bergoff and his band of "finks" than with the workers who help to pile up dividends.

It would be interesting to know just how many millions have been spent in the last fifty years to keep the worker from getting a fair wage. There is little doubt that steel would lead all the rest. And for this reason it is significant that the office of Charles W. Tuttle in Rooms 1007-1010 of the Carnegie Building in Pittsburgh has quietly folded up. Charles W. Tuttle is known to labor as the chief of the Carnegie spy system which was installed in 1892 by Henry Clay Frick and has been attending to "discontented" workers ever since. Mr. Tuttle, we are told, is "ill." The real explanation seems to be that unfavorable publicity in regard to its espionage service has hurt the Carnegie Corporation.

But even if industry is in process of giving up espionage as a crude and outmoded way of defeating organization, the pressure for a Senate investigation should not be relaxed. The worker has suffered for years from the black list. Let a Senate committee compile a black list to end black lists—a complete record of labor spies, their procurers, and the gentlemen higher up who pay for their services.

Infancy of an Art

THE Museum of Modern Art has recently exhibited to members and to the press the first selection from its newly collected library of motion pictures. By summer it expects to have prepared five programs illustrating the development of the movies from the earliest beginnings to the present, and to offer them on a rental basis to educational institutions for presentation to the public.

Starting with a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation, the Film Library, under the direction of Iris Barry, instituted an active search for early movies, and though many of them survived only by chance, this first showing seems to indicate that the search was remarkably successful. The program begins with "The Execution of Mary Queen of Scots" (1893-94), which lasts only a few seconds and which was originally made for the peepshow kinoscope but was transferred to film shortly after the first projection machine was devised. It is succeeded by "Wash Day Troubles" (1895), also a mere fleeting incident, and then by "A Trip to the Moon," made in France in 1902 by George Méliès, one of the first persons to establish a reputation as a director. This film is of extraordinary interest both because it represents a successful early effort to use the new medium for fantasy and because it was so widely shown in this country that many persons middle-aged or older can remember it. It is followed by the American "The Great Train Robbery" (1903), commonly cited as the first successful effort to work out a specifically cinematographic technique for the presentation of a realistic narrative, and by "Faust" (1905), one of the early Pathé pictures partly colored by hand. The program concludes with the tiresome "Queen Elizabeth" made in France by Sarah Bernhardt and released in America as the first of the Famous Players pictures. In the next program we are promised some of the early Biograph pictures which dominated the American screen up to about 1911.

As the bulletin of the Film Library points out, the moving picture is the only art which it is possible for us to study from the very beginning. It is also true that if collections had not been made now it would soon have become impossible to make them at all. Films may be copied, as these have been, but their physical basis is not permanent even under proper care, and all the old ones are even now disintegrating. This is particularly true of those not being preserved by companies having a continuous existence, and many have probably vanished completely. We are informed, for example, that the Italian "Caberia," one of the earliest, most elaborate, and most successful of the spectacles (if our memory serves, D'Annunzio wrote the scenario) has so far eluded all search.

These early pictures have a curious interest for even the casual spectator, especially if he happens to be old enough to remember them from the time when they were first shown. But this is not all. There is a real and highly interesting evolution of technique which only they can adequately illustrate. So far, only a small group of persons has been able to see the films, but we hope that they will be shown to the general public. Even this, however, would not be enough. The entire collection should be catalogued and made as easily available to investigators as old books are.

Issues and Men

A Measure of America's Betrayal

TESTIFYING before the House Committee on Foreign Affairs, Professor Edwin M. Borchard, of the Law School of Yale University, declared that the chief responsibility for this country's entering the World War rested on the President and the Cabinet because of their utter incompetence in handling the international situation. This he placed above all the other numerous causes for our participating in the struggle. To many who still worship at the shrine of Woodrow Wilson this will seem sacrilege. It is not the worst indictment, however, that can be brought against him. The documents exposed by the Nye committee have now proved the insincerity of some of his Cabinet, in addition to the already attested insincerity of Colonel House and Robert Lansing and the belligerency of Walter H. Page. Of him Mr. Lansing wrote to President Wilson on January 27, 1916: "I must say that I am very considerably disturbed as to Mr. Page's attitude on all subjects which in any way affect the policies of Great Britain. He certainly is influenced very strongly by the atmosphere in which he is, and I frequently doubt whether he urges the cases involving American rights with the force and vigor which he should as American Ambassador." We have also finally obtained indisputable proof of what has long been known—that Mr. Wilson lied in regard to his ignorance of the secret treaties.

I have always had a special interest in this question, for it was I who first received copies of the treaties and printed them in January, 1918, in the *New York Evening Post*, of which I was the managing owner. Copies of these treaties I personally sent to Mr. Tumulty. Colonel House, who now appears as having obtained knowledge of these treaties only from the President during Balfour's visit, received several copies, as did every Senator and Congressman. I syndicated the treaties in eight or nine dailies, and reprints of them in pamphlet form were placed on sale on the newsstands of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Washington, and other cities. A friend of mine has stated to me that he has in his possession a letter from Colonel House acknowledging receipt of two copies of the pamphlet and declaring that they are "going to the White House tonight in the private mail bag of which the President alone has the key." Yet Woodrow Wilson, when the Senate committee called upon him on August 19, 1919, specifically denied having heard of the secret treaties before he reached Paris.

Arthur Krock, Washington correspondent of the *New York Times*, joining his employers' effort to discredit the Nye committee, declares that "maybe he [the President] did lie." "There are," he declares, "lies forced upon statesmen by patriotic duty which are writ in letters of gold in the books of the Recording Angel." As I have not seen the Angel's books, I cannot be sure that Mr. Krock is correct in his statement. But I can and do challenge his assertion that any such lie was "forced upon" Wilson "by patriotic duty." What was that "patriotic duty"? The war was finished; the fight then on was over the League and the ratification

of the peace treaty. All the President desired to achieve by his words was to hide from the Senators the fact that, before his trip to Paris, he had knowledge of those abominable secret treaties which prove today, as in 1918 and 1919, that the supposedly noble and altruistic aims of the Allies were all bunk. Of course, Wilson would have been denounced had he told the truth; he would have been accused of withholding vital facts from the Congress and the people—facts at the basis of the Versailles treaty, which has so nearly wrecked the world. Does the Recording Angel glorify a statesman's lie told simply for the patriotic purpose of saving his own skin?

But this is only one phase of the appalling picture now for the first time revealed in full by the Nye committee; for which alone Senator Nye—and Senator Clark, too—well deserves the award of the Cardinal Newman gold medal, to be bestowed upon him by the Newman Foundation for the most outstanding and distinguished service rendered to our country and to humanity during the past year. Professor Borchard was right. The incompetence is all there. It is exceeded only by the utter callousness of the Wilson crowd with respect to the price in human lives and suffering to be paid by the youth of America for governmental cowardice and blundering—130,128 men killed, or dead of wounds or sickness. I do not recall any Cabinet speeches against our going into the war for prosperity's sake—no one knew then that the price might not be 500,000 or even 1,000,000 American lives. So the incompetent Wilson enmeshed himself and the country by being insincere in his neutrality and then unneutral, by going back on his original ban against loans and the sale of Allied bonds, by permitting the growth of the huge war business until he was its captive and unable to oppose the British in their violation of international law lest he destroy our unhealthy war-boom prosperity. The Nye committee has now reconstructed the whole thing, made past history live news, and laid before us just how we were led by cheating and blundering into the struggle.

Well, how about a balance sheet? Had we stayed out of the war we should have lost our war business, experienced a depression and considerable unemployment, and failed to make a lot of millionaires. Instead, we got 130,128 dead and 192,369 wounded, a war expense of at least fifty billions with more billions to come for bonuses, pensions, and so forth, the loss of our loans to our Allies, our share of the present depression with its horrible toll in money and manhood, and, finally, national insecurity with our republican institutions actually menaced. This is the true measure of America's betrayal by the incompetence, the insincerity, and the devotion to "prosperity" of Page, Lansing, McAdoo, House, and Wilson!

Swally Garrison Villard



The Riddle of the Supreme Court

I. The Divine Right of Judges

By MAX LERNER

A LONG view of the power of the Supreme Court is difficult to achieve in the midst of immediate issues and angry passions. But it would start with the fact that what the court is doing now, in smashing the best legislative efforts of the community, is no novelty, just as the attacks on the court are no novelty. It would try to get at the nature, the psychological roots, and the economic consequences of the power of judicial review—presumably America's most beautiful and original gift to the art of government.

Judicial review is a political device by which the court passes on the constitutional validity of legislative and executive acts. It enables the judges to apportion powers between the states and the national government, and between the legislative, executive, and judicial branches. This is a power nowhere to be found expressly granted in the Constitution itself. But it has by this time written itself into the Constitution by court interpretation, and although only a custom it has become as commonly accepted as if it were clearly granted in the document.

There are two opposing theories as to how the power grew up. One is the usurpation theory. It goes back to Jefferson and is repeated afresh in every period of constitutional crisis. It holds that judicial review is sheer usurpation and that the Supreme Court has deliberately filched powers belonging to other departments. This point of view is generally highlighted with charges of tyranny that transport us back into the pages of Plutarch. The other is the Federalist view that the judicial power flows inherently from the nature of our federal system, and that without it our government would be unworkable and our democracy unthinkable.

I shall confess I cannot subscribe to either of these theories, although they both offer fragments of the final answer. It is true that there have been some men on our court with a will to power. And it is true, on the other side, that given our federal-state governmental system, when both the states and the nation try to ride the same horse someone must finally decide who shall ride in front. But a clearer answer than either would be that the court's power is a natural outcome of the necessity for maintaining capitalist dominance under democratic forms; that judicial review has proved to be a very convenient channel through which the driving forces of American economic life have found expression and achieved victory. Such a view could be documented by reference to the history of the judicial power since Marshall first established it in 1803 by his decision in *Marbury vs. Madison*. The high points in the story would be Marshall's use of the judicial power to give enlarged scope to the expansion of business enterprise, the development of the doctrine of due process of law after the Civil War, and the reading of a *laissez faire* social philosophy into the Constitution in the decades around the turn of the century.

Today the court is reenacting the role it has always played whenever a resurgence of popular feeling has threatened to sweep away some of the established power of business enterprise. Nor has there been in all this any consistency of judicial doctrine or political theory. When the people have gained control of the state legislatures, as happened in Marshall's day and in the decades of agrarian revolt, the court has denied power to the states and concentrated it in the federal government. But when, as is true now, the people have captured the federal offices, then the court denies power to the federal government and reserves it where it must be ineffective in the task of business regulation—with the state governments. The Republicans now find themselves amazingly the devoted adherents of states' rights, and the Democrats (shades of the Jeffersonian tradition!) are earnestly seeking to increase the national power.

There are several rather striking misconceptions today about the court's power and function. One is that judges decide as they do because they can do no other—that they follow an inflexible path of constitutional doctrine. Only a little less far from the truth is the second and opposite misconception—that the judges are untrammelled in the expression of their own social attitudes and that they can play ducks and drakes with judicial precedent. What are actually the limits within which the Supreme Court has to work? It can decide only specific cases and not abstract questions—the case of the *Schechter* brothers, for example, and how they sell their chickens—and out of those specific judgments the body of constitutional law grows up. Once a case is settled, however, a rule of law is established for future decisions, and every judge must abide by it (*stare decisis*) regardless of his previous views. The court works, moreover, within a difficult technical tradition, under a limited jurisdiction, and with severe procedural regulations. Finally, its role with respect to legislation is negative and passive. It can initiate nothing of itself. But after you have said all that, the fact remains that the judge retains a great latitude of decision. On the same set of facts in the *Hoosac* case, after hearing the same arguments and reading the same briefs, with the same body of precedent to draw on, possessed of the same degree of integrity and patriotism, Mr. Justice Roberts comes to one constitutional conclusion and Mr. Justice Stone to exactly the opposite one. What can explain this? Only the hypothesis that the judge works within limits and with material flexible enough to allow for personal choice. The *determining* factor becomes not some rigorous rule but the judge's own social philosophy. This in turn is shaped by his class roots, his education, his experience, and the elements in the contemporary climate of opinion to which he is responsive.

There is another misconception. We tend to believe that the court shows its power only when it declares an act of Congress unconstitutional. Actually the court has exercised this judicial veto only on some sixty occasions, many

of them of slight moment. The judicial veto represents the outer limits of the court's power. It shows how far that power can go. But usually the court influences the shaping of an act even before it is passed, for the knowledge that the act will have to run the gauntlet of judicial review is a sovereign acid for eating away features that the court will predictably disallow. Once the act is passed it may be whittled into ineffectiveness (as happened with the anti-trust legislation) without any actual declaration of unconstitutionality, or the agency set up (like the Federal Trade Commission) may be crippled by court interpretation without being destroyed outright. Thus the court's power is broader and more continuous than the exercise of its veto. Even when it upholds legislation it is directing our economic life. The entire landscape of life as it is lived today by the common man is ultimately at the mercy of the court's action or sufferance.

The essence of the court's position in our system is that it takes problems that are primarily economic and clashes of interest that are economic, and translates them into terms of legal doctrine. It thus becomes the bottle-neck of economic policy. I believe that is the one overwhelming fact that we must face today. As long as economic issues are fought out frankly as such, their solution lies with the people and with their representatives in the legislature. But when economic issues are translated into legalistic terms, when the question of the fate of the farmers and workers and housewives and working children becomes a matter of hosts of none-too-angelic lawyers dancing on the needle of due process of law, then the big electoral battalions are left helpless. If we face it clearly, looking beyond the tangle of our traditional usages, the question of what we shall do with our farms and our factories is not ultimately a question for lawyers or judges to settle. It is a question of economic and social policy. To allow our economic policy to be shaped by the judges is wrong whichever way you look at it. If they decide, as is often claimed, on purely legal grounds, then those are the *wrong grounds* on which to decide questions of economic policy. If they decide, as is sometimes admitted, on economic and social grounds, then they are the *wrong people* to be intrusted with decisions on these grounds, for they are judicial and not economic technicians.

In passing thus on economic policy the Supreme Court has throughout our history functioned as the last bulwark of the possessing classes. It has always been a final line of defense for them, a sort of Hindenburg line that would stand fast when all else crumbled. Beaten at the polls, in danger of having the economic institutions of a plutocracy leveled by the political forces of a democracy, the defeated group has always turned to the court for shelter and has found it in the safe haven of constitutional law. Jefferson discovered this fact when he and his party of small farmers and mechanics turned the Federalist propertied interests out of Congress and the Presidency in 1800, only to find them dug in again behind the earthworks of the court. Jackson discovered it in the 1830's, Lincoln in the 1850's, the agrarian leaders in the eighties and nineties, the Progressives such as La Follette and Theodore Roosevelt as the century ended. And now Mr. Roosevelt is discovering it afresh. It seems to be the fate of American reformers to conduct their education in public.

Each of these men sought to attack the court. In no case has the court's power been successfully limited. What accounts for this extraordinary toughness and viability of the court? The defenders of the court answer that its survival indicates the hollowness of the attacks on it. What is involved is evidently a medieval ordeal by fire, proving innocence. But the successive crises of the judicial power can no more be exorcised by this sort of mumbo-jumbo than can the crises of the economic system. Each attack on the judicial power in America has not been merely an unaccountable bit of behavior of the democratic mass. It has been the expression, in constitutional terms, of the inability of our state to adjust its own power-relations and resolve its own contradictions. And for that reason each successive crisis of the judicial power has taken its color, its substance, its tension from the contemporary stage of the struggle of economic groups and classes.

That is happening today too. And today, as in the past, the court will survive the attack on it, not because of any inherent rightness in the judicial power, but because the larger number of our people still have a sense of the sanctity of the court. What used to be the divine right of kings has now been replaced by the divine right of judges.

There are several elements in this pattern of divine right as it exists in the popular mind. One is the fact that we have been encouraged for over a century to make a fetish of the Constitution. Every people needs some form of anchorage, some link with the invariant. The Rock of Ages is as essential to political as it is to religious life. In fact, the habits of mind begotten by an authoritarian Bible carry over to an authoritarian Constitution; and a country like ours, in which our early tradition had prohibited a state church, ends by getting a state church after all. To be sure, not all who make a fetish of the Constitution believe in it. There are many newspaper and political groups which appeal to the sanctity of the Constitution with their eyes fixed on the immensities and their hands reaching out for their own special interests. And yet with the larger number of our people the belief that the Constitution is sacred beyond change is a genuine belief, and must be reckoned with.

The second psychological element in the tradition of the divine right of judges is the belief that the Supreme Court is the special guardian of the Constitution—and a better guardian than Congress or the President. Part of John Marshall's genius lay in his skill in pushing into the background the power that the court was gaining over economic policy, and thrusting into the foreground its role of guardianship. This the later judges have encouraged by their continued utterances, and it has become the official theory of the court's power. The judges have thus been associated in our minds with the function of protection rather than with the struggle for power.

The third element has been the tradition of judicial neutrality. We have somehow placed the judges above the battle. Despite every proof to the contrary the common man attributes to them the objectivity and infallibility that are ultimately attributes only of godhead. The tradition persists that they belong to no economic group or class; that they are not touched by economic interests; that their decisions proceed through some inspired way of arriving at the truth; that they sit in their robes like haughty gods, unaffected by the prejudices that move common men.

How long a myth built of such baseless fabric can continue is another matter. It is undoubtedly weakening and may be expected in the end to crumble. Meanwhile, however, its force and its hold on the popular mind are enough to daunt Mr. Roosevelt and keep him from making an open attack on the court's power. In the end it will

not be the Roosevelts who will restore to the popular will the power of deciding on economic issues. The Supreme Court may be expected to be its own bitterest enemy. Even the myth of the divine right of judges will not survive many more decisions like Mr. Justice Roberts's masterly essay in obfuscation in the Hoosac case.

Arms Over Europe

V. Mussolini Outbluffs England

By LOUIS FISCHER

Rome, January 3

ALL Rome is divided into three parts: the servants of the Pope and God, who wear cassocks and do not mix in politics; the servants of the King and Mussolini, who wear military uniforms and are paid to obey orders; and the civil servants of the dictatorship. Somewhere in every French political discussion one person will say: "Ah, but Paris is not France." Nor is Rome Italy. It is more prosperous-looking, more politically-minded, and more pro-Fascist than the rest of the country. And it is filled with designated and voluntary propagandists for the regime whose charm and eloquence put foreigners under tremendous, often irresistible intellectual pressure.

With this reservation, one must recognize in Rome that the League of Nations sanctions have for the moment consolidated Mussolini's domestic support. When active war preparations commenced, the nation opened its mouth for the first time in thirteen years and complained and criticized. The Ethiopian war was not and is not popular in Italy. Soldiers have failed to report at the time of embarkation for Africa. Many citizens in the north have crossed into foreign territory, and numbers have endeavored to prove foreign citizenship. In the presence of His Excellency Crollanza, a high Fascist dignitary, who was showing me the fine work of reclaiming the Pontine Marshes, I asked a Fascist official why he was not in East Africa, and he replied, "One war was enough for me." There was opposition to the war in government bureaus, from the general public, among workers—Genoa saw some strikes—and in the army. In 1932 Mussolini instructed the General Staff to draft a plan for an Ethiopian war. The military warned that such a campaign would require at least three years of intense fighting and much expensive preparation. It would, moreover, weaken Italy in Europe. This was the narrow view of experts; Mussolini knew the political and social reasons for a war. In the beginning, therefore, many army leaders sulked. The King too was disaffected. When Mussolini's picture flashed across cinema screens scarcely a hand applauded. No longer did crowds gather in the Piazza Venezia to demand that Il Duce appear on the balcony.

Sanctions were a windfall. Mussolini is a consummate politician. Anti-British feeling was fanned by the press. Though not at all menaced, the British Embassy was surrounded by troops when sanctions were imposed. They served to point out the enemy to the populace. The opposition beat a retreat. Thereafter the regime stressed the hostility of foreign powers to Italy instead of Italy's hostility

to Ethiopia. A special cookbook appeared with the title "Economical Meals for Sanctions' Time," not war time. This is typical of Mussolini's shrewd strategy. The whole world has combined against Italy; Fascism played on the nationalistic chord. Inveterate anti-Fascists at home and abroad placed themselves at the disposal of the regime. Even the royal family fell into line.

In Rome I asked every Fascist and every foreign military attaché I met why Mussolini had decided to make war with a huge army instead of taking a page out of the Japanese book and provoking a plausible incident which would warrant intervention or bribing some chiefs to declare themselves autonomous and beg Italy for assistance. Some Italians replied that such methods were not worthy of a proud nation. Signor Edmondo Rossoni, member of the Grand Fascist Council, said they feared a second Adowa. But a force of 50,000 men equipped with tanks, cannon, and aeroplanes could prevent a repetition of the 1896 disaster. Actually the size of the Italian army in Ethiopia is encumbering its progress. In explaining the lull on all fronts Marshal Badoglio declared, "Soldiers must be fed"; and the more there are of them the slower becomes the advance. Moreover, we know that Italy did buy tribal leaders before the war started. Baron Franchetti purchased the submission of Ras Gugsa and several other chiefs prior to the opening of hostilities; and it was because the British disliked Franchetti's activities, Italians privately assert, that the aeroplane in which this Venetian Jewish nobleman was returning to Rome met with a mysterious and fatal accident fifteen minutes after it left the Cairo aerodrome. Be that as it may, the question remains why Franchetti's approved tactic was not applied more widely.

When Anthony Eden visited Rome in June, 1935, he offered Mussolini Ogaden north to the eighth parallel and west to the forty-second meridian. But Mussolini demanded all non-Amharic territory, plus control over the Negus such as the French exercise in Morocco over the Sultan. Knowing he could not get this with British consent he suggested that if he made war he would take the entire country, and he moved his hand around and around above the map of Abyssinia which lay in front of them. In Paris, in August, Italy was offered more territory than Eden had been ready to grant, and also special advantages which might, in time, have enabled it to absorb other large parts of the land. Such a scheme would not have antagonized Britain and the League or taxed Italy's limited financial resources. Mussolini spurned it.

Everything points to the same conclusion: the Italian regime thought that at home and abroad there was more to gain from fighting than from negotiating, from battles than from bribes to princes. This also must be considered: Italy had a peace-time army of 250,000 to 300,000 men. Mussolini's principle, the moment troop shipments started, was to replace every soldier who went to Eritrea with another for duty in Italy. Since the East Africa army today numbers approximately 250,000 (plus 35,000 laborers), one would expect the home army to consist of between 200,000 and 300,000 men. But its actual strength is 900,000, perhaps 1,000,000. Did Mussolini wish to be prepared for a war in Europe; did he expect a world-wide conflagration? Or was he dealing with another problem, the problem of unemployment and domestic unrest? Despite the fact that a million men joined the army in 1935 and that many more found work in munitions plants, there were 628,000 Italian unemployed in September, 1935. There may have been almost two million, then, before the war started—a large number in a poor country of 44,000,000 inhabitants. After circumstances had convinced the government of the advisability of a war, this factor could hasten the final decision and give the war its large-scale, grandiose character. It has already militated against an early peace.

When I asked seasoned observers what would happen in Italy if, a month or two from now, peace were re-established, they all agreed that "things would be pretty bad." "The majority of Italian soldiers in Abyssinia," Rossoni had said to me, "will naturally return home, for many of them are city people with roots in Italy." There would be more unemployment. The war had so far solved nothing. What Italy may get in Ethiopia now or in the near future cannot yield quick fruit. On the other hand, every day of war costs the Italian nation, it is stated, 30,000,000 lire which it can hardly afford. Sanctions are taking their toll; hoarding, speculative buying, a few price increases, and general economic dislocation have begun. On October 16 Mussolini disclosed his terms to Laval for the first time since the trouble commenced. He wanted all non-Amharic territory, with League control, through foreign advisers, over the rest of Abyssinia. This was less than the British and French foreign ministers proposed. On the whole, therefore, the Laval-Hoare proposition presented him with a difficult choice.

Before Mussolini made up his mind he sought to analyze the minds of Laval and Hoare. The case of Laval presented little difficulty. Laval had blessed Italy's invasion of Ethiopia, by implication at least, on January 7, 1935. He had been dragooned into sanctions by the British. He disliked making an enemy of Italy because of some African waste lands. But what of Hoare? Were not the British bent on being firm? Had they not mobilized half the world for their struggle with Mussolini? Why the volte-face? Britain indubitably wished to reassert her might but soon discovered that this involved a strain and a risk. The crisis came over oil sanctions. Laval had caused them to be postponed once, but the League Committee of Eighteen was scheduled to meet on December 12 to decide for or against applying them. I spent the nine days preceding that date in Rome, and Rome talked of nothing else. Italy, I was told, possessed several months' reserves of petroleum, but oil sanctions must ultimately paralyze her military and industrial activities, and Mussolini, Italians added—sometimes a

bit hysterically—would not allow himself to be trapped and destroyed in this base manner. He would fight. He would fight the whole world. "This will be a romantic form of suicide," I suggested. "Yes," came the reply more than once, "but it is better to go down in a blaze of glory than to die inch by inch under foreign pressure." Then military experts and Fascists went to the ubiquitous map of the Mediterranean. "You see this island?" they would say. "It is called Pantelleria. It lies just between Sicily and Tunis, forty-five miles from Sicily. Italian submarines and aeroplanes could close that gate and lock out the British fleet in the western Mediterranean. Italy could then fight in the eastern part for a long time. Italy has more bombers than you think. The Italian airmen are intrepid and expert. Recall Balbo's formation flight to America. Italo Balbo is in Libya. Look at this map. You see this circle? It represents the range of Italy's bombers in Libya. You notice that the circle includes Alexandria. From the Dodecanese Islands Italy can bomb Cyprus. In the British House of Lords it has been admitted that Malta is already worthless. Italy can do a lot of damage." A particularly frantic Italian contributed these ideas: "If all hope is lost, we will smash everything within our range. Is it better to lose India than Ethiopia? England will regret all this. We will all go down together. We will become a nation of brigands. I will become a brigand." At the moment he was the elegantly dressed director of a big commercial establishment. Was all this merely talk? It impressed diplomats in Rome. It impressed Laval and Hoare as well.

Other facts fill out the picture of the Laval-Hoare proposal. The terms were sent to Mussolini on December 10. On December 12 the constitution of 1923 was returned to Egypt. Sir Samuel Hoare had asserted at the Guildhall banquet in November that the constitution had been dropped. Riots followed on the Nile. Few realize how serious the situation might have become if Mussolini, as part of a "smash-all" decision, had marched a small army from Libya into a disaffected Egypt. It would have been difficult but possible. Egypt is part of the Mediterranean front, but it is really a front in itself, and it has played a large role in the formulation of British policy toward Ethiopia. Moreover, what might a desperate Mussolini do on another British front, on the German front? There were rumors of a rapprochement between Mussolini and Hitler. Just before sanctions were applied, Mussolini had warned Laval that he might, if pressed, alter his policy with respect to Germany's position in Austria.

Difficulties in Egypt, dangers to the Mediterranean fleet, possibilities in Germany, and, as Baldwin said in the House, "it is no easy matter to stop oil going to Italy," particularly when the United States failed to apply an embargo. London consequently faltered. The upshot of it all is this: Mussolini, with a very bad hand, played such wonderful poker that he succeeded, for one moment at least, in bluffing John Bull, whose cards were much better but who was afraid of going in for excessive stakes. In fact, the stakes are not big; Mussolini could not hold out very long against England and France. But if Mussolini is pushed to the wall, Europe and Italy will become even more interesting and exciting than they are today.

[A sixth article by Mr. Fischer on international relations in Europe will appear in the issue of February 12.]

The Last War and the Next

II. What Does Neutrality Mean?

By WALTER MILLIS

THE problem of neutrality, as it has now at last been posed before the nation, is a problem in applying the uncertain lessons of a complex past to the control of policy in an unforeseeable future. Its difficulties should be obvious. Yet the first and most fundamental lesson of our experience in 1914-17 is still the reasonably simple one that in order to maintain American neutrality America must be neutral. It is useless to discuss the question of keeping the country out of another foreign war except upon the assumption that the war will be one which the country will believe that it should keep out of. The nation—which is to say, those influential and vocal elements that so largely determine the current attitudes and momentary expedients of government—must at least begin with a conviction that the foreign conflict is not our conflict and, what is more important, that its outcome is a matter of no overwhelming importance to the United States.

The folly of the President's attempt to found a policy of neutrality upon the assumption that 90 per cent of the world is peace-loving by nature and that any foreign war must spring from an immoral aggression on the part of the dangerously wicked 10 per cent is surely too plain for discussion. It was precisely that attitude which was the deepest single "cause" of our entanglement last time. If in another crisis it is adopted by our powerful captains of industry and our greatest financial magnates, by the corporation lawyers who normally staff the higher reaches of the Administration and its foreign services, by our press lords and the rabble of college presidents, professional interviewees, and other lay preachers who follow in their train, and by the professional politicians who sway to the winds of such influences, then the United States will not be neutral. In spite of whatever Presidential proclamations of neutrality may be issued, there will soon appear again a tremendous combination of pressures blocking every attempt to free the country from the war complex and strengthening every force tending to establish it; it is unlikely that any abstract legislation adopted in peace time would withstand the tide, and again, as before, the issue of an actual military participation in the conflict would doubtless depend before long upon external circumstances which we should be powerless to control.

No neutrality legislation can guarantee in advance that the country will be neutral when the actual crisis appears. One may even go farther and say that if the country were genuinely neutral, the old-established laws and precedents would largely suffice, and it would be a relatively simple matter to secure any new powers from Congress as the need for them arose. Even in 1915 President Wilson could readily have got an arms embargo from Congress had he wished to do so; while as late as 1916 he had to exert all his influence to *prevent* the passage of the Gore-McLemore resolutions, which would have withdrawn protection from citizens traveling in the maritime war zones, as the present neutrality measures propose to do. There is, indeed, a cer-

tain danger in writing too drastic neutrality laws upon the books beforehand; for there is always the possibility that political or economic pressures, or simply some concatenation of events unforeseen when the laws were drafted, may force their repeal, and the neutral state is certainly far more directly compromised by the repeal of legislation already in force than by a simple failure to enact such legislation.

Yet this by no means demonstrates the futility of such legislation. Rather, it serves to define more precisely the real ends which a neutrality act can hope to accomplish and the basic objectives at which, in consequence, it should be directed. Two things such an act can, perhaps, achieve. The first is to set up in time of peace large, plainly lettered, and inescapable warning signs, informing the populace and in particular its bankers and business men, editors and politicians, that if in another foreign crisis they set out to drive the nation recklessly and at top speed down the road to war, then war is the place where they are most likely to end.

This function of a neutrality act is admittedly more educational than immediately practical; but it is not for that reason an unimportant one. It is to be suspected, indeed, that it is by far the most important function which a peacetime act can perform. Mr. J. P. Morgan has just informed the Nye committee that the fact that the Allies "found us useful" in mobilizing in their behalf the financial and economic power of the American people in a major struggle in which the American people supposed themselves to be neutral is still "the fact of which I am most proud in all my business life of forty-five years." A mandatory embargo on loans to belligerent governments—which there are various possible means of evading—might not prevent Mr. Morgan from again rendering so great a service to a foreign power. It might, however, lead him very seriously to consider what he was doing before a second time devoting himself to such a cause; and it should certainly impress upon him a far livelier sense of the public responsibility attaching to his private actions than he now seems willing to admit.

Similarly, restrictions on commodity exports might easily break down in practice, but their existence should nevertheless force the ordinary manufacturer and farmer, the politician and the newspaper reader, to face this basic question of neutrality at the beginning. Indeed, the mere debate over such measures is already doing so. In a new book Mr. Allen W. Dulles and Mr. Hamilton Fish Armstrong have discovered that an American export embargo might work to promote a conquest of China by Japan or "weight the world against the kind of government to which the United States is dedicated" by facilitating a victory of the German and Italian dictatorships over Franco-British democracy. For this reason they are, perhaps rightly, skeptical of commercial embargoes. But far from demonstrating the futility of such embargoes as a neutrality measure, this only demonstrates that in the given cases Messrs. Dulles and Armstrong would not wish to be neutral. In this way, the presence of a

strong embargo act upon the books might compel the country as a whole to decide, at the outset, whether its primary purpose was to maintain neutrality or to maintain the territorial integrity of China or the military security of France and Britain in Europe. If the decision is in the latter sense, then neutrality of course becomes a dead issue, and the only problem is the practical, though somewhat ignoble, one of seeing to it that as far as possible other nations do our actual fighting for us. But the neutrality act will have helped to insure that the decision is recognized for what it is, made clearly and consciously, and based upon some more rational concept of genuine national interest than the emotional reactions to the first waves of war hysteria.

This is the first possible function of peace-time neutrality legislation. Assuming that the country does meet the foreign-war crisis with a conscious policy of genuine neutrality, there remains the second function which such legislation can be expected to perform. Not the least significant lesson of our last experience is its demonstration that the outbreak of any modern great war must be an instant and violent shock to our own economy, indeed, to our whole established complex of "national interests." On July 24, 1914, the United States, though suffering from a business recession, was moving comfortably enough through a world which seemed to present no issues graver than the pasteboard problems of party politics; by August 4 we were facing financial collapse and economic disaster while we were swamped under a deluge of lesser difficulties any one of which would have been a major sensation by itself in normal times. So another great war is certain to create, at its outbreak and during its further progress, a complex of problems which American statesmanship will be called upon to solve. The second possible function of peace-time neutrality legislation is to prepare as well as may be solutions which will not include the final confession of diplomatic bankruptcy represented by a resort to war.

Here the first obstacle to be recognized is the difficulty of anticipating the exact conditions which will be presented. If the foreign war is such a minor one as that between Italy and Ethiopia, it will present no problem; but if the legislation is designed only to meet such a major war as one between the League powers and an Italo-German combination, then it may be perverted, as the neutrality act of 1935 was perverted, to entangle the country in the minor conflict which it was not intended to cover. Legislation providing against another major European war—which would almost necessarily repeat the 1914 situation, with one side overwhelmingly predominant at sea—would hardly apply to a Russo-Japanese conflict, in which each belligerent could doubtless keep its back door open to American imports; while a world war in which Japan joined the Central Powers and perhaps Italy against Great Britain, France, and Russia would present complexities not easy to analyze in advance.

In other ways the problem would be quite different from what it was in 1914. For technical reasons it is doubtful whether the submarine can ever again play as nearly dominant a role as it did in the spring of 1917. On the other hand, the aeroplane, in conjunction with the submarine and mine, has put the old-fashioned "close" blockade out of the question, and so rendered inapplicable the great body of international law and precedent on that subject. Maritime war zones—the new concept which we so sternly rejected

in 1915—would seem to have become a military necessity, though a legal apparatus for regularizing them scarcely exists at present. In the economic no less than in the military field significant differences may be anticipated. For one thing, we possess a much stronger munitions industry than we had in 1914, which will of course be thirsting for profits; and that extremely important branch of it which manufactures aeroplanes and aeroplane engines commands an extraordinary popular sympathy and support never accorded the makers of the more pedestrian instruments of slaughter. We now have a considerable merchant marine under our own flag; its existence will make it more difficult for a foreign sea power to control our commerce, as the Allies did from 1914 on, but will at the same time increase the risk of explosive incidents. On the other hand, the trend toward national self-sufficiency leaves the whole future position of international trade and its importance to our domestic economy in some doubt; while other powers lack the cash and collateral resources available to them in 1914 for mobilizing American industry in their behalf.

With so many unknown variables present, it is impossible to solve the equation in advance. Particularly is it futile to attempt to search out every point at which a controversy with one or the other of the belligerents might arise, and provide against each by a specific waiver of neutral "rights" or a specific commitment to observe more exacting neutral "duties." The provisions of the Pittman bill, authorizing the President to withdraw protection from nationals trading with or traveling to belligerent countries, might under certain circumstances prevent the development of some kinds of controversy, but there are many possible kinds of controversy which they do not cover, and circumstances could easily arise under which an unwise use of the power would invite trouble. Their real value is simply as an instrument for impressing upon the country the fact that all neutral "rights" are more or less shadowy substances with no final sanctity attaching to them, and that it is always within the discretion of any government to grant or withhold protection to its citizens abroad, not in accordance with the desires of the citizens but in accordance with the broad ends of national policy and interest. With such a statute on the books the Executive faced with another Lusitania crisis—or with the threat of it—would have a means which President Wilson lacked for controlling the tremendous emotional forces involved. It seems unlikely that legislation can, in this field, do more; and the Pittman bill doubtless does this well enough.

But the fact that last time we acquiesced in many Entente violations of our claimed "rights" which we probably would not have tolerated for a moment from the Germans seems sufficient proof that the controversies themselves are of minor importance. It is not to the elimination of the inevitable surface frictions that one must look for the real safeguard, but to preventing the development of deeper explosive forces which these frictions might ignite. Here is the most significant, and obviously the most difficult, task before the author of any neutrality legislation. What he must prepare for is a sudden and violent dislocation, in quite unforeseeable directions, of the whole established political and economic framework. The first impact upon the United States might, as last time, cause a severe economic depres-

sion; it might come in the form of a sudden and unhealthy prosperity. The emotional impact would certainly be a powerful one and probably of first importance in the development of later events; and one cannot help asking whether peace-time legislation, by considering questions of propaganda, communications, and so on, could not usefully give more attention to this phase of the subject. But so far Washington has concentrated its efforts primarily upon the economic aspects. How can present legislation discourage the reappearance of a great "vested interest" in the success of one side in the struggle, tying our own economy in with that of one belligerent, inciting the other to attack us and exacerbating the emotional force of every controversy with him, tending to bind the hands of the government in its efforts to control the situation, and perhaps forcing us at last to come to the rescue of the favored side in order to save our own economic skins?

Clearly, the broad answer seems to be by preserving as nearly as possible our normal peace-time economic relationships. Today, as throughout the long history of neutrality, the ideal solution is to secure the maintenance of our normal trade relationships with both belligerents; and because even now certain quite possible war situations might present a balance of forces that would enable us to maintain them, one must look with suspicion on too hasty and complete a surrender of the older concepts of neutral rights. For this reason, if for no other, mandatory embargoes on the primary commercial exports seem to be ruled out, for however they might work in practice they would necessarily destroy at the outset the normal economic system. If the outbreak of the war struck us first, as it did last time, through a loss of foreign trade, mandatory embargoes would merely intensify the suffering and heighten the pressure for relief through an abandonment of neutrality. Permissive authority to embargo commercial exports, however, would be a powerful weapon in the hands of a skilful and determinedly neutral President for defending our commerce against belligerent interference and so maintaining more or less the status quo ante. The trouble is that one cannot count on a President who would be both skilful and neutral, and if he failed in either respect the result might be disaster.

Though in the case of, say, a Russo-Japanese war we might be able to maintain our normal commerce with both belligerents, it seems unlikely that the most skilful President, with the widest authority, could do so in the case of another general European war. The problem becomes therefore one of providing the means for adjustment to a situation not exactly foreseeable and probably of a rapidly changing character. Again the mandatory commercial embargo is ruled out, for it is impossible to make adjustments with a rigid instrument. The mandatory embargo on loans to belligerent governments, which places a kind of extreme upper limit upon any adjustment through an abnormal expansion of war exports, is doubtless valuable. It must be recognized, however, that the possibility of evading it or of breaking it down—as happened last time—through resort to the mechanisms of commercial credit, triangular or private loans, cannot easily be guarded against except at the cost of destroying the financing of ordinary trade. And if it sets an upper limit upon the development of an unhealthy war trade, it provides no lower limit to check a war depression.

Aside from the mandatory embargo on actual munitions

—a question which seems to be of relatively minor consequence—about the only other device in the present bill for controlling our economic relationship to the war is the permissive embargo on commercial exports. Except as a threat, however, this power seems at once too feeble and too sweeping to be of great practical use. On the one hand, it is difficult to prevent its evasion by the routing of exports through some other neutral country; on the other hand, if it could be made effective it would in a great war be too dangerous to our own export trade to be put into operation. While it cuts off excessive exports to one side, again it offers no means of recouping the loss of exports to the other. Some more subtle instrument seems necessary, and it has been searched for in a rationing or quota system. It has been suggested that legislation, either permissive or mandatory, should confine commercial exports to belligerents to the pre-war average. Yet in this simple form it is still open to most of the same objections. There is still the problem of exports by way of neutrals; if this were met by extending the quotas to all countries, the gap left in our export trade by the cutting off of certain belligerents would remain. When great foreign trading nations, moreover, find their energies absorbed by war, their former customers must apply elsewhere. For a neutral United States this would offer a legitimate increase in exports, and one from which it would be very difficult to withhold our own producers.

What seems to be wanted is some flexible instrument for the control of our foreign trade in war time which, while maintaining an upper limit on our *total* exports to all nations somewhere near the pre-war level, will permit of a wide range of readjustment within this limit as between both neutral and belligerent powers. To construct such an instrument is not easy. The experience of the European countries with quota controls during the depression may suggest means of going about it; the enactment of a simple permissive embargo law now may provide a foundation upon which the necessary refinements can be erected. But at all events, it will take much more time and thought than are available in a hurried session at the beginning of a Presidential year to build real machinery for the control even of the economic factors in a war crisis. Perhaps the real point of the whole present neutrality debate is simply its indication of the complexity of the subject, and our immense lack of concepts, public instruments, and popular understanding necessary to begin to deal adequately with it.

But there is one other lesson to be derived from the argument. And that is that while permissive powers seem unavoidable in any attempt to deal with an unpredictable future, any permissive power carries with it as great a danger of misuse as a hope of successful application to the end intended. If the President is to have power to deal with such violent situations as are here anticipated, they must be real powers, and that means that they must be as powerful for ill as for good. It is to be suspected that the ancillary as well as the possible direct advantages of neutrality legislation outweigh the dangers; but the dangers are there, and the only final safeguard against them lies in the American people's ability to understand its own objectives and control its own governmental agencies for their attainment.

[This is the last of two articles by Mr. Millis on *The Last War and the Next*.]

Washington Weekly

By PAUL W. WARD

Washington, January 19

THE Supreme Court's cardinal function, beating the living with the bones of the dead, has just been taken over for a few hours by the United States Senate, with results threatening an abrupt end to the munitions investigation and defeat to the exponents of a more rigorous neutrality bill than the Administration desires.

Ostensibly, all this has come about because the blundering Nye wounded the feelings of Tom Connally, Carter Glass, and other Wilson idolators by impugning the honesty of Harding's predecessor. Actually, many other forces contributed to the Senate flare-up that followed. There is a nasty story going around Washington to the effect that the Nye committee was about to present certain evidence—a matter of recent aeroplane salesmanship in relation to a foreign power—that would strike close to the present occupant of the White House.

It is known that the committee has in its secret files certain data that, if disclosed, would be embarrassing to Mr. Roosevelt. But it is far from certain that this circumstance had anything to do with starting the current effort to end the munitions probe by refusing Nye's committee the \$5,000 to \$10,000 needed to complete its job. On the other hand, it is clear that something more than worship for Wilson's memory moved some of those who supported the outraged Connally and Glass in their absurdly vituperative attack on Nye and his work. There is no doubt, for example, that malign advantage was taken of the situation by a number of Senators who are opposed to any form of neutrality legislation that would put restrictions on cotton, oil, or metals shipments to belligerents beyond the reach of political manipulation.

Nor can there be any doubt that others welcomed the opportunity provided to yield—under cover of an assumed love for Wilson's shade—to pressure from their Italian-American constituents in respect to neutrality legislation. Members of Congress, especially those from New York and New Jersey, have been subjected to heavy pressure of that kind in the last week. Delegations from Italian sections of the East have descended on the Capitol bearing promises of reelection for Congressmen who see to it that any neutrality legislation enacted at this session exempts the Italo-Ethiopian situation. To do otherwise, they argue, would be what the diplomats call an "unfriendly act." Persons closely following the progress of the neutrality legislation in committee report that this newest of Washington lobbies already has made some progress. Though the artichoke and tomato kings who make up this pro-Duce lobby will probably not succeed in their basic effort, they may achieve their secondary aim, which is to see that there is no stringent provision with respect to embargoes on raw materials in the bill that Congress passes. Nye's blunder will have helped them there.

IRONICALLY, the storm of invective that blunder loosed in the Senate held up action on the bill to indemnify the Americans who physically paid the price of making the world safe for democracy. When the storm broke, the Senate gal-

leries were jammed with representatives of all the veterans' organizations, come to see their two-billion-dollar bonus bill rushed through the Senate for the next to the last time. They confidently expect Roosevelt to veto the bill and have even sent word to him that such an act will not be held against him by their followers at the polls in November. They expect, just as confidently, to pass the bill over his veto. His legislative field marshals, including Speaker Byrns, who in the past has always voted against the bonus, are all hurrying to get their names down as supporters of the current bill, after failing in their efforts to obtain from the White House instructions as to what position the Administration wants them to take.

Morgenthau, who as Secretary of the Treasury is at least nominally in charge of the federal government's purse, also was barren of instructions when he appeared before the Senate Finance Committee a few days ago to discuss the budgetary situation. Thanks to Senator Couzens, who holds to an old-fashioned belief that the government belongs to the people and that they have a right, therefore, to know what it is doing, we now know that even in the opinion of the Secretary of the Treasury the federal credit is approaching a perilously strained condition that must be checked either by reductions in spending or by an increase in taxation. Roosevelt still thinks he cannot afford the latter. The nation cannot afford the former. And under typical Rooseveltian management the nation will get neither in any substantial degree.

* * * *

WHILE on the subject of finance, I should like to direct attention to one phase of the New Deal in banking that has just been completed. When the nation's banking structure came tumbling down in 1933, one of the edifices that crashed with an especially loud roar was the huge First National Bank of Detroit. Later a Senate investigation was to show that the structure ought to have been razed months, if not years, earlier if its depositors and countless investors were to be protected from the results of the financial manipulations practiced by the banking group's operators. They had dealt lavishly with themselves in loans to finance their speculations in the bank's shares and in real estate, and then had resorted to every trick their lawyers and accountants could devise to hide the bank's condition and keep the dollars of depositors rolling in and their own loans from being called.

In the end, of course, those tricks were of no avail, and the institution was thrown into receivership. Out of the resulting liquidation it has been possible to pay the depositors amounts totaling no more than 70 per cent, and long ago it became necessary to turn to the directors for collection of their statutory liability, amounting to \$29,000,000. Since the bank's directorate of 110 members included all the leading industrialists of Detroit and dummies representing virtually all the big automobile corporations, since these interests, according to their latest statements, have again grown rich and fat about the exchequer, since some of the men involved are millionaires many times over, and since under the law

they were individually as well as collectively liable for the whole \$29,000,000—you naturally would assume that Mr. J. F. T. O'Connor, Comptroller of the Currency, would insist upon payment of the entire amount. But you would be wrong. Mr. O'Connor has just settled for thirteen cents on the dollar, or a total of \$3,800,000.

What is more, the compromise settlement was made the occasion of a sort of public jubilation in the federal courtroom at Detroit, to which it had to be taken for formal approval by Judge Edward J. Moinet. All the parties to the compact, including the Treasury's lawyers, the directors' lawyers, and Judge Moinet, joined in praising one another. After sealing away from "gossips" the documents that would show how the compromise was reached, who paid what and who paid nothing, Judge Moinet, a Coolidge appointee, topped off the proceedings with a windy speech in which he eulogized the men responsible for the bank's crash and assured all within sound of his voice that no more honest men ever trod the earth. Neither he nor the Detroit press, whose headlines screamed "Banking Group Gets Clean Bill" and "Bankers Vindicated by Court," even mentioned the fact that a number of directors in question have been under criminal indictment since June, 1934, for multiple violations of the National Banking Act.

* * * *

IT is probable that only a nasty, suspicious mind would perceive any parallel between these happenings at Detroit and certain phenomena exhibited at the Jackson Day dinner here and the meeting of the Democratic National Committee that followed it. In a place of honor close by the President and immediately next to the Vice-President of the United States at the dinner sat J. Bruce Kremer, who back in 1933 patriotically had yielded to the Roosevelt edict that no New Dealer should attempt to cash in on membership in the Democratic National Committee. Mr. Kremer yielded by giving up his committee post and setting up a luxurious law shop here directly across the hall from a similar establishment opened by Arthur F. Mullen, another committeeman who agreed with Mr. Roosevelt.

How right they were, at least from the standpoint of usefulness, has been proved several times over. Mr. Kremer, freed of the responsibilities of representing Montana on the committee, was able last summer to render \$5,000 worth of services to one of the power consortiums fighting the Administration's holding-company bill. And it has just been disclosed that he was successful last summer in persuading the Department of Justice, under his old pal, Cummings, to approve a \$250,000 payment to the claimants in settlement of the fifteen-year-old Niowa-Shipping Board case. In two earlier Administrations the department had refused to honor the claim.

While Mr. Kremer has been busy with such matters, Mr. Mullen has been similarly occupied. Mr. Mullen, who represented Nebraska on the committee and was a Roosevelt floor leader at the 1932 convention, collected \$25,000 from power interests for aiding them in their fight against the Administration's holding-company bill. A few months ago it was revealed that he was seeking a fee in the neighborhood of \$175,000 from two Nebraska public authorities for services rendered in connection with the establishment of two PWA-financed power projects in that state.

The best part of it all is that Messrs. Kremer and Mul-

len have found a way of eating their cake and keeping it too. Both these men, whose resignations from the national committee contributed so mightily to the Roosevelt Administration's early reputation for moral and political probity, took an active part in the committee's deliberations the day after the dinner. Kremer attended on a proxy from Alaska. Mullen was there on a proxy from Puerto Rico. Robert Jackson, of New Hampshire, another who preferred the role of political lawyer to a committee post, also was in attendance. His son-in-law, W. Forbes Morgan, had succeeded him as committee secretary. Frank Hague, the New Jersey saint, was there, too, along with Horatio J. Abbott, whom Secretary Morgenthau forced to resign as Collector of Internal Revenue at Detroit under charges that his collectors were gathering campaign funds instead of taxes. Near them sat William A. Julian, who somehow never heard Mr. Roosevelt's call for all public office-holders to get off the committee. Mr. Julian occupies an even more obscure role than that of the Vice-President. He is Treasurer of the United States.

Loose Construction

By HEYWOOD BROWN

THE broadcast entitled "Liberty at the Crossroads" which the two big chains refused was a most interesting radio revelation of Republican psychology. It contained a mother-in-law joke which was undoubtedly inserted to show that the G. O. P. is faithful to the ancient traditions of this country, and there was also a mildly off-color anecdote to preserve the Lincolnian approach.

But chiefly I was interested in Chairman Fletcher's estimate of the intelligence of the average voter. In one of the sketches, if they may be dignified by such a name, two characters, John and Mary, are introduced as "typical young Americans." John's recurrent phrase is "Huh? Sure." He describes an expected wedding gift as "a bedroom soot." The existence of such a thing as a national debt comes to him as a complete surprise. He is utterly amazed when he is told that he himself is a part of the government. As a matter of fact, he can hardly be blamed for that after some recent Supreme Court decisions.

But all in all John Albert Smith is presented as a complete moron and his fiancée, Mary Phoebe Jones, as a young lady who has not yet quite made that grade. This in the eyes of the Republican National Committee is a typical American couple. The sincerity of Dr. Fletcher's belief in this state of affairs is illustrated by the fact that John is solemnly advised that the farmers of America will be completely ruined if they receive high prices for their products. Mr. Fletcher has a touching faith that the average American is all set to say "Huh? Sure" to any economic hand-me-down the G. O. P. has to offer. But isn't there at least a chance that the line may be revised to read, "Huh? Not on your life."

* * *

I THINK there may be some passing interest, too, in the identity of the author who wrote "Liberty at the Crossroads" entire, jokes, economic theories, and everything but the music. He was born in Iowa and his name is Henry

Fisk Carlton. Mr. Carlton was an instructor at the University of Missouri and after service in the war took Professor Baker's English 47 at Harvard. He wrote a play which was produced on Broadway, and in 1925 became an instructor in English at New York University.

But at this point one cannot help making the inquiry: "Why, I thought the Republican Party was all against the professor in politics. Haven't I read somewhere that we are being led to our doom by the crackbrained theories of Ph.D.'s from Columbia and Harvard?"

On closer examination I find that Mr. Fletcher could easily make an adequate reply. Henry Fisk Carlton is only an M. A. and an instructor. He has all the book learning the Republican Party can afford to use and even at that he has to stoop a little.

WALTER LIPPMANN, plutocracy's favorite Pippa, finds that all's well with the world now that the Supreme Court's in its heaven and the Triple A has been killed. "The court has cleared the way for a far better agricultural problem," he writes. Mr. Lippmann has just discovered the problem of erosion, and he thinks we should have more scientific farming with the cultivation of legumes to hold the soil. He does not deal with the point that this will involve the constitutionality of the TVA and the even further question of whether the court would ever conceivably allow the government to manufacture low-priced phosphate fertilizer at Muscle Shoals and sell it directly to the farmer. There will be precious few legumes unless this is done.

Mr. Lippmann thinks the Supreme Court would certainly approve any law to promote really scientific farming "under the general-welfare clause." He asks naively, "What can be more truly a national interest than to preserve an agricultural population capable of feeding and clothing the American people and of conserving the land upon which the whole future depends?"

What, indeed! But I trust that Mr. Lippmann, in this Pippa phase of his political economy, will not continue to leap so blithely across the deep grave dug by the six stalwarts of the High Bench. If he had taken the trouble to turn the page he would have found the *Herald Tribune* in its leading editorial pointing with pride to the discomfiting words of Mr. Justice Roberts, "It [the Agricultural Adjustment Act] remains a means for effectuating the regulation of agricultural production, a matter not within the powers of Congress."

Of course Mr. Lippmann may argue, and argue very eloquently, that words may mean anything you want them to mean; indeed, that they mean two utterly divergent things if that happens to suit your convenience. But I would refer him to the words of Senator Norris, a man not unfamiliar with the ways of Congress or the courts. Before the Senate Agricultural Committee Senator Norris said, "I don't believe that if the Supreme Court decision stands we can pass any law to regulate agriculture."

That is certainly what the court said. I trust that Mr. Lippmann is not going to join its critics and detractors by subtly suggesting that it was only playing politics and that it has one ruling for a Democratic Administration and another for a Republican.

Correspondence

Cats, Dogs, and Children

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In your issue of January 8 you furnish us with an arresting editorial stating that a contributor of the *Englewood News* (December 12, 1935) reports that about one hundred starving families of that wealthy suburb are gleaning scraps of food along with the homeless dogs and cats.

Just to add to the grim humor of the affair, I will report that a number of my friends, seated around a bridge table some two weeks after the incident referred to, heard one of Englewood's affluent first ladies confess that she was organizing a local branch of the Association for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to look after homeless dogs and cats.

Would it be pushing inference beyond its legitimate office if we presumed that the light of publicity had stung Englewood's best people awake to a sense of social obligation to dogs and cats? That hungry dogs and cats should have to contend with children on the garbage heap for scraps of food should overwhelm our best citizens with a sense of shame.

New York, January 3

BEN HOWE

"Let Not Farmers and Planters Rise"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Apropos of your comment in the January 15 issue of *The Nation* on the Supreme Court AAA decision, we wish to call to your attention a poem written by a Jeffersonian critic of Federalist policy in 1798. Had the writer been a prophet as well as a poet, he might have dedicated it to Mr. Justice Roberts.

Let us always the poor beat down
And raise the rich to high renown
Lord if to this you don't agree,
We shall all on a level be—
And none will reverence the high blood,
Which do forbid we pray dear Lord.
Let not farmers and planters rise
To rank amongst the great and wise.

This was reprinted in "Essays in Honor of William E. Dodd," edited by Avery Craven, in the essay by Maude Howlett Woodfin on Contemporary Opinion in the Virginia of Thomas Jefferson.

BENJAMIN B. KENDRICK

MARY CATHERINE PROCTOR

Greensboro, N. C., January 13

"Help Build Palestine"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Your editorial on McDonald in the issue of January 15 studiously omits his profound appreciation of Palestine as the one positive hope for German Jewry and the spiritual emancipation of world Jewry. Liberals who do not cooperate with the Zionist cause subtly betray their liberalism and stamp their philo-Semitism as a selfish gesture. Keep your compassion; help build Palestine.

Burlington, Vt., January 9

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

Labor and Industry

How to Break a Labor Union

By RAY L. KRINGER

St. Louis, January 17

THE story of how the Brown Shoe Company smashed the unions in its plants in small towns of Illinois, Indiana, Tennessee, and Missouri was told by the present writer in *The Nation* of November 13. In that article the president of the International Boot and Shoe Workers' Union was quoted as follows: "It seems as though some hidden hand was able to bring about a situation which resulted in the return to our general office of the charters sent to locals." The "hidden hand" has now been fully disclosed in a hearing before the Regional Labor Board in St. Louis, which has issued a complaint charging the company with discrimination in firing four union employees in its Salem, Illinois, plant and with "inducing a Citizens' Committee to coerce, intimidate, and interfere with the employees in the exercise of the right" to organize and bargain collectively. Twenty-one days were required to take the testimony; and the 3,600-page transcript tells a sordid story.

John A. Bush, president of the Brown Company, testified that when he hired A. A. Ahner as "labor-relations counselor" he did not know Ahner was the head of a strike-breaking agency. The manufacturer explained that Ahner was employed in the spring of 1934 to relieve company officials of details incident to meeting with employees under Section 7-a of the National Industrial Recovery Act; he was not hired to break unions.

Termination of Ahner's connection with the shoe company happened to coincide with the dissolution of most of the locals of the Boot and Shoe Workers' Union in Brown plants. The locals in the Sullivan, Illinois, and the Charleston, Illinois, plants gave up their charters in August, 1935; the Mattoon local was dissolved the following month and the Salem local was disintegrating. Ahner's thirteen months' employment by the Brown Company at \$200 a month ended in September, 1935.

Ahner was engaged by President Bush of the Brown Company following a conference at which the "private detective" impressed the manufacturer as a "square-shooter." Bush declined to reveal who recommended Ahner. Compared with his nationally known competitors, Ahner is small fry—but judged by the growing list of his clients in the St. Louis area he is winning recognition. Ahner testified at the Labor Board hearing that he is sole owner of the A. A. Ahner Detective Agency and of Industrial Investigators and Engineers. He admitted that he received his training in the employ of the Railway Audit and Inspection Company, rated in the class of the Bergoff strike-breaking agency. Ahner went into business for himself about seven years ago. "It's worth lots of money to me," he testified.

Although Ahner's men were described by a former employee of his agency as a "slugging outfit," finesse rather than violence was employed for the most part to discourage membership of Brown Company workers in the Boot and Shoe Workers' Union. M. L. Norris, a union organizer in Salem, bore the brunt of the violence which occurred. On

one occasion Norris was lured from his home at night by a fake telephone call and slugged by unidentified assailants who ran their car against his and started an altercation. Norris "missed being killed by an inch," a physician testified. Several weeks later Norris was besieged in his home by a mob and threatened with a "one-way ride."

During the siege of the Norris home Police Commissioner George James of Salem called and requested the union organizer to turn in the charter of the shoe workers' local so that the Brown Company would not close the factory, as it had threatened to do. James was a member of the Citizens' Committee which took a leading part in the effort to kill the union movement. The Citizens' Committee also included Mayor Omer McMackin and leading merchants.

Mayor McMackin's testimony was one of the high lights of the hearing. On October 14, during a strike at the Salem factory, the Mayor assembled a group of special deputies and gave them orders to "stop that picketing by 11:30 a.m." McMackin acted after a telephone conversation with President Bush of the Brown Company in St. Louis. Several pickets were clubbed and kicked.

"Were your instructions to stop picketing in conformity with the laws of Illinois?" asked David Shaw, attorney for the Labor Board.

"Yes," replied the Mayor, and went on to explain that the law he had in mind was "one that says two or three persons, in an emergency, may be construed as a mob."

"Do you realize," pursued Attorney Shaw, "that there is a provision in the Constitution giving the right of freedom of assembly to citizens of this country?"

"When it comes to the courts that law doesn't stand in Illinois," was the answer of Mayor McMackin.

When asked to elaborate on his theory that "two or three may be a mob," Mayor McMackin explained that he wouldn't consider people gathered for an ice-cream social a mob, nor would he consider as such the gathering of members of the Citizens' Committee at the country club.

Among other witnesses for the shoe company was T. H. Lawyer, former president of the disbanded Sullivan local. After Lawyer's testimony that he was "always in hot water" with company officials, a rebuttal witness told of overhearing a long-distance telephone conversation between Lawyer and Walter Ekins, general superintendent for the Brown Company, on the night the Sullivan local burned its charter. Lawyer's part of the conversation was reported as follows: "Hello, Ekins. Yes, I did the job. I did what I told you I would do—burned the charter. About 200 voted in favor of it. I will never let them organize in this factory again. No, there is not much you can do for me." A few weeks later Lawyer moved to St. Louis and was given a job as salesman for the Brown Shoe Company. Ekins admitted that the company kept a paid spy in the Salem factory.

Clarence J. Gullion, president of the Joint Council of the Boot and Shoe Workers' Union, testified that Ahner once told him that the Brown Company "would give \$250

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000 to be rid of the union." The witness said that he took the remark as a "gentle hint that someone could sell the union to Ahner for that much."

Evidence brought out at the hearing showed that the Citizens' Committee kept up a constant barrage of petitions, statements, and threats to discourage membership in the union. In one instance a chain-store manager fired the father-in-law of the Salem union chairman because, it was testified, the store "wished to remain neutral in the trouble at the shoe factory." The breach of neutrality on the part of the store employee apparently occurred when he extended the hospitality of his home to a union organizer. The store manager, however, admitted that he himself attended meetings of the Citizens' Committee.

Salem union employees swore that factory foremen warned them that "they are going to do you exactly as they did the people in the other plants. The Brown Shoe Company does not intend to have unions in its plants." Citizens' committees functioned in Sullivan, Charleston, and Mattoon. They became most active after Ahner was hired by the shoe company as "labor-relations counselor." A member of Ahner's staff, Harry Widman, was placed in charge of labor at the Sullivan and Charleston plants. Widman worked in Sullivan with the Citizens' Committee, which hand-picked employees for the factory when it reopened after a brief shut-down in August, 1935. Factory shut-downs in Mattoon and Charleston because of "lack of orders" afforded merchant members of the citizens' committees opportunities to apply their greatest pressure upon union workers, by withdrawal of

credit. It was after such lay-offs that unions in these two towns voted to turn in their charters.

Government Attorney Shaw requested at the close of the hearing that the voluminous transcript in the case be sent to Washington to allow the entire National Labor Relations Board to issue a ruling.

Facts for Consumers

THE financial statements of the big packers make particularly interesting reading this year because of the packers' frequent protestations that high meat prices are bad business for them as well as for consumers. Wilson and Company had one of the most successful years in its history, with sales aggregating \$223,000,000 against \$100,000,000 for 1934. The reduction in live stock caused by the drought and the AAA resulted in only a 5 per cent decrease in the total volume of meat handled. Armour and Company also fared well. Sales increased from \$564,000,000 in 1934 to \$683,000,000 in 1935, or approximately 21 per cent, although the tonnage handled was 3 per cent less than the year before. If the \$9,791,172 reserved for the now void processing taxes is added to the company's net profit of \$9,377,849, it will be seen that Armour had indeed a gala year. It was the consumer who footed the bill for the drought.

* * *

FINAL argument in the now famous complaint of the Federal Trade Commission against the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company was heard last week. The commission contends that All-State tires made by Goodyear for Sears, Roebuck and All-Weather tires distributed under the Goodyear name are "entirely comparable," although the former sells for less. Goodyear, of course, denies this, and in its argument makes several points which consumers will find interesting.

The president of the company acknowledged that "there is no such thing as a first-line tire." A satisfactory standard of value, as far as the ultimate buyer is concerned, would be determined by mileage in actual performance, but such a standard is now admitted to be an impossibility. One of the engineers testified that despite careful control of specifications 300 per cent variability in performance was possible. Why, then, should the consumer pay attention to anything but price when buying a tire? As the *Consumer* suggests, "A tire is a tire, and differences between hundreds of makes are becoming less significant."

Goodyear inferentially conceded this when it argued that it was entitled to charge more for All-Weather tires because it had spent a fortune in advertising the Goodyear name. "We believe," said one of the company's lawyers, "that the showing of the total amount expended in respect of advertising for the full history of the company is relevant in giving some measure of that value which is given to Goodyear dealers in the sale of Goodyear tires and not to Sears, Roebuck in the sale of a tire to Sears, Roebuck." This "value," which obviously bears no relation to quality, amounted to some \$72,000,000. It appears, then, that the price charged the consumer is determined not by comparative value but by how extensively—and expensively—a tire is advertised.

The Goodyear matter is a test case for the Federal Trade Commission. In its decision the commission and eventually the courts will pass on the legality of selling identical merchandise at one price when it is nationally advertised and at a lower price when it is distributed under a private brand name through a chain store. Whether a decision against Goodyear will actually benefit consumers by price reductions is questionable.

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In commenting on the case the *Consumer* points out that a 25 per cent price differential between "first-line" Sears, Roebuck tires and Goodyear tires was suddenly decreased to 10 per cent. "One store," it says, "attributes the change in differential to a suggestion made by the Chase National Bank, connected with both Sears and Goodyear."

If the adverse publicity given Goodyear by government agencies continues, the rubber company can soon be expected to cry that it is being persecuted. A few days before the FTC hearing, Secretary of Labor Perkins made public the report of a fact-finding board which held that the company was wholly unjustified in attempting to extend the six-hour working day to eight hours, that it did not fairly enter into negotiations with its employees, and that the reduction in the cost of tires would be at the expense of the workers and would be negligible as far as the consumer was concerned.

Radio and newspaper puffing of another tire manufacturer, the General Tire and Rubber Company, makers of the "new general dual balloon tire," is deflated by a complaint issued by the FTC. Claims that the new tire is "blowout-proof" are alleged to be untrue.

* * *

IN its annual report the Federal Trade Commission makes two recommendations which, if carried out, would greatly increase its ability to protect consumers. Both are the outgrowth of experience in particular cases. The Marmola case of five years ago, in which the United States Supreme Court ruled that the commission had no authority to interfere with the sale of an admittedly harmful drug because no unfair competition had been proved, undoubtedly prompted the present suggestion for an amendment to Section 5 of the Federal Trade Commission Act to prohibit "unfair or deceptive acts and practices in commerce" as well as unfair methods of competition. Section 2 of the Clayton Act, under which action was brought against Goodyear, should be clarified, the commission suggests, so as clearly to "define the discrimination in price intended to be forbidden." The section now expressly permits variations in price which are the result of "differences in the . . . quantity of the commodity sold."

* * *

THE distributor of Bab-O, the B. T. Babbitt Company, has agreed by stipulation with the FTC "to stop asserting that Bab-O banishes dull film, water lines, or the most stubborn dirt instantly, that its use ends all scouring and scrubbing, that it will not harm nail polish and will soften hands, that Bab-O was discovered by scientists or is a new discovery."

* * *

THE Consumers' Division has again been transferred, this time to the Department of Labor. The record of play now stands—NEC to NRA to Secretary Perkins's DOL. According to Walton Hamilton, who continues as director, the transfer does not in any way affect the work or policies of the Consumers' Division. Long-time plans which cannot be completed for several years are being made by the division, indicating that the consumers' representatives in Washington now have a feeling of greater permanence. One of the first projects is to be a study of housing and house-furnishings, with the development of standard specifications. Projected also is a plan for the compilation of all available specifications for consumer goods, and their publication in conveniently sized booklets. Under Dr. Hamilton the division has shown a commendable independence, but it has not yet tested its strength against powerful commercial interests.

RUTH BRINDZE

[Facts for Consumers appears every other week in The Nation. Miss Brindze cannot answer questions in regard to the merits of individual products.]

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Revisitation

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What voice revisits me this night, what face
To my heart's room returns?
From that perpetual silence where the grace
Of human sainthood burns
Hastes he once more to harmonize and heal?
I know not. Only I feel
His influence undiminished,
And his life's work in me and many, unfinished.

O fathering friend and scientist of good,
Who in solitude, one bygone summer's day,
And in throes of bodily anguish, passed away
From dream and conflict and research-lit lands
Of ethnologic learning—even as you stood
Selfless and ardent, resolute and gay,
So in this hour, in strange survival stands
Your ghost, whom I am powerless to repay.

A New Poet

Theory of Flight. By Muriel Rukeyser. With a Foreword by Stephen Vincent Benét. Yale University Press. \$2.

"THEORY OF FLIGHT" is one of those rare first volumes which impress by their achievement more than by their promise. It is remarkable poetry to have been written by a girl of twenty-one, and would do credit to most of her elders. Miss Rukeyser has assimilated many of the best things in the modernist tradition, without aping any particular writer or school of writers, and also without seeking technical innovation as an end in itself. Her originality consists in making something new and making it well with the tools at hand, rather than in devising new instruments for others to use.

Unlike most very young poets, Miss Rukeyser is not primarily a lyricist, although her lines sing when there is occasion. Her poems not only present and celebrate experience but evaluate it. Here is a well-stored, vigorous mind attempting to bring its world into some kind of imaginative and human order.

The earlier poems are concerned with the writer's status as a young person. They make articulate the child's reactions to school, her parents, death, love, and the war, adding comments from a later wisdom:

Allies Advance, we see,
Six Miles South to Soissons. And we beat the drums.
Watchsprings snap in the mind, uncoil, relax,
the leafy years all somber with foreign war.
How could we know what exposed guts resembled?

Elsewhere she seeks to define her relation not to her personal history but as a twentieth-century American to her cultural heritage. She is able to justify the blood, to establish "continuance" with the American dream, but only by turning against its traditional forms, in a way that to her forbears would have seemed like treason:

Oh, we are afflicted by these present evils,
they press between the mirror and our eyes,
obscuring your loaned mouths and borrowed hair.

The poems in which she develops this thesis are among the most moving in the book, and were evidently conceived in some anguish of spirit. In place of the sophomoric rebellion that might have been expected from one of her age, there is the

formulation of a revolutionary attitude that is carefully reasoned and deeply felt.

The sequence of poems from which the volume takes its title uses an airplane flight as the symbol of a voyage of the mind. The airplane symbol is elucidated at various levels of meaning: it appears, naively regarded, as the realization of the Icarus myth and of Leonardo's mathematical fantasies; its place in the pattern of the individual lives which it has created, the lives of the designer and the pilot, is explored; it becomes an expression of the centrifugal impulse of post-Renaissance man; for the average contemporary it is a vehicle of escape and the giver of illusive mastery. The flight is interrupted to focus on details of the scene over which the ship is flying: we are shown the committee room, the idle mine, the lynchings, the squalid streets of the chaotic world over which soars this miracle of coordination. The contrast between mechanical order and human disarray is driven home by the depiction of an air raid on New York—"Icarus' passion, Da Vinci's skill, corrupt, all rotted into war"—and the poet lands on an earth that is to be refashioned.

Miss Rukeyser's poems are among the few so far written in behalf of the revolutionary cause which combine craftsmanship, restraint, and intellectual honesty. She does not boast of proletarian calluses which, having been to Vassar, she does not possess; nor is she one of those poets who learn about the social scene from tabloids in a Greenwich Village basement. Her sketches of the mines and of strikes indicate that she has seen some of them at first hand, and the foreword states that she attended the Roosevelt School of the Air in order to gather material for her aeronautical passages. The use she has made of her experiences is well described by S. V. Benét's remark that she speaks her politics "like a poet, not like a slightly worn phonograph record."

This volume suggests that Miss Rukeyser writes with facility, and that she has so many things to say that she does not always express them with the care that they deserve. While many of the metaphors are, to use her own phrase, "chromium clear," others are blurred with thought that has not been reduced to sensuous terms. Her rhythms often limp; and the poems lack formal unity. One hopes for more strophes as perfectly realized as these:

The latchpieces of consciousness unfasten.
We are stroked out of dream and night and myth,
and turning slowly to awareness, listen
to the soft bronchial whisperings of death.

Never forget in legendary darkness
the ways of the hands' turning and the mouth's ways,
wander in the fields of change and not remember
a voice and many voices and the evening's burning.

These lines convey thought; they are also "pure poetry," about as pure and as poetical as any lines that are being written today.

PHILIP BLAIR RICE

Order Versus Chaos

Economic Planning. By G. D. H. Cole. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.

FROM Mr. Cole's standpoint it is perhaps unfortunate that his discussion of economic planning should have come out after the frenzy of interest in the subject has somewhat subsided. But planning as a fad and planning as a solution of our present-day economic dilemma have very little in common. A year or two ago the average business man was intrigued by the idea of a plan because it seemed to offer the only possibility of restoring profits. The type of planning which he envisioned, however, almost invariably involved price con-

trol and limitation of production. Business enterprises welcomed such restrictions in the depth of the depression, but with the return of better conditions they have tended once more to become intolerant of restraint of any kind.

Theoretically, a planned economy could be initiated either by a government seeking to make capitalism work more smoothly or by a socialist state seeking to satisfy the fundamental needs of its population. Certainly some degree of conscious control over economic forces is becoming increasingly necessary, irrespective of the political party in power. But Mr. Cole is convinced that genuine planning is impossible under capitalism as long as parliamentary government exists. Any attempt by such a government to organize capitalist industry for use and not for profit would strike at the very fundamentals of the system. On the other hand, business interests fear to allow the government to set up a mechanism for controlling the economic system in the interest of profits lest demagogues utilize its existence to urge the capture of the machinery of state on a "planning for use" platform. The most that can be expected, then, under capitalism is the rationalization of particular industries with no coordination from above. Yet without such coordination it will be impossible to escape the restrictive tendencies which have hitherto been characteristic of all attempts to introduce foresight and control into the profit system. Under fascism the political obstacles to planning are removed, but the tendency to restrictive and anti-social control remains.

Socialism, on the contrary, necessitates some form of centralized coordination. A socialist government might be committed, as is the British Labor Party, to a program of gradualism and reform. But before many years had passed, and Mr. Cole believes the period would be much shorter than is commonly realized, such a government would find itself forced either to drop the reform program in order to maintain "prosperity" or to speed up its socialistic policies in order to wrest control from the profit-makers. If it took the latter course it would find that it was necessary to adopt a comprehensive plan in order to keep the economic machine in operation.

Owing to the limitations of space it is impossible to examine in any detail the machinery which the author would set up for the control of planning in a technically advanced country such as the United States. The basic principles, however, are worthy of consideration. The first objective of planning, as contrasted with laissez faire, is the utilization of all the resources of society. No indictment of our present planlessness is more telling than the vast discrepancy which exists between our productive possibilities and our actual output. But it is also important that our production be used to the best possible purpose, that it be distributed in such a manner as to stimulate further economic activity and yield the maximum amount of utility to the entire population. Mr. Cole believes that this can best be achieved by distributing to all members of the community a social dividend, and supplementing this by smaller payments to all the working members of the community on a scale sufficient to afford such incentives as may be needed to obtain efficient work. In the United States, for example, he points out that it would be possible to issue a universal social dividend of \$10 a week for adults, \$6 for persons between sixteen and twenty years of age, and \$3 for those under sixteen, and still leave—on the basis of the 1929 income—approximately \$36,000,000,000 for all other payments. Although most critics will doubtless dismiss this proposal as utopian and impractical, it is wholly in line with the drift of present-day popular demand. The Alberta Social Creditites, the Townsendites, and the millions of individuals demanding social insurance are all groping in this direction. And why not? It would guarantee that every individual would receive the necessities of life, and would automatically result in the diversion of production into

useful channels. Yet it would allow a sufficient supplementary income for efficient workers to provide ordinary comforts and minor luxuries.

The author does not ignore the obstacles which prevent the attainment of his planned society. But he points out that at bottom the difficulties are political rather than economic. And he holds out hope that the progressive decay of capitalism will cause men to demand an ordered economy. If an understanding of the basic problems discussed in this book were more widespread, there might be some justification for this hope.

MAXWELL S. STEWART

Gustav Stresemann

Gustav Stresemann: His Diaries, Letters, and Papers. Edited and Translated by Eric Sutton. The Macmillan Company. Volume I. \$5.

GUSTAV STRESEMANN (1878-1929) was one of that group of German statesmen who went into the World War as chauvinistic nationalists and came out sobered and wiser for that harrowing experience. When he was made Reich Chancellor in August, 1923, it was as the acknowledged representative of the heavy industries. Three months later he was retired to make room for the Centrist Dr. Marx, and for the next five years he functioned as Foreign Minister in the Cabinets of Marx and Luther, where he often showed greater sanity and more social understanding than any of his colleagues.

Stresemann left no memoirs. This volume—the second and third are to follow in due course—shows the man as he is reflected in speeches, articles, letters, and occasional notes and records. The collection presents nothing new or sensational—no revelations or diplomatic secrets. It does throw a bright light on one of the most important periods of the Weimar epoch, and for that reason is vital to the student of political developments in post-war Germany.

As a personality Gustav Stresemann was neither unique nor outstanding. He was typical of the stratum to which he belonged. Like Bassermann, whom he succeeded as leader of the National Liberal Party, he occasionally indulged in liberal adventures but always returned to the more conservative nationalist fold. In theory he favored greater influence for the Reichstag, though essentially he sympathized with the monarchist militarism and the imperialism of the ruling class. Such ideals as he had were vague and unformed and never hotly defended—a constitutional empire symbolizing the oneness of the ruler and his people. "Stresemann," says Eric Sutton in his preface, "had always held a constitutional monarchy to be the type of government best suited to the German people. . . . For the Crown Prince he had a positively sentimental regard. . . . Lord d'Abernon records that in Stresemann's opinion the Crown Prince's partiality for horses and women was hardly blameworthy in a prince. It was by Stresemann's instrumentality that the Cabinet was induced to agree to the Crown Prince's return to Germany, in the teeth of the most violent opposition abroad."

Up to the day when he became Chancellor, Stresemann ran true to form. He supported the war. He backed up Ludendorff's *Durchhalten* policy. He voted against the Weimar constitution. He was against the signing of the peace treaty and he condemned Rathenau's *Erfüllungspolitik*. He condoned the fight in the Ruhr and the sabotage policies of the inefficient Cuno, but unlike his colleagues he was too rational to fight lost causes, and when he became Chancellor he put an end to this hopeless struggle. He lacked the vision, however, that finds new paths. He was satisfied to muddle

along with a coalition of conservatives and middle parties—*die Grosse Koalition*; indeed, he saw in it the realization of his old dream of a harmonious German people. When the Socialists and Communists united in Saxony and Thuringia to establish a coalition labor government in 1923, it seemed to Stresemann the most natural thing in the world to order out the Reichswehr against these "rebels." For clerical-conservative separatism in Bavaria, a movement really dangerous to the existence of the republic, he showed a sympathetic tolerance.

He completely failed to understand the implications of the international situation in the first period of his governmental activity. Lord Curzon he called an embittered Francophile whose activities would culminate in a Franco-British war. He asked Count Brockdorff Rantzau, German Ambassador in Moscow, to act with greater dignity in his intercourse with the Bolshevik leaders. "I hope," he wrote, "that you will never be anything but the German count to these Soviet people."

But when Ramsay MacDonald became Prime Minister in Great Britain and Edouard Herriot was made Premier of France, Stresemann, now Foreign Minister of Germany, began to see the world in a new light. Unable to speak any language but German, he had gone to London to attend the negotiations which led to the adoption of the Dawes plan with the feeling that he was entering the enemy's camp. To his amazement he found his adversaries friendly and eager to negotiate. When Herriot finally opened the way for an understanding, the old *Korps* student perforce had to admit that there were honest men on the other side of the Rhine and that more might be accomplished by mutual good-will than by threats and gunfire. The effect of this realization on Stresemann's foreign policy was marked. It lost its narrow Prussian provincialism and earned for Stresemann a reputation which extended far beyond Germany's own national borders and beyond his own time.

The first volume of Stresemann's "Diaries, Letters, and Papers" takes the reader up to the Dawes conference and deals only with the beginnings of Germany's relationship to the League of Nations. In 1924 Germany's part in international affairs was still uncertain. Rathenau's policy of rapprochement with England and France was as yet untried, and Stresemann himself was skeptical and unconverted. The reader will look in vain in this volume for the greatness with which contemporary history has surrounded his name. Stresemann was not a great man. He had no political theory, no vision of the future. His fame must rest on the fact that he had what Germany needed in that painful period of capitalist recovery—the intelligence and good sense to learn from experience and the courage to steer his course in accordance with facts as he found them.

LUDWIG LORE

The Romantic Personality

The Romantic Rebels. By Frances Winwar. Little, Brown and Company. \$3.50.

Byron: The Years of Fame. By Peter Quennell. Viking Press. \$3.50.

WITH many readers the reputation of the romantic poets—except Wordsworth and the later Byron—is now at its nadir. Yet Miss Winwar, in her joint biography of Keats, Shelley, and Byron, stands pat on all the old evaluations, seldom venturing from the torrent of personal history into such criticism, literary or social, as might have justified that torrent. Keats is "one of the *first* poets of the world," and Shelley is presumably not far behind. Her sympathies are mainly with these two, and like many another of their partisans she heaps much irony on Byron and Wordsworth for failing to understand their worth. Wordsworth

figures only as "background," like Napoleon and the Prince Regent, and he is treated as a dry and dour reactionary who makes "arid" criticisms of Keats, presumably from selfish motives. That his disapproval might have been founded on better reasons Miss Winwar does not bother to consider. Nor does she go very deeply into the motives for Byron's coolness toward Keats and Shelley. Indeed, Byron's humanity is played up as gross to serve as a foil to their purity.

A book on the lives of a group of poets whose lives seldom crossed would seem to offer as its sole hope for unity a study of the finer shades in their reactions to one another and to their age. But of course such analysis is harder to do than pure narrative. And it is less exciting to dwell on the subtler aspects of contemporaneity than it is to report the coincidence of one writer's passing another in the night. So under Miss Winwar's rather raw, if vigorous, treatment, those elopements, betrayals, broken hearts, suicides, and dead babies emerge in a grisly caricature.

Mr. Quennell, on the other hand, limits himself to but one poet and but five years of his life—the years of Byron's residence in London, so fertile in love affairs, fame, and disgrace and so unproductive of good poetry. Admitting that that poetry had value only to its age, Mr. Quennell considers two aspects of Byron which are lively issues in any age—his personality, and his importance as a force in the disrupting of old traditions and the forming of new ones. The scene, the contradictions in Byron's character, the people in his life are all described with a finesse and justice rare enough in Byron's biographers. And the discussions of romanticism give the book a meaning which I do not find in Miss Winwar's literal narrative. But good as Mr. Quennell's study is, readable, sensitive, it is not a work of very high vitality, and there is no doubt of its being colored throughout by Mr. Quennell's theory, here and there insinuated, that Byron was homosexual, the divisions in his nature springing from this basic ambiguity. This highly unconventional notion is not impossible but is still far from proved.

FREDERICK DUPEE

Shorter Notices

War. No Profit, No Glory, No Need. By Norman Thomas. Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$1.50.

Surely there is no lack of anti-war books. Like an avalanche the indictment of war has been growing. First there were the horror and futility novels and poems, then came the picture books and cartoon collections, and then there were pamphlets on the cost of war, the causes of war, the character of the next war, and the cure of war. Mr. Thomas's book is an epitome of much of this literature approached from a Socialist point of view. The real enemy of peace to him is capitalist nationalism, and until that has been eliminated there is little hope for peace. Meanwhile the general strike and the Oxford oath are useful peace weapons, and disarmament, embargoes, wiping out the R. O. T. C., the ending of imperialism and of the Japanese exclusion act, and international cooperation with all that makes for peace are desirable goals for peace workers. All this is to the good, but there ought to be more. The indictment of war has been so successful that the Mussolinis and Banes are looked upon as madmen. The time has come for another type of literature—on the strategy of peace. This would end the pitiful floundering of the peace movement while military expenditures rise to the empyrean, while war threatens, and while war is actually in process. It would indicate the different approaches to peace according to political faiths and pave the way for the united front in peace action. Much of this is a job in organization,

but there is a crying need of critical analysis and constructive planning on paper before the anti-war movement is made a vital national power through a realistic strategy. Perhaps Mr. Thomas will follow through with another pamphlet on this urgent subject.

Fortune. By Robert Reynolds. William Morrow and Company. \$2.50.

Out of a good romantic tale that takes in both sides of the railroad tracks in a small Pennsylvania city, the author of the Harper prize novel for 1931 has fashioned a social novel of America from post-war prosperity to the New Deal. Mr. Reynolds draws his class lines with sharp sobriety, but his emotions, not unlike those of his friend Thomas Wolfe, to whom he dedicates "Fortune," move in the verbose idealistic world of a bewildered, democratic middle class. On the left the reader will meet, chiefly, the plodding proletarian Parks family, who come to Two Rivers, Pennsylvania, in the vain hope of bettering their fortune. On the right are the good rich people and the bad rich people. The former consist, first of all, of queenly Margaret Preston, née Douglas (cement, railroad equipment), princely Ted Robinson (cautious investments), and delicate Mary Larkin, on whom the author forgot to bestow hemophilia. The evil right forces include the McAvoy brothers, Ned and Lou, who invest in speakeasies and brothels, and Harry Preston, Margaret's somewhat oafish husband, who comes from a family that had run a shoestore back in Michigan and whose wild speculations just before the 1929 crash lead him to ruin and disaster. Out of the turmoil of our present-day social and economic chaos, young Ralph Parks of the proletarian Parks family finally emerges with a little boy begot of the tragic, blue-blooded Mary Larkin. Ralph is still flat broke and jobless, and his aging mother and young sister are laundresses and scrubwomen in Margaret's and Ted's home. But why worry about that? For is he not filled with the desire to "nurture his high thoughts and bid them soar"?

The Fortunes of the Pasquiers. By Georges Duhamel. Translated by Samuel Putnam. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

The Frenchman's logic landlocks his sentiment in little isolated pools of feeling, disturbing at times to the foreigner but making, to his point of view, the only fitting psychological landscape in which to live. So in this book the Pasquier family receives its identity through the close inspection visited upon it by its most loving member, Laurent, the youngest son. Mother's gentle self-sacrifice, Father's braggadocio and philandering, Cécile's bold genius are adored, despised, worshiped as they affect the well-being of the family unit. An adolescent devotion, shame, and pride make bitter struggle with idealism; the love is encircled by the thought. The family is set off as a link with the past; the present and the future are apart; even Mother, still lovable, settles into place among the lesser saints. Laurent's *éducation sentimentale*, as like the American variety as "Our Gang" is to "La Maternelle," contains within its rich concentration its own reward. One of a series, the book resolves one problem fully. The story, told with acute perception, tender care, and clear, bright humor, will interest and satisfy anyone who reads.

Rebirth: A Book of Modern Jewish Thought. Selected and Edited by Ludwig Lewisohn. Harper and Brothers. \$3.50.

The importance of this book does not derive from the messianic zeal of the editor or from the prominence of the twenty-five contributors, but from the aggravated immediacy of the problem to which it is dedicated. This problem is the present plight of the Jews. There is no denying that the drive

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Other programs aim to attack, regiment, or abolish capitalism on the illogical assumption that private ownership of "the tools and machinery of production" is oppressive to labor.

This book, by LOUIS WALLIS, is non-Georgian and non-utopian. It views Marxism as impracticable, and regards the New Deal as only a stop-gap.

Minneapolis Tribune: "A sensible suggestion at a time when big business and small business as well as crying for relief from heavy taxation. . . . Seems to fit the picture of what industry needs today."

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toward emancipation initiated by Moses Mendelssohn has, after a century and a half of diligent pursuit, ended in the Nürnberg decrees. Anti-Semitism is now relatively more rampant and more ubiquitous than at any other time in Jewish history. Even the doors of baptism and assimilation, formerly leading to official sanctuaries, have been closed with a bang. The individual Jew may still "pass" here and there; the mass must live at the questionable mercy of their Gentile neighbors. What, then, is to become of the fifteen million Jews inhabiting the countries of Europe and America? For Mr. Lewisohn and for the contributors to this book—from Theodor Herzl to Maurice Samuel—there is only one answer: Zionism. For all their divergent views, they are agreed that the Jews must denounce the pitfalls of emancipation, embrace the traditional culture of their fathers, build up a homeland in Palestine, and make of themselves a nation like other nations. Without bringing up the usual objections to Zionism, one cannot help asking what is to become of the large majority of Jews who must perform remain outside of Palestine? How can these millions be expected to emulate their fathers in displaying the yellow badge? And what of those who prefer the teachings of Marx to those of Herzl? "Rebirth" states the dire Jewish problem with passionate perspicacity; only Zionists, however, will approve of the solution offered.

Drama

The Trappings of Romance

CLEMENCE DANE'S romantic tragedy "Granite," now to be seen at the Vanderbilt Theater, was first produced here nearly a decade ago by a semi-professional company at the American Laboratory Theater. Nine years of aging have not improved its quality, and a glance at the files of *The Nation* confirms my impression that I thought about it then what I think about it now. "The scene," I said, "is laid upon a lonely island off the English coast, the characters are a set of strange, wild people, and the action is rather childishly weird and violent."

Miss Dane is a literary dramatist of considerable reputation. She writes like a writer, and some of her more successful plays have always seemed to me rather overpraised for the simple reason that they were so obviously literate when they were not as much more as they were said to be. But in the case of "Granite" there can hardly be two opinions. Despite the fact that it was first published after both "Will Shakespeare" and "A Bill of Divorcement," it seems like prentice work, and might, indeed, have been written by some very bright schoolgirl well versed in romantic literature. There is hardly a situation, a character, or a speech which is not a familiar cliché: the lonely island, the tyrannical husband, the romantic stranger, and the guilty love. Moreover, all the trappings are equally familiar: the howling wind, the innocent maidservant with nightgown and candle who sings snatches of folk ballads, and the evil genius cast up mysteriously from the sea. For all I know, the author may have been in the grip of a perfectly genuine emotion. She may have had something to say which had never been said before. But if so, she was the victim of her familiarity with a style which has been exploited so thoroughly that it cannot suggest anything but an echo. Ten years ago the play was staged by Richard Boleslavsky, who superimposed upon it a certain Russian morbidity that was not exactly suitable but constantly teased one with the suspicion that there might just possibly be some meaning in the thing after all. At the Vanderbilt it is acted in

a straightforward "Mysteries of Udolpho" fashion which conceals nothing. Between the two methods one may take one's choice, but there is actually not much to choose.

"I Want a Policeman" (Lyceum Theater) is a detective play at least equally routine. I will not pretend that even after all these years I remain wholly unmoved when the fiend with a pistol at the back of the lovely heroine forces her to declare that all is well at the very moment she needs so desperately to call for the help which is near at hand. But not even a detective play need keep quite so close to the formula as this one does, with its beautiful young wife unjustly suspected of the murder of her aging husband, its two detectives—one comic, one romantic—and its blundering amateur who takes everything down in a notebook. I am not a good guesser; accordingly, when I spotted the criminal in the first scene of the second act I concluded that the mystery was not as well concocted as it might have been. JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Films

René Clair Goes West

THE progress of René Clair from Paris to Hollywood has halted long enough for him to make a picture in London, and this picture, "The Ghost Goes West" (Rivoli), should be remembered by those who will soon be saying that Hollywood has been his ruination. There is of course no telling what Hollywood will do for him; and for my part I have little sympathy with certain European directors whom it is said to have silenced. Hollywood is a citadel to be conquered, and if it conquers instead I find it difficult to believe that the weakness was out there rather than in the victim. At any rate, here is Clair's latest picture; it was made before he reached California; and it is a failure.

It is only relatively a failure. "The Ghost Goes West" is more amusing and more imaginative than the average film of whatever provenance, and indeed the audience of which I was a part laughed loud and long. But that is perhaps the point. It laughed too loud and long, and laughed in the wrong places—provided there is any meaning in the reference one naturally makes to Clair's earlier work, where the finest kind of balance was maintained between the ridiculous and the delicate, between the false and the true, between exaggeration and exquisiteness. "Sous les Toits de Paris" maintained those balances so skilfully that it came as near to perfection as any conceivable film of its kind—and there has actually never been another of its kind, as there has never been a director like Clair at his best. At his best he played upon his audiences with a wonderfully sound and subtle touch, producing upon the human instrument a comic music not unlike that which Shakespeare produced through the older medium of words. But he has lost that touch, and he was losing it even before he left Paris, as "The Last Millionaire" made depressingly plain. Traces of it survive in "The Ghost Goes West"; the picture, as I have said, is better than the average, and for all I know it will be a success in the United States. But the vulgarity which once was Clair's most beautiful asset is now beyond his control, and therefore has lost its beauty. The touch is not positive any more.

The story is of a Scottish ghost, an eighteenth-century Glourie who in the twentieth century haunts the castle of his ancestors hoping that he may undo the disgrace of his cowardice in some old battle. The prologue shows us that battle; the body of the film shows us the castle being sold to an American who will remove it, ghost and all, to Florida in

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☐ JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH says ☐

Boy Meets Girl. Cort Theater. Rough and ready satire on Hollywood, but probably the funniest thing of its kind since "Once in a Lifetime."

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Jumbo. Hippodrome. Paul Whiteman, Jimmy Durante, and a remarkable clown named A. Robbins surrounded by acrobats and animals. Literally better than a circus.

Let Freedom Ring. Civic Repertory Theater. A second chance for this drama of a strike in a Southern mill. I found it hard going, but it has been highly praised.

Libel. Henry Miller Theater. Exciting English court-room play. Surprisingly probable for this sort of thing and superbly acted.

Mid-West. Booth Theater. Homely and slightly sentimental picture of the joys and more particularly the sorrows of the farmer. Best when it isn't editorializing.

Paradise Lost. Longacre Theater. Clifford Odets' complicated picture of a family composed exclusively of pathological futilitarians. He calls it a picture of the middle class but it strikes me as somewhat less than typical.

Pride and Prejudice. Plymouth Theater. Amazingly successful adaption, brilliantly staged and acted. It gave me more pleasure than any other play of the season.

Victoria Regina. Broadhurst Theater. Delightful series of scenes from Laurence Housman's drama stunningly acted by Helen Hayes and others. Fairer to the matron queen than Strachey but funny nevertheless and charming besides.

Winterset. Martin Beck Theater. Maxwell Anderson's surprisingly successful attempt to write a poetic play on a modern theme. Bold, original, and engrossing.

order that the current Glourie may pay his debts; and the conclusion shows us how on a foreign strand the disgrace is suddenly blotted out—and how the current Glourie marries the millionaire's daughter among drawbridges and limousines, among portcullises and palm trees, while a radio plays in every room of the castle and floodlights sweep the sky above Miami. This is very well. The story is obviously a rich one for Clair's purposes, since it provides him ample opportunity for that careful prance along the wall between sentiment and satire which he has always delighted to take as his artist's risk. But he constantly slips. The battle is neither funny nor heroic, and if it tries to be both at the same time, as it probably does, it fails, becoming as it proceeds a rather embarrassing mess. The chorus of creditors in the castle is feeble and artificial. And the Florida business is handled with a barren vulgarity of which Hollywood comedy has rarely achieved the match. I am not referring, of course, to the vulgarity which Clair satirizes; I am referring to the vulgarity of his satire, which is mechanical and desperately uninspired. There is no lack of nice things here and there along the way, and there is always the reminder that this man once held a precious secret in his hands. But he has lost it, and I cannot believe that anything outside of himself is to blame. As to Hollywood being his ultimate destination, I should explain that there is merely a current rumor to this effect.

The best foreign films I saw during the fortnight were two German ones at the Bijou Theater, "The Making of a King" and "The Private Life of Louis XIV." The first was distinguished by the superb acting of Emil Jannings as Friedrich Wilhelm I of Prussia, represented here in a very difficult and dramatic relationship to his son, who is to be Frederick the Great. The second made interesting capital out of a German princess's life at Versailles, the contrast between luxurious France and plain-dealing Hanover supplying the materials for a superior costume piece. "A Man's Children" (Cinéma de Paris), a Swedish comedy based on Edward Childs Carpenter's play "The Bachelor Father," was apparently uproarious to those who could understand the dialogue. Even without that advantage I found it so spirited and delightful that I went a second time.

MARK VAN DOREN

Contributors to This Issue

LOUIS FISCHER, *The Nation's* Moscow correspondent, is the author of "Soviet Journey" and other books on Russia. At present he is traveling in Western Europe observing the political scene.

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FOUNDED 1865

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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	141
EDITORIALS.	
Al Smith's Ghost	144
Newspapers, Dare to Be True!	145
Houses for Whom?	145
The Education of the Odd Man	146
ISSUES AND MEN. THE COLUMNIST IN JOURNALISM. By	
Oswald Garrison Villard	147
CARTOON. By Armstrong	148
THE SCOTTSBORO PUPPET SHOW. By Carleton Beals	149
I WAS AN EDITOR IN GERMANY. By Franz Höllering	151
WASHINGTON WEEKLY. By Paul W. Ward	153
WHERE THE GERMAN GHETTO LEADS. By William Zukerman	154
THE SPREAD OF HITLERISM. By M. W. Fodor	156
LOOSE CONSTRUCTION. By Heywood Brown	157
CORRESPONDENCE	158
LABOR AND INDUSTRY:	
Steel Robots That Came Alive. By Rose M. Stein	160
Silicosis Village	162
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	162
BOOKS AND DRAMA:	
Made in Japan. By Mark Van Doren	163
Cross-Currents in Psychology. By Grace Adams	163
The Poet in Politics. By Jacques Barzun	164
Junket. By Ben Belitt	166
Shorter Notices	166
Drama: "Ethan Frome." By Joseph Wood Krutch	167

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NEARLY A MONTH has passed since Congress reconvened, and very little progress has been made on the pending neutrality legislation. Changes in the Administration bill have all served to weaken an already unsatisfactory measure. The House committee voted reservations excepting all American republics in conflict with a European or Asiatic foe and providing that no embargo could be imposed in violation of existing commercial treaties. In the case of Italy, this would prevent an embargo on oil for at least a year. In addition to reaffirming America's insistence on the freedom of the seas, commented on last week, the Senate committee has eliminated the clause empowering the President to embargo shipments of raw materials if refraining from such action "would contribute to the prolongation or expansion of the war." While the latter change is of little practical importance, since the President would still have the right to declare an embargo "to promote the security and preserve the neutrality of the United States," it is illustrative of the strength of isolationist sentiment in Congress. Stirred by the Nye committee revelations of the manner in which commercial and financial interests drew us into the last war under the guise of idealistic purposes, cer-

tain influential groups in the country not only oppose active cooperation with the League but are distrustful of any collective effort in the interest of peace. Despite the strength of this feeling, there is a growing disposition among peace groups to challenge the assumption that the United States can remain out of a world war once it has developed. The experiences of the past six years should be enough to show that we cannot ignore our responsibility as a member of the community of nations without paying a heavy price.

THE LATEST Administration plan for farm relief seems to be to use the amended Soil Conservation Act as a stop-gap until 1938, when it is hoped a program of state aid will be ready. There are still some uneasy doubts about constitutionality in the minds of most of the amateur as well as the professional constitutional lawyers in Washington. But it is hoped that payment to farmers for withdrawing land from production for the purposes of soil conservation will be held by the court to contain less of coercion than payment to the same farmers for withdrawing their land for the purposes of crop restriction. This time the government cannot make use of processing taxes to provide the necessary financial support. Presumably funds for the SCA will come from a Treasury appropriation, but the problem of first getting the funds into the Treasury has not yet been solved, nor has any information been given by the Administration of how it will be solved. When the new state-aid plan comes into operation in 1938, the states will presumably have enacted legislation providing for state agencies which will take over from the federal government the direction of the farm program. The federal government, according to preliminary reports, still reserves to itself, however, the authority to designate what agency in each state shall administer the act. Should such an agency fail to conform with federal ideas on land retirement and crop conversion, the government might easily choose another agency. A measure of centralized control is thus retained in Washington. Whether this fact promises a very hopeful future for the forty-eight state plans depends on the fate of the social-security law. For the proposed state-aid farm plan is built on the same lines as the social-security plan now in operation. Both will stand or fall together when the Supreme Court sits in judgment over them.

THE SCOTTSBORO DRAMA, lurid enough already, has developed a new surprise. The seventy-five-year sentence imposed on Heywood Patterson and the postponement of the trial of Clarence Norris because of the inability of the defense and prosecution to agree on the admission of testimony were only preludes to the big scene. As the Negroes were being returned to jail at Birmingham, Ozie Powell was shot in the head by Sheriff J. Street Sandlin after Powell had cut the throat of Deputy Edgar Blalock with a penknife. The deputy, with twelve stitches in his neck, is expected to make a good recovery; Powell, more seriously wounded, is in the hospital at Jefferson County jail. Several versions of the two attacks have been offered, the first being an official story that the knifing was part of

an attempt to escape. The comment of Defense Attorney Leibowitz is worth quoting.

Does the sheriff of Morgan County claim that three Negroes shackled together in the rear seat of a rapidly moving automobile, with only two doors leading to the front compartment, with two men in that automobile armed to the teeth, this car preceded . . . by an automobile carrying two other armed officers . . . and followed by still another car with armed guards and with state highway patrolmen as an escort, did attempt to escape by using a penknife?

Clarence Norris was in the middle of the handcuffed trio, with Powell on one side and Roy Wright, the youngest of the defendants, on the other. Wright's story is that the officers promised the Negroes "a light sentence, not more than ten years," if they would get rid of their Northern lawyers. This proposal the Negroes refused. Powell said, "Damn, what they're talking about?" For this impudence Deputy Blalock slapped his face, and Powell reached over with a knife in his free hand and cut the deputy's neck. When the car was brought to a stop, Sheriff Sandlin got out and, while the Negroes held their hands above their heads, fired into the back seat, striking Powell on the forehead.

WHAT ALL THIS will lead to is not hard to predict. The only crime in the South which compares to the rape of a white woman by a Negro is an attack by the same Negro on the majesty of the law. The state suggests that Powell, and possibly Norris and Wright, are to be indicted for assault with intent to murder. If this happens it may result in very neatly disposing of three of the troublesome nine. The refusal of the Patterson jury to find for the death sentence, together with the postponement of the Norris trial, hinted at a break in the Alabama united front against the Negroes. Now every resource which the defense can command will be necessary to prevent the implication of Norris and Wright in the attack on Blalock, and to insist that all eight of the remaining defendants be tried solely on the original charge and not for some fantastically invented plot.

IT TOOK the House of Representatives forty-five minutes to whoop the bonus through over the President's veto. It is possible that Mr. Roosevelt returned the bill without his disapproval on Friday, January 24, because he wished an opportunity over the week-end for pressure to be brought on recalcitrant party members. If this was so, it was without avail, for on Monday the Senate by a vote of seventy-six to nineteen, overrode the veto also. The bonus bill, therefore, becomes a law. There were publicists in 1917 who opposed a conscription law because it would, among other things, provide men in greater numbers than would voluntary enlistments to demand the traditional post-war rewards and force their demands through the Congress. They may now call themselves good prophets. Eventually, of course, the taxpayers will foot the bonus bill. Those veterans who cash their adjusted-service certificates before maturity will by direct and indirect taxation pay at least part of their government check back into the coffers of the national treasury. Taxpayers who are not veterans will pay without the initial stipend to console them. If this sounds like Alice in Wonderland, it is merely another course in the Mad Tea Party at which the veterans' lobby has been host for some years.

THE SARRAUT CABINET in France is not expected to make any drastic changes in policy, except possibly in foreign affairs. Although few of the ministers of the old government were carried over, the new Cabinet represents a coalition of virtually the same parliamentary forces—the Radical Socialists and the center parties. While the left parties comprising the "Popular Front" could have easily obtained a majority in the Chamber, they have deliberately refused to assume power prior to the elections which are now expected to occur in March. Meanwhile the appointment of Marcel Regnier as Minister of Finance assures at least a temporary continuation of the previous conservative fiscal and monetary policies. Devaluation of the franc, while inevitable, will not be undertaken by this Cabinet. Similarly, the selection of Pierre-Etienne Flandin as Foreign Minister is a guaranty that foreign affairs will be conducted in a conservative manner, though Flandin will doubtless be somewhat more friendly to Britain than was Laval. As a result, the recent French promise of military and naval assistance to Great Britain—made in conjunction with similar pledges by Greece, Turkey, and Yugoslavia—will probably be taken literally in case of an Italian attack. While this commitment is implicit in Article XVI of the Covenant, its restatement at this time indicates some genuine vitality in the League.

DESPITE THE CELEBRATION of the Chinese New Year, usually marked by a complete cessation of all activities, commercial, political, and military, Chinese students are once more up in arms in protest against Japanese encroachment in North China. The fact that the latest riots occurred in the International Settlement at Shanghai, where brutal suppression by the police was certain to follow, indicates the depth of student feeling against Japan. That the students have been successful in delaying if not actually preventing Japanese annexation of North China is evident from the wails of dissatisfaction which have been going up in Japanese quarters. Sung Cheh-yuan, who was chosen chairman of the North China Political Council for his supposed subservience to Japan, has apparently responded to student pressure sufficiently to become *persona non grata* with Tokyo. While Nanking has officially given no intimation of abandoning its policy of collaboration with Japan, the return of Hu Nan-min, former leader of the Cantonese faction, makes this position even more difficult to maintain against public pressure. Events in China usually move slowly, but a final showdown can scarcely be delayed more than a few weeks.

AT ITS RECENT MEETING the executive council of the A. F. of L. lived down to its reputation with singular zest. The council agreed to back the thirty-hour bill. It almost decided to advocate an amendment to the Constitution designed to prevent invalidation of labor laws, but at this writing even that question has been put off. On the issue of industrial unionism the council was at least positive in its negative position. To the demand of the radio workers for an industrial form of organization, the council said no—and handed over this vigorous young union, with dues, to the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers. (The radio union has not yet consented to be turned over.) The National Union of Automobile Workers was granted autonomy but was instructed to refrain from taking in craft

workers. The union had written an industrial-union clause into its constitution. But the council reserved its loudest "no" for John L. Lewis and his committee for industrial organization, denouncing it as "a challenge to the supremacy" of the A. F. of L. and demanding its dissolution. John L. Lewis remains unimpressed with the threats of the craft unionists, although he obviously would prefer to see industrial organization carried on inside the framework of the A. F. of L. The convention of Mr. Lewis's United Mine Workers, now in session, may be expected to provide an eloquent answer to Green and his snug bureaucracy.

MAGISTRATE CHARLES R. SOLOMON'S recent opinion in the May's Department Store picketing case has an importance far beyond New York City and the particular strike involved. Thirty-six members of the Artists' Union were arrested for picketing May's Department Store in Brooklyn in support of a strike conducted by Local 1250 of the Department Store Employees' Union. Magistrate Solomon's decision points the way to a sensible handling of picketing cases everywhere. The higher courts have ruled that picketing *per se* is not illegal, that a picket has the right to tell pedestrians and prospective customers of the facts involved in the dispute, and that the failure of a picket to move on when ordered to do so by the police is not necessarily disorderly conduct. But the absence of a clear decision on mass picketing has left room for arbitrary action on the part of police. Magistrate Solomon's decision is unequivocal.

There is no law [he says] that so-called mass-picketing is unlawful. . . . One picket may behave in an unlawful manner, fifty pickets may behave in a lawful manner. The mere fact that there were fifty pickets does not mean the picketing is unlawful. . . . Even if a crowd did collect to observe . . . that would not make the mass-picketing lawless.

SEVERAL VIGOROUS United States district attorneys and their assistants, as well as the jury that returned a verdict of guilty, are to be congratulated on the successful outcome of the Morro Castle prosecution. Two officers of the vessel—advertised as "the safest ship afloat"—and, what is infinitely more important, an executive of the operating company have been convicted of criminal negligence. This is the first time in America that a company official has been so convicted, and the decision is particularly valuable in establishing a precedent whereby steamship-company executives can be held directly responsible for their part in a maritime disaster. Government counsel were confronted with an immensely difficult task in proving actual negligence, as distinguished from incompetence or error of judgment, on the part of the officers, as well as contributory negligence on the part of the line official. Blame was fixed on Mr. Cabaud, the company's vice-president, after long and persistent questioning of line officials, in the course of which it was revealed that Cabaud was the executive responsible for the operation of the line's ships. Furthermore, he admitted having made four trips on the Morro Castle, during all of which the crew's fire drills had been of the same fragmentary nature as the drill on the ship's last tragic voyage. Cabaud could thus be charged with foreknowledge of the criminal neglect which led to the disaster. Unfortunately Judge Hulbert saw fit to sentence the two ship's officers to jail terms,

while he let Cabaud off with a fine. Perhaps the Judge's distinction between "officers on land and officers on the vessel" was actually a distinction between employees and privileged executives.

NEW SCHEMES to rescue and repatriate German Jews are being advanced by the Nazis almost weekly. One scheme would have permitted Jews to exchange their fortunes for German goods. The latest plan would allow wealthy German Jews to dispose of their properties at 65 per cent of their value, the proceeds to be paid to them through the agency of foreign trustees in instalments, with 4 per cent accrued interest, over a period of thirteen years, no payment to be made until three years after they had left Germany. Meanwhile Sir Herbert Samuel, Viscount Bearsted, head of the Shell Oil interests, and Simon Marks, British chain-store owner, are meeting with American Jewish philanthropists in St. Louis to discuss less ingenious plans for repatriation. It is proposed that from \$5,000,000 to \$10,000,000 be raised the first year, in addition to sums already sought, to finance the emigration of the younger generation of German Jews and as many of the older generation as funds can be found for. This plan carries with it no stoppage of the boycott against German goods and no payment to the Reich for the release of German Jews. It is obvious that any large-scale repatriation would require enormous sums of money. Even if this were forthcoming, and it is not impossible, one may still ask where the exiles would go. Every country except Russia has its own problem of an unemployed population. Biro-Bidjan, the autonomous Jewish region in the Soviet East, needs relatively little financing for farm settlement, but to the deeply middle-class minds of the German Jews it looks stark and uninviting. It is hardly credible that Palestine could absorb upwards of another quarter of a million immigrants within a short period of time.

IN A WORLD in which kings are dying, millions are without enough to eat, and the temperature is waltzing around the zero mark, the news of greatest moment to the man in the street is the prospect of getting teeth filled without pain. The torture of the dentists' drill has been one of those things that had to be joked about in order to be borne at all. Strong men have quailed before it. In answer to the prayers of millions, therefore, comes the discovery, announced by Dr. LeRoy L. Hartman of Columbia University, of a formula which, if applied to the dentin of the tooth, will render it insensible to pain for from twenty minutes to half an hour, or presumably while the cavity is being prepared for a filling. Dr. Hartman followed the best tradition of medical and dental research in making the formula available to anyone without charge. Columbia University has taken out a patent, but will permit an unrestricted sale. Members of the New York dental societies, to whom the formula was presented on January 21, describe it as a medical discovery comparable in importance to the discovery of the anaesthetic property of nitrous oxide in 1844 by Dr. Horace Wells, and the first successful use of sulphuric ether as an anaesthetic by Dr. W. T. G. Morton in 1846. Since Dr. Wells and Dr. Morton were also dentists, our debt to dentistry is plain. Only one thing remains for the dentists to do: Let them get a new set of magazines in their waiting-rooms and they will be acclaimed the heroes of mankind.

Al Smith's Ghost

THE Al Smith all of us knew died in 1928. It was his ghost that stood up last Saturday night at the Liberty League dinner in Washington and sought to revive the accents, the mannerisms, the authentic fire of a dead man. Twenty-five hundred boiled shirts in the country's highest income brackets cheered wildly at every thrust of Al's. Twelve du Ponts did him homage. It was not the audience of old, nor was the speaker the same. The shell was there—direct, ungrammatical, vigorous, plebeian. But the inside of the shell, where ideas and sincerity should have been, seemed to have rotted away. The vigor of the common man was in the voice and gestures. But the interests of the common man had no place among those resplendent diners at the Mayflower Hotel.

Now that Mr. Smith has finally had his say, the atmosphere is clearer. We have known for some time that the Republicans would set in motion a vicious anti-red campaign and hope thereby to sideswipe Roosevelt. We have known that Moscow and the red flag and the Internationale would be dragged in to divert attention from the pressing issues of unemployment and farm control and the judicial blocking of legislation. What we had not known was that the high point in this red-baiting and flag-waving would be a speech by Al Smith, and that he would warm up the intellectual chef-d'oeuvres of a Republican ward leader and in his phrasing make a bid for the dignity of a Hearst editorial writer.

What did the speech actually add to the discussion of issues? It fell roughly into three parts. The part relating to the betrayal of the Democratic platform was essentially a distortion. A platform is at best a loose and vague affair. The task of Mr. Roosevelt was not to give it an undying allegiance but to make it adequate for the severest economic crisis in our history. What he should be criticized for is that he failed to push this process to anything like its outermost practicable limits.

The second part accused Mr. Roosevelt of surrounding himself with a vast bureaucracy, making himself an autocrat, and seeking to govern unconstitutionally. Here the temper of the speech shifted from the gubernatorial stump to the copy-book English and Irish orators who never arose except to save the liberties of their countries. But the autocracy that Mr. Smith kept talking of is almost wholly to be found in the armed deputies and company unions and labor spies of the industrialists who applauded him at the Mayflower. The worst bureaucracies in America are in the giant corporations. The greater danger to the Constitution comes not from Mr. Roosevelt's attempts to find some path toward an adequate federal power but from a Supreme Court which blocks that path, and from the deliberate and continued sabotaging of legislation by the lawyers of the public-utility holding companies. What we have suffered from in Washington is not bureaucracy (every government today must govern through one) but administrative incompetence, not a planned tyranny but a blundering planlessness.

Finally, Mr. Smith became a theorist of the class war. He attacked Mr. Roosevelt for arraying class against class, insisted that the gateway of opportunity for the poor led

through the prosperity of the rich, and ended in a hysterical appeal to the future to choose between America's free atmosphere and the "foul breath of communistic Russia," between the Stars and Stripes and "the flag of the godless Union of the Soviets." If Mr. Smith's implication is that one or the other must be destroyed, we can find in it only ignorance or despair or a vicious provocation to violence and war.

Two questions will be asked: What is the meaning of Mr. Smith's speech? What effect will it have on the election?

The thing that stands out most clearly is the tragic case of the disintegration of Al Smith. There was a time when it seemed that the American experience had again fashioned a great statesman out of a man of the people. What has happened since then is the story of a seemingly invincible warrior who could not survive the bitterness of defeat and the blandishment of the vested interests. It is more than a personal tragedy. It is the tragedy of a whole class whose potential leaders, left rootless by inadequate organization, have to surrender finally to the possessing groups. In another culture Al Smith might have become a working-class leader instead of a Tammany brave and finally the spearhead of reaction.

For the speech reveals and strengthens the tie-up between the vested interests in both parties. It reveals that big ownership is determined to extirpate every trace of liberalism on the American landscape. Whether he knows it or not, Mr. Smith speaks for a fascist reaction. There have long been signs that if America is to get fascism, it will be its own Bourbon brand, and it is likely to come not so much from a new party or a new movement as from within the existing parties.

The effect of the speech on the political fortunes of Mr. Roosevelt, despite all the ballyhoo, is not likely to be catastrophic. If we ask whom Mr. Smith is speaking for that the Liberty League is not already adequate to speak for, the answer finally limits itself to certain middle- and working-class groups in the urban and metropolitan Eastern centers. But these groups will be more influenced by adverse court decisions on the labor and security laws than by all the allusions to the sanctity of the Supreme Court and the foul breath of Moscow. The most direct and least calculable influence of the speech will undoubtedly be upon the Catholic vote. Mr. Smith has tied up the reform attempts of Mr. Roosevelt with the stigma of communism, and communism with godlessness. The natural conclusion is that if Mr. Roosevelt is reelected we are likely to have in this country a repetition of the Mexican anti-Catholic measures. To have said so outright would have been a boomerang; to imply it by the sequence of logic is considered smart politics. It would be no casual hazard that among the people who applauded Mr. Smith were many of those who once boycotted him for the Presidency on the narrowest grounds of religious intolerance and social snobbery. They are the same people who, if he were running now for the Presidency on a liberal platform, would—using the technique of his own Moscow allusions—charge him with aiming to hand the country over to the Vatican.

Newspapers, Dare to Be Free!

THREE years ago on January 30 the smothering hand of Adolf Hitler closed down over the German republic. The most powerful supporters of that republic had failed to save their precious rights and liberties, partly because they could not believe that a fanatic could attain absolute power over the enlightened democracy that was Germany, but mainly because fear and cowardice paralyzed the very elements to which democracy is life itself—the great middle-class independent press and the trade-union and left groups. In particular the press had flourished for so long a period in its own conception of freedom that it felt itself immune from interference. Yet it was “coordinated” only less quickly than the working-class press.

In our own country the violation of democratic rights is increasing year by year. Whether it is a new fascism or an old reaction is an important question but one that may be left to a later discussion. On this anniversary we could wish that every American might examine the state of democracy in his own bailiwick against the fact of Hitler's triumph and consider how civil liberties may be preserved.

An article by Franz Höllering elsewhere in this issue brings up sharply the role of the press in defending those liberties. In this country we also have a press which prides itself on being free. We know of course that our press is not free in any absolute sense. It is, ultimately, subject to the control of the same economic forces which dominate the country's resources and government. From day to day the press indicates its economic allegiance; and when it does pay tribute to the ideal of a free press, such a display is possible because it can have no adverse effect on fundamental economic ties. Yet it would be a great mistake, in fact and in strategy, to assume that the press is big business and dismiss it as a potential force for preserving democracy. For the tradition of a free press as one part of our democratic tradition has attained a life of its own. The democratic idea, fed by early American individualism, regionalism, and all the freshets of our frontier past, has cut a deep and wide channel through the American conscience. The pride of the *New York Times*, for example, in printing all the news, however short it may fall of achieving that ideal, is a real pride and not merely a façade to hide a conscious distortion of news. The phrase “All the News That's Fit to Print,” which has its counterpart in the “I'll print what I damn please” of the small-time independent editor, is the expression of a sense of responsibility toward the idea of a free press.

In these days it is difficult to overestimate the weight of that responsibility or the importance of holding the editor to the principles he professes. To say that the *Times*—using it as a symbol of the democratic press—could save democracy is to belittle the strength of the reaction that threatens it. But it is undeniable that a press determined and organized to uphold the tradition of democracy commands a key position. Only by fighting for that tradition tooth and nail can it save itself. It may, to be sure, continue to exist as a piece of printed matter, but a “coordinated” newspaper is no longer a newspaper.

In recent days the *Times* has turned its powerful searchlight upon a courtroom in Alabama. Mr. Daniell, in his daily dispatches, brought out with extraordinary force the race hatred with which the trial was conducted. Such publicity as this must have an effect on the final outcome of the case. Suppose that the same searchlight could be played on the docks and fields of California. Is it not at least possible that the press, backed by the genuine love of liberty which actuates the majority of Americans, could stem the growth of what is so far our most vigorous crop of reaction?

The cynical answer, the easy dogmatic answer, is that since the press is ultimately controlled by the very forces which are seeking to repress liberty in California, it will not be persuaded to defend dockworkers and farm hands. But the lesson of the German experience is that if the great press does not defend the simple liberties of small men it must eventually lose its own liberty to print even the news it considers “fit.” Franz Höllering, formerly an editor for the Ullstein press in Germany, shows all too vividly how that powerful organization by shirking its responsibilities in small ways helped to clear the path for a reaction which finally engulfed the proud freedom of the Ullstein papers as surely as it wiped out the radical press with which the House of Ullstein had before then had nothing in common. At the moment in New York City the *Daily Worker*, a Communist organ, is in danger of being suppressed. It is not fantastic to say that in so far as the *New York Times* fails to defend the *Daily Worker*—and to date it has failed—it prepares the way for its own ultimate suppression.

Houses for Whom?

REPORTS from Washington indicate an imminent showdown on the much-discussed but little-acted-upon question of housing. In opposing a suggestion that the Federal Housing Administration take the lead in forming a national mortgage association to provide low-cost housing, financed chiefly by private funds, Secretary Ickes has come out vigorously for a slum-clearance program supported by direct government subsidy. The fact that the two housing groups within the government have been at odds over fundamental policy has been largely responsible for the virtual collapse of the Administration's building program. Despite nearly three years of ballyhoo, only 1,106 persons were employed on PWA housing projects by December 28.

Failure of the Administration to launch a large-scale housing program with government funds has given the bankers an opportunity to stage a counter-offensive. The point of view of those who oppose government-financed housing has recently been summarized in a memorandum submitted to the President by the Committee for Economic Recovery which estimates that there will be an “effective demand” for 750,000 homes annually for the next ten years. The committee points out accurately that the majority of these houses should not cost more than \$4,000, and it believes that a very large proportion should be of the “cottage type,” a type of dwelling which they refer to as “the major protection of democracy.” And it insists that private enterprise should be responsible for providing homes for all

families having an income in excess of \$1,000, leaving not more than 15 per cent of the total for the government. To facilitate construction and reduce costs, it suggests that interest charges be reduced to $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

A few figures will reveal the lack of realism of those who believe, despite years of experience to the contrary, that private enterprise can somehow meet the housing needs of the American people. The Real Property Inventory in 1933 showed that two-thirds of the tenant families in American cities of over 100,000 could not afford to pay more than \$6.25 a room per month, while for millions of families the rent cannot be more than \$5 a room. Private initiative has not provided new dwellings which meet the minimum standards of health and decency for less than \$12 a room. Even in so-called limited-dividend corporations the lowest rents in new buildings are about \$11. Careful computation of the costs of construction and maintenance indicates that suitable housing cannot be built to rent at \$6 a room unless interest rates can be reduced to approximately 0.9 per cent. Since market rates for money are substantially higher, this is equivalent to saying that adequate housing cannot be provided by private enterprise unless all profit is foregone. To leave the construction of homes for our population to private business is, under present conditions, to consign more than half our urban population to dwellings that are seriously lacking in sanitation, safety, and comfort.

Talk of meeting the housing problems of present-day slum dwellers by cottages on the outskirts of the city tends to ignore psychological factors. Quite apart from the fact that transportation costs would eat up any savings obtained from lower land value, the average urban worker will not go so far from his place of employment and recreation. A recent investigation into the preferences of several hundred families living on Henry Street and East Broadway on New York's lower East Side revealed the fact that 56 per cent of the families would not leave the neighborhood to go to garden apartments in outlying sections of the city even if transportation and rents were within their means.

There are two practicable means of financing the construction of houses for the vast majority of city dwellers. The first is for the whole amount to be advanced by the government at 0.9 per cent interest, which is in effect a subsidy, since the government must pay a higher rate of interest to obtain the money. The second is by the use of private financing at approximately 3 per cent, supplemented by government grants to bring down the average cost of money. If the latter course is adopted, as in the Queensbridge project of the New York Housing Authority, approximately half the working capital would have to be advanced as an outright grant. There is little to choose between these alternatives either with respect to ultimate cost to the government or their effect on the capital market, although the direct outlay has the advantage of simplicity. To those who object to the government giving "charity" to two-thirds of the population, it might be pointed out that at present it subsidizes such everyday necessities as schools, highways, bridges, and police protection. Is it any more incongruous that it should aid in the provision of adequate and healthful housing facilities when private enterprise has so abysmally failed? There are few other steps that would contribute more to the revival and stabilization of American economic life during the next ten years.

The Education of the Odd Man

FRANCE'S political vocabulary includes the phrase *la cuisine de la Chambre*. It means the gossip and rumors that circulate in the corridors of the Chamber of Deputies and the informed guesses of men who have observed the deputies at work. Since its opinion on the Agricultural Adjustment Act the *cuisine* of the Supreme Court of the United States has been hospitable to the belief that one justice was responsible for the decision's being adverse by six to three, instead of being favorable by a five-to-four majority. This arithmetical, but not judicial, paradox is because of Justice Roberts. Had he agreed with Justices Stone, Brandeis, and Cardozo in wanting to uphold the statute, the Chief Justice would have joined them. Since Justice Roberts allied himself with the four conservative judges, the Chief Justice joined that majority in order to avoid a five-to-four decision declaring the measure unconstitutional. Hence the problem is that of educating the odd man, or, if the *cuisine* be wrong, the odd men.

The time that the court allows for such education is severely limited. The *cuisine* of the Supreme Court intimates that only one or two of the justices make a practice of examining the records and reading the briefs before the cases come on for oral argument. There were less than six hours of argument on the Agricultural Adjustment Act and the Bankhead (cotton) act. Congressional consideration was much more careful. The hearings before the Congressional committees, the reports of the committees, debates on the floor, the deliberations of the Conference Committee, and the running fire of comment from the press and interested parties permitted members of Congress, inefficient though its procedure may be, to secure a far more comprehensive knowledge of what they were doing than the proceedings before the Supreme Court permitted the nine judges. Is it to be wondered at that in the Schechter case Chief Justice Hughes excluded from consideration "the economic advantages or disadvantages" flowing from the law that he declared invalid? In effect, he admitted that he was deciding the economic question without considering it; but the briefs and the oral argument had failed to give him the data on which intelligent consideration could be based.

A century ago, when statutes were much simpler, Supreme Court judges did not venture important opinions without seeking real light and learning. *McCulloch vs. Maryland*, for example, which is appealed to by both Justice Roberts and Justice Stone, was argued for nine days by six of the greatest lawyers then living. Justice Roberts's reasoning might have been better if he had had to listen at some length while "cobwebs of sophistry and metaphysics about states' rights and state sovereignty" were "brushed away with a mighty besom," as Story said they had been by Pinkney in the argument in *McCulloch vs. Maryland*.

Actually the problem of educating the judges reaches into their backgrounds and their careers and their social roots. The problem is one of the education of the odd men only if it be thought that the three liberal judges need no education and that the four diehards would be impervious to it.

Issues and Men

The Columnist in Journalism

FRANK H. SIMONDS, whose untimely death has just occurred in Washington, was outstanding in the group of journalists who have made their names widely known not because of their connection with any one newspaper but because their signed opinions and interpretations were widely syndicated throughout the country. Mr. Simonds was an excellent Albany correspondent for the *New York Evening Post* during my management of that daily, and then an able editorial writer on the *Sun* and the editor of the *Evening Sun*. But not until the World War did his opportunity come for acquiring a national reputation. Then he suddenly stood forth as a military critic. None of us who had been closely associated with him had been aware that his mind was stacked with information on many campaigns; that study of the great military leaders of history was one of his hobbies. Very soon he became the leading American commentator on Europe's catastrophe, an authoritative interpreter of the course of events.

Not without making errors, of course. No one could seek to interpret the events of a conflict which speedily became an unprecedented war of position without going astray at times, as Mr. Simonds did by accepting, for example, the reports that great Russian forces were being transferred to the French front by way of Archangel and Scotland. It would be the height of unkindness after all these years to subject to critical analysis the writings of any of us who sought to deal with that overwhelming Armageddon. That Frank Simonds was tremendously pro-Ally from the start, too much so to be wholly detached, was true. It was true also that he succumbed somewhat to the temptation to be pontifical where there were few, if any, to challenge the correctness of either his past or his passing history. But he wrote with freshness and unusual clarity, with earnestness and sincerity, and therefore did much to educate the American public on some of the phases of the military conflict. After that struggle was ended, his interpretations of current European affairs became more and more valuable. I often did not agree with them, for mine was a different point of view and I was not quite so hopeless, or so fearful of another great struggle, as he. But the longer I knew him the more I came to like and respect and admire him. He was the best of polemical antagonists, courteous, friendly, and frank; so that it was a joy to differ with him.

Mr. Simonds's career emphasizes anew what seems to me the gross error of what may be called the Ochs school of journalism, which would hide the personality of owners or editors behind the newspaper itself. Mr. Ochs lived up to his own doctrines and refused to let himself be advertised by his own newspapers. He never permitted the personality of the successive editors-in-chief of the *New York Times* to stand out. Yet there never has been a period in our journalism when the public has craved more to know who are the authors of what they read. The *Times* itself had to yield at last to the demand that telegraph correspondents and reporters receive the coveted "by-line." Its pages are now

covered with articles headed by the name of the writer. One of the greatest foreign correspondents of the day, Walter Duranty, has made his reputation because the *Times* informed the public who wrote those wise and illuminating dispatches from Moscow.

Even in the field of sports it is the reporter with individuality who is sought. No business office or managing editor or owner ventures to edit the "stuff" of a man who, like Grantland Rice, draws \$232,000 a year. The columnist who draws \$1,000 a week is also a man to be reckoned with; he can write his own terms. He earns them not merely because of his knowledge of music, the drama, prize fights, or all sorts and conditions of men and women, or because of his humor, but because his personality shines through his work so that the public knows him or thinks that it knows him. He cannot be at his best every week or every day, but he fits a section of the public like an old shoe; and if he is Walter Lippmann he has his day in drawing a huge income and being the pet of the first and second vice-presidents of all the railroads and great banks and the favorite of the People Who Count in This World.

All of which to my mind is wholly to the good. Let them be fatuously optimistic or increasingly cynical, like Frank Simonds, but let them be themselves and let the public know just who they are. Indeed, when editorial pages the country over are becoming more and more commercialized, more and more owner-dominated, and therefore more and more narrowly capitalistic and cowardly, I count it a singularly fortunate thing that these free-lance individuals have come to the front. They give something of the flavor of the days when dailies were known as Dana's *Sun* and Godkin's *Post* and Henry Watterson's *Courier-Journal*, and the other owners were perfectly willing to take the back seats—and the profits—and let the famous editors have the prestige and the editorial responsibility. It is a loss and not a gain that the high-salaried writers with great personal followings are only in the news or "opposite-editorial" pages, that the editorial writers do not have the opportunity to influence public opinion by their personal qualities as well as by the facts they marshal and the arguments they present. Whether one agrees or totally disagrees with them, the more men like Frank Simonds and Heywood Broun and Walter Lippmann appear in the press openly in their own right, the better for the profession. Such as they form, perhaps, a last bulwark in journalism behind which free opinion can intrench itself. When their names begin to disappear from our newspapers we shall know that we are in for a new and probably a worse era—if not headed for concentration camps set up to imprison and destroy men who think and speak for themselves.

Bruce Garrison Villard



"In these three years I have restored honor and freedom to the German people!"

The Scottsboro Puppet Show

By CARLETON BEALS

Decatur, Alabama, January 27

THE Scottsboro trial is a puppet show. The principals are jerked through their ordained parts with such fidelity to class and racial and regional traditions, their motives and emotions so faithfully obeying established patterns, that it is difficult, even on the scene, face to face with reality, to realize that these are human beings, or that nine Negro boys, after five years of incarceration, are still fighting for their lives. The vulgar tragi-comedy of the plot being enacted here in the little cotton and mill town of Decatur in the northern red-hill district of Alabama, the pettiness of the judge, the trickery and the demagogic ambitions of the prosecution, and the hatred of the poor-white-trash spectators, relieved only by the gleam of starved lust when they listen to salacious testimony or their amens of approval when the judge squashes the argument of the defense, make it difficult to appreciate that here is being decided a case which may well mark the beginning of a new chapter in the history of the South and of the nation.

It would be easy, too, to forget these things for the quaintness of the scene and the types. An unshaved jury commissioner in a frayed collar and greasy suit that hangs in folds tells you at length in an almost unintelligible dialect how he has been reducing. A ruddy deputy sheriff with a big paunch and gold lodge pin tells you of the cars he saw piled up in the blizzard while he was bringing the nine Negro prisoners from Birmingham to the courtroom. "The damn' niggers," he tells you with comfortable joviality, "ain't wo'th all this heah trouble." A court clerk spends all his recess periods examining the chaw twists of tobacco of the courtroom folk—scarcely a man is unable to produce one, and the court proceedings are punctuated constantly by the spurt of tobacco juice on the floor and wall. The whole courthouse from basement to attic, despite the most amazing collection of spittoons I have ever seen under one roof, is stained with brown juice.

An old man with a mop of uncut and never-combed white hair hanging about a gossipy, womanish face hops in on a home-made crutch, with one shriveled foot wrapped in dirty cloths sticking out sideways. He leans over the rail and wisecracks at the defense attorneys, then hops from person to person in the courtroom urging vengeance.

Prosecutor Thomas E. Knight, Jr., who has played sharp politics with this case and has ridden on the backs of these Negro boys into the lieutenant governorship and expects soon to ride into the governorship, peers from unexpected places in the courtroom with glazed blue eyes. His smile of victory and smug contempt draws back frog-like across his narrow face like a stretched rubber band. During a recess he foregathers with some of the correspondents. With two armed deputies on either side, the Negro defendant Haywood Patterson sits over against the wall.

Knight has been very successful with this case. He knows the temper of local juries and how to appeal to them. He never misses an opportunity to show contempt for that foreign country "New Yawk" and by implication to cast

contempt on the defense attorney, Samuel S. Leibowitz, who after Clarence Darrow is probably the most brilliant criminal lawyer in the country. Furthermore Knight's own father sits on the Supreme Court bench of the state of Alabama and helps write the confirmations of the verdicts rendered by the local farmer juries. But during this last trial Knight has been rather subdued. The defense opened with a plea that he retire from the case because the Alabama constitution prohibits a public official from holding two public posts, and because if Ku Klux Klan Governor Bibb Graves should die or leave the state, Knight, as acting governor, would have to pass on any plea for clemency from the boys he helped to condemn. Throughout the trial the defense ironically referred to him only as "Governor."

A jury venireman approached me in the corridor during recess to tell me he did not believe anything he read in the newspapers. A lean, red-headed fellow with steel "specs," he moved his quid of tobacco to one side of his mouth to tell me of the origin of the "nigger" race—he had just solemnly sworn to the court he had no racial prejudices. Cain, it seemed, after killing Abel, went off to the land of Nod where he "knew a woman." "Now mos' folk don't go on and think things out. The Bible never says sexual intercourse, it jus' says a man knows a woman. But the Bible tells that there couldn't be no human folk at that time in the land of Nod. Now jus' put two and two together. Cain had offspring in the land of Nod, so he had him a female baboon or chimpanzee or somethin' like that. An' that's how the nigger race started."

After the geniality of the first day the courtroom setting became grim and harsh as it filled up with a rougher, though orderly crowd. Judge William Washington Callahan drove through the proceedings with relentless speed, making no concessions for delay of witnesses or anything else. Judge Callahan is a man over seventy whose son was recently acquitted of murder through a temporary-insanity plea. The Judge has a lashing tongue and indulges in salty dialect witticisms that usually fall viciously at the wrong moment. With his wispy white hair, his choleric rumblings, his easy mouthing of legal and constitutional formulas, he is, as one writer said, a Hollywood version of a Southern judge.

A climax in the trial was reached on the second day, after seven wearying hours in the foul-aired courtroom, when the two defense attorneys called for a mistrial, accusing the Judge of impatience, irascibility, continued ridiculing of the physical and other evidence of the defense, and repeated remarks made to prejudice the jury. Judge Callahan declared that if he had made any improper remarks he was willing to apologize, and in a tone of cold fury denied the motion. He then charged the jury not to heed the remarks of the defense, nor were the jurors to be prejudiced against the defense because of their motion. Subsequently the defense made five other mistrial motions which were denied.

At the outset Judge Callahan ruled out as evidence the defense model of the fatal freight train that ran between

Stevenson and Paint Rock five years ago with its human cargo of young derelicts and two mill trollops, Victoria Price and Ruby Bates. "That train is a useless waste of time," snapped the Judge. "It would take half a day longer and is no help to anybody." Actually, without the model train no proper reconstruction of the details is possible. When the defense insisted, the Judge roared out, "I cain't waste time this way. How will you get it set up as it was?"

The model was identical with that admitted by Judge Callahan at the previous trial, but he now demanded that the defense produce evidence. As the defense was not expecting to be asked for witnesses until late afternoon, the train conductor was not available, and most of the witnesses were required to go through long-winded unintelligible explanations which could have been settled at once by the model. In a previous trial Judge Callahan sarcastically remarked about the train, "Go ahead and set it up before Santa Claus gets it."

Late in the afternoon, after two-thirds of the evidence was in, the defense was able to call Conductor R. S. Turner to identify the model train again. Callahan again objected, "All I see it does, it takes up a lot of time"; and throughout the trial he seemed to take the attitude that the loss of five minutes was more important than the lives of the nine Negro boys. As the conductor started to testify, the Judge bellowed at him to ask him the total number of box cars on the train, and before the conductor could make his calculations rushed to another question in such a way as to imply lack of credibility in the witness. Frequently throughout the trial, whenever any witness seemed likely to make a statement that threw light on the facts, the Judge would roar over the bench at him, interrupting and confusing the evidence.

As in all previous trials the star witness of the state, since Ruby Bates recanted her testimony, was Victoria Price. She entered the courtroom well dressed in blue wool and brown velvet coat, and was not, as before, chewing snuff. In an earlier trial she had testified that one of the Negro boys had held her mouth so she couldn't take a spit. On this occasion she altered her testimony in a few key matters, declaring, for instance, that the gravel car was filled up only to two and a half feet from the top as compared to a foot and a half in her previous statements. But when the defense attempted to bring out the contradictions of Victoria Price's testimony with her statements in previous trials the Judge promptly sustained the objections made by the prosecution. The court ruled out all evidence bearing upon the past conduct of Victoria Price—her jail convictions, her various marriages, her actual relations with Jack Tiller, a married man, her profligacy with two different men on the two nights preceding the supposed rape. But in his charge to the jury Judge Callahan declared that the credibility of Victoria Price was not in question, because the defense had not produced evidence showing bad character or untruthfulness.

She sat with her back half turned to the defense except during cross-examination. She spit out her words venomously at the defense with a hard crease in her thin mouth, and this time in her evidence increased the number of scratches on her body, but denied the disfigurements on her face to which she had previously testified and which had been denied by half a dozen witnesses. In this trial she put the supposed blow on her scalp instead of on her forehead over one eye. When no signal for a given reply was forth-

coming from the prosecution, toward which she constantly glanced, she would answer sullenly, "I cain't remember." Several times during interruptions she sat smiling at Prosecutor Knight from behind a blue handkerchief.

The local prosecuting attorney and Sunday School teacher, Malvin Hutson, opened the jury pleading. Spitting his cud of tobacco into a spittoon and dropping his legs over the table, he combed his hair, smoothed his tiny black bow tie, and talked for a few seconds to the jury in an intimate low tone. His plump boyish face gradually flushed, and suddenly he sobbed out in a tone that shook the windows, "Save the pure womanhood of Alabama!" From then on he alternately roared and sobbed about the courtroom in a voice that would have filled the Metropolitan Opera House, giving a cross between a sermon and a stump speech and devoting only a few brief moments to actual summing up of the evidence. "Women, red, white, black, or green, depend upon this jury for protection," he insisted. He pictured the long fight of the pitiful Victoria Price for vindication, without which the jurors would have to "hang their heads." Whether "in overalls or in furs" a woman was protected by the law of Alabama against the vilest crime of the human species, that of rape, a crime which put any man lower "than the birds of the air, the fish of the sea, or the beasts of the fields." Even dogs choose their mates. The law reached "from the mountain tops to the swamps and caves" to protect "the sacred secret parts of the female," and now almost in tears, he assured the jurors that "Victoria Price is a human of the female species." Unless the jury upheld the law, women "might have to buckle six-shooters about their middles." The penalty for rape in Alabama is death, a penalty prescribed in accordance "with the wisdom of the ages."

One prospective juror remarked that Hutson was a "very good" Sunday School teacher. He is such a good Sunday School teacher that Haywood Patterson is to spend seventy-five years in prison.

The knife and gun fracas between a deputy sheriff and Ozie Powell, one of the Scottsboro defendants, which took place on the top of Lacon Mountain on the road from Decatur to Birmingham, helps to obscure the complicated case. The original trial in Scottsboro, with a hurried conviction without proper defense and with a mill band playing "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight" under the courthouse windows, was a form of legal violence that barely stopped short of a major tragedy. The fact is that since then, during the five years of the case, seven of the defendants have never even been brought to trial. It would be strange indeed if stronger minds than those of these black derelicts were not preyed upon by fear, despair, and hate; and for five years the boys, who have grown into young manhood, have known only the companionship of criminals and riff-raff. Ozie Powell, who by his desperate act further endangered himself and his companions, has been brooding about these things. Jail madness seems the most likely explanation. Unfortunately more than ever the case is restored to the basis of passion, and the racial, social, and legal principles are further obscured. The boys will lose sympathy here and elsewhere, but, just as much as ever, justice as well as the boys will remain on trial.

I Was an Editor in Germany

By FRANZ HOLLERING

THE *Berliner Zeitung am Mittag*—commonly known as the *B.Z.*—was one of the most successful newspapers of the Ullstein Publishing Company, which was owned by the five Ullstein brothers. (I speak of the House of Ullstein in the past tense, for today its old Jewish name is only one of Josef Goebbels's many pseudonyms.) The Ullstein Publishing Company enjoyed a prestige similar to that of the *New York Times*, but its range of activity and influence was much wider, since it issued daily, weekly, and monthly journals, published books, employed thousands of people, and had a world-wide news service. The two other leading papers of the Ullstein press were the lower-middle-class, pseudo-socialist *Berliner Morgenpost*, which had the largest circulation of any newspaper in the country, and the *Vossische Zeitung*—conservative, semi-highbrow—commonly referred to as *Tante Voss* (Auntie Voss).

On September 13, 1930, the *B.Z.* made a sensational prediction about the outcome of the Reichstag election scheduled for the following day. The Nazis, said the *B.Z.*, would gain at least seventy-five seats in a parliament in which they had never had more than twelve. As editor-in-chief of the *B.Z.* I was responsible for this prophecy. My publishers challenged me. Such a landslide, they felt, was quite impossible. For my part, I was so thoroughly convinced of the increased strength of the Nazis that I offered to resign as editor if at least 100 of Hitler's men were not elected. It was not necessary for me to resign. The returns showed that 107 Nazis had been elected to the parliament of the republic. The Ullsteins were panic-stricken. A midnight editorial conference was called. Iron fences were built across the lofty entrances of the vast building. A special permit issued for that night was needed for admission. Rumor had it that the Storm Troopers were planning a *Putsch* and that they were on their way to capture the publishing plants. As a matter of fact, the Nazis had no intention of following up their triumph immediately with a night of terror. Two years more of intensive propaganda were necessary to educate Hitler's followers in mass sadism.

The editorial conference of the night of September 14, 1930, was an unforgettable scene of intellectual confusion and cowardice. The House of Ullstein, through its leadership of the great democratic press of Germany, held the most effective weapon by which the Hitler propaganda might have been defeated. Its decision was to wait and see, on the theory that fighting fire with fire could lead only to greater conflagration. The fact behind the theory was of course an enormous property interest. The Ullsteins did not dare to suggest the democratic procedure of giving Hitler a place in the government, which might conceivably have dissipated his power by forcing his hand early in the game. If Hitler had refused to take part according to democratic rules, he could have been defeated at the next election. Having no policy, the Ullsteins marched with the rest of the liberal bourgeoisie and the Social Democrats, under the command of the militarists, along the Brüning-Papen-Schleicher path toward the Third Reich.

Hitler met no real opposition. Brüning, an ascetic among political profiteers, was possessed by one central idea—to prove, by trying and failing, that Germany could not fulfil the Treaty of Versailles. In order to frighten the Allies into whittling down reparations, Brüning allowed Hitler to exist and to grow as a Frankenstein with which to threaten the Allies. Behind Brüning was the invisible pressure of the Reichswehr, which from the very beginning (1918) used Hitler as a pawn in its militarist strategy. Accordingly, Hitler was not liquidated at the beginning as he well might have been. Instead of being deported, the obnoxious alien was invited to become a German citizen, and encouraged to stay in opposition.

The capitulation of the great democratic press before the growing Nazi power took place gradually. The Ullsteins did not dare to fight and therefore they rationalized their retreat; they recalled their "responsibility" to their innumerable employees, for whose sake they "sacrificed" their political convictions, which began to appear to them daily as more and more utopian. The journalists in their pay, on the other hand, felt that they must "carry on." As a matter of fact, working German journalists in those days acted exactly as any highly skilled craft unionists would act in similar circumstances. They had achieved many years before what the American Newspaper Guild is now fighting for—the right to collective bargaining. They even had old-age and sickness insurance, vacations, and a satisfactory status. They knew what the bosses wanted done, and they did not have to be told to do it. This silent understanding was known as "the freedom of the press." During the first months of the Third Reich even Jewish journalists wrote and published the most chauvinistic propaganda in behalf of "awakening Germany." They would have followed Hitler, if he had let them, just as they followed Dollfuss and as they are now following Mussolini and Starhemberg. They were not driven out until later.

Brüning's dangerous strategy of playing both ends against the middle made him more and more neurotic. Finally he could not stand the least criticism. He brushed aside the many warnings he received about the Hindenburg clique. He clamped down on the press. When the *B.Z.* reported that the Cabinet was discussing a project for autarchy—a forerunner of Hitler's policy of economic self-sufficiency, dictated by the same military considerations—it was the first democratic newspaper to be disciplined. As editor of the *B.Z.* I wished to oppose the Brüning policy, to fight, not to yield; but the publishers frowned. They had the "public weal" in mind; they were not going to let "fancy notions" of the freedom of the press be misused to tout editorial convictions at such a dangerous time; they were going "to stand behind the Chancellor."

The liberal tradition of the House of Ullstein could not be thrown overboard all at once. It went piece by piece, and a whole year passed before the trend became clear. Meanwhile the winds of reaction blew ever more strongly and the Ullstein brothers bent with them. The

older editors, burdened with family responsibilities, were willing to take any attitude which promised security against the oncoming storm. The great press viewed the onslaughts of National Socialism through rose-tinted spectacles. It took to optimistic discussions of non-controversial topics. The Ullsteins advised against offending the National Socialists by the use of the word "Nazi." Those among its editors who tended, either out of conviction or through naivete, to write the truth, had their wings clipped. Thus, gradually, fascism gained headway not only in German life but also in the press. A few incidents which occurred in 1931 will illustrate this prostitution of the liberal press.

The violent demonstrations which ended the performance of the film "All Quiet on the Western Front" were led in person by Goebbels and Count Helldorf, now chief of police of Berlin. This scandal, followed by a little pogrom, marked the first decisive advance of National Socialism in the streets of the German capital. Did the Ullstein papers defend the pacifist tendency of the film, which had been made from a book published by Ullstein years before? On the contrary. Restraint was the motto. When some of the younger editors protested, the Jewish editor-in-chief of the *Vossische Zeitung* remarked: "But gentlemen, remember we are not a Jewish sheet!" In this phrase, ironically but seriously uttered, he was already mouthing the Nazi doctrine that pacifism is Jewish. The House of Ullstein would have preferred to have it forgotten that it had ever published Erich Maria Remarque; and when Hitler came into power, the publishers actually sent a representative post-haste to Switzerland to cancel their contract with the author.

Carl von Ossietzky, the editor of the *Weltbühne* and the most distinguished of German publicists (he has been in a concentration camp since Hitler took control), was given a sentence of eighteen months for publishing a criticism of the aviation budget of the Ministry of War. The sentence was a crime against justice and even against the law—there could be no argument about that, and there was none. The conservative press applauded the verdict. The *B.Z.* alone among the Ullstein papers dared to register a protest, whereupon I was accused of high treason not only in the Nazi press but also in the increasingly more reactionary Ullstein circles. An attempt to clear up the affair at an editorial conference was cut short by the statement, "Right or wrong, anyone who mentions military matters deserves to go to prison." There you had the pacifism of the official German democracy. Needless to say, Hitler's construction of a modern war machine in the incredibly short space of two years would have been impossible if its skeleton had not been perfected when he came to power.

One day the Prussian Minister of the Interior, the Socialist Severing, asked some "left" newspapermen to come to his office for an urgent confidential meeting. I sat between him and the Catholic Dr. Klausner—murdered by Hitler on June 30, 1934. I can still see the excitement in the faces of both men. Severing read us a couple of typewritten sheets which on the following day became known throughout the entire world as the Boxheim document. The police had obtained it from a Nazi, the son of a Social Democrat, who had become conscience-stricken. Its author was a certain Dr. Best, one of the Nazi leaders. It contained a plan for the overthrow of the government. All the atrocities which Hitler actually committed later on were listed

in the Boxheim document with true German thoroughness. Severing asked us to give this paper the greatest possible publicity; it would, he felt, have a sobering effect. His guests were skeptical. Had he overlooked, they asked, the preamble, which said that these measures were to be taken only in the event of a Communist *Putsch*—which was more unlikely than a visit from Mars? Severing insisted, and he was right, that the Boxheim document meant what it said without any reference to the Communists: the Nazis customarily put such "preambles" in their secret papers; it helped them to escape the law in reactionary courts if they were caught. The reactionary Supreme Court was only too glad to let itself be taken in. And so also was the democratic and liberal press. The *B.Z.* did not make itself more popular with its owners by exposing the document for what it was. (Dr. Best, of course, went free; the betrayer of the Boxheim document was shot by the Nazis.)

Kurt Tucholsky, brilliant writer for the *Weltbühne*, wrote every Sunday a non-political essay in the *Vossische Zeitung*. As the Nazi agitation grew, the publishers canceled their agreement with Tucholsky. Thus long before the Nazis had occasion to burn Tucholsky's books his work as a left-wing writer had been cut short by democratic publishers. This fact, rather than the Nazi suppression, was at the root of the despair which finally drove him to suicide in exile, in Sweden, on December 22, 1935.

In the *B.Z.* of December 12, 1931, appeared Hitler's secret summons "To Everybody Trained for the Aviation Service." Having formed infantry, cavalry, and motor corps, he was now organizing an aviation corps. It was obvious that he could not do all this without the secret approval of the Ministry of War. And it was not surprising that General Groener, who was both Minister of the Interior and Minister of War, saw red when he saw the *B.Z.* An hour later I knew that action was being taken against me by the Ullsteins. The jig was up. A high official of the publishing house came to see me. There were no objections to me personally, he said, but I had to learn to make compromises. I rejected this proposal. In fact, on December 13 I printed in the *B.Z.* further exposures of the secret Nazi activities. On that very afternoon I ceased to be editor-in-chief of the *B.Z. am Mittag*. The National Socialist press crowed: "High treason crushed at last! Editor brought down by Hitler's flying corps!"

Before Carl von Ossietzky went to prison he stated the political gist of the case in the *Weltbühne* of January 5, 1932: "The behavior of the Ullstein concern in this matter is something worse than a mere blunder of bewildered business men. It is the most scandalous capitulation before National Socialism on record. It is a crime against the freedom of the German press in its gravest crisis."

Thirteen months later the House of Ullstein was *gleichgeschaltet*. Despite their great gift for protective coloration the Ullstein brothers could not escape their fate. The violent anti-Semitism which is the birthmark of German fascism robbed them of their power, though they were compensated with an appropriate number of millions for their properties. They do not have to live on refugee funds.

[This is the first of two articles by Franz Höllering, who is now an exile in America. His second article, dealing with his experiences as an editor in Berlin at the time of the Reichstag fire, will be published next week.]

Washington Weekly

By PAUL W. WARD

Washington, January 26

AL SMITH, in his speech at the Liberty League's banquet here, did more than read himself out of the Democratic Party. He also read himself out of the respect and affections of all men of good faith.

That, at least, was the reaction of the majority of those who sat at the press tables, and their reaction is more important than that of the du Ponts, Davises, Becks, and Reeds who paid to attend the rhetorical lynching Smith had been engaged to stage with Roosevelt as victim. The reporters belong to the great middle class which holds the balance of political power in this country. They also belong to the only group that Smith has a chance of swinging away from Roosevelt and to his enemies. I refer, of course, to the group that voted for Smith in 1928.

Unlike the bulk of the billion-dollar audience on the main floor of the ballroom, the majority of the reporters up in the balcony had not looked down their noses at Al in 1928 but had virtually worshiped him, had been anguished by his defeat, and in 1932 would have preferred him to Roosevelt. Furthermore, they had long since recovered from their 1933 infatuation for Franklin the First, and would have welcomed a bona fide criticism of his reign from Smith. But what they saw and heard was something that drove them back toward the Roosevelt camp and sickened them. It also drove back and sickened millions in the radio audience, presumably, for a substantial proportion of the telegrams that came to Smith after his speech were denunciatory.

What the reporters saw was the Happy Warrior of 1928 turned into the Waspy Harrier of 1936 and successfully using all the old tricks with which he had won their devotion—his slang, his eloquent grunts, his "foists," and his hoarse-voiced witticisms—to captivate a pack of stuffed shirts and fat bank accounts. They were prepared to ignore his obvious hatred for the present occupant of the White House, a hatred fed upon the knowledge that it is fully reciprocated. But they were not adequately prepared to see Al making slavish love to his former enemies, delighting the nation's richest sweatshoppers with his bludgeonings of the NRA, keeping the fastidious Mrs. Sabin in stitches with his vulgarisms, and edifying with tremolo-stopped references to his mother, wife, and sister a flotilla of dowagers who once shuddered at the thought of Mrs. Smith in the White House.

The humor of the occasion, however, was not wasted on the men and women in the balcony. Much of it was provided by members of the audience, such as a horsey Philadelphian in red who in a moment of bibulous indiscretion had dipped her fur muff in a plate of ice cream and constantly reminded observers of that mishap by waving the muff aloft on a diamond-braceleted arm as she shrieked cheer after cheer for Al on the slightest provocation. Most of the cheering done came from persons intoxicated with more than love for Al and the Constitution, and there was much cheering of that sort, for cocktails and wine were plentiful.

It is well that that was so, for otherwise the lack of applause at certain points in Al's speech would have been

painful. An accurate chart of the Liberty League's hypocrisies and prejudices could be made by analyzing the rise and fall of the applause. When Smith said, "I am here because I am a Democrat," the crowd roared. But when he said he had joined the Democratic Party "because I was led to believe that no man owned it," and then paused for applause, none came; plainly his audience was embarrassed by the thought of an un-owned party. Similarly, when he spoke in praise of social legislation and of stock-exchange regulation, his audience evinced only discomfort. The complete give-away came when he got around to discussing division of governmental authority. When he said, "We don't want any Executive to tell Congress what it must do," the crowd bellowed approval; but when he added, "We don't want any Congress to tell the Executive what he must do," the applause was merely polite. When he went on to say, "We don't want Congress or the Executive jointly or severally to tell the United States Supreme Court what it must do," the crowd responded with delirious roars of applause and cheers; all of which quickly died as he continued, "We don't want the United States Supreme Court to tell either of them what they must do." Al should leave out that line next time.

He also will fare better if he leaves out the last five minutes of his speech, for it was his peroration that destroyed all that was meaty in the body of his diatribe. And there was much that was meaty, especially his thrust at Roosevelt as the beneficent autocrat. That was both an effective and a legitimate dig, and one that sensible men will remember, for Roosevelt invited it by saying in his message to Congress that the powers bestowed on the executive branch of government under the New Deal would be dangerous ones to have fall into "the hands of political puppets of an economic autocracy." Al quite properly interpreted that as meaning, "If you are going to have an autocrat, take me; be very careful about the other fellow." And with complete and prescient justification he added, "We don't want any autocrats. . . . We wouldn't even take a good one."

But there is hardly anything that will make up for, detract from, or excuse Smith's waving of the bloody shirt, his "Washington or Moscow," his "Star Spangled Banner or the Internationale," his "clear, pure fresh air of free America or the foul breath of communistic Russia." Such demagogic absurdities will drive away instead of recapturing his following of 1928. If they deserve any further comment, it is this: Jim Farley was right; it is going to be "a dirty campaign."

* * *

ONE of its dirtiest manifestations is about to occur down in Macon this week. There Governor Eugene Talmadge of Georgia, whom Ickes calls "His Chain-Gang Excellency," is about to hold an anti-Roosevelt rally of Southern Democrats. Within the last few days his organization has effected a liaison with what is left of the late Huey Long's "Share the Wealth" organization. Both groups are motivated chiefly by a White House denial of what they consider their just share of the spoils flowing out of the

Democratic victory in 1932; the spoils have been distributed, but to rival gangs. To this motivation there is added a more subtle one through the Southern Committee to Uphold the Constitution, a Southern version of the American Liberty League headed by John H. Kirby, Texas lumberman and lobbyist. Between it and the red-gallused Talmadge there has been an understanding for several months, and there is reason to believe that plans are under way to place Talmadge in the field as a third-party candidate in the hope that he may cost Roosevelt some Southern states and thus the election. The roster of Kirby's committee contains the names of many of the South's leading steel men, bankers, and others closely allied with Eastern capitalists.

The only thing lacking in the line-up at Macon is the Townsend organization, which appears to be making little or no headway in the South despite a judicious use of Klan and Anti-Saloon League methods, including, it is reported,

the enlistment of backwoods preachers ■ organizers on payment of modest weekly *pourboires*. The Townsend movement is also meeting one setback after another in Congress. Dr. Townsend has just had to renounce all thought of establishing ■ national third party under threat by members of the Townsend bloc in the House that they would take his movement away from him if he refused. From outside Washington come reports of dissension within the organization over tactics and finances. The first attempt of the session to obtain a test vote on the Townsend plan was made a few days ago by young Representative Monaghan, a Montana Democrat. It failed, Representative Cooper, a Tennessee Democrat, quickly ruling the motion out of order. Meanwhile hardly ■ day passes without some member of the House denouncing the Townsend movement and proclaiming his intention of having it subjected to a Congressional investigation.

Where the German Ghetto Leads

By WILLIAM ZUKERMAN

THE Ghetto has now been established in Germany. It was legally introduced with much pomp on September 14 with the promulgation of the Nürnberg laws and has since become an important fact in German life, one which both Jews and non-Jews must take into account in dealing with the German situation.

Soon after the promulgation of the Nürnberg laws many well-informed observers of foreign affairs in Germany, including some of the best foreign correspondents, believed that the new laws, cruel and bitter as they are, would end the chapter of anti-Jewish persecution in Germany and would somehow effect an improvement in the position of Jews. Several facts were adduced to support this belief. The first was that a considerable part of German society was thoroughly nauseated by the eternal din of "Jew, Jew, Jew," which has not ceased in Germany since the Nazis came to power, and felt a very intelligible desire to have a rest from the accursed question, which occupies more space in the Nazi press and in Nazi public pronouncements than almost any other problem facing the German people. It was thought that the Nürnberg laws would bring this respite, both to Germans and to Jews. Jewish life, it was recognized, would be tragically restricted within the confines of a virtual Ghetto, but the Jew would at least be free from anxiety and would have some assurance for his future. The lines of demarcation being rigidly drawn, the Jews would be left at peace within them.

Another ground for hope was the expectation that the new legislation would do away with the legal anarchy prevailing in Germany with regard to the Jewish question, which made it possible for every petty Nazi official in the provinces to proclaim his own laws and issue his own decrees affecting the lives and fortunes of many Jews. Under this state of legal anarchy hundreds of cities, towns, and villages in Germany had prohibited Jews from entering their precincts and proudly announced the fact by means of illuminated sign-boards; hundreds of other cities had banned Jews from their public libraries, archives, museums, theaters, cine-

mas, cafes, and other public places; many famous cities forbade Jews to use their public baths, swimming pools, rivers, and medicinal springs. A number of towns in Germany even now prohibit the sale of food to Jews, of milk to Jewish children, and of medicines to Jewish sick. This state of anarchy was also responsible for the terrible Jew-baiting campaign conducted by Julius Streicher, with its blood libels, its revolting particulars of "race pollution," its high-pressure blackmail methods in the boycott of the Jews, its hysteria and near-lynching of Jewish youths seen associating with German girls.

These considerations accounted for the comparative acquiescence with which the Nürnberg laws were accepted by some sincere friends of the Jews and even by some of the Jews themselves. The government issued many pronouncements about the stabilizing effect of the legalization of the Jewish position. Dr. Goebbels, and even Streicher himself, proclaimed the end of individual anti-Jewish acts. Some of the official Nazi newspapers gave expression to a feeling of relief in words which seemed to say: Now we shall be able to forget the Jews for a while, and we shall have a little peace. Certain foreign liberals also placed hope in the average German's respect for law now that he had laws concerning Jews to go by.

Such hopes were doomed to disappointment. Within a brief fortnight from the proclamation of the Nürnberg decrees it became clear to all who cared to see that this legislation was not the end of a chapter but the beginning of a new period of persecution. The new anti-Jewish laws have legalized the state of pogrom created by the Streicher drive, and this has been done not in order to call a halt to Jew-baiting but to make possible further advances. No sooner were the new laws proclaimed than a period of interpreting and implementing them began which promises to be even more tragic than earlier stages. The anti-Jewish boycott is being waged with as much virulence as before; the municipalities have been declared to be within their rights as autonomous governments in enacting their fanatical

laws against the Jews; the orgy of Jew-baiting has not abated in the least. Moreover, the anarchic situation has not been resolved. There is as much agonizing uncertainty about the meaning of the Nürnberg laws as there was about the status of the Jew before these laws existed. The hunt of the Jew has not been called off; the beast has only been declared fair game for all, and the hunt has been made a legal national sport. The effect of the legislation upon the average law-abiding German burgher, too, has been only to put his legal conscience at rest. It is no longer *verboten* to bait the Jew, to persecute and humiliate him; so, therefore, it cannot be wrong. On with the hunt!

The fact is that Nazi Germany is already going ahead with a new and intensified anti-Jewish drive, probably the last and greatest of all. The new drive is against the remaining economic positions held by the Jews. Having safeguarded German blood, the Streicher forces are now out to safeguard German commerce and industry. And with much better reason than before. The economic position of the Third Reich is notoriously bad, even if the political prestige of the regime has risen. The new army, navy, and air force may be a source of pride and satisfaction, but they eat up 40 per cent of the budget. The internal debt has risen from two to ten billion marks since the Nazi regime came into power. Exports have diminished to a point never known before; wages have gone down; raw material is scarce; so are also certain kinds of foodstuffs. There were signs of unrest in the summer, and they may be expected to increase this winter. How is the emergency to be met? What other means has National Socialism of quieting the unrest except a strong drive against the remaining economic positions of the Jews? There still remain several thousand shops and enterprises in Jewish hands; several thousand Jewish physicians are still practicing in Berlin and in a few other cities. What more natural than that these businesses and posts should be turned over to pure Aryans to allay the increasing economic discontent? If there is not scope enough within the framework of the new laws for the new drive, a pretext will be found in some action of Jews abroad to warrant new legislation. Did not the *Führer* himself openly admit at Nürnberg that German Jews were, in effect, being held as hostages by the Nazi regime to insure the good behavior of Jews abroad?

Those who have looked for security, legality, and certainty in the Nürnberg laws have misjudged the temper of the Nazi regime and misread the clear lessons of history, one of the most striking of which is to be found in the remarkable resemblance between the present position of the Jews in Germany and their position in Czarist Russia in the last decades of the nineteenth century. There is a fascinating analogy between the Nürnberg decrees and the infamous anti-Jewish laws of Alexander III proclaimed in 1882. The resemblance is so close, both in spirit and detail, that one cannot escape the conviction that the Nazi regime is consciously imitating the legislation of fifty years ago which made the regime of Alexander III notorious for its barbarism.

The Nürnberg laws will lead German Jews and Germany itself along the path that Russia followed after the passage of the laws of '82. These laws drove Russian Jews, almost as a body, into the Russian revolutionary movement and thus quickened the process which brought the violent collapse of the forces of social reaction. It is probable that

no other single legislative act of Czarist Russia served more effectively to bring about the downfall of the regime than did the anti-Jewish laws of '82. Once history has begun to repeat itself, what will stay its course? Who can say that Germany will follow the ghosts of Czarist history only until 1905 and no farther?

As the first result of the present anti-Jewish laws in Germany, German Jews will be thrown into closer association with those suppressed labor groups now working underground for the overthrow of the Nazi regime. Neither Germans nor German Jews are a revolutionary people. In spite of Hitler's ravings about Jewish Marxists, the Jews in Germany are mostly a middle-class people with a typical bourgeois psychology very much like that of the Nazis themselves before they were brutalized by power. They are an orderly, well-to-do, comfort-loving people, such as a high state of industrial civilization tends to produce everywhere among the middle classes. They lack the deep spirituality of the Russian Jews, and that passionate inborn sense of revolt against injustice which under similar circumstances of oppression in Russia sent thousands of Jews into the vanguard of the revolutionary movement and made their fight against Czarism one of the epic events of the Russian Revolution. But circumstances are rapidly changing the psychology as well as the social and economic status of the German Jews. The Nürnberg laws cut them off from all association with bourgeois society, of which they were an integral part, and no other social relationship is left for them except with labor.

For if anything emerges clearly from the chaos in Germany it is that the outburst of anti-Semitism which seems to have swept the whole people is, in fact, confined to the German middle class and petty bourgeoisie. Like Nazism itself, the orgy of Jewish hatred is probably the last stand of an impotent and ineffectual class doomed to extinction even as Czarism was, a class which sees its end approaching and clutches madly at the last chance of power. All competent observers of Germany are in agreement that neither the higher German aristocracy nor German labor is swayed by that anti-Semitic mass-hysteria which animates the small German shopkeeper and petty official. It is the German middle class, not the German people, that has failed the Jews. In labor quarters in Germany Jews not only find no hatred but often even sympathy and help. If it were not for this silent but powerful moral support from the mass of the German working people, the Jews in Germany could not have withstood so long the fierce fury of the Streicher drives. If the German working class were as anti-Semitic as the middle class, there would long ago have been massacres in Germany no less bloody than those that took place in Czarist Russia.

German Jews have hitherto entirely ignored German labor. Jewish associations have always been with the petty bourgeoisie in Germany, to whom they have rendered great historic services. The gratitude shown for these is the present anti-Semitic outburst and the reestablishment of the Ghetto. But German Jews have too long been a part of German society to go back to the Ghetto now and to feel self-sufficient in segregation. It is only the Jewish Nationalists, with a mentality akin to that of other nationalists, who find it easy to acquiesce in the Nazi plan of complete Jewish segregation and even to accept with equanimity the prospect of a Jewish exodus from Germany. The bulk of the Ger-

man Jews have been a part of Germany too long to succumb so easily to despair. They do not accept Hitler's verdict as that of the entire German people, or National Socialism as the last word of German history. They feel that Germany is their home and that they are a part of German society. But with the German shopkeeper maddened for the moment and wildly shouting "Juda, Verrecke!" German Jews naturally turn to that other "nation" which they have hitherto

neglected, which pleads for the aid and abilities of Jews in the hour of its greatest emergency. If German Jews will serve the German working class with half the zeal they showed in the service of the German shopkeeper and petty official, the Nürnberg laws will not mean a return to a real Ghetto. The future historian may see these laws as marking the turn of the tide in National Socialism, even as the Czarist laws marked a similar turn in Russia.

The Spread of Hitlerism

By M. W. FODOR

THE dream of the union of Germany and Austria, or rather, of the union of Germany with the Germans of the former Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, is almost as old as Mazzini's dream of "Unita Italia": it coincides with the revival of nationalism all over Europe at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Union was actually attained for a few weeks when the famous parliament met in St. Paul's Church at Frankfort in 1848. The Austro-German union had famous champions as early as the third quarter of the past century in the persons of George von Schönerer, H. K. Wolf, Walther Riehl, and Rudolf Jung. Though Bismarck defeated Hapsburg Austria in 1866 and succeeded in breaking up the German *Bund*, he included in the second German Empire only the South German states, and left Austria, with a German population of 12,000,000, to the Hapsburgs. Bismarck rightly feared the further disintegration of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, which he regarded as a useful future ally.

The peacemakers of Versailles, however, did not realize the importance of this motley group of nationalities called Austria-Hungary, and they broke it up into small units. Severed from its natural markets, Austria, small and desolate, attempted a union with Germany in November, 1918, in order to find an existence in the economic life of a great empire which, even if defeated and derelict for the moment, was bound one day to rise from its ashes. The desire of these Germans in Austria and Czecho-Slovakia for union with the German fatherland after the war was genuine and strong. Plebiscites in the Tyrol and Salzburg in the post-war years yielded enormous majorities in favor of *Anschluss*. But the peace treaties stood in the way.

A change came with the swift growth of National Socialism in Germany. The idea of union was strong before, but Adolf Hitler's movement breathed new life into it. No race has suffered so much from an inferiority complex as has the German. National Socialism was a kind of Coué method of converting the inferiority complex, at least temporarily, into a feeling of superiority. Hitler wrote in his "Mein Kampf": "The German Reich as a state shall include all Germans, with the function not only of collecting and preserving for this people the useful remains of ancient racial elements, but also of leading them, slowly but surely, to a dominating position." Herr Schmidt in Reichenberg, Czecho-Slovakia, and Herr Schimmelpfennig in São Paulo, Brazil, read this sentence and became conscious of the greatness of their nationality.

In carrying out his ideas Hitler used the efficient

propaganda machinery set up by Goebbels and Rosenberg. The chief results are the still uncertain situation in Austria, the victory of Conrad Henlein in the last Czecho-Slovak elections, the unrest among the Germans in Hungary, the considerable increase of Nazi strength among the Swabians in Yugoslavia, and the rapid rise of an illegal Nazi movement in Rumania. The brunt of this propaganda since Hitler's rise to power has been directed against "independent" Austria. Although the greater part of the Austrian population had previously desired to join Germany, after the establishment of the rule of Hitler this feeling was modified: the Social Democrats, after observing the fate of their comrades in the Reich, turned away from the pan-German idea. Had Austria possessed a great statesman in those days of severe pressure, he would have attempted to unite the ranks of the Catholics with those of the Social Democrats, both groups being anxious to escape the fate of their brothers in Nazi Germany. The late Dr. Dollfuss, however, failed to grasp the situation. In his hatred of the Socialists he followed the advice of Mussolini to fight a battle on two fronts, and was able to defeat, first, a Socialist rising, and then a Nazi *Putsch*. The second event, however, caused his own death. The defeated Socialists have an irreconcilable hatred for the Schuschnigg government, and if they are not yet open allies of the Nazis against the present regime, the danger exists that in case of a new revolt the Socialists, probably to their ultimate destruction, would offer a helping hand to the followers of Hitler.

The National Socialist *Putsch* of July, 1934, afforded a good opportunity to the Austrian government to break up the Nazi organizations. The Storm Troops were not only dissolved, but the Storm Troopers were thrown into jail or were sent to concentration camps. The secret party organization was dissolved, and every new attempt to reorganize the party has been frustrated by the vigilance of the authorities. Yet the Nazi movement in Austria, despite this persecution, appears to be invincible. One of the reasons is the weakness of the government, which is unable to inspire the youth of the country. The younger generation of Austrians know little of their country's splendid past, but they all know that Mussolini said, "What is Austria, who is she?" and then compared their country with a spittoon. And the young people also know—thanks to the ubiquitous German propaganda—that the Nazis won an enormous majority at the plebiscite in the Saar; that the camouflaged Nazis had an overwhelming victory in Czecho-Slovakia; that Hitler's Germany repudiated the military clauses of

the Versailles treaty and no French troops marched in to punish the offenders; that England made a naval pact with Germany which is regarded by the Nazi youth as England's complete swing to their side; that the war in Abyssinia has weakened Italy's watch on the Brenner frontier.

Czecho-Slovakia is the largest of Germany's small-nation neighbors. It has a large, excellently equipped army. Moreover, it is an ally of France and has recently concluded a treaty of mutual assistance with Soviet Russia. But two other neighbors, Poland and Hungary, are only awaiting the day when an armed conflict shall arise between Germany and Czecho-Slovakia. Near the German border in Czecho-Slovakia are 3,500,000 Germans—out of a population of 14,000,000—who in the event of an armed conflict would be a potential danger to Czecho-Slovakia. This German population has always been German nationalist in sympathy.

After a short period of oppression the Czechs gave fair treatment to the German minority after the war—undoubtedly better treatment than the Germans experienced in any other country. Later the Czechs gained the cooperation of three of the minor German parties in the Czech Parliament. But other groups, especially the German National Socialist Party of Czecho-Slovakia and the German National Party, followed an opposition policy for which they received plenty of encouragement from across the frontier. When the Nazis in Czecho-Slovakia over a year ago tried to use high-handed and violent methods, the government ordered their dissolution. But soon after the dissolution of the Nazi Party and the suppression of the German National Party, a German gymnastic teacher, Conrad Henlein, started an organization intended to unite all the “nationally oriented” Germans in Czecho-Slovakia. Gymnastic groups have always played an important role in the Bohemian district. In the days of the old Austrian empire the gymnastic organizations, the “Sokols,” were important nuclei of nationalist revival among the Czechs. Henlein, pretending to stand for fidelity to the republic, succeeded with great energy in reorganizing not only a gymnastic movement but a political formation which he called the “Sudetendeutsche Front.” Although Henlein pretends to be standing for the status quo, there is no doubt that he is the precursor of Hitler in Czecho-Slovakia.

No National Socialist Party exists in Hungary. Yet a visit to the villages in western Hungary or in the Swabian settlements round Budapest suffices to convince one that the atmosphere in these German villages is National Socialist. The Germans in Berlin complained bitterly about the persecution of the German voters at the recent elections in Hungary. General Gömbös's government is undoubtedly in a dilemma. While on the one hand, for sentimental and economic reasons, Gömbös wants friendly relations with Hitler, whose internal political methods he admires and whose revisionist foreign policy he hails, Hungary is sincerely frightened by the pan-German aspirations of Nazi Germany. The Berlin propaganda is highly effective in the German parts of Hungary. Propagandists come in the guise of beggars, wanderers, tourists, and what not. They are eventually put over the frontier on one pretext or another, but hardly is one ousted when another arrives.

Equally difficult is the situation in Rumania with 600,-

000 Germans. These live mostly in large towns in the Banat or in Transylvania. During the last few years they have been subjected to intense National Socialist propaganda directed from Berlin, and in many municipalities the Nazis have succeeded in capturing the majority of the offices. Three years ago the German National Socialist Party of Rumania was dissolved, but this did not mean the end of the propaganda. The Rumanian press recently remarked with alarm the renewed growth of Nazi propaganda and the constant increase of Nazism in the cities of Transylvania. The youth wear, despite prohibition, the illegal brown shirts or black storm-troop uniforms. The Rumanian Henlein is a certain Herr Fabrizius, who is acting as “leader” and who is trying to do away once for all with the democratic groups among the Germans in the Banat and Transylvania.

The Yugoslav Germans are on good terms with the government. Nevertheless, a strong Nazi movement is noticeable not only in Maribor (Marburg) and Celje (Cilli) but also among the Germans of the Yugoslav Banat, in Pancevo, Beckerek, and other towns.

The penetration of Nazism among the Germans in Central and Southeastern Europe is magnificently organized. Before an astonished world has time to recover from the shock, one country after the other, it seems probable, will fall before this cleverly launched attack. If Austria goes, Czecho-Slovakia will not be able to survive, and subsequently the Germans of Hungary will be incorporated into Greater Germany. The speed of the progress depends on the various conflicts in Europe and on developments within Germany itself.

Loose Construction

By HEYWOOD BROWN

IT has been the custom of Al Smith to attack liberals on the ground that they are demagogues. In the course of his Liberty League speech he mentioned his mother, his wife, his children, his grandchildren, the Bible, the American flag, and the national anthem.

It is also in the Smith tradition to say, “Let us look at the record.” The chief theme of the show which he put on for a dozen du Ponts and their friends was the charge that all would be well with this nation if only it would go back to the Democratic national platform of 1932. It would be interesting to have Mr. Smith point out just how that platform would serve to solve unemployment and the plight of the farmer.

In speaking of taxation the Liberty League orator said, “There's no use talking about the poor.” This pledge was maintained by Al. Not once during his address did he suggest anything to relieve distress on the part of any underprivileged person. Nevertheless, it was an interesting evening. It is not every night that a large audience has the opportunity of watching a man sell his soul over a national hook-up.

* * *

THE Associated Press recently brought a suit to restrain the National Labor Relations Board from passing on the discharge of Morris Watson, guild leader who was suddenly dismissed by the press association. John W. Davis,

chief counsel for the A. P., pleaded that the Wagner-Connelly act, which undertakes to protect the right of workers to organize, was unconstitutional. The Associated Press has legal rights like any other business concern, but the action has put it in a curious position. In theory the A. P. is a neutral pipe-line for the distribution of news. It has some 1,350 clients, whom it is supposed to supply with facts quite free from editorial bias of any sort.

However, it happens that the fate of the Wagner-Connelly act is important current news. The Associated Press has declared in court that it believes the measure to be unconstitutional. Accordingly, it has a stake in having that point of view upheld. It is possible that the A. P. might be wholly neutral in its news policy in spite of the position it has taken in court. It might even bend over a little backward to avoid suspicion of bias. By all standards of journalistic ethics the Associated Press ought to keep a couple of laps ahead of Caesar's wife. That would be a sound theory.

In practice the A. P. sent out a very long story when a Missouri judge held the Wagner act unconstitutional and a much shorter account when another federal judge in Memphis held the measure to be wholly within the powers of Congress. The *New York Times* and the *New York Herald Tribune* both played up the New Deal defeat as a front-page story. They both buried the New Deal victory inside.

Representative Marcantonio, who is one of the most courageous men in Congress, found a brief opportunity to call the attention of the House to the position of the A. P. in our national affairs. There was a short debate on the motion to grant the National Labor Relations Board \$100,000 for its necessities. Mr. Marcantonio declared himself for the appropriation. "There is a concerted drive being made against the National Labor Relations Board and against the Wagner-Connelly act. This drive is being conducted on all fronts. First, a committee of eighty-six lawyers, substituting themselves for the Supreme Court, declared the law to be unconstitutional. Then the Liberty League did the same. Only the other day the Associated Press through its counsel, John W. Davis, declared the law unconstitutional in a United States district court. Thus you can readily see the great need that this board has for appropriations in order adequately to meet the onslaught of its powerful enemies I have just enumerated."

Mr. Connery chimed in and said, "You cannot fight John W. Davis unless you give the board an opportunity to sit down and function."

It is the rarest thing in the world for any Congressman to criticize a great press association. However, it does not seem to be news that Marcantonio attacked the Associated Press. At any rate the A. P. sent out nothing about the matter.

It is ironical indeed to find the great fact-finding neutral organization coming into court and asking for an injunction so that the facts of the Morris Watson case can be suppressed. Certainly the Associated Press deserves to stand in contempt of all working newspapermen in this country.

AT Jack and Charlie's restaurant on Fifty-second Street in New York, better known as 21, the waiters are on strike for recognition of their union. To some of the patrons of this rendezvous this is awfully, awfully comic. A

few even take it as a personal affront that they must put up with the bad service of scab waiters. It seems strange indeed that customers who have been in close contact with the old waiters should not stand by them now when they are fighting for their natural rights. Indeed, a committee is being formed among the newspapermen and actors and, also, among the unorganized patrons to drive home to the management that strike-breaking is no longer considered a joke.

New Yorkers are creatures of habit, but some who have gone with a fair degree of regularity to 21 may have time enough to learn that there really are other restaurants in the city. So far Jack and Charlie have been faithful to the employers' tradition. They have raised the red scare.

Correspondence

The Sacramento Cases

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The Parole Board of California met last month at Tehachapi, the women's branch of the state penitentiary. It heard the cases of Caroline Decker and Nora Conklin, sentenced in Sacramento last April to serve from one to fourteen years on a charge of criminal syndicalism, that is, organizing a union and striking for higher wages. The board did not set sentence for the two women; it will not meet again for four months. The board has not even heard the cases of Norman Mini, Pat Chambers, or the other Sacramento class-struggle prisoners in San Quentin.

All the Sacramento cases are being appealed, Mini's by the National Sacramento Appeal Committee. There are excellent grounds for appeal, both errors in the trial and a juror's affidavit that the verdicts were an illegal compromise. But the appeal has struck a snag. The clerk of Sacramento County refuses to deliver to the various defendants copies of a transcript of the trial proceedings indispensable for the preparation of an appeal. The defense needs several copies; the clerk says he has one copy and will deliver it to nobody because the defendants will not waive rights to other copies. Raymond W. Henderson, the attorney who fought most of the I. W. W. criminal-syndicalism cases in the old days, now retained by the N. S. A. C., is fighting for the right of all the prisoners to an appeal. His demands for copies of the transcript have been turned down in the District Court of Appeals in Sacramento, but he is going farther. He is also bringing action for a writ of habeas corpus on the ground that the constitutional right to an appeal is being denied. This issue may have to be fought out in the federal courts.

Jack Warnick, another union organizer, was acquitted in Sacramento when the others were convicted, but the American Legion Committee on Subversive Activities has, as the Hearst press boasts, incited federal authorities to hold him for deportation. Warnick was denied citizenship several years ago because he could not prove by documents that he had been born in Montreal, whence he emigrated at the age of eighteen months some twenty-five years ago. Now he is slated for deportation because he cannot prove he was not born in Montreal, and cannot establish the date of his entry into this country! Warnick is represented legally by Austin Lewis of San Francisco, who assures us that the only evidence against Warnick is the material on which he was acquitted in Sacramento. The N. S. A. C. is helping to finance Warnick's defense.

New York, January 11

HERBERT SOLOW,

Secretary-Treasurer, N. S. A. C.

Throw Out the Lifebuoy!

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In reviewing Clara Weatherwax's "Marching! Marching!" in *The Nation* for January 15 Mary McCarthy reveals—perhaps only subconsciously on her part, but unmistakably, nevertheless—her white-collar snobbery. Miss McCarthy makes very violent protest against what seems to her the unwholesomeness of some of Miss Weatherwax's proletarian characters. To the white-collar mob the working class is always unwholesome and repulsive. Why the creatures actually sweat and smell! They have moles! Some of them even have ugly warts! And some of them are dirty!

Is this criticism?

St. Paul, Minn., January 20

J. O. MEYERS

President Butler on Dead Universities

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

It is gratifying to read in the *New York Times* of January 4 Nicholas Murray Butler's arraignment of the totalitarian states which have made their universities "dead except by names." "University life," President Butler announces, "begins left of the Rhine. If man is not free to think and inquire, progress is impossible."

I applaud. But I humbly beg President Butler to remember that for a long time in Italy universities have been

"dead except by name," and human progress has been made impossible by a totalitarian state. When, in 1931, Italian university professors were obliged to take oath to educate their pupils according to the tenets of the Fascist regime, and great scholars were removed from their posts for refusing that oath, President Butler ignored this occurrence. Not until 1936 does President Butler find out that Italy, at least as far as universities are concerned, falls under the same category as other "totalitarian states."

Meanwhile the Casa Italiana of Columbia University goes on functioning as a center of Fascist propaganda. But President Butler, stepping into the shoes of the director of the Casa Italiana, has invited Count Sforza to deliver there an address which is meant to prove that Columbia is unbiased and impartial.

New York, January 7

ROBERT BOLAFFIO

Baiting Mr. Hearst

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Such a committee on Hearst as was suggested by Mr. Villard in the January 15 *Nation* ought to be set up. I believe the American Federation of Teachers, the American Civil Liberties Union, the Social Frontier, the Progressive Education Association, the Religious and Labor Foundation, the I. L. G. W. U., the Amalgamated, and other such organizations would support it.

Let's not let a good idea like that go to waste.

GEORGE DAVIS, Secretary-Treasurer,
Chicago, January 11 American Federation of Teachers

A 3-Way Guide: TELLS, SHOWS, EXPLAINS:

SEX PRACTICE in MARRIAGE

By C. H. S. Evans, M.D., F.A.M.A., Member White House Conference, Committee on Maternal Care, Washington—Introduction by E. W. Holmes, M.D., F.A.C.S., Professor of Obstetrics, Northwestern University Medical School—Prefatory and other notes by Norman Haire, Ch.M., M.B., Specialising Obstetrician, Gynecologist and Sexologist, London, England

— and —

CHARTS OF SEX ORGANS WITH DETAILED EXPLANATIONS

By ROBERT L. DICKINSON, M.D., F.A.C.S., Senior Gynecologist and Obstetrician, Brooklyn Hospital

CONTENTS

- Section I. Bride and Groom
- Section II. The Cold Wife—Frigidity
- Section III. The Unsatisfied Wife
- Section IV. Married Courtship
- Section V. The Perfect Physical Expression of Love
- Section VI. Illustrative Charts and Explanations

THE CHARTS

- Female Sex Organs, Side View
 - The Internal Sex Organs
 - The External Sex Organs
 - Female Sex Organs, Front View
 - Entrance to Female Genital Parts
 - Male Sex Organs, Side View
 - Male Sex Organs, Front View
 - Male Reproductive Cell, Front and Side Views.
- (Detailed explanations accompany charts.)

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Labor and Industry

Steel Robots That Came Alive

By ROSE M. STEIN

WHEN a dummy comes to life, that is news—especially if the dummy happens to be a company union in the steel industry. When last fall some of these unions, like Karel Capek's robots, suddenly began to move of their own initiative, most observers attributed to the phenomenon a disproportionate significance, but the incident is nevertheless important.

The employee-representation plan under which the steel industry's company unions operate was carefully drawn to prevent effective action. It was designed to deal with cases arising out of individual complaints presented by the individual worker to the representative in his section, and did not provide the framework for demands which originate with the representatives and for which the latter seek approval and support from their constituents; none of the steel companies are willing to tolerate demands of that kind. In their original form the employee-representation plans provided for equal representation from the employer and employee groups. No matter how many representatives of the employer were present, their vote on any vital issue was always to be exactly equaled by that of the employee representatives present, and as most important issues required the assent of at least a majority, and sometimes even of three-fourths of the combined number of representatives, a perpetual stalemate was guaranteed. Within recent months the plans have been uniformly changed to provide for only one management representative. This change made possible discussion of, and decision upon, demands hitherto regarded as unorthodox, such, for instance, as a general wage increase. To offset the effects of this change a new scheme has now been devised to keep "radical" discussions among company-union representatives from reaching the rank and file. The scheme is simple. Minutes of company-union meetings, which are supposed to be distributed among the employees or posted on accessible bulletin boards, are written up and mimeographed in the company offices, where "inflammable" material is faithfully eliminated. In plants where a howl was raised against this practice the blue-penciling was placed in the hands of a newly created and carefully chosen editorial committee of workers.

Company-union plans do not provide for mass-meetings, and requests for special permission to hold such meetings have met with refusal more than nine times out of ten. The reason is not far to seek. There are cases on record to show that such gatherings resulted in a decision to abandon the company union and to join a union of the worker's own choosing. On the other hand, most of the steel plant managers looked with favor upon social affairs at which workers and their overseers rubbed elbows and, presumably, built up mutual good-will. As it turned out, the whole company-union disturbance grew out of these social affairs.

Company-union representatives of the United States Steel subsidiary, the American Sheet and Tin Plate Company, in New Castle, Pennsylvania, about fifty miles northwest of Pittsburgh, last year arranged several parties and picnics.

By these they achieved two results: they brought together the mass of workers and found out what the men really wanted; and they acquired in the process a treasury balance of \$1,200 quite independent of company contribution and control. In the course of these informal gatherings it was decided to spend this money in calling a convention of all the company-union representatives within the American Sheet and Tin Plate Company. Word went out to the other eleven mills, scattered over as many different towns in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana, and employing a total of 23,000 workers. Meanwhile an additional \$1,000 was raised, and on September 25, 1935, thirty-two delegates from twelve company unions in the plants of the American Sheet and Tin Plate Company met in New Castle.

Plant managers endeavored to discourage the convention idea when it was first proposed, but without success. The employers then agreed to finance the convention; but they also organized a safe block of delegates which could be relied on to prevent the adoption of drastic measures. It is reliably reported that the company not only paid the routine convention expenses but supplied ample funds for liquor to keep the delegates in good humor. This money was handed out in cash, and the officials who dispensed it would take neither receipts nor itemized bills. Both devices failed. The men remained unaccountably sober during convention hours; the "safe" block at no time included more than fifteen delegates; and since most of the proposals required only a majority vote they were duly carried.

Arthur H. Young, United States Steel's vice-president in charge of labor relations, who is reputed to be the author of the employee-representation plan, came to New Castle in the expectation that he would be invited to the conference. His advance spies reported, however, that the delegates were in no mood to be interfered with, and Mr. Young quietly went back to New York. Lesser lights from the managerial group who came to the convention and were already in the hall were obliged to retire when a motion was carried at the very outset that "managers should not be allowed to be present at the meeting." Rank-and-file union leaders also came to New Castle to survey the scene. They talked with a dozen of the delegates whom they regarded as the most radical in the group and got them to agree to support a resolution demanding a 15 per cent increase in wages. When the convention opened, the men who had not been in touch with the unionists introduced a resolution asking for a 35 per cent raise. The so-called radicals then had to assume the conservative role and urge the lower rate.

In addition to the 15 per cent wage increase the convention agreed to ask for a revision of the pension system to provide a monthly minimum of \$60 and a maximum of \$100 for all employees, including executives. They worked out a scheme for vacation with pay for all employees, including those who work at hourly and piece-work rates, and proposed various changes in the employee-representation plan. They decided to convene again next August.

A committee of three, selected for the purpose, carried the convention's demands to the management of the American Sheet and Tin Plate Company, and on October 18 received a flat refusal of the whole program.

The story of the convention was carried by the newspapers and the "grapevine" to every steel worker in the country. The idea caught fire, and not even the refusal of the demands by the American Sheet and Tin Plate Company could stop its spread to other plants. Various efforts were made to hold other conventions, but the companies would not finance them and the unions had not sufficient funds to stage an independent meeting. They did the next best thing: they copied the demands of the New Castle convention and presented them to their respective employers, laying special emphasis on the demand for a wage increase. Company unions in the Aliquippa and Pittsburgh plants of the Jones and Laughlin Steel Corporation, in the Duquesne, Pennsylvania, and Gary, Indiana, plants of the Carnegie-Illinois Steel Company, and in the plants of the Weirton Steel Company in Weirton, West Virginia, and the Republic Steel Company in Cleveland and Warren, Ohio, all asked for a 15 per cent raise. The National Tube Company in McKeesport, Pennsylvania, and the Edgar Thompson Steel Works in Braddock, both United States Steel subsidiaries, likewise received demands. The answer to all demands, in all plants, was a uniform no.

What will be the next step? The official Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers, still dominated, or kept dormant, by the seventy-seven-year-old Mike Tighe, is doing nothing to capitalize this situation. It is significant that the company-union activity originated in New Castle, where the Amalgamated Association had never made any headway. It was no secret that throughout the organization campaign of the company unions a body of workers consisting largely of the native American element resisted organization principally because of their experience with the American Federation of Labor. Some of them had been members of the Amalgamated in former years and had been dissatisfied with it. Employers made it their business to recruit company-union representatives for the most part from this group. When a company-union representative would testify, as he was often called on to do, that he was once a union man but had found that "it did not work in the interest of the workingman" he supplied the very note employers were seeking. Basically these representatives were not scabs. Those who denounced the Amalgamated may have had very good reason for it. Others may have conveniently rationalized themselves into believing that the company union was worth a try. Still others, of course, did and said what they were expected to for the sake of a good job. But as the struggle between the inside and outside unions continued and employee representatives were called on time and again to testify in behalf of the companies, as more and more union men were discriminated against and their cases brought before these same representatives for adjustment, they began to realize the meanness of the part they were playing. There is nothing a steel worker hates more than to be regarded by his fellow-workers as a scab. Some gave up their company-union posts in disgust. Others either could not afford to or did not have the courage to make such a sacrifice, since representatives get paid for every minute they give to company-union work, and many earn full-time

wages in that capacity. Rather than give up, they decided to try to make something out of the company union.

There is ample reason for the belief that the companies were very well pleased at first. The American Sheet and Tin Plate Company might have succeeded in preventing the New Castle convention if it had really tried. Certainly the other corporations could have suppressed the news that wage increases were being demanded at the various plants. Company-union representatives are not versed in the art of handling publicity. The news was, in fact, for the most part released by the companies themselves. It was good policy to establish in the public mind the fact that the company union was a real bargaining agency. The companies had nothing to lose in the process since they refused the demands and the unions had no way of enforcing them. But other developments are worrying management.

The employee representatives of the American Sheet and Tin Plate Company and of other companies, having found that the company union will not work, are now deciding upon the next step. In the Chicago-Gary district several company unions have voted to disband and to seek another form of organization—at the insistent request, it is asserted, of the men whom they represent. Independent unions have been set up in the South Chicago plant of the Carnegie-Illinois Steel Company and in the plants of the Calumet and Inland Steel companies in the same district. In the Pittsburgh area any number of company unions are ready to disband the moment the Amalgamated, or some other organization, shows that it is really ready "to go places." The one ray of hope is John L. Lewis. Steel workers have long envied the miners their strong union. They know, too, that in any effective struggle against the steel trust they will need the aid and cooperation of the United Mine Workers of America. Confidentially they express the fervent hope that John L. Lewis means business.

Working conditions, meanwhile, are growing worse. The steel industry carries at least twice as many persons on its pay roll as are normally needed. This surplus labor is expected to come in very handy in the event of war as well as in the event of a major strike. In the first instance the companies would be guaranteed against a serious labor shortage, and in the other they would find it easier to recruit a scab army to work and live inside the mills. But this arrangement means that even under the recent increased productivity in the steel industry most of the men can hope for little more than two or three days' work a week. This means continued poverty and semi-starvation.

The steel workers will follow John L. Lewis. They waste no love on him personally, any more than do the rank-and-file miners, but they have confidence in his leadership. The moment John L. Lewis launches a campaign to organize the steel workers, it is safe to prophesy, judging by the present temper, that company-union organizations will disappear from the steel mills with even greater suddenness than they appeared in 1933 under the stimulus of the NRA. The employers, it may be added, are more afraid of John L. Lewis than of any other man in the labor or radical movement.

[This is the third of a series of articles on the company union in various key industries. The fourth, also by Miss Stein, will deal with company unionism as it is practiced in the public utilities, namely, in the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company. It will appear soon.]

Silicosis Village

[We print on this page a report made a year and a half ago to the Federal Emergency Relief Administration on the village of Vanetta, West Virginia, which is situated near the site of the Hawk's Nest tunnel at Gauley Bridge. The report is dated July 19, 1934. It deals with fifteen wage-earners, "fourteen of whom suffer from silicosis," who provide sustenance for an entire community of ninety-one persons. It is based on a report by Leon Brower, "statistician for West Virginia, NRA." The report is labeled "Confidential Research Bulletin" and was first made available to the public on January 21 when Representative Vito Marcantonio read it into the record of the subcommittee of the House of Representatives which has been investigating the deaths of hundreds of men who worked on the Hawk's Nest tunnel. So far as we know, it has not been published in full in any newspaper.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

IN the early months of 1930 large numbers of able-bodied Negroes were brought to Vanetta, West Virginia, an abandoned coal-mining settlement which was prosperous as late as 1925, to engage in the drilling of a three-mile tunnel required by an electric-power development. The mountain to be pierced was found to consist of pure silicate. In spite of the warnings of the West Virginia Department of Mines the contractors took no precautions against the consequences to the workers of breathing the dust, which causes silicosis, a disease which destroys lung tissues and ultimately causes suffocation. As early as the fall of 1930 hundreds of workers had died, allegedly of pneumonia, but exact figures are not available as many of the sick were allowed to wander away. The labor turnover on the job was estimated at more than 300 per cent.

On the completion of the project in September, 1932, Vanetta reverted to the status of an abandoned village. In 1934 there were ninety-one persons in residence, occupying sixty-one tumble-down hovels—fourteen children, forty-four adult females, and forty-three adult males. Of the latter all but ten have silicosis. Support for the community comes from the earnings of fifteen of the males, fourteen of whom suffer from silicosis. Thirteen are engaged on a road-construction project eighteen miles away and are forced to walk to and from work, leaving them but five hours a day for labor. Moreover, many, because of their illness, must lay off work every other day and are frequently too weak to lift a sledge hammer. Quoting Mr. Brower:

Coupled with all these hardships is starvation. Relief has always been spasmodic and irregular, and more irregular than is warranted. Every family related the lack of food, and for days at a time during the last winter, they had nothing to eat. One white person living in Vanetta kept many from starving. Many of the Negroes went to Gauley and begged for food and work. Several white people in Gauley contributed regularly to the support of some families. Clothing was always inadequate, and there were numerous cases of slightly frozen limbs; also several families were evicted during winter, and nearly every family was served with eviction notices.

Before coming to the community, the people were accustomed to three meals a day. During the last two winters, if they had one meal a day they considered themselves

fortunate. The food consisted of white and red beans, corn bread, and syrup. Occasionally they had some sow-belly "white meat"—that is, cheap white pork. No variety existed even for the sick or the children. Milk had been unheard of for at least two years.

Several men gathered in a group related how at first the elder folks would economize on food so that the children could have more. And then the men would cut their allowance to practically nothing so that the women could eat. Direct relief was seldom given. Many families received commodities, but very irregularly. Just three men were given CWA work, and these three worked a few weeks only. The relief office is fourteen miles from the community. These people would get up at four o'clock and trudge through the heavy snow to the office, inadequately clothed and hungry. Too often they found that the relief agency was in no position to give assistance.

Brower makes the following recommendations concerning rehabilitation of these destitute Negroes:

Since those persons are not normally unemployed employables, they will not remain under the FERA. But for the time being the position of the W. V. R. A. in dealing with all persons having silicosis should be as follows:

1. To discourage any person from work if the medical problem indicates the necessity.

2. To provide for all in need by direct relief. The relief should be adequate despite the protests of the white people.

3. To improve the housing and sanitation programs immediately. A public-health nurse should spend a considerable amount of time in Vanetta.

If these people desire to return home, they should be assisted, probably by the Transient Bureau. Since these men have a short period to live, as much security as possible should be provided for them. A trained qualified worker should be in this community to assist in the transportation and to arrange inter-community contact.

At any rate, it is inadvisable, socially, to keep a community of dying persons intact. Every means should be exerted to move these families, so that they may be in communities where they will be accepted, and where the wives and children will find adjustment easier.

Contributors to This Issue

CARLETON BEALS has written many books and articles about oppressed peoples in Latin America. Last year he turned his attention to regions nearer home, and wrote "The Story of Huey Long." Recently, in Decatur, he has been watching the trial of the Scottsboro boys.

FRANZ HÖLLERING was editor of important liberal and left journals in Berlin until he was forced by the Nazis to flee the country. He is now in America.

WILLIAM ZUKERMAN is a prominent London journalist with a special interest in the international Jewish problem.

M. W. FODOR is the Vienna correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*.

ROSE M. STEIN was formerly research secretary of the Pittsburgh League for Social Justice.

GRACE ADAMS is the author of "Psychology: Science or Superstition?" and "Your Child Is Normal."

JACQUES BARZUN is a member of the History Department of Columbia University.

Books and Drama

Made in Japan

The Wooden Pillow. By Carl Fallas. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

MR. FALLAS has introduced several new refinements into an art which already was languishing, some say, from a superfluity of such things. The art of fiction has almost ceased to be the art of telling big stories in a big way, "Anthony Adverse" notwithstanding; indeed, the occasional attempt of someone to revive the ancient glories only proves how ancient they are, and apparently how irrecoverable. The art turns elsewhere now, leaving its larger responsibilities to the cinema and contenting itself with a thousand minor triumphs, which, to be sure, have their fascination. Mr. Fallas, for instance, plucks a few strings and his story is told; plucks them more or less at random on the special instrument he has built for his purpose; and the charm of the result is not unconnected with an appearance of ease in the musician's manner. Or perhaps it should be said that he takes the finest brush in his hand and, scarcely attending to what he does, produces all at once a picture, a Japanese picture, with the minimum of strokes. He does anything at all except write what once would have been considered a novel. His people, for instance. He has made them all toys. They are the most engaging little creatures, and they undoubtedly are possessed of some quaint power to move across the pretty scene. But the word for them is toys.

Whether or not this represents a refinement of condescension toward Japan is something for the foreign offices to debate. Let us trust that no offense is taken and go on to see what we have here. We have in the first place two Europeans in Yokohama, an Englishman and a Dane. Both of them are life size, if not a little more so; at least Jessel the Dane is a tower whom three native gendarmes can barely scale by standing on one another's shoulders. He and Grier, the English hero of the piece, stride like gentle and respectful Gullivers among the little people with whom they argue or gossip or make love as the occasion demands; the fable itself demanding that Grier shall make love to O Kaya San and leave her in the end very much as Madam Butterfly was left.

The fable, however, is not the important thing. The book is about the smallness, the remoteness, the delicacy, the piquancy of all these bowing images—these manikins whose courtesy is so exquisitely managed and so consistently, so fanatically carried out as to make us wonder at their lifelikeness. For they are lifelike too. They may have no organs in their tiny bodies, they may be nothing but painted silk and wood; yet from somewhere in them come little, modest, murmurous voices saying English sentences that are as brief as they are baffling to a Western mind brought up on the ruder necessities of speech. Grier, and doubtless Mr. Fallas with him, never gets over his amusement at the politeness of Mr. Okada, O Kaya San, and O Setsu San. Wound up to bend from the waist down and say "honorable" as their foreheads tap the floor, but sent forth from the artificer's shop with their English grammar not quite finished, they are indeed amusing and wonderful, and capable of making us ashamed of our own size, our own bluntness.

Mr. Fallas is not unaware of ironies beneath the contrast, and he sees well enough that they strike both ways. He is very intelligent, and he has intended no condescension. Yet there is one irony he has missed, and to that extent his vision is peccable. He has not seen everything that is involved in the spectacle of an Englishman who considers the whole of

another nation odd; who interprets their stature literally; and who supposes that because their voices tinkle in his ears across the vast gulf of mutual ignorance they have—again literally—only the little things to say. Of course Mr. Fallas himself has only a little tale to tell. That he tells it on an appropriate scale is a tribute to his tact, and that he tells it with delightfulness is a sign of his own pleasant nature. Let us merely hope that some Mr. Okada never takes it into his head to turn the tables and write a novel called, say, "The Fur Kimono."

MARK VAN DOREN

Cross-Currents in Psychology

The Evolution of Modern Psychology. By Richard Müller-Freienfels. Translated from the German with an Introduction by W. Beran Wolfe. Yale University Press. \$5.

THIS book, which was written especially for American readers, represents a heroic attempt not only to tell the story of modern psychology in the fulness of its "systematic" detail, but to find a meaning and an inherent purpose in that story. Few intellectual tasks could be more difficult.

The course of modern psychology has run almost every way except straight. It has been random and devious; and only too frequently it has led its enthusiastic and conscientious pursuers into experimental blind alleys. Its result to date has been a great many often brilliant, but even more often impractical and contradictory theories, a mass of "proved" but unrelated facts, and an everlasting wrangle over the meaning of some of the simplest words in all the civilized languages.

Such is the material with which Dr. Müller-Freienfels has had to deal. Yet if it be possible to extract order and purpose from such a conglomeration, he has done it. And he has been able to do it not only because he knows all the contradictory theories and all the conflicting facts so thoroughly that he presents them all in their proper setting and with just the right emphasis, but because through his own individual temperament and training he is peculiarly fitted for his task.

He learned the rules of meticulous research in those German laboratories where minute, meaningless data were valued more highly than diamonds; but he also studied under William James, to whose influence and guidance he affectionately and gratefully dedicates his present work. Moreover, he came to psychology by way of the study of aesthetics and is still, for all his rigorous laboratory training, an avowed and unashamed vitalist.

Briefly, Dr. Müller-Freienfel's thesis is this: psychology developed an inferiority complex in relation to all the other sciences on that day in the later 1800's when it deliberately, self-consciously, and with a great show of pride discarded the notion of a human soul—which since the time of Plato had been its one excuse for existing as an independent realm of experimental inquiry. So powerful and devitalizing was the effect of this inferiority complex that it caused all the facts presented in the early bustling laboratories to be, if not actually still-born, at any rate too puny and cold to have any meaning in the emotional hurly-burly of ordinary human life. Carrying this idea still farther, he sees all the various schools which have arisen and flourished since 1900—functionalism and the other purposive psychologies, psychoanalysis, and the rest of the subconscious interpretations of mind, even the upstart behaviorism—as representing a real, if seldom clearly formulated, effort to give man back some semblance of a soul—not the metaphysical soul of the Patristic philosophers, it is true, but at least a unique personality amounting to more than

an accidental hodge-podge of discrete sensations and isolated muscle twitches. And he hopes that this trend toward an organic conception of the human being will finally transcend the bickerings of the various schools and lead to the establishment of a sane and inclusive "philosophical anthropology."

Dr. Müller-Freienfels apologizes for his possible neglect of some of the more recent work of American investigators, which has not been available to him in Germany. But for American students this omission is all to the good; for in place of material that is almost too familiar to us he gives us full summaries of the work in phenomenology and related fields now being done in Europe which has not yet been adequately translated into English.

GRACE ADAMS

The Poet in Politics

Mazzini. By Stringfellow Barr. Henry Holt and Company. \$2.75.

FOR all its abandonment of the "great man" theory of history, our age seems uncommonly devoted to biographies. "Movements" and "forces" are convenient abstractions for the textbook writer, but the student who really wants to know what made the movement move or the force act is thrown back upon the initial truth that movements are the energies of men and that some men are more energetic than others. It is encouraging to that view to find in the most recent biography of Mazzini repeated assertions that he and Cavour and Charles Albert did shape the course of Italian history, and were not mere pinheads stuck on a map to show whither an inevitable movement was proceeding.

With regard to Mazzini, Mr. Stringfellow Barr's work, by its exhaustive scholarship and admirably clear organization of materials, convincingly settles this question of effectiveness. "The answer probably is," says Mr. Barr, "that Joseph Mazzini did more than any other single human being to foster in nineteenth-century Italians the urgent determination to achieve independence and unity; and that more than any other man Camillo di Cavour made the historic decisions that satisfied that determination." Sir John Marriott had already suggested this solution in his "Makers of Modern Italy," but the conclusion seemed always to break down when confronted with a recital of the events of Mazzini's life. The rhetoric, the pitiable military failures, the financial distress, the impracticality, the religious and political chimeras one encounters at every turn in Mazzini's career, have rebuffed many potential admirers and turned others into idolaters who worshiped *because* the idol had feet of clay. The merit of Mr. Barr's "Mazzini" is that it shows us the utility of these failings as well as their necessary relation to the man Mazzini was.

Reared in an atmosphere of political repression, between a practical father and an idealistic and strongly intellectual mother, "Pippo" became the poet in politics, the man whose idea is stronger than the contingencies of reality, and who still wins when he fails. Fortunately, Mazzini's biographer is not led by his sympathetic understanding to condone the stupidities that Mazzini's faith made him commit. In other words, if we have in this book a splendid example of the "great man" hypothesis, it is an example wholly free from hero-worship.

Especially impressive for its vividness, ease of telling, and painstaking but artfully concealed research is the treatment of Mazzini's exile in London. The Carlyles, Rossetti, John Stuart Mill, and others of liberal-radical circles interweave their lives and opinions with Mazzini's ceaseless devotion to Italy, his childish-cunning schemes for financial support, and his magnificent political prose. From the beginning of his career Mazzini had no sense about money. But he could analyze with per-

fect clarity the economic condition of the European working class, predict in large measure its function, and proclaim what all his business-like contemporaries refused to see—namely, that political liberty was a means and not an end; that liberty was vain without true economic independence; and that the future lay, not with the intrenched bourgeoisie, but with the dispossessed proletariat.

Two other important matters are settled by Mr. Barr's work. One is that Mazzini's rule of Rome in 1848-49 was not the musical-comedy affair that it has so often been represented to be. The second point deals with Mazzini's nationalism. There is really no excuse for the prevalent idea that Mazzini and other romantic nationalists were the narrow bigots and ill-informed fanatics that go by the name of nationalists in modern Europe. For one thing, they were too near to the cosmopolitan eighteenth century of Voltaire and Hume to fall into rank tribalism; for another, their nationalism was an idea and not an instinctive rationalization of commercial interest. Mazzini's nationalism, as restated from his writings by Mr. Barr, could be indorsed by the most rigid internationalist of today.

After acknowledgment of these services that Mr. Barr's excellent book has rendered, an objection to details of background may pass for carping. But it is regrettable to find in a portrait in which the figure is impeccable that the landscape is out of drawing. I refer to Mr. Barr's treatment of the romanticists in his early chapters. For him they are the usual extravagant, sentimental nincompoops that conventional criticism loves to pillory. Yet how can Mr. Barr, who understands Mazzini, fail to understand the romanticists? Mazzini was a romanticist all his life; not the best type, perhaps, but that is only another reason for judging his better-balanced contemporaries more equitably. And what does Mr. Barr mean when he calls the classicist-romanticist strife "a half-forgotten struggle"? Is he not aware of its continuance under slightly different labels in every realm of thought and art, and, in Europe at least, in practical politics too? I like to think that Mr. Barr has been misled more by words than by things. He could not have gone over the mass of material necessary for writing such a brilliant and yet sober book without discovering that "lachrymose and atheistic" and "schism between head and heart" are not precisely the right terms in which to describe the nineteenth century.

JACQUES BARZUN

Junket

The Sound Wagon. By T. S. Stribling. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

MR. T. S. STRIBLING returns from a "two years' junket," a "peripatetic jollification," with a walletful of sheaves entitled "The Sound Wagon." A successful trilogy, assuredly, merits a holiday in the open with junketings and jollification; and we infer both from the novel itself and the author's printed commitment on the jacket that the vacation was properly diverting. During this interval, we learn, Mr. Stribling motored across the country, interviewing an assortment of civic dignitaries ranging from dog-catchers and deputy sheriffs to councilmen and gentlemen of the House. And in "The Sound Wagon" he has made use of all but the dog-catchers.


"The Sound Wagon" is, by courtesy, satire; yet it is satire impelled by laughter rather than indignation, and as such is perhaps more justly set down as burlesque. The satirical pattern, in so far as it may be said to exist at all, remains throughout undisciplined and fitful, discharging jibe after jibe, like grapeshot, at figures drawn with the grotesque simplicity of the tabloid cartoon. The arch-scoundrels of the piece carry

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their labels with them, like all good caricatures that desire to make their identity apparent at a glance: Canarelli, the syrup-racketeer (Italian), speaking with the "soft intensity" traditional to his station; Myerberg, the party "mouthpiece" (Jewish), waving his hands and meeting all contingencies with cynical sang-froid; Krauseman, the "Big Stick" (German), giving orders invisibly out of Cloudeuckooland. To this roster are appended, for reasons best known to the author himself, a financier immured among Greek peristyles, secret panels, and storm-cellar dug against the advent of war from within or without; likewise a chemist with horrendous formulas for death rays and high explosives; likewise a millionairess; likewise a hero, the Honorable Mr. Henry Lee Caridius.

The Honorable Mr. Caridius is cited cursorily here for the sufficient reason that his function in the novel is cursory. Badgered by a worshipful and suspicious wife, yet possessed of a "strain of kindness and simple good-heartedness," he ricochets eventfully from chapter to chapter at the mercy of his campaign managers and the whim of the author. Intrigues too dastardly for utterance accumulate about his name; yet in every case he functions unobtrusively, with a charming ineffectualness that is perhaps the single satirical weapon which Mr. Stribling has employed with any very notable consistency. The details of Caridius's rise from shyster to senator are extraordinary in themselves; but perhaps the most extraordinary tale of them all would lie in his refusal, on one occasion, to accept a rebate due him on unused senatorial letter-heads—an act offensive to him on grounds of taste and decorum. For Caridius the decorous ideal was one of very immediate concern; consequently, there was nothing to prevent it from working both ways, or to preclude his accepting, in place of a cash refund, a fine gold cigarette case worth twenty-five dollars in excess of the amount due him.

This is, if you will, pleasant and companionable lampooning, and "The Sound Wagon" as a whole bristles with banter of this sort. Yet—if one dare regard the novel with any solemnity whatsoever—what is it Mr. Stribling has been after, in this Walpurgis Night of junketing and jollification? Is it his purpose to inform us that in our body politic some are opportunists, others, blackguards, and many, blockheads? If so, we had already been apprised of these facts; we had already laughed at them; and somehow Mr. Stribling's tardy restatement of the jest ceases to provide cause for merriment.

BEN BELITT

Shorter Notices

The Song of the Messiah. By John G. Neihardt. The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

This is the fifth book in Neihardt's epic cycle of the West. This poet has long used American historical materials and, in particular, American Indian legends for his poetic re-creations of the past. His new book is based on the anthropologists' accounts of the Ghost Dance religion, and these accounts are in themselves fascinating. In the eighteen-eighties there sprang up among the Indians a legend to the effect that a white god was among them, a god risen from the dead, and that this god would lead them to victory against the Americans and restore to them their land. Here, of course, is a curious mingling of Christian and Indian religions. The Ghost Dance religion spread from the Plains Indians clear across the country. New rituals and songs were composed. Self-scarification and even a form of crucifixion became part of these rituals. The Indians actually made ready for the conquest of a country once theirs. In the end, however, the United States stepped in with its soldiers and put down the rebellion by force. Mr. Neihardt

tells the story of the messianic "coming." He sees in it—quite properly—a mingling of religious elements, an exploited and partially destroyed people turning to a suffering god. But one must remember that torture to induce visions was an old concept among certain of the Indians of our country. Neihardt's poem indicates that even the Indians met death they saw their brothers in the American soldiers commanded to slaughter them. This, one suspects, slightly sentimentalizes the uprising, which drew to its close in the massacre at Wounded Knee in 1890.

Like a Mighty Army—Hitler Versus Established Religion. By George N. Shuster. D. Appleton-Century Company. \$2.

This is an effort by a Catholic writer to present a narrative and an analysis of the Nazi attack upon Judaism, Protestantism, and Catholicism. "First," he says in his Introduction, "I shall be objective. . . . Second, this cannot be a scholarly monograph. . . . Third, partiality is cheerfully admitted." After this somewhat confused beginning Mr. Shuster plunges in, glibly, conversationally, without footnotes or documentation. He succeeds fairly well as a narrator, though his material is almost all available elsewhere in more complete form. He fails as an analyst because he does not understand the economic and psychological dynamics of fascism. Mr. Shuster dislikes Herr Hitler because *Der Führer* persecutes Catholics, Protestants, and Jews. Otherwise, one suspects, he would not find Hitler so bad. Mussolini is "extraordinary" and "has to his credit solid achievements," including presumably his unholy alliance with the Catholic hierarchy in Italy. Mr. Shuster dislikes agnosticism, contraception, and communism. He sheds no tears for the liberals, pacifists, Socialists, and Communists who have suffered from the Nazi terror more than the racial and religious martyrs. He is saved from complete blindness only because the Catholic *Weltanschauung*, even at its narrowest, is broader, more humane, more universal than the Nazi *Weltanschauung*. Of his book one must say what Lessing said of Voltaire: "He has written much that is new and much that is true. But the true things, alas, are not new and the new things are not true."

A Handbook of Marxism. Edited by Emile Burns. Random House. \$1.75.

The need of a comprehensive book presenting under one cover the more significant writings of Marx and his followers has been felt for many years. In an attempt to meet this need, several volumes have recently been issued containing extracts from Marx; but Emile Burns has gone farther and rendered a unique service in preparing a somewhat larger book which includes generous selections from Engels, Lenin, and Stalin, together with over three hundred pages of Marx's own writings. While some Marxian scholars will doubtless differ with Burns regarding the relative importance of certain of the selections, all of those most widely quoted are here, including among others "The Communist Manifesto," "The Civil War in France," "Theses on Feuerbach," Engels's "The Origin of the Family," "Capital," Lenin's "Our Program," "What Is to Be Done?" "Imperialism," "The State and Revolution," Stalin's "Foundation of Leninism," and the "Report at Seventeenth Congress of the Communist Party," as well as the "Program of the Communist International." Because of the wide range of subjects treated, the excerpts from "Capital" are not as extensive as some scholars might desire—forming only about one-fifth of the thousand-page volume—but are sufficiently varied to give a complete picture of that monumental work. For the average reader who does not care to tackle the complete works of any of these writers, this book will satisfy practically all requirements, while the more serious student will find it invaluable as a convenient reference book.

Beany-Eye. By David Garnett. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$1.25.

This is another of those brief character studies Mr. Garnett does with such a pleasant mixture of slightly mad fancy and contrary realism. It will never reach the best-seller class because its virtues are in miniature: it stops short by 850 pages of the required length; it is a stray, pathetic subject treated in an unobtrusive, delicate way. Since the tendency in such cases is to notice only the biggest figure—the man with a cast in his eye, given to seizures of homicidal proportions, terrifying dreams, and those uncertain, recurrent phases of gentleness and lucid insight of a half-wit—a hint is not out of place. *Beany-Eye's* employer, the humanitarian little Mr. Butler, is as brave and likable a hero as a novel reader could desire.

Drama

"Ethan Frome"

"**E**THAN FROME" as now acted at the National Theatre is successful and engrossing beyond all reasonable expectation. Under the circumstances it is not easy to assign with any confidence duly proportional credit to the various persons involved, but the largest share probably goes to the three actors who have given it superb performance. Owen and Donald Davis have, to be sure, prepared a dramatization which it would be grudging to call merely resourceful and workman-like—especially when one considers the difficulties involved—but it is probably Pauline Lord, Raymond Massey, and Ruth Gordon who make it live. Thanks to them and to the direction of Guthrie McClintic, the whole is not only tense and absorbing; it manages somehow actually to recreate on the stage that sense that one is in the presence of a tragedy almost mathematically complete and crushing which made unforgettable the sculpturally simple outlines of the novel.

"Ethan Frome" is a story which must have tempted and then discouraged many playwrights before now. Few novels have a fable more obviously or more simply dramatic, but the story is so told from the point of view of an outsider that the narrator is appropriately ignorant of many things to which the dramatist must give direct presentation. Curiously enough, Mrs. Wharton seems almost to have been warning against any attempt to tell it differently when, in an introduction explaining her method, she declared that "every subject contains its own form and dimensions" and that "any attempt to elaborate and complicate" the sentiments of her characters would necessarily be to falsify the whole. Yet there can be no questioning the fact that the play does much more than merely justify itself.

It is true that the Messrs. Davis have been able to build the chief scenes around incidents which the original author did herself describe directly. It is also true that they have not made any attempt to "elaborate and complicate" very greatly the characters, wisely preferring to leave them simple, inarticulate people whose motives are so perfectly comprehensible as part of universal human nature that no complicated psychological analysis is necessary. It was nevertheless necessary to give them many specific attributes, physical and spiritual, with which Mrs. Wharton in her role of narrator at second hand was not concerned. On the stage, for instance, we must be presented with concrete appearances, and we must have reduced to definite gestures certain deeds and occurrences which the original author naturally presented only in the fragmentary form in which they were supposed to reach her through the memory of others. What is much more important, the change

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'Paradise Lost'

By Clifford Odets

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Boy Meets Girl. Cort Theater. Rough and ready satire on Hollywood, but probably the funniest thing of its kind since "Once in a Lifetime."

Dead End. Belasco Theater. A play about gangsters in the making on the East River waterfront. More a good show than a great drama, but a very good show indeed.

Jumbo. Hippodrome. Paul Whiteman, Jimmy Durante, and a remarkable clown named A. Robbins surrounded by acrobats and animals. Literally better than a circus.

Let Freedom Ring. Civic Repertory Theater. A second chance for this drama of a strike in a Southern mill. I found it hard going, but it has been highly praised.

Libel. Henry Miller Theater. Exciting English court-room play. Surprisingly probable for this sort of thing and superbly acted.

Mid-West. Booth Theater. Homely and slightly sentimental picture of the joys and more particularly the sorrows of the farmer. Best when it isn't editorializing.

Paradise Lost. Longacre Theater. Clifford Odets' complicated picture of a family composed exclusively of pathological futilitarians. He calls it a picture of the middle class but it strikes me as somewhat less than typical.

Pride and Prejudice. Plymouth Theater. Amazingly successful adaption, brilliantly staged and acted. It gave me more pleasure than any other play of the season.

Winterset. Martin Beck Theater. Maxwell Anderson's surprisingly successful attempt to write a poetic play on a modern theme. Bold, original, and engrossing.

is one which goes deeper than the mere technique of presentation. Part of the characteristic effect of the novel depends upon the incompleteness of our knowledge. We are led to speculate upon many how's and why's; the challenge to our imagination is the challenge to imagine for ourselves just how certain things would have worked themselves out and even to brood upon alternative possibilities, to shudder at half-guessed mysteries. Inevitably, the stage not only makes the personages more concrete but at the same time fixes definitely much that the novel left undetermined. And yet, as has been hinted already, I should hesitate to say that the different effect in the theater is wholly inferior. Thanks largely to the actors it is overwhelmingly powerful. One awaits the inevitable with that ambiguously fascinated horror which only tragedy knows. And, above all, one cannot choose but hear.

When Mrs. Wharton wrote "Ethan Frome" she was fresh from the lessons which Maupassant and Flaubert, not to mention Henry James, had taught her. From them she had learned how the realistic novel could be redeemed by a scrupulously selective craftsmanship from the sprawling and chaotic formlessness to which it seemed condemned; how its materials, if economically used, could be given comely form; and how the effect could be pointed up until there emerged from a story of everyday life something not too remotely resembling the clear, clean note of ancient tales. Fortunately, however, she had not been taught (as all writers and readers of today so insistently have been) that "we" are "no longer interested" in tragedies which affect mere individuals, that "we" no longer perceive the importance which persons who had the misfortune to write before 1917 seem to have deluded themselves into imagining might inhere in stories about loving and losing, or happiness and sorrow, as they happen to affect single lives. If she had been taught that, she would of course have realized that she was wasting her talents on a trivial theme which "we" would not think of bothering with. But if I may risk a prophecy, it is that the "we" who are no longer interested form a group which falls sufficiently short of being universally inclusive to leave outside its bounds enough of our contemporaries to keep the National full for some time to come.

Lynn Riggs's "Russet Mantle" (Masque Theater) is a tenuously lyric little romantic comedy which has more than half a chance of considerable popularity largely because of one superb and superbly played character—that of a casual Southern mother who somehow manages to sum up in highly diverting form all the sense and nonsense, the frankness and hypocrisy, the conventionality and the unconventionality of a certain recognizable type. Aside from her the play, which is concerned with a rebellious girl redeemed by the love of a poetic adolescent, is itself rather too full of adolescent yearnings to be taken very seriously, but it is pleasant enough and made quite worth attention by the presence of the character referred to.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

"A Room in Red and White" (Forty-sixth Street Theater) submits a pageant of pathological maladjustments murkily enacted against a background of spiral stairways, bowlfuls of gladioli, and an interior onerously carried out in red and white. The burden of the piece, which devolves principally upon Miss Chrystal Herne, Mr. Leslie Adams, and a talented young man who plays the son, is one of sadism chiefly. However, the author appears to have combed the Freudian indices for additional blandishments with which to enveigle the fancy—incest, persecution mania, and an Oedipus fixation looming most largely. The three principals struggle impressively with exhausting roles, but their efforts cannot transform a play that is both digressive and pointlessly macabre into a "study" that will demand to be heard in spite of its unpalatability.

B. B.

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	169
EDITORIALS:	
Picture of Confusion	172
Can We Be Neutral?	173
Relief, Today and Tomorrow	173
Mr. Rice Resigns	174
ISSUES AND MEN. THE MORRO CASTLE CONVICTIONS.	
By Oswald Garrison Villard	175
WHAT I SAW IN GERMANY. By Louis Fischer	176
SCOTTSBORO INTERVIEW. By Carleton Beals	178
LOOSE CONSTRUCTION. By Heywood Brown	180
WASHINGTON WEEKLY. By Paul W. Ward	181
I WAS AN EDITOR IN GERMANY. II. "FIRE IN THE REICHS-	
TAG!" By Franz Höllering	182
CORRESPONDENCE	184
LABOR AND INDUSTRY:	
Starving on Relief. By Isidor Feinstein	186
Facts for Consumers. By Ruth Brindze	187
The Labor Index	188
MIDWINTER BOOK SECTION	
"HE BELONGS TO THE PAST." By Joseph Wood Krutch	190
KIPLING: PROPHET OF A LOST FRONTIER. By Alvin Johnson	192
BOOKS, DRAMA, FILMS:	
Rorty Reports America. By Anita Brenner	194
A Life Well Lost. By Mark Van Doren	195
The Fascist Knight in Shining Armor. By Louis M. Hacker	196
On Keeping Out of War. By Frederick L. Schuman	196
Recorded Memory. By Florence Codman	198
A Great Architect. By Talbot Hamlin	198
The Romantic Feeling. By Eda Lou Walton	199
Introduction to the Dance. By Francis Fergusson	200
Shorter Notices	200
Drama: Call It an Evening. By Joseph Wood Krutch	201
Films: 70,000,000 Americans. By Mark Van Doren	203
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	204

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WHILE THE SUPREME COURT kept the country in a state of jitters over the TVA, President Roosevelt in a brief message asked Congress to carry out the logical consequences of the Hoosac decision and repeal the three remaining farm acts. The acts in question are the Bankhead Cotton Control Act, the Kerr-Smith Tobacco Act, and the Potato Act. All of them have presumably the same flaw of federal regulation and coercion that six of the justices found fatal in the AAA. Whether the President is being the good soldier or the clever strategist is hard to say, but there is a possibility that this latest move combines both. The President is drinking to the last dregs the hemlock cup presented by the Hoosac decision. But he is also thereby giving genuineness to the intentions of the Administration to make its new farm program constitutional. It is difficult to reconcile this sweet reasonableness on Mr. Roosevelt's part

with Secretary Wallace's forthright condemnation of the Supreme Court's order in the rice millers' case to return the \$200,000,000 of impounded processing taxes as "probably the greatest legalized steal in American history." Mr. Wallace's statement is the most courageous we have heard from a high Administration official since the President's radio message to Congress. Our only regret is that Mr. Roosevelt does not see his way clear to equal directness and courage.

ONCE MORE a strategic moment has appeared for the Administration to present a program of genuine social taxation. The invalidation of the AAA and the passage of the bonus have thrown the budget badly out of balance. Conservatives and liberals alike are troubled by the mounting national debt with its rapidly increasing interest burden. Speculators and monetary cranks are pleading for inflation as preferable to continuing to give the banks a "rake-off" on bonds. With the depression over as far as the security holders are concerned, the time has undoubtedly come to pay as we go. The net earnings of the first eighty-seven industrial companies to report for 1935 were 55 per cent higher than in 1934, and in one instance—the General Motors Corporation—profits were a thousand times greater than in 1932. Unless prompt action is taken to divert these sums from the pockets of those who cannot use them into socially desirable channels, we shall again confront the problem of a deficient consumer buying power and industrial stagnation. Last summer's tax bill was admirable as a political gesture, but grossly inadequate as a measure of social taxation. While the tax on the very wealthy was raised, the average well-to-do individual escaped practically scot-free. A comparatively small increase in the surtax on all incomes over \$5,000 would provide more than enough to amortize the bonus and replace the processing taxes. Such action might alienate a few votes in election year, but it is our guess that those who oppose social taxation on principle are already bitter enemies of F. D. R.

THE ADMINISTRATION'S latest housing program, by which it definitely commits itself to the encouragement of privately financed housing at the expense of slum clearance, involves another disastrous retreat from the earlier principles of the New Deal. A few years ago housing was hailed as the field in which large public expenditures could yield the maximum social benefit with the least interference with private enterprise. An adequate housing program offers full scope for the employment of the country's idle men and idle dollars, and a remarkable opportunity for the stimulation of its most depressed industries. As Senator Wagner has pointed out, from a third to a half of America's thirty million families are now living in dwellings "that imperil their health and shock their sense of decency." Private enterprise has failed to meet the housing needs of the two-thirds of the population whose incomes are less than \$1,500 annually, and must fail, as we pointed out editorially last week, unless it is willing to bring interest rates down to approximately 0.9 per cent. The Administration's es-

time that at most private capital will build 200,000 homes next year is a tacit admission of the inadequacy of the program, since approximately 500,000 new families are created yearly in excess of those which disintegrate through death or other causes, and replacement of 1 per cent of the existing houses would necessitate building 280,000 additional dwellings. A program designed to replace within a period of ten years all the unsatisfactory structures now in use would call for some 2,000,000 houses a year. Further evidence of the unrealistic approach of the FHA and other Administration agencies is seen in the decision to keep interest rates, for the present at least, at 6 per cent. Under these conditions such new houses as are constructed must—as previously—go to the few who can afford that luxury, not to the many who need them.

USING A TECHNIQUE similar to that practiced by Tammany chieftains in New York City, the politicians of Europe seized upon King George's death as an occasion for extensive diplomatic maneuvers. With the eyes of the leading statesmen of Europe upon him, the new King has been aware that anything beyond the merest formality in greeting foreign guests would be interpreted as an indication of future British foreign policy. Considerable importance, therefore, may be attached to the King's marked friendliness toward the Nazi representatives, Baron Constantin von Neurath and Dr. Leopold von Hoesch. Informed Britishers take this to reveal not only a friendly feeling toward Germany, which Edward is long known to have had, but a marked sympathy with the German way of "solving" its political and economic problems. For the moment, however, the British government has apparently found these speculations embarrassing and has sought valiantly to counteract the political implications of the King's action. Sir John Simon broadcast a tribute to the late King over the wireless network of France, which was the only country to receive this special consideration. Although receiving representatives from all the powers, Captain Anthony Eden, Minister of Foreign Affairs, made a point of having three conversations with M. Litvinov. While the latter's indiscreet frankness concerning the intellectual qualifications of the King has undoubtedly chilled Anglo-Soviet cordiality for the moment, there is every indication that developments in the Far East are forcing the two countries into closer collaboration.

DESPITE EXISTING UNREST in the army, the death of Marshal Kondylis has probably saved Greece from a fascist dictatorship and paved the way for a return of Venizelos, who has been in exile since the failure of last spring's rebellion. On January 26, in the first election to be held since the restoration of the monarchy, the Venizelist party obtained a slight majority. Kondylis, whose coup d'état last October brought back King George, ran a close second and openly announced his intention of again overthrowing the government should Venizelos take office. He had particularly opposed the reinstatement of Venizelist officers in the army, within which he had built a powerful organization. Ex-Premier Tsaldaris, although also a reactionary, has been more favorably inclined to the Venizelists and has been reported as willing to join a coalition Cabinet under Venizelist leadership. Left as the sole leader of the opposition, he is now expected to shift to the right and sup-

port the military clique. The fact that Kondylis's fascist sympathies had led him to support Mussolini and to oppose the recently concluded British-Greek military understanding gave the bitter domestic struggle international importance. His sudden death brings to an end any hope that Il Duce may have held for an early break in the ranks of the sanctionist powers.

SWEDEN'S NEW BUDGET is a tribute to both the efficiency and the social-mindedness of its labor government. Although expenditures will exceed last year's by 5.4 per cent, there will be a surplus of twenty million kronor, which will be applied to a 12 per cent reduction in income taxes. The reduction in the normal tax will be of benefit primarily to the less well-to-do classes and is vigorously opposed by the large taxpayers, who have been clamoring for the elimination of the surtaxes levied on large incomes during the crisis. These are to be maintained and consolidated into a permanent system with an even sharper incidence of taxation. The increase in expenditures is to be devoted chiefly to social and cultural purposes, such as old-age and invalid pensions, loans to farmers and cottagers, public housing, and scholarships. There is, however, an increase of five million kronor in the appropriation for national defense. Perhaps the most unusual feature in the budget is the plan to amortize the whole of the short-term indebtedness incurred during the depression, a large part of which will be paid off by the end of the current budget year.

TACTLESSNESS, which in itself involves the absence of more fundamental wisdom, is the chief charge laid against President Robinson of the College of the City of New York by the alumni committee which has lately investigated the deep antagonism between the president and the students. Study of recent events at the college which have resulted in the expulsion of large numbers of students and considerable unpleasant newspaper publicity has revealed an unwieldy mass of regulations imposed by the administration, a belief on the part of President Robinson that radical activities at the college were engineered by an outside group bent on embarrassing him, and want of ordinary common sense in dealing with situations that began simply and ended in a burst of notoriety and hard feeling. The alumni committee of sixteen, headed by Dr. Henry Moskowitz of the class of '99, voted twelve to four that "the president lacks the human qualities necessary to achieve the widespread confidence of his faculty and his student body and to provide genuinely inspired, resourceful, and socially imaginative leadership." At a meeting of City College graduates on January 27 this opinion was upheld by a vote of 519 to 217, and the committee's report will be submitted to the city Board of Higher Education for action. Indicative of President Robinson's administrative methods is the fact that when he came before the alumni committee for questioning he brought with him twenty department heads, who, on being asked for their opinion about his official acts, politely upheld him at every point; indicative also is a petition signed so far by 112 of the 175 faculty members approving his conduct of office. This petition is being submitted to faculty members by their department heads. Refusal to sign it would obviously not be healthful for any teacher who wished to remain in good standing.

YALE UNIVERSITY has been made the beneficiary of a bequest of \$100,000 for scholarships from the late Charles Howard Warren, who accompanied the grant with the following explanation of his purpose: "Because I wish each award to serve . . . as a memorial to the Anglo-Saxon race, to which the United States owes its culture, I direct that the beneficiaries shall be confined to those boys . . . who shall be the sons of white Christian parents of Anglo-Saxon, Scandinavian, or Teutonic descent, both of whom were citizens of the United States and were born in America." While this bequest can and doubtless will be defended by Yale on the ground that it does not discriminate *against*, but provides *for* a particular group, it is unfortunate that the donation should have been made at a time when any stirring up of racial prejudice is likely to have dangerous and far-reaching results. Any public institution, and especially a university with the prestige of Yale, should act with particular care to avoid lending the stamp of its approval to the doctrines of Nordic racial superiority that have been proclaimed by Nazi Germany and are even now being agitated for similar purposes in America. The recent action of President Conant of Harvard in refusing the somewhat similar scholarship bequest of Hitler's Hanfstaengel pointed a way that Yale might well have followed. In particular one regrets that Yale, in accepting the grant, lays itself open to the charge of subscribing to the statement that the United States owes its culture to any single racial strain. Even though the university's trustees may agree, surely the faculties of history and anthropology know better.

HAVING TASTED BLOOD during the days of the NRA, a large portion of big business has united in an effort to obtain a Supreme Court decision permitting price-fixing, which is to say, an interpretation nullifying the force of the anti-trust laws. A test case, the outcome of which may rank in importance with the Northern Securities and Standard Oil decisions, has been pushed by the Sugar Institute, a trade association comprising the principal American refiners of imported raw sugar, who control between 70 and 80 per cent of all the refined sugar sold in the United States. The institute was found guilty of violating the anti-trust laws by the Circuit Court of Appeals in New York, and has appealed to the Supreme Court. Filing a brief as a "friend of the court," the Cotton Textile Institute, the National Lumber Manufacturers' Association, the Consumers' Goods Industries Committee, and the Window Glass Manufacturers' Association have asked that the Sugar Institute be upheld in its price-fixing, called "mass bargaining." The brief makes amusing reading for those who have been unable to believe that the present system can even limp along without conscious controls. Paying lip service to "the continuance of the fundamentals of competition," the brief admits that the NRA "recognized the need, which industry had long felt, for affirmative action to create affirmatively sound competitive conditions and practices." Such action by the government, however, was "regimentation," and there should be allowed in its stead "voluntary cooperative effort among the competitors in an industry." Furthermore, "it is not too much to say that the development of methods of securing reasonable stability and the elimination of destructive practices . . . must be effectively continued if the competitive system in its present form is to survive."

A VIOLATION of the federal labor law has been found against the management of Consumers' Research by the New York regional director of the National Labor Relations Board. The present decision, handed down on January 23 by Charles A. Wood, trial examiner of the board, will be referred to the national board for the initiation of appropriate court action. Consumers' Research is ordered to bargain collectively with the Technical, Editorial, and Office Assistants' Union, to reinstate three discharged employees with back pay from the time of their dismissal, and to re-employ in their former positions and at their former pay all workers who went on strike September 4 unless they have already been reemployed. Although the five-day period during which an answer may be filed has elapsed, no reply has been received from Mr. Schlink. The next steps are for the New York board to file notice in Washington of non-compliance, and for the national board to issue a cease-and-desist order. But Mr. Schlink, in his role of traditional labor-hating employer, has already denied the jurisdiction of the labor boards and the constitutionality of the Wagner labor law. The strike itself was called off on January 12, and forty workers about whose competence there has never been any question are put to the expedient of looking for jobs when jobs are scarce. These former workers announce that they are planning the establishment of a rival organization which will supply information "not only as to the quality of advertised commodities, but as to the labor conditions under which they are produced." We wish it all success.

TWO WARS are being fought on the American waterfront—a long battle line which extends from Vancouver, British Columbia, clear around the coast to New York City and beyond. It is a highly important line because whoever holds it holds the key to many an inland stronghold. The main quarrel is between organized labor and the ship-owners. The second is a desperate struggle for control between old-line union leaders and the young aggressives among the rank and file, best typified in the name of Harry Bridges. In recent months occasional spurts of flame have indicated that the smoldering fires were growing more intense, but there has been little open fighting since the general strike in San Francisco in 1934. The internal union fight recently broke into the headlines when the International Seamen's Union of the Pacific revoked the charter of the Sailors' Union. The reasons given make it clear that the International is disciplining the Sailors' Union because it has become militant and effective. The special bone of contention is the Maritime Federation, which the bureaucracy hates because of its rank-and-file control and no doubt because it smells of industrial unionism. The Sailors' Union was ordered to withdraw from the federation, and its funds have already been tied up by the International. But the rank and file on the West Coast have won too much through the Maritime Federation to give it up without a fight; moreover, its prestige has run like lightning round the coast. At the Washington conference three sailors from New York spoke for unity. "We want democracy in the East," said they, "we want a maritime federation in the East and Gulf." They went on to say they wanted the same wages and working conditions that prevail on the West Coast. That is the meat of the argument; wages are \$5 higher in Mr. Bridges's territory than they are outside.

Picture of Confusion

AMONG the seats of the mighty Franklin D. Roosevelt has simultaneously occupied at least three with surprising and continuing success. The seat on the left has held Roosevelt the friend of labor, rememberer of the forgotten man, reformer and crusader. On the right has sat Roosevelt the lawyer and country squire, friend of legitimate business, primer of pumps, dispenser of breathing spells. And in the dead center, stabilizing the whole arrangement, has sat Roosevelt the politician, friend of everybody. So it was in the beginning; but recently events have conspired to upset the nice balance necessary to so broad a straddle. Mr. Roosevelt has had one chair jerked out from under him with unceremonious violence; the friend of business is a man without a seat.

The disbalance produced by the recent decisions of the Supreme Court on the one hand and the attacks of the allied reactionaries on the other is certain to produce confusion in all ranks. At this stage even old political hands refuse to prophesy the results to the present Administration of Mr. Smith's threatened walk, of Governor Talmadge's near-convention with its near-platform, of hints in various quarters of bi-party coalition. The very composition of the emerging alliance is fantastic, comprising such alien and disparate groups as the Ku Klux cohorts of the Georgia governor, Al Smith's mixed following of du Ponts, Catholic reactionaries, and disappointed Democrats, and the New York *Herald Tribune*. But uncertainty is inevitable in the early months of a campaign, and strange partnerships are common enough to be accepted without much question by a patient electorate. More dangerous are the confusions likely to result in regard to the position and purposes of Mr. Roosevelt.

In the months following the Congressional elections of 1934 the glamor of the New Deal slowly faded. Liberals and radicals, workers and farmers, ceased to expect administrative miracles. Labor learned that with or without a Magna Charta it had to fight for even the right to fight. Social security turned into a diminished hope long deferred. Public housing remained a dream and a blueprint. Many farmers were paid for what they failed to raise or sell, but the poorest among them received nothing but a dole and suffered more than at the depth of the depression. Millions of men and women were kept alive by rapidly shifting methods of relief, but their level of subsistence remained beneath the lowest standards set by the government statisticians. Eleven or twelve million workers were still without jobs. Wages and employment, it is true, made small gains, but not until profits had begun to soar.

As usual, disillusionment produced both clarity and cloudiness. Criticism of the New Deal began to crystallize in political forms as various as snowflakes. Most of them were grotesque and appealed to a discontent based only on desperation, but some represented a genuine growth in understanding of the sources of power. Especially in the lower ranks of labor were these signs of growth manifest. Among unionists militancy developed, a demand for new and more aggressive leadership, and an increasing unwillingness to take the promise for the performance in Washington.

Talk of a "third" party emerged in groups hitherto politically insulated; in a few localities actual labor parties were formed; unions of relief workers, especially in the white-collar ranks, besieged the Administration with petitions and demonstrations and strikes; criticism of the New Deal swelled in volume and volubility, and the labor spokesmen of the Administration, from Frances Perkins to Donald Richberg to Leo Wolman, were written down as renegades. Much of the criticism was justified by the course of events; to this moment that course has not been altered.

But the attitude of labor has altered—with results that may prove important. Between them, the Supreme Court and Al Smith and the rest of the motley opposition have managed to reinvest the New Deal with glamor, to recreate illusion. Without moving an inch to the left Mr. Roosevelt suddenly finds himself again the champion of labor. It takes a tough and tempered radicalism to withstand the temptation of supporting a man who is attacked for being radical. When Smith assails Roosevelt for shoving through "socialist" measures in defiance of the Constitution, the average liberal is inclined to defend laws he knows well to be inadequate. When Talmadge sneers at the reckless waste of federal funds on projects of relief, even the unemployed begin to doubt that relief is as scanty as their stomachs assure them it is. Already signs of labor's softening have begun to appear. The most sensational evidence, of course, is the speech of John L. Lewis before the United Mine Workers' convention in Washington and the unanimous vote of the convention actively to support the reelection of the President by work and funds. It is true that Lewis and the miners, despite disappointments, have been continuously more friendly to the Administration than many unionists. But their action is almost unprecedented in labor history and cannot be interpreted as anything but a defiant answer to Roosevelt's enemies. This mood will doubtless spread as the emotions of the campaign grow more intense. Smith has handed Roosevelt the labor vote.

It would be pleasant to believe that pressure from the right will similarly incline the President toward labor and a more consistent policy of reform. But experience of political behavior in a campaign year counsels skepticism. Only one event might force the President to take a stand justifying the hopes of the workers and the abuse of the reactionaries. If the NRA and the AAA should be followed to the scrap heap by the other major measures of social control, Mr. Roosevelt might have to face the dreaded issue of constitutional change. But even then it is more likely that the President will move warily down the middle of the road that leads toward reelection. He will probably try to dodge the issue of the Constitution by proposing new laws contrived to survive the court if possible but in any case to tide over till election day. If labor and liberals in general will watch closely the actions of the Administration instead of listening to the vituperations of its opponents, they will save themselves much ultimate regret. Above all, they should decline to take Mr. Smith's word for Mr. Roosevelt's radicalism.

Can We Be Neutral?

THE bitter attack on the Administration's neutrality bill by John Bassett Moore, former justice of the World Court and recognized as one of America's leading experts on international law, symbolizes a growing opposition to the proposed legislation. Washington observers report that the hearings in both the House and the Senate have been attended by indescribable confusion. Congressmen skilled in dealing with the petty problems of their constituents have been utterly baffled by the conflicting arguments on what is unquestionably one of the most complex and crucial issues of our time. They have found that it is one thing to analyze the forces which drew us into the World War, but quite another to chart the effect of a series of unprecedented regulations under all the circumstances which might possibly arise in future years. It is scarcely surprising, therefore, that a large part of the enthusiasm which existed for new neutrality legislation a few months ago should have evaporated under the heat of criticism.

Opposition to the Administration bill has come chiefly from two quarters. The diehard isolationists, such as Senator Johnson—and to a lesser extent Senator Borah—have been disturbed at the prospect of giving up America's traditional insistence on the freedom of the seas and by fear that the new legislation might prove to be a back door into the League. This group has been responsible for a series of amendments which, if incorporated into the final law, will largely destroy its effectiveness. The latest and most damaging of these is a provision, written in by the House committee, which in effect suspends the embargo on war materials pending the revision or termination of existing commercial treaties, an action which would preclude an embargo against oil shipments to Italy.

On the other hand, there has been a growing recognition among peace groups that certain aspects of the new neutrality bill are unsound in principle. Neutrality, if it is to mean anything, must involve complete impartiality. This not only means that we dare not be concerned regarding the fate of Jews in Germany, Catholics in Mexico, or American investments in Manchuria, but that we may not—as a people—pass judgment on the question of war itself. We must treat aggressor and aggrieved with complete equality. Such impartiality, or disinterestedness, might be possible for the residents of Samoa or even Argentina, but it is out of the question for Americans. As a leading creditor and as one of the chief commercial nations in the world, the United States is inextricably involved in world events. No great imperialist power, with commitments in all parts of the earth, can be truly neutral unless it voluntarily chooses to renounce its widespread interests.

A further grave weakness in the present bill, as contrasted with that proposed recently by the National Peace Conference, is to be found in the provision limiting embargoes on war materials to those amounts which are in excess of the "normal" peace-time trade. While in theory this protects American business against a loss of trade, it actually recreates all the problems faced by President Wilson in his unsuccessful attempt to maintain neutrality in 1917. If, for example, a war broke out between the League powers

and Nazi Germany, there would be the same squabble about "freedom of the seas" and neutral "rights," and the same pressure to increase trade with the "Allies" in order to offset the loss of German markets.

Despite the shortcomings of the bill, however, some neutrality legislation should be enacted before the expiration of the present resolution on February 29. Although a law empowering the President to cooperate with the League in the prevention of war would be distinctly preferable to either the Pitman-McReynolds or the Nye-Clark proposals, the United States dare not risk a return to the old neutrality, with its insistence on American "rights." Fortunately, the Nye Investigating Committee has done its work well. The American people are not in a mood to allow the pressure of financial interests to involve us in another war. They will demand at least an embargo on loans and credits. There is no basic inconsistency in endeavoring to limit the war-breeding influence of our financial and business leaders while seeking to establish an international system of law. Such inconsistency as appears to exist grows out of the misuse of the word neutrality when applied to the proposed legislation. It is true that we cannot cooperate in the establishment of an effective organization for the enforcement of peace and at the same time maintain a strict "neutrality." We cannot and dare not evade our responsibility as a world power. And we can and must curb those interests within our boundaries which would lead us into war. Both objectives can be achieved by giving the President discretionary power to raise the embargo on shipments to countries attacked in violation of the Kellogg pact.

Relief, Today and Tomorrow

"BALANCE the budget" is the war cry with which the anti-Administration forces will advance against Mr. Roosevelt in the coming campaign. In the words of the mellifluous Governor Talmadge, "Shall we continue to borrow and spend, or settle down and settle up?" Without the Georgia Governor's fireworks, even Governor Landon, in a discussion of the unbalanced budget, declared that "relief appropriation has been more than ample," but that bureaucracy has taken more than its share of the amount that should have been spent on the unemployed.

In the light of these criticisms it is pertinent to inquire just how much the federal government is spending for relief, and how wide an area these appropriations are covering. Estimates of the number of unemployed in the country today vary from nine to seventeen million. The American Federation of Labor estimates 11,672,000 as of November, 1935. For the week ending January 4, 1936, there were approximately 3,550,000 persons on the federal work-relief pay roll. With the termination of the FERA approximately 1,500,000 unemployables were transferred from federal relief to state or local aid. Assuming that all of these persons are now obtaining some form of government assistance, we have a total of a little over 5,000,000 being cared for today by the state, leaving, according to the A. F. of L., about 6,500,000 unemployed for whom no such provision is being made.

Last spring an appropriation of \$4,800,000,000 was made for federal relief, the eight hundred million to be expended before the end of the fiscal year in June, 1935, the remainder to be used for relief in the current year. An article in the *Annalist* for January 24 estimates that something like a billion of this will be still unexpended on June 30 next. The annual expenditure for relief this year, therefore, will be almost the same as it was last, namely, three billion dollars. Assuming that every dollar of this sum is used for direct relief of the unemployed, it means an expenditure of \$850 a year each for 3,500,000 people; each of these, however, represents a family unit of three and a half persons. What it amounts to is that the federal government supports 3,500,000 families at \$850 a year each, or about half the subsistence-level income as it is generally estimated, and that the remaining 8,000,000 unemployed—also presumably representing families and not individuals—are dependent upon admittedly inadequate state or municipal relief, the casual benefits of private charity, or their own dwindling resources.

From this standpoint it is seen that although the federal government is spending enormous sums of money, it is hardly plunging the beneficiaries into luxury. Elsewhere in this issue Mr. Feinstein indicates what these expenditures mean when separated into geographical and personal units. At best, in the New England states, where the relief rate is highest, they mean enough to eat, of a sort, shelter, and fuel, with almost no allowance for clothing or household necessities. At worst, in the Southeastern states, where the average monthly relief grant per family is \$17.50, they mean something less. Yet even this meager allotment is considered extravagant by the advocates of a balanced budget, and Mr. Roosevelt himself wishes to give the impression that some attempt will soon be made to scale down relief expenditures.

The *Annalist* article offers general criticism of the overcostly federal relief program, and suggests an alternative which may be taken as the program of many Administration critics. It is simply a return to the dole, as the least expensive way of meeting what is admittedly a problem of large-scale distress. This would have the additional advantage of eliminating government competition with private industry, so objectionable to Mr. Smith's Liberty Leaguers. It is perfectly true that as it is now administered the work-relief program of the government is not all that could be desired. There is undeniably a good deal of boondoggling and extravagant overcrowding at the top. But when useful work is economically performed, work relief is obviously preferable to the dole. In the January *Survey* the directors of thirteen national organizations discussed relief now and in the future. None of them could see an immediate prospect of smaller government expenditures. Most of them thought, with the inevitable decline of private resources attendant upon six years of depression, that this would be the "worst winter yet." Almost without exception they called for a federal program that was definite and consistent and that at the same time recognized relief as a more or less permanent problem. Even with the return of "recovery," estimates of probable unemployment range from six to eight million. These recommendations are made by persons in direct, daily contact with the suffering and insecurity that unemployment brings. Without adequate social-security legislation, based on increased taxation, proposals to "balance the budget" are bound to seem unrealistic and remote.

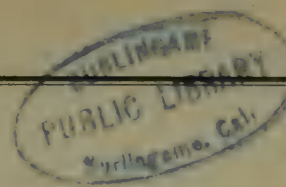
Mr. Rice Resigns

ON January 23 Elmer Rice, the well-known playwright, resigned as regional director for New York of the WPA Theater Project. Mr. Rice's resignation was accepted with obvious alacrity by Jacob Baker, national administrator of the WPA arts, but it is difficult to see how the incident can fail to be embarrassing to the Administration.

Mr. Rice, who says that he was promised an absolutely free hand and that partisan politics would not enter into the matter, charges the government with bad faith and a determination to exercise a censorship which it had agreed to withhold. Ostensibly the clash came over the first edition of the proposed "Living Newspaper," which dealt with the Ethiopian situation, but Mr. Rice insists that the issue raised here was merely a pretext. Baker and Hopkins, he says, were alarmed by the possible political consequences of two other proposed scripts, one dealing with relief, the other with the plight of the share-croppers, and were determined to force his resignation on a less clear-cut issue. Accordingly Mr. Baker, just before the production of "Ethiopia," issued an order forbidding the representation on the stage of any foreign ruler, minister, or Cabinet member, well knowing that "Ethiopia" could not be presented under the ruling and that Mr. Rice would be compelled to resign. Miss Hallie Flanagan, though sympathizing with Rice, feels that the whole project is too important as a relief measure to be dropped at the present moment and will remain as national director of the theatrical and musical projects of the WPA. Philip Barker has been appointed temporarily to fill Mr. Rice's place.

The situation raises a good many complicated questions. One of them concerns the extent to which it is advisable to attempt to combine relief and cultural objectives as they were combined in this project. Another and even more complicated one concerns the extent to which, either in theory or in practice, even a democratic government can be expected to give active aid to the spread of doctrine which it regards as dangerous to its existence or even to its program. On the one hand it may be argued that the doctrine of free speech is merely permissive, that it denies the right of any group to forbid the free expression of opinion without imposing an obligation on any such group actively to further opinions which it does not hold. On the other hand, if this is the attitude which the present Administration planned to take, it is hard to understand why it chose to appoint such a well-known and notoriously intransigent radical as Mr. Rice, or to give him every assurance that he would not be subject to censorship. The whole incident is certainly the result of a blunder if not of a crime.

Mr. Rice, who has been insistent in expressing his belief that the private theatrical enterprise is doomed by economic conditions to triviality, may well ponder again the question whether such enterprises do not, after all, permit a greater freedom of expression than, for the present at least, seems likely to be enjoyed by any governmental project in any country. He has declared himself "done with the commercial theater"; it will be too bad if he is now done with the state theater also.



Issues and Men

The Morro Castle Convictions

THE conviction of two officers of the Morro Castle and an official of the Ward Line is of the utmost importance as bringing home to steamship men everywhere their responsibility to the traveling public. One may feel some sympathy for the acting captain who was saddled with the command of the ship by the sudden death of the captain a short while before the disaster occurred. But a really able seaman would not have headed his ship up into the wind and would have risen better to the emergency. The case of the vice-president of the line, Henry E. Cabaud, who was fined \$5,000 in lieu of a prison sentence of a year, is more appealing, however, because the real responsibility for the ship's condition rested not with him but with the superintendent, who under the law could not be tried, and he was hardly guilty of having "knowingly and wilfully" connived at conditions which caused loss of life. As for the chief engineer, he was a miserable poltroon, and his four years in prison are merited even though his refusal to go to his post did not actually jeopardize the working of the ship. The \$10,000 fine levied against the line was all that was possible under the statute. It should have been much more. Society has a duty to "encourage the others" in a case like this, all the more because the Ward Line had not borne too enviable a reputation—to put it politely—before the Morro Castle disaster occurred. As it is, this is the first conviction of ship's officers since the burning of the Slocum nearly thirty-six years ago.

The convictions must not, however, distract public attention from the remedial measures needed at once to protect the seagoing public. Congress has been inexcusably derelict in allowing itself to be prevented by the Seamen's Union from approving the treaty which would bring about our adherence to the International Convention for Safety of Life at Sea, already ratified by nearly all the other maritime nations. It should act at once, for this convention advances the protection of ships from fire dangers far beyond our own statutes, which are sorely in need of strengthening and amendment. The modern ship, with its needlessly luxurious fittings and lavish use of wood for purely decorative purposes, is nothing less than a fire-trap, as was shown when the Europa and the brand-new Bermuda burned at their piers, the former just prior to the date of her first sailing. Next, the Steamboat Inspection Service, which was proved guilty of negligence and venality at the time of the Slocum disaster, needs again to be overhauled, brought up to date, and freed from political interference and appointments. Perhaps the addition to the Board of Supervising Inspectors of that gallant and experienced officer, Captain George Fried, may lead to some improvement. The next constructive measure would be to bring all seamen under the workmen's compensation law—something strenuously resisted now by the Seamen's Union and its lawyers—and there should be compulsory insurance of all passengers. With this should be studied the whole difficult question of how to have adequately trained sailors to man the lifeboats when the modern sea-

man has degenerated into a paint-chipping handy man or mechanic.

Unquestionably conditions of life aboard ship are unsatisfactory despite great improvements in living quarters and food. Inadequate pay and uncertainty of employment—the latter especially in the stewards' department, where the personnel fluctuates with the seasons—do much to prevent the maintenance of a thoroughly efficient crew. The status of the officers is also bad. An experienced and able commander of merchant and naval ships who attended the official inquiry into the Morro Castle disaster could not conceal his amazement at the poor quality of that ship's officers, even those who were without blame. He declared that they not only could not speak their own language properly, but that they gave no evidence of having the personality or the efficiency or the habit of command essential to the successful officer, whether in the engine room or on the bridge. This is due chiefly to underpayment and the failure to make the career attractive to the right kind of men. Officers are often horribly overworked, and they are hampered in their own development as commanders and executives by the radio, which has made it possible for them to turn to the home office for instruction at all times, even in minor matters, with the result that they are less and less willing to assume responsibility. From this point of view the radio is almost a misfortune for navigators. When all is said and done, however, you cannot have good ship's officers unless you pay them well, give them a good social standing, and allow them sufficient leave on shore to have something of family life.

When you put these conditions up to the steamship managers they reply that they would like very much to do all these things, but where is the money to come from? To which the answer is that if they cannot manage a steamship line with efficiency and with safety for their passengers they ought not to be in the business. If that means government ownership and operation, then that must be faced. Unfortunately the history of navigation proves that even in the most prosperous times officers and men have been inadequately paid and often dreadfully maltreated, starved, and abused. Meanwhile the burden of command placed upon the captain of the ship steadily increases. As I have written before, some Cunard captains actually protested to their home office against the building of the Queen Mary on the ground that no individual should be saddled with a greater responsibility than that of the captains of the then existing ships. They are the heads of communities that in the case of the Queen Mary will number 3,600 persons. In addition, they must be skilled navigators equal to any emergency of the sea and hosts and rulers of their share of the traveling public.

Lowell Garrison Kilgus

What I Saw in Germany

By LOUIS FISCHER

Berlin, January 6

I ARRIVED in Berlin almost fourteen years to a day after I had first seen it in December, 1921. I have been in Germany every year since 1921, sometimes for several months at a stretch, sometimes for several weeks. I have never known it so pessimistic, not even in the worst period of currency inflation, when the suffering was greater. Germans of all classes fight for their pessimism, insist it is justified, and maintain that an optimism achieved by an effort of will would vanish at the slightest touch of today's reality. They are resigned to a long siege of gloom. No improvement is expected. The official press, with welcome honesty, feeds this humor. "The government and the nation," Joseph Goebbels, Minister of Propaganda, announced in a New Year broadcast, "had their troubles last year and will have them in the future too." He spoke of "scarcity, inconveniences, and sacrifices." "Sacrifices on the altar of Mars," was the comment of several Germans with whom I listened to this talented coworker of Adolf Hitler. At the table of every German family sits an invisible but voracious eater who grabs the butter, the meat, the eggs, before anyone else can reach them. He wears a steel helmet and his mouth is the maw of a cannon.

Many German citizens—good Aryans, of course, for the others lost their citizenship at Nürnberg and are men without a country in their native land—complain about the same things in almost the same language. This in itself is significant. "We were promised national elections every year," they say. "Why did no elections take place in 1935?" Intellectuals, government employees, and workingmen pose this question. They have an answer: "The regime probably fears the result." This implies that the Nazis know the mood of the population. They would have to be blind and deaf not to know it, for not since Herr Hitler came into office three years ago has there been such widespread vocal opposition.

I walked into a big bookstore in the fashionable west end of Berlin and asked for political literature. The salesman proposed *Die Neue Rundschau*. I said I had been a regular reader of the old *Rundschau* and had found it stimulating, but that this new editor and his contributors went on for pages and pages without uttering a single sensible word, without offering a single thought. "That is their function," the salesman replied. Then he suggested a pamphlet entitled "Bodentreuer Adel" about the nobility's love of and loyalty to the soil and added, "This publishing house is as hostile to the regime as one dare to be nowadays."

Quite a number of Berlin streets have been rechristened in recent years. The Church of Matthew Street, for instance, has been named for the flag. Even the old-timer whose memory is better than his sense of direction errs a bit. I asked a vendor of inflated rubber balloons where such-and-such a street was. "God knows," he answered, "they change everything." His tone encouraged me to engage him in conversation. He had been a workingman in Wedding, "red Wedding," as this proletarian quarter of Berlin was

once called. Two years of unemployment had forced him to move into the country. Because he was a peddler he was not entitled to the dole or to a job, "but jobs don't come to men of my age." He was forty-six. People of his generation could do nothing except "close their eyes," die. "Things can only get worse." He hoped for nothing. His son could only hope to go to war. Last week he had been in prison for four days. "I was grumbling about the butter shortage to some neighbors. A Hitler Youth girl of sixteen heard me. Fortunately, my documents were in order, so they released me." "That means," I probed, "that you were never a Communist or Social Democrat." "Ach," he said, "what is in the heart need not be written on the paper or on the face." I stood and talked to him for about fifteen minutes. He greeted persons who approached to inquire about the price of a balloon with a snappy "Heil Hitler." In his lapel buttonhole he wore a *Hakenkreuz*.

An old friend who lives in the workers' district of Neukölln informed me about the mood of the workingmen. They had always been suspicious of the Hitler regime, yet when it brought some of them employment they became reconciled though sullen. Now unemployment had increased. The charity of the Winter Aid was insufficient, insulting, and precarious. The fat shortage was not only trying in itself, but indicated that the government was facing serious difficulties. "If it imports butter, lard, and meat it will import fewer raw materials and then there will be less work. If it imports raw materials we shall have no fats. For weeks before Christmas there was practically no fat, and the workers went to their factories with dry sausage sandwiches for lunch. Sausage is of poor quality and expensive. The workers are bitter." He told me this story. Several weeks ago a poster appeared in Neukölln which read, "The German Communist Party is still alive." Nazis then wrote on the signboard below: "Come to such-and-such a hall on Friday night for a frank discussion. We guarantee your unhindered departure." The next morning Communists had scrawled their answer. "It won't work," they wrote. "We are on S. A. duty." Many radicals have entered the S. A. and other Fascist organizations for protection rather than from conviction. Subsequently a foreign diplomat told me of the same Neukölln incident. He also related this anecdote, which is making the rounds of Berlin salons and cafes. General Hermann Göring, who enjoys the reputation of a "liberal" among Fascists, was visiting a factory. He gathered the workers about him and wanted to have a heart-to-heart talk with them. He asked them to speak openly. "I promise that nothing will happen to you if you do." Then he asked about their political beliefs. "Tell me where you stand," he said turning to a gray-haired foreman. "I have been a Communist for many years," was the reply. "And are you still a Communist?" "Yes." "And are there many Communists in this plant?" Göring pressed. "Oh, only about 30 per cent of the force." "What are the rest?" "Well, approximately 50 per cent of the total are Social Democrats," someone volunteered. "And the remaining 20 per

cent?" Göring asked hopefully. "They are Christian Socialists." "Then where are the National Socialists [Nazis]?" Göring inquired perplexed. "We are all National Socialists," several men smilingly assured him. This sort of protective coloration to ward off "protective custody" or worse is very widespread and complicates the task of the Hitlerites; they cannot count their real supporters.

A German woman of Christian faith explained to me that she had recently taken her daughter out of the state school and put her into a Catholic school. Her daughter was fifteen. In her old class she was always being informed that she "would soon be a National Socialist mother" and had to "know her duty to the nation." Boys of thirteen and fourteen were regular readers of the anti-Semitic *Stürmer*, which specializes in the minutest pornographic details of "race violation" of Aryan women by Jews. Because of this atmosphere and for other reasons many parents were transferring their children to Catholic parochial schools. In one such institution—crowded now—forty Jewish boys and girls had been enrolled and were receiving favored treatment; a class in Hebrew had been opened for them. Decent Germans abhor the official policy toward Jews. "The Jews cannot be as bad as Goebbels and Rosenberg paint them." Nazi boys, on their own initiative, sometimes escort Jewish children home from school to guard them against harm.

In a Berlin autobus I notice empty seats, yet men are standing up. They are Jews. If they sit down an Aryan woman or man may indicate objection by a move or a grimace. It is this constant humiliation which oppresses German Jews almost as much as their utterly hopeless economic and political position. They must always be on their best behavior, and are kept away from many places less by actual prohibition than by the fear of being snubbed or insulted or forced to act against their conscience. While I was having a meal at Kempinski's a Brown Shirt came in with a tin box to make a collection. What Jew would want to contribute and what Jew would refuse to do so? In that restaurant, incidentally, I ordered chocolate ice cream. It had a bad taste. I called the waiter and said, "A rotten egg must have gone into this ice cream." He protested that there could be no rotten egg in it because there were no eggs at all in it. They used egg-substitute—this in one of the best Berlin eating houses. A salesgirl in a big store on the Leipziger Strasse looked at me pityingly when I asked, "Is this pure wool?" and said, "Nothing in Germany is pure wool now. At least 10 per cent of cotton and artificial wool is admixed. But our strict instructions are to call it pure wool."

Everywhere among Germans I discovered an eagerness to do their bit against the regime by saying something unfavorable about it. On January 1, I was lunching in the expensive Hotel Bristol on Unter den Linden. "Well," I said to the waiter, "how was business at yesterday's celebration?" "Fine," he said. "Probably worse than last year, however," I suggested. "No, rather better," he said. "I suppose there were many foreigners," I volunteered. "Ah," he replied, "very few foreigners could afford the price. Some of the guests were industrialists. But the vast majority were party functionaries." Numerous stories circulate about the rich villas, rich automobiles, and luxurious living of National Socialist officials. Such people as Göring, Goebbels, Ley, Darre, Rosenberg are the butt of endless jokes and

jibes. Indeed, from the point of view of the regime, the worst feature of the public's attitude is that it laughs at the Nazis. Only Hitler is respected. The others, big and small, have no moral authority. Intellectuals especially resent the disrepute into which the government has brought their country and German culture abroad. "The Nazis," one liberal author who lives unmolested under a Hitlerian camouflage said to me, "aver that they are the bulwark of European civilization against bolshevism. I cannot believe that any foreigner takes this claim seriously. Civilization should begin at home." There is a lot of bitterness about the deterioration of art and culture. Numerous Germans boycott the theaters and cinemas, and judging by the one film I saw, entitled "Henker, Frauen, und Soldaten," I cannot blame them. Only the opera is excepted. Göring captured the two Berlin operas and has managed to keep them out of Goebbels's hands. He pays good salaries to the best artists and has retained the Jews. Blech, the Jewish conductor at the Prussian State Opera, is demonstratively cheered whenever he appears. This sort of "National Socialist competition" is quite common: Göring against Goebbels; Hanfstängel talking openly against Goebbels; the black-uniformed S. S. disgusted with Alfred Rosenberg. In his New Year message to the Reichswehr Hitler spoke neither of National Socialism nor of the revolution nor of the party. In greetings on the same occasion General Blomberg, Reichswehr Minister, mentioned Hitler but no other word that would recall the existence of the regime, while General Fritsch, the commander-in-chief of the army, and Admiral Räder, the commander-in-chief of the navy, mentioned neither Hitler nor National Socialism. Nevertheless, it would be wrong to think that political changes will originate with the armed forces. German Fascism has done a great deal for them; they expect it to do more.

I sat in a packed cafe with a prominent member of the staff of a Berlin daily. His business is to write pro-Nazi editorials, but his sentiments were decidedly anti-Nazi when he talked with me. He told me how the circulation of most German dailies, including his own, had fallen off sharply. The exceptions were the *Völkische Beobachter*, which was compulsory reading for the party, and the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, which was still allowed some freedom of judgment in order that at least one German newspaper might find some credence abroad. He gave me all the gossip about the regime, and then passed to anecdotes. I reproduce one. A Dutch boy was standing on the Dutch frontier and a German boy on the German frontier. "Ech," said the Dutch boy, "we have butter." "Yes," countered the German boy, "but we have the *Führer*, Hitler." "Huh," replied the Dutch boy, "we have butter and we have the Kaiser. Soon we shall also have the *Führer*." This imaginary Dutch boy is too sanguine.

For a whole long evening German intellectuals regaled me with stories about general conditions and about their own lives. They discussed the hostility to Fascism among the workers, among government officials, in the S. A., and among the farmers, who object to Nazi legislation and to price control and other restrictive measures. "Then what section of the population does support this regime?" I demanded. "Not one." They were unanimous in this opinion. In three years, they testified, National Socialism, once the movement of millions, has lost its popular backing; hence the failure

to call elections. Its only really convinced followers are the armed and well-disciplined S. S., the Nazis' praetorian guard—and fine-looking, strong fellows they are.

But intellectuals, workers, and everybody else I met emitted their anti-Fascist poison and immediately added: "Don't think anything will happen. The regime is stable. It has the guns and the concentration camps behind it." I asked all my acquaintances whether they saw illegal Communist or Socialist literature. They did not. One man who works in a big publishing house said, "We are ready for it but none ever comes our way." It is obvious that the Marxist movement, heroic and indefatigably optimistic though it be, is too limited to organize and direct an opposition which is so nation-wide. All people agree that hostility to Nazism unites the opposition but, as yet, nothing else does. One hears that the monarchists feel encouraged by developments in Germany and Greece and by the sympathy of cer-

tain Reichswehr elements. Their candidate for the throne is Prince Louis Ferdinand, grandson of the Kaiser, whom I met. Once he worked at the Ford plant in Detroit and now he is employed by the Lufthansa. He is a nice chap. It is hard to imagine, however, that he will some day rule Germany. If there were free public discussion or assembly the other groups might temporarily find a common language. But the eye of the Gestapo is sharp and its punishment fierce. The hostility to National Socialism, consequently, is ubiquitous and impotent. The strength of the regime lies in its enemy's disunion, in its own large armed forces, and in the strong, almost mystic hold which Hitler still has over many Germans. The weakness of the regime is explained by the fact that it has redeemed only two of its pre-1933 pledges: it is exterminating the Jews and it is forging a vast military machine which, in the opinion of Germans, enhances the danger of a world war.

Scottsboro Interview

By CARLETON BEALS

IN the Negro ward on the fourth floor of the Hillman Hospital on Sunday afternoon I saw Ozie Powell, the Scottsboro boy who was shot in the head by Deputy Sheriff J. Street Sandlin in the mysterious scuffle on the road between Decatur and Birmingham. Ozie lies in the first room after one steps from the white ward into the ill-kept black quarters. At his doorway are stationed highway patrolmen, sheriffs, and gum-shoe men, who survey all comers with suspicious eyes. Ozie was lying on his left side asleep, a white bandage on his head, his right foot chained to the bed.

I was speaking to the nurse when a lanky sheriff poked me in the chest with a hard finger and snapped, "Who are you?"

I explained, and almost at once he became loquacious. "I'd give a fifty-dollar bill," he repeated several times, "if you could talk to that nigger. But it's against the Governor's orders. I'd like you to see for yourself that that New Yawk lawyer Leibowitz is a damn' liar. Why, we had a man planted outside Ozie's window when he and Watts wuz talkin' to the nigger, and we know everything that was said."

"What do you think of these niggers?" asked a fat gum-shoe man. "They're guilty, ain't they? You'd shoot a nigger that knifed your buddy, wouldn't you?"

I managed to convince him that I thought as any good Alabaman does, and the sheriff grew mellow with the idea that at last he had found a friendly New York newspaperman. "Stand right here in the doorway," he said, "and have a look at him."

Before I could protest, he strode over to the bed, woke up the boy who had undergone a serious brain operation less than forty-eight hours before and whose life was still in the balance, and began firing questions at him. There was fear in the spasmodic twitching of the Negro's body and his rolling dazed eyes; he answered respectfully in a weak voice. Even so, he refused to incriminate Roy Wright, one of the other two manacled Negro boys in the car where

the trouble started. When the sheriff insisted on an answer, saying, "That Leroy Wright's a bad fellow, isn't he? He put you up to this, didn't he?" Ozie groaned out, "Naw, he didn't have to put me up to it."

Similarly Ozie refused to answer the question, repeated again and again, "Leibowitz was mad at you, wasn't he?" This in a triumphant tone.

"Naw, he wasn't mad," the Negro boy managed to groan.

"But he was different toward you, wasn't he?"

"Naw, I guess—" And Ozie's voice drifted into unintelligibility.

"He didn't talk to you very long, did he?" persisted the sheriff.

"Guess—he didn't have much time."

"He was in a hurry, wasn't he?"

Merely a negative sort of groan answered this question. The Negro boy was perfectly lucid, but he seemed to grow weaker from the prolonged questioning, of which only a sample is given here.

The sheriff, with several others who had crowded into the Negro's room, came back to me with a gloating expression. "Now you can tell the truth about this, cain't you? You seen for yourself that Leibowitz was lying when he said this nigger wasn't in a fit condition to be questioned. You seen that he knows everything he's saying."

This scuffle on the road (following prolonged efforts by the sheriffs, and what appears to be collusion between the prosecution and the court, to force the boys to throw over their lawyers and accept a court-appointed lawyer on the promise that they would get off with lighter sentences) is merely an incident that further obscures the guilt or innocence of the defendants and further conceals the grave social and racial implications of the whole case.

These nine Negroes, ranging from thirteen to nineteen at the time of their arrest, have varied intelligence and character. Some were illiterate, although all of them can now

read and write. All the young folk, black and white, taken off that fatal train at Paint Rock, Alabama, five years ago, were driftwood. One of the seventeen-year-old Negro boys had both syphilis and gonorrhea and was barely able to get about with a cane. Haywood Patterson, who received a sentence of seventy-five years in his fourth trial, was apparently chosen by the prosecution to be tried first because he has the blackest skin, the wickedest gleam in his eyes, and the meanest expression on his face. He is what is known in the South as "a bad nigger." This means that he is wilful, self-assertive, independent, not properly servile. Add five years of jail, and it would not be surprising if he had become hard and perhaps treacherous. Yet he is decidedly likable and, in contrast to Victoria Price, he has a straightforward honesty in his manner; he is more gentle and restrained than his accuser, who viciously spits out her words, some of them foul. He was generous enough to save Orville Gilley from death under the wheels by hauling him back by his feet into the "chert," or gravel car, although the white boy had trampled on his hands and almost caused him to fall off the moving train and had been heaving "stud," or rocks, at him. Haywood writes good English in a beautiful hand.

Ozie Powell, who was shot in the brain, was sullen and shift on the stand and sometimes flared up with anger. Five years in a jail cell, with no proper exercise, no sunlight, and no amusements, have given him an acute prison psychosis. One of his fellow-prisoners says he has been "queer" for nearly a year. "He jus' sits off all by himself and plays that little harp of his and after a while throws a fit. He jumps up and curses everybody and everything. Theah's something the matter with his haid."

Willie Robertson, the sick boy, has at least improved in health during his jail experience. As one Southerner described him, "He is so dumb he tells the truth." When he first appeared on the stand he had a wild mop of kinky half-combed hair that split into tufts in the back. Now he is well dressed and slicks his hair with anti-kink grease, as do most of the others. Strangely enough, this seems to irritate the good people of Morgan County even more than the crime the Negroes supposedly committed; it is a constant topic of bitter conversation how well the boys are now dressed; and they are ridiculed for taking pains with their appearance. The fact is that they are better mannered and better dressed than most of the spectators at their trials.

Olen Montgomery, the nearly blind boy, who was hoping to get free treatment from an eye specialist in Memphis when he was taken off a box-car far removed from the part of the train where the supposed rape occurred, seems an honest, simple boy. He is "funny." One likes him at once.

The two Wright boys are both very bright. The youngest, only thirteen when arrested, has since been jabbed in the face with a bayonet by a state militiaman who was supposed to protect him; his cheek is drawn into an artificial perpetual grin. The older, Roy Wright, is a fine type of Negro with a good mind and open, good-natured countenance. Because he is the most intelligent of the lot, he is the one most fiercely hated by his guards.

At the recent trial, watching the half-illiterate talesmen shuffle forward in response to Judge Callahan's sharp calling of their names, surveying their shabby clothes, their dull eyes, their vacant countenances, their malformed bodies, and

seeing them fill the spittoons with tobacco juice, one felt a sense of shame. These are of our purest American stock. What has brought about their degeneracy?

As one rides through the countryside and sees the shacks in which they live, the boards warped and rotting, the windows broken and stuffed with rags, as one looks at the stony hillsides and the pine trees standing in swampy pools, one realizes that many of these people in America in the twentieth century live worse than most peasants in the Balkans and certainly have fewer cultural attainments. They fear the Negroes. It is an economic fear. It is a physical fear. It is a cultural fear. It is a blind fear.

I have no space to summarize the evidence. Certainly in the recent trial there was not sufficient evidence to warrant a conviction. There was, in addition, a constant effort to obscure the defense testimony and to rule it out through tricky but legal procedure. The most vital evidence for the defense was barred. The prosecution could not call Ruby Bates, who has recanted her previous testimony and has declared the boys innocent. It could not call Orville Gilley, presumably an eyewitness, though it had him there under guard, for Gilley is now serving time in the Tennessee penitentiary for knocking down two women on separate occasions and stealing their purses. The prosecution, since the Horton trial, has not dared call Dr. R. R. Bridges, the official doctor who examined Victoria an hour and a half after the alleged rape, because in the first place his testimony contradicts Victoria's and in the second place, by not calling him, it prevents the defense from bringing in rebuttal testimony that would knock the prosecution's case into a cocked hat in any fair court in the land.

In one of the earlier trials a state's attorney, in his summation to the jury, waved Victoria Price's cotton drawers over his head and shouted a defense of Alabama's "pure womanhood." No other garments were offered by the state. Dr. Bridges had testified that there were no stains on the girls' clothing. At the recent trial the drawers were again waved in the courtroom, but this time they had become silk. Before the defense could make a protest, Judge Callahan testily ruled that they were inadmissible as evidence. But they had already had their effect on the jurors.

This is typical of the farce of the trial. Technically everything may have been perfectly legal. The record may read fairly, for all I know. But no one who was not present can realize the inflections of the court and the subtly changed meanings that were put upon words. In charging the jury Judge Callahan said that if such and such things were true, in a tone implying they probably were, then the defendant was a "rapist" and should be convicted. As he said these words, he glared over at the defendant in fury, his lips drew back in a snarl, and he rolled out the word "r-rapist" in a horrendous tone. The record will never show such things; but continue them hour after hour and day after day in an already prejudiced courtroom, and the sum total weighs upon the minds of the jurors.

Next Week

Colonel Frank Knox as a Presidential Candidate

By RAYMOND GRAM SWING

Loose Construction

By HEYWOOD BROWN

I HAVE been wondering whether the Republican National Committee would consider outside manuscripts for its famous radio program, "Liberty at the Crossroads." By now, I suppose, everybody is interested in the two characters, John and Mary, who have been created under the auspices of Chairman Fletcher. Undoubtedly you remember that in an early instalment of the series John and Mary were about to get married and were frightened off by a short talk on governmental extravagance and the mounting burden of taxation. John and Mary believe that all budgets should be balanced, and when last I heard of them they remained unwed out of deference to the sound doctrines of the Republican Party.

My sketch is based on the conception that somehow or other love finds a way as it did in the case of Romeo and Juliet, who hurdled certain political obstacles, although I must admit that the issues which stood in their way were municipal rather than national. At any rate, my radio sketch is founded on the assumption that John and Mary have a three-year-old boy known to them as Junior. They are living in a suburban cottage which is only partially paid for.

The background for my little drama must be explained by the announcer before the play proper begins. It has been snowing all night. In fact, it has been snowing for weeks. Nothing can stop it. The Democrats are still in power. A huge weight has piled up on the roof of the little villa. Our five-minute tragedy opens with a flock of studio sound effects. There is the sound of shrieks and outcries and of crashing timbers. Under the weight of snow the roof of John and Mary's house has caved in. Fortunately they have noted the preliminary rumbles and have had time to flee to the front lawn, now deep in drifts. But during the excitement both forgot Junior.

MARY: Junior is trapped!

JOHN: You mean?

MARY: I mean what I say. Somewhere under that pile of wreckage lies Junior in his crib, provided he has not been hit by some falling plank.

JOHN: This is awful.

MARY: You may well say it is awful, and, indeed, everything has been awful since America repudiated the Republican Party on account of a worldwide depression which Herbert Hoover was just about to turn to our own advantage when the partisan and subversive activities of the Democratic Party prevented him.

JOHN: You mean that by tinkering with the tariff the Democrats allowed the products of cheap coolie labor in foreign fields to flood our markets and destroy the best efforts of business men to maintain a wage scale adequate to continue the American standard of living for the working-man.

MARY: I mean that and also more. The Founding Fathers wisely laid down a way of life under which certain powers were granted to the federal government and others reserved to the states. All this was set forth at some length

by that great Republican statesman Thomas Jefferson and his logical successors, Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover, not forgetting Alf M. Landon of Kansas, who has rigorously balanced the budget of his native state each year.

JOHN: And Junior is lying somewhere under the wreckage.

MARY: It is a wreckage wrought by various under secretaries and visionaries whose names can scarcely be pronounced, like Wallace, Frank, and Henry Hopkins.

JOHN: But how about a wrecking crew? Couldn't I call up on the telephone, the administration of which is a tribute to the initiative of private capital, and get some men with a derrick and possibly shovels to dig our little Junior out?

MARY: John, I am surprised and shocked to hear you utter such a thing in a land where we must choose between Washington and Moscow.

JOHN: Mary, I do not understand the nature of your Republican rebuke.

MARY: Have you so soon forgotten the bitter day we left the marriage-license bureau sweethearts in name only because we realized that we could not possibly balance the budget?

JOHN: I do remember.

MARY: You do well to remember because we founded our life upon the agreement that each day before we said our prayers we would get together in holy and sweet conference and balance our own budget before sleep and Tugwellian darkness had overcome us.

JOHN: "Pay as you go," was what we said.

MARY: And should we abandon that principle now under the slim excuse of an emergency? Derricks for Junior and steam shovels would set our financial plan awry and be but the first step in boondoggling extravagance.

JOHN: You bring me back to my better senses. I'm glad I married a girl from the sidewalks of New York, where the gate of opportunity is kept forever opening. There is always room at the top, and until I get there by honest effort in the good old American way, Junior can remain at the bottom of the wreckage.

MARY: Let us give proof through the night that our budget is still there.

JOHN: Yes, we must choose between the "Star Spangled Banner" and the "Internationale."

MARY: Between the "Volga Boatman" and "Waiting for the Robert E. Lee."

JOHN: Between Thousand Island and Russian dressing.

MARY: Between caviar and the general-welfare clause.

JOHN: Between the Founding Fathers or further fondering.

This could go on forever, but John and Mary and everybody but Junior are rescued by the studio orchestra, which breaks in with a medley of popular selections including "Columbia the Gem of the Ocean," "Du Pont, Can You Spare a Dime?" and "Walking Down Park Avenue."

Washington Weekly

By PAUL W. WARD

Washington, February 2

ALMOST any day now the Supreme Court will hand down another anti-New Deal decision. Whereupon the Administration's apologists, still dodging the issue of constitutional reform, will again blame the New Deal's fate not upon the Constitution but upon the prejudices of the men appointed to construe the sacred document. Mr. Roosevelt will be pictured as the victim not of a system but of a group of reactionary old men. Mistaking the kernel of truth in this for the whole nut, leaf, branch, and tree, liberals will extend instant sympathy, and to that extent the fundamental issue will be further obscured.

All of which makes it pertinent to note at this time that sympathy of the kind mentioned is little deserved by the Roosevelt Administration. It has brought more than a few enlightened men into the federal service, but if it has assigned any of them to the federal bench, the fact has escaped notice. The truth seems to be that in this field more than in any other Roosevelt's appointments have been guided by purely political considerations. In consequence, the men he has elevated to the federal bench or promoted from the trial courts to the appellate courts have been no whit different in their general character from the men who received similar honors from Hoover, Coolidge, and Harding.

Nor has the recent piling up of anti-New Deal injunctions in the courts brought any noticeable change in the character of these appointments. Instead, they grow increasingly political. Candidates for the judiciary are being asked with no attempt at delicacy whether, if appointed, they will contribute a certain percentage of their first year's salary to the Democratic campaign coffers. In at least two recent instances they also have been asked by the President's official agents whether they will "go along" with the Administration in the handling of cases.

That attitude toward the lower courts is also the Administration's attitude toward the Supreme Court. It needs only a brief survey of the available evidence to convince any objective observer that, if given leave, Mr. Roosevelt would appoint to the Supreme Court men less interested in the public welfare than in putting the stamp of their approval on any measure the New Deal might pass up to them. Before you jump to the conclusion that this would not be so undesirable a situation as I hint, let me point out that it is precisely on a par with the court situation in Germany and Italy.

THE close parallel between New Deal and Old Deal tastes in judicial appointments has just been brought into sharp focus by an obscene brawl between Senators Bilbo and Harrison of Mississippi over President Roosevelt's selection of Judge Edwin R. Holmes for promotion to the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals. The essential details of that squabble have been reported fully in the daily press. It is mentioned here only because of one detail the daily press overlooked, an incident which illuminates both the status of civilization in Mississippi and the character of one of its favorite sons, Senator "What-a-Man" Bilbo.

The Senate judiciary subcommittee considering the nomination of Judge Holmes had evidence laid before it indicating that Bilbo, who is fond of quoting Scripture, apparently does not count among his favorite passages Deuteronomy 25:4, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn." For the committee was told that Senator Bilbo actually puts muzzles on Negroes who work for him. Reporting a conversation he had had some years ago with Bilbo when the present Senator was serving a jail term for contempt of court, Judge Holmes said: "He [Bilbo] was very interesting, giving me an account of his pecan orchard; how the pecans are gathered in the fall by little Negroes, how he had to muzzle them while they were at work and search them after they had finished, as they would eat a pound a day and carry off another in their pockets when they left; and pecans at that time were worth nearly a dollar a pound."

The narrative evoked no word of comment from the committee members. Nor did it elicit any attempt at refutation from Bilbo. All sides seemed to take the situation described for granted, including the man Roosevelt thinks deserving of an appointment to the Appellate Court. The committee was assured by other witnesses that Judge Holmes was noted for his impartiality, for his determination to deal equally with rich and poor, black and white.

THIS talk of muzzles reminds one that the past few days have produced evidence that at least two federal agencies—the Interior and Labor departments—apparently give no heed to Roosevelt's Jackson Day assertion of the public need for "facts and yet more facts, in the face of an opposition bent on hiding and distorting facts." Eight months ago there was completed under the joint auspices of these two departments an investigation which showed that under the New Deal federal funds had been used to help manufacturers dodge labor organization in the North by fleeing to Southern towns, where, under the guise of "vocational training," they were supplied with free labor and their foremen were put on the public pay roll as "instructors." Though embarrassing questions concerning this report were asked in House committee hearings on the Interior Department's appropriation bill for 1937, and even more embarrassing references were made to it in floor debate on the bill this past week, the departments in charge still refuse to make the report public. The official defense is that the report was drafted for administrative rather than public purposes—it seems there is a difference between the two—and in the opinion of officialdom contains nothing of public interest.

The man directly in charge of the report, Commissioner of Education Studebaker, tendered that sort of defense in a formal statement he supplied to Representative Crawford, a Michigan Republican, in answer to the charges made in the House, chiefly by Representatives Wigglesworth and Kahn, Republicans from Massachusetts and California respectively. Commissioner Studebaker's answer was chiefly to the effect that in the great majority of instances the government-subsidized vocational-training programs in the various states are

being properly administered, and the public might get the wrong idea about the program as a whole from reading the "few instances of maladministration" in the investigators' report. Mr. Studebaker was more inclined to belittle the report than were the men who represented his office before the Appropriations Committee. In testimony given behind closed doors they admitted that the investigation had covered only thirteen "plant training programs" and was confined to textile and garment plants.

Publication of the report itself would show that virtually every tenet of vocational training had been violated; that the "students" were taught only one process of manufacture, became actual production workers in a few hours, and continued as "students" without pay from a few weeks to as long as six months; that no academic training was given but the educational pretense was carried to the extreme of organizing the "students" into Greek-letter fraternities which coarse persons would call "company unions"; that after weeks and months of training "students" were graduated to the factory pay rolls as "learners" at learners' wages; and that no effort was made to avoid bringing the production of these "students" into competition with the output of regularly employed workers in the textile and garment industries or to avoid creating a surplus of workers and, therefore, unemployment. Mr. Studebaker's colleagues told the committee this situation was being remedied, but they admitted that the Office of Education has only four inspectors and cannot properly superintend all the sixty-six "plant training programs" in operation under federal subsidy.

THE mild Congressional furor over the report was cooked up by a few labor lobbyists, acting independently of the official A. F. of L. lobby. According to the journals of commerce and finance, that lobby is the most powerful in Washington and has only to nod its collective head to make Congress jump through the hoop. The facts are quite to the contrary. The A. F. of L.'s full-time, salaried lobbyists do a lot of nodding, but it is usually of the somnolent kind. They compose a moribund crew, some of whose members long since should have been relegated to the infirmary, and their effectiveness on Capitol Hill is almost nil. Most of the effective lobbying in labor's interest is done by free agents.

The A. F. of L.'s professionals are preoccupied with chasing patronage for themselves and their pals, a fact attested in the latest edition of the federation's weekly clip sheet. It features proudly an announcement that "Red" Hushing, a brother of W. C. Hushing, one of the federation's paid lobbyists, has just been appointed United States Marshal for the Panama Canal Zone and that "the Senate promptly confirmed the appointment." While the men employed by union labor to lobby for them were busy maneuvering this appointment, the thirty-hour-week bill came up for action in the Senate and was passed over on objection by Senator Vandenberg. In the column adjoining the Hushing item appears an article on the thirty-hour bill, but no mention is made therein of how the federation's lobby flubbed its opportunity to carry out the A. F. of L. convention mandate to press this bill.

I Was an Editor in Germany II. "Fire in the Reichstag!"

By FRANZ HOLLERING

AFTER I was forced out of the editorship of the Ullstein *Berliner Zeitung am Mittag* in December, 1931, I served as American correspondent for the Ullstein papers for a year. On January 4, 1933, I returned to Germany and became editor of the daily *12 Uhr Blatt* and the weekly *Montag Morgen*, both smaller left-democratic journals. As it happened, I started to work on January 30, the day Hitler came into power. The very first news item laid on my desk was a solemn declaration by Dr. Frick, the new Minister of the Interior, that in the Third Reich the freedom of the press would be inviolate. From that time on all official statements bore a similar relation to the truth.

Hitler dissolved the Reichstag and in "accordance with the constitution" called new elections for March 5. Things seemed to run smoothly, and many good people made fun of those who continued to distrust Hitler.

The *12 Uhr Blatt* was a morning paper, and therefore we worked at night. We soon realized that the Nazi regime also worked mainly at night—and at other things than torchlight demonstrations. Every hour brought stories of shootings in working-class districts, of motor-cyclists whizzing through the streets firing into windows, of armed gangs storming the beer halls that were the election headquarters

of the workers' parties. The police and the Red Cross always arrived too late. The official press regularly proclaimed "Inhuman Communist Atrocities," whereas our objective and non-partisan reporters night after night piled up evidence that the attacks were made by Storm Troopers in civilian clothes. It was difficult to prove the truth, for the police were already covering up the tracks of the murderers and no longer gave out any information. Only indirectly, by describing all the incriminating circumstances of an attack, was it possible to hint at the truth. And the truth was that the terror was organized by Chancellor Hitler himself. Meanwhile, in the daytime, the official election campaign was being waged more and more furiously. Shock troops were sent to the assemblies of the opposition parties. They shouted down Brüning and wounded Stegerwald, his former Minister of Labor. Workers' meetings were broken up and their quarters demolished.

The attempt of the *12 Uhr Blatt* to report news objectively did not escape Goebbels's attention. In the *Angriff* I found myself mentioned in a list of radical journalists under the heading "Intellectual Murderers." In those days one learned to read and to write between the lines. I changed my address.

In spite of the terror the election prospects throughout the country were that Hitler could not win the majority he wanted, much less the two-thirds' majority required to change the constitution. That, however, was his goal, and it was to be expected that he would stop at nothing to achieve it. He had already forbidden, on the flimsiest pretext, the election posters and meetings of the labor parties. A week before election open propaganda against the Nazis had ceased. The Storm Troopers dominated the streets. There was danger that the use of force might turn the voters against the regime. Yet it was obvious that desperate measures must be taken if the Chancellor was to have the legal cloak he needed for the violation of the constitution.

The editorial in *Montag Morgen* of February 26, 1933—the last I wrote in Germany—began: "Unless something unforeseen happens, the Chancellor cannot win the election." An analysis of the probable election returns followed, and in conclusion came the statement that nothing unforeseen could happen because Hitler had not only taken the oath to abide by the constitution but had promised on innumerable occasions to govern "legally." As I intended, the article was misunderstood by the overworked censor, who interpreted it as a pro-Hitler statement. But the readers of the *Montag Morgen*, definitely an intellectual journal, understood very well. They even thought that the writer knew what the "unforeseen" circumstances might be, and the telephone rang incessantly. They were wrong; I had not the slightest idea of the nature of the desperate device the Nazis would use to break all opposition—though at the very moment there was a story on my desk which might have given me a clue.

The story was by a reporter who had covered a house-warming given by the well-known clairvoyant Erik Hanussen. Hanussen was a Moravian Jew whose real name was Steinschneider. He passed for a Danish nobleman and was on intimate terms with the Storm Troop leader Ernst (murdered by Hitler on June 30, 1934) and Count Helldorf, the present chief of police of Berlin, both of whom he supported out of his large earnings. He had begun his career as a clairvoyant while he was in the trenches by persuading the mail clerk to let him read the soldiers' letters from home before they were delivered. No wonder he could inform the captain that back in Vienna his wife had given birth to a healthy seven-pound boy! Before long Hanussen exchanged the front trenches for headquarters, where he entertained the officers with his gifts. After the war he led a fantastic life as itinerant magician in the Balkans. Then he hit on the idea of giving his hocus-pocus a scientific disguise, and his star rose on the German vaudeville stage. Hanussen made the most of the moment. He backed his business with an occult magazine which was printed by the same press as the *Montag Morgen* and the *12 Uhr Blatt*. That was how we knew of his connections with the National Socialists and had been able to gain admission to his house-warming.

My working hours were from 5 p.m. to 5 a.m., with time out for dinner between nine and ten. On February 27 the constant nervous strain under which every radical worked in those days had exhausted me, and instead of going out I decided to take an hour's nap in the office. I made myself as comfortable as I could on two armchairs and was dozing off when a telephone conversation in the next room roused me. "Fire in the Reichstag," a reporter shouted. A short circuit, I decided, and turned over. A second

alarm sounded, a third, a fourth, a fifth! I jumped up. The Reichstag was going up in flames. The "unforeseen" had happened.

Fifteen minutes later, after the rush in handling the sensational news was over, I sat down at the telephone and began warning friends. Suddenly—it was a little after half-past nine—Hanussen, the clairvoyant, was on the wire.

"How much of a fire is there at the Reichstag?" he asked.

"Where are you calling from?"

"From my apartment." His apartment was miles away from the Reichstag.

"How did you find out about the fire?"

There was a second's pause, then Hanussen said: "As a matter of fact, I wanted to speak to the business manager. I want to warn you all. Be on your guard tonight. No one knows what may happen. The Communists have set fire to the Reichstag."

"The Communists? Ridiculous! They wouldn't dream of it. They don't want to commit suicide. Their policy—"

"Wait and see! And better be careful."

He hung up. The story of his house-warming flashed into my mind. The intimate of the Nazis had seen "flames" in a trance. They had now become real.

The first official statement concerning the fire blamed a gang of incendiaries, who had supposedly been pursued and shot at. But all except Van der Lubbe had disappeared without a trace. Then came a second statement which spoke of a Communist conspiracy and of conclusive evidence that Social Democrats were implicated. Two Socialist journalists, generally known as entirely harmless citizens, had been arrested. New versions of the fire came in hourly. The latest invariably contradicted all the rest. Obviously someone was hard at work making up these statements.

At eleven o'clock I wrote an editorial telling the truth: all the evidence indicated that the Nazis had set fire to the Reichstag. At midnight I threw this manuscript into the wastebasket. I wrote another, a more cautious editorial, and then another. None of them would do. It was plain that from now on not a word of truth could appear in print. News had already reached me that the few proletarian papers which had survived so far no longer existed. The current issues had been confiscated at the printing presses, the editors arrested. A night of terror, unbroken since that hour, had descended upon Germany.

My assistant smiled ironically at my attempts to give the truth a guise in which it would escape censorship. (I had suspected from the very first that this man was a Nazi, and later I learned that the owner of the paper had hired him just to be on the safe side.) Finally he came to me with the proof of the headline "Madman Sets Fire to the Reichstag," and quite sensibly he asked whether it wasn't I who had gone mad. For the headline was a flat contradiction of the official position that the Reichstag had been fired by the left parties. It would mean the end of the paper, it would cost a hundred persons their jobs, and moreover it would never get out into the street.

The dead line was getting closer and closer. Reports of the suppression and confiscation of various publications kept pouring in. I edited the articles of the terrorized reporters, trying to make them more objective. But what worried me was the front-page headline and how we might

tell the real story. The make-up man stood over me demanding copy. Finally I gave him the government statements to set up, directing him to put the most flagrant inconsistencies in larger type. Not till the last second, with the whole staff waiting, did I see the way out. Headline: "The Reichstag Fire." Subhead: "Official Reports of the Prussian Government News Service." Then an entire page of these reports, and not another word! That page was a huge tangle of lies—taken directly from official sources. Any child would understand: the government lies! Any child would know why.

For an hour we waited anxiously. Would the paper escape suppression? It did. Goebbels had not yet perfected his machinery to the point of censoring Hitler and Göring.

Toward the end of the election campaign the terror grew with each night. Two of our staff men were kidnapped by Storm Troopers. One was captured as he left the printer; the other was dragged out of his bed and beaten to a bloody pulp. Many journalists I knew vanished without leaving a trace. Foreign visitors, and even most of the people who lived in Berlin, suspected nothing. Terror organized on modern lines remains invisible.

The papers gave no inkling of what was really going on, although reports of kidnappings, beatings, murders were constantly coming in. We sent these reports to newspapers in Prague and Vienna, but they were not used. Why not? Because they were not believed—not yet!

Only in the office itself did we now feel safe. Goebbels had forbidden violence in newspaper offices in order not to arouse our friends, the foreign correspondents. The most difficult thing for us was to evade the Storm Troopers who lay in ambush on the way from the printer, and to find places of refuge after work. With caution, tricks, money, and the technique acquired during and after the war, we managed it for a while, always going criss-cross through the city, changing conveyances unexpectedly, and sleeping in a different place every day. But what was the good of enduring all this torment? There was no longer anything one could do. Passive resistance had lost all meaning. What was the use of printing covert, ambiguous little statements in the face of the greatest crime in modern history?

On Friday, March 3, I escaped a visit from the Gestapo. On the morning of the election, March 5, 1933, a friendly representative of a foreign power informed me that a warrant for my arrest had been issued. I had to leave Berlin. But where could I go? Every train, every automobile going across the border, was inspected. After a day of aimless wandering in the streets of Berlin I took a local train to Dresden, and at two-thirty at night I crossed the German border into Czecho-Slovakia by a route that is still used by refugees.

On the day of my flight the *12 Uhr Blatt* was suspended, to reappear only when the owners had completely capitulated. *Montag Morgen* was later suppressed altogether.

Erik Hanussen was murdered by Storm Troopers two weeks after the burning of the Reichstag. His body was found in the woods near Berlin. His head was almost shot off. The clairvoyant had foreseen many things, but like the rest of us, not enough.

[This is the second of two articles by Franz Höllering. The first appeared last week.]

Correspondence

Share-Cropper Misery and Hope

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

A blizzard out of the Northwest brings suffering to hundreds of destitute and homeless share-croppers who have been evicted from the land because of membership in the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union. All the families on one plantation—more than a hundred persons, including twenty-eight small children and three infants—were evicted because they were members of a union which sought to make the landlord settle his account with them. With only \$16 among them, after a year's grinding toil in the cotton fields, in which they averaged nearly a bale of cotton to the acre, they had not sufficient food, bedding, or clothes. Blacklisted by the planters, none of them have been able to settle in other places. They were not even permitted to gather firewood from any of the nearby plantations.

The struggles of the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union against the domination of the landlords and planters in Arkansas and other states of the South and Southwest have aroused the determined opposition of the plantation interests. Mass evictions of tenants who are members of the union are taking place on numerous plantations. Union meetings have been broken up by planters and officers of the law, while men, women, and children have been kicked and flogged, shot, arrested, and jailed.

Howard Kester, union organizer and secretary of the Central Defense Committee of the union, was dragged from a Methodist church near Earle, Arkansas, on January 18 as he attempted to address a meeting of 450 white and Negro share-croppers. Kester was accompanied by H. I. Goldberger, union attorney. Both were threatened and driven from town. The church was practically wrecked as the mob of planters slugged share-croppers with ax handles and billies and brandished pistols over their heads. All of the windows of the church were broken. Women as well as men were attacked.

Two Negro share-croppers were shot by deputy sheriffs as they were returning home from a union meeting which had been raided and broken up by another mob. No arrests of planters' thugs have been made and none are expected by the union, as the officers are in league with the plantation interests and have sworn to stop the union "with Winchester rifles if necessary." The mob which took Kester from the church near Earle warned him not to return on pain of death and announced that if "the union doesn't stop disturbing our labor there's going to be another Elaine massacre."

The union has grown within a year from a membership of a few hundred to more than 25,000. Despite the terror which has broken out anew in Crittenden County, new locals are being organized each day. After the meeting at Earle was broken up the organizers took in about twenty-five new members. One of the men who joined last night said, "We know the union is all right now, for the big bosses is trying to bust it up." Despite eviction and terror the union members throughout this area are standing firm. Scores trekked through the swamps and over the muddy plantation roads to come to Memphis today to pledge their faith and loyalty to the union.

The union needs funds to fight its legal battles, and for food, clothing, and shelter. Contributions should be sent to H. L. Mitchell, secretary, Box 5215, Memphis, Tennessee, or to John Herling, 112 East Nineteenth Street, New York.

Memphis, Tenn., January 18

H. L. MITCHELL,

Executive Secretary

HOWARD KESTER,

Secretary, Central Defense Committee

A New Law for Privacy

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The article *The Lindberghs Leave*, by Oswald Garrison Villard, in *The Nation* of January 8 impressed me with the pitiful inadequacy of our laws in protecting an individual's right of privacy. The statute of New York State (Civil Rights Law, Article 5, Sections 50, 51) provides that a person, firm, or corporation that uses for advertising purposes or for the purposes of trade the name, portrait, or picture of any living person without having first obtained the written consent of such person, or if a minor of his or her parent or guardian, is guilty of a misdemeanor, and an action in the civil courts may be maintained for an injunction and damages.

I would recommend to the legislatures of every state that a statutory provision be made in the penal law or criminal code to the effect that any person, firm, or corporation that prints, publishes, edits, or knowingly circulates, sells, distributes, or publicly displays any book, paper, document, or written or printed matter in any form containing the photograph, portrait, or picture of any living person under the age of twenty-one years, without having first obtained the written consent of his or her parent or guardian, or the consent of the police authorities, is guilty of a misdemeanor.

Such a statute would promptly discourage the Mephistophiles of journalism (see *The Nation*, August 17, 1918) and his cohorts in their nefarious activities.

New York, January 6

LOUIS MARDER

A Threat to Workers' Schools

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The workers' schools on the Pacific Coast are threatened with fascist destruction. In Seattle on January 7 legionnaires raided the School of Social Science. In Los Angeles on January 17, the Los Angeles Workers' School was threatened by the Hearst *Examiner* and the anti-labor *Times*. The article in the *Examiner* appeared on the front page under big headlines: "L. A. Red College Revealed." On the following day both papers carried editorials. The one in the *Times* was labeled "Legal Treason" and that in the *Examiner* "Colleges of Crime." The *Examiner* stated: "We do not wait until this or that insect pest gets an upper hand before taking steps to stamp it out. We know that it would then be too late. We should be as immediately active in suppressing those colleges of crime in which young Americans are being taught disloyalty to the institutions of their country."

Los Angeles, January 21

MIRIAM BONNER, Director,
Los Angeles Workers' School

Anne Douglas Sedgwick

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I am preparing for publication a collection of the letters of the late Anne Douglas Sedgwick (Mrs. Basil de Selincourt). I shall be greatly obliged if persons possessing letters from her will send them to me for consideration for this purpose. Copies of such letters as are desired for inclusion in the proposed book will be taken and the originals returned promptly to their owners. Letters should be addressed to Far End, Kingham, Oxon, England.

Boston, January 15

BASIL DE SELINCOURT

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Labor and Industry

Starving on Relief

By ISIDOR FEINSTEIN

THE President is in a fighting mood these days. He trounced the Tories at Atlanta. He trounced the Tories in his annual message. He trounced the Tories at the Jackson Day dinner. Nevertheless, the poor Tories, though trounced, continue to be well fed. As much cannot be said of the unemployed.

At Atlanta Mr. Roosevelt thought it "of interest to point out that national surveys prove that the average of our citizenship lives today on what would be called by the medical fraternity a third-class diet. If the country lived on a second-class diet we would need to put many more acres than we use today back into the production of foodstuffs for domestic consumption. If the nation lived on a first-class diet we would have to put more acres than we ever cultivated into the production of an additional supply of things for Americans to eat. Why, speaking in broad terms in following up this particular illustration, are we living on a third-class diet? For the very simple reason that the masses of the American people have not got the purchasing power to eat more and better food." Speaking in narrow terms it might also be said that millions of Americans are living on a third-, fourth-, and fifth-class diet because Mr. Roosevelt—for all his Tory-trouncing—insists on cutting relief.

Mr. Roosevelt grew even more eloquent on the subject in his annual message to Congress. "Shall we say," he asked, "to the several millions of unemployed citizens who face the very problem of existence—yes, of getting enough to eat: 'We will withdraw from giving you work, we will turn you back to the charity of your communities and to those men of selfish power who tell you that perhaps they will employ you if the government leaves them strictly alone?'" The answer is that it has now been Mr. Roosevelt's policy for some time to get the federal government out of relief as quickly as possible and in fact to turn "several millions of unemployed citizens who face the very problem of existence—yes, of getting enough to eat"—back on the charity of their communities.

While the President at Atlanta was denouncing "gentlemen in well-warmed and well-stocked clubs" and spreading himself on the subject of third-class diets, relief administrators in the District of Columbia cut families on relief down to a fourth-class diet. An order was issued reducing all relief allowances 25 per cent. The Washington, D. C., average will now be \$22.50 a month per family. At about the same time, too, Secretary Wallace was asking in a radio speech, "How can you feed and clothe and maintain the health of a family of four or five properly on \$15 or \$20 a week?" "The answer," Secretary Wallace said, "is that you can't." District of Columbia jobless may find it difficult to appreciate the unconscious humor in this or in the fact that in November, when the federal government began to cut relief, a *New York Times* tabulation showed that dividends reached their highest total since June, 1931.

The condition of the unemployed is of little interest to the larger part of the American press. A small group of

liberal papers pays some attention to their problems. The Hearst press supplies us with such stories as the recent one published in the *New York American* under the heading, "Give Us More! More! Demand Those on Relief; Mostly Foreigners, Says Bullard." The rest is silence. But from stray items and from the Federated Press, a labor news service, it is possible to put together a picture of the plight of those on the relief rolls.

Here are some glimpses of relief conditions in the country, covering conditions during the past few months:

Allentown, Pennsylvania. Members of the Inter-County Unemployed and Works Division will not dine on turkey Thanksgiving day—or even corned beef; they will be on picket duty all week before local relief offices in Berks, Lehigh, Lancaster, and York counties, protesting against the discontinuance of relief.

Austin, Texas. So many people were thrown off relief last fall "to pick cotton," and never reinstated, that C. E. Wayman, district WPA administrator, complains there are not enough employables left on the rolls to carry on county highway improvements with full man power.

New York City. "Everybody will have a Thanksgiving dinner," the Emergency Relief Bureau announced, but Thanksgiving came and went and everybody didn't. Among those who didn't were the 100,000 human beings represented by 28,000 piled-up relief applications which the bureau's overworked staff has not yet had time to investigate.

Boston (AP). A complaint that payment of a "coolie" wage by the WPA was directly responsible for lowering wage scales of professional and technical workers in and near Boston was made to the state WPA today. A complete investigation was asked, six specific cases being named of alleged "chiseling" among private employers using the WPA wage scale as an excuse for reducing wages.

Phoenix, Arizona. Two more workers have been deported to Mexico as an aftermath of a Phoenix relief workers' strike when police and thugs charged pickets with clubs and tear gas, injuring fifty. The two men, José Flores and José P. Barcenas, who bring the total number of deportees to seven, were charged with being Communists. Felony charges are still standing against twenty workers who participated in the strike.

Newport, Kentucky (UP). Enraged because they had not been paid, 200 WPA workers raided a federal relief warehouse here today and seized 100 bags of flour and other articles before they were dispersed by police.

New Orleans (FP). The tapering-off process preparatory to "quitting this business of relief" is already bearing fruit in New Orleans. Eva Killian, twenty-nine, was declared by physicians to be starving to death when brought by an ambulance to a charity hospital here. She had been living on coffee and bread. A child who fainted at school was found to have been without food for twenty-six hours. A woman and four children were found hiding in an empty house. An aged woman and her fourteen-year-old grand-

daughter, found rummaging in the scrap heaps behind grocery stores, are but two of hundreds engaged in similar searches.

Chicago (FP). Single men on relief will not have to starve and freeze this winter, the emergency relief commission announces. They will have a chance to enter work camps. "In return for their work they receive sustenance plus one dollar a week in wages," the announcement says.

Newburgh, New York (Special to the New York Herald Tribune). About 300 WPA employees who have received no pay since December 14 assembled this morning at the City Hall to see what was wrong. They received only about half the pay they expected on December 14.

Vancouver, Washington (FP). A decision that WPA workers are not relief recipients or indigents has been handed down by Washington WPA officials. While at first sight the decision would seem to be in favor of the workers, the real effect of the ruling is to deprive the WPA workers of free medicine, medical aid, and hospital service from the county. The workers are supposed to furnish these items from their meager WPA wages, "just the same as other wage-earners do."

Austin, Texas (FP). Texas relief clients face the prospect of living on half-rations until February. After February there may be no rations at all. County relief administrators have received \$375,000 for December, and the state is asking for \$500,000 more in federal funds to keep relief up even to its customarily low Southern level. There is little prospect that the added amount will be forthcoming. No provision for the continuance of the state relief system in any form after February was made at the recent legislative session.

Des Moines, Iowa (FP). Calling the \$40 a month paid WPA workers in sixty-six of Iowa's ninety-nine counties a "starvation wage," 300 labor and unemployed delegates, meeting under the chairmanship of President J. C. Lewis of the state federation of labor, called for a state-wide strike January 2 for the prevailing scale of wages. The strike would affect nearly 30,000 workers.

Toledo (FP). The relief crisis is acute in Toledo, as funds appropriated by the state legislature face exhaustion before the middle of the month. Wholesalers have announced they will cut off credit for relief supplies.

Sioux Falls, South Dakota (FP). When South Dakota WPA workers recently demanded increases in wages which were frequently lower than direct relief had been, WPA Administrator M. A. Kennedy issued a statement charging them with "laziness" and threatening arrests. A week later he was all smiles and good-will as he announced an average raise of \$8 a month. What changed his tune was that the Workers' Alliance lined up the trade unions, the Sioux Falls Ministerial Association, and various civic groups in support of the jobless, and Kennedy quickly found it possible to get South Dakota raised from a Class 2 to a Class 1 state, thus bringing in the higher wage scale.

Boston (FP). Unless the "relief-roll-preferential" system of hiring is abolished, members of local unions affiliated with the Boston Building Trades Council will be barred from transferring from ERA and WPA projects to contract work. The move is designed to protect the incomes of building-trades workers not on relief rolls.

St. Louis (FP). WPA workers, already harassed by

the difficulties of providing food and clothing for their families on \$55 a month, are facing the prospect of living in the damp cellars of the city's most run-down buildings. The city's real-estate exchange, in a move almost tantamount to boycott, has advised its members not to lease property to WPA workers on the ground that their wages do not permit their paying rent.

Globe, Arizona (FP). Ten cents a day for food, clothing, and shelter; this is what Arizona's December allocation of \$2,294 for relief in Gila County works out to when divided among 700 persons on the dole. The end of federal relief is causing untold misery.

And now one last look at what has been going on in the President's own backyard while he has been trouncing the Tories:

Washington (FP). With relief cut 25 per cent on account of stoppage of federal funds, slow starvation is already gripping many jobless in the District of Columbia, case workers report. One relief office has received three letters in a week from clinic doctors who say that relief patients sent to them don't need medicine, "they need food."

Leroy Halbert, District relief statistician, estimates that of 14,984 persons certified for WPA jobs, 2,500 will receive less each month on the "security wage" than they have been getting on direct relief.

Facts for Consumers

BEFORE the Seventy-fourth Congress reconvened, the food-and-drug bill was reported to be on the "must" calendar. Now the rumor is current that no action will be taken on it. Representative Virgil Chapman, chairman of the subcommittee to which the bill has been referred, has been quoted in the trade press as saying that he is too busy to consider food-and-drug legislation. Speaker Byrnes wants to limit the calendar to "urgent" bills, and does not consider the food-and-drug measure in that category. The powerful Proprietary Association is of course lobbying for the passage of the bill in its present amended and emasculated form and may be able to exert sufficient pressure to bring it out of committee. Except for a few diehards, leaders in the affected industries would like to see the bill passed in the hope that the public's interest in food-and-drug legislation would then subside. Whether it may not be to the best interest of consumers to let the present bill die in committee, and to make food-and-drug legislation a campaign issue, is being seriously discussed in many quarters. The *Consumer*, official publication of the Consumers' Division, devotes several pages of its current issue to an unfavorable article on the bill, and the *Journal of the American Medical Association* points out editorially that "legislation should be enacted in a form better designed for the protection of the consumer." The bill's proponents maintain that even in its present form it is better than the old Wiley act. The next move is up to Representative Chapman and his committee.

ATHREE-COLUMN advertisement in the New York *Times* of Pro-Ker—the "latest achievement" of Charles Nessler, inventor of the permanent wave—is another example of the advertising copywriter's art. Two months ago Pro-Ker entered into a stipulation with the Federal Trade Commission that it would stop "representing that the preparation is a competent treatment for baldness or any other hair troubles, and that it will replace falling hair or retain the amount of hair

on the head at the time the use of the product is begun. It will no longer be advertised that this product makes the scalp vital, healthy, or strong and creates the perfect hair-growing condition." A skilful copywriter is not daunted even by such an apparently inclusive stipulation. The agreement provides that Pro-Ker shall not be advertised as a "competent treatment." The new advertising claims only that "the Pro-Ker treatment helps [italics mine] retain at least the amount of hair you now have. It will help you bring your scalp back to normal. . . . Any other promises are simply misleading. Intelligent people cannot accept them." The Bureau of Investigation of the American Medical Association writes that although it has made no thorough analysis of this product its laboratory made some tests of Pro-Ker in 1934 and found it "essentially a soap solution possessing an odor resembling tar. There is of course nothing wonderful about such a mixture."

* * *

WORK done by the Food and Drug Administration during the past month includes seizures of unclean butter shipped by Swift and Company and Jerpe Dairy Products Corporation; of unsanitary limburger cheese shipped by Badger Brodhead Cheese Company, Lakeshore Cheese Company, and Shefford Cheese Company; of chili powder shipped by Miller Brothers Company and of cocoa shipped by the Massachusetts Chocolate Company, both found to contain excessive lead and arsenic residue; and of wine contaminated with fluorine shipped by Coast Wineries.

Among the fines assessed in cases against drug manufacturers was one of \$200 against the Upjohn Company. The Aconite Tincture Tablets manufactured by this company were found to possess a potency of only approximately 40 per cent of the amount stated on the label. There have been four previous seizures of Upjohn products and three prosecutions. The company is now reported to be making an effort to establish better control of production.

* * *

THE complaint about the activities of consumer cooperatives recently filed with the Milwaukee Association of Commerce by the local retail grocers' association is undoubtedly good news to all friends of consumer cooperation. Apparently the Milwaukee co-ops have grown so strong that tradesmen are now lining up to fight them. The two-million-dollar business reported by the cooperative Wisconsin Wholesale Food Distributors aroused the grocers to a realization that the consumer-cooperation movement is a real threat to their profits.

What may be even more significant news is the announcement by Edward A. Filene of his projected chain of consumer-cooperative department stores. Into his Consumer Distribution Corporation has already gone more than a year of planning; behind it is Filene's successful experience with credit unions and with retailing. As the founder of credit unions in the United States, Filene has already made a noteworthy contribution to the cooperative cause. Now he is turning to retailing, the business in which he amassed his fortune. Filene expects that his cooperative department stores will "eliminate the tremendous wastes of traditional merchandising" and show the way to enterprises which are operated for private profit. Consumer Distribution Corporation starts with a capital of \$1,000,000. It will compete directly with large retail organizations and will make its bid for business on the sharing of profits with consumers and on the sale of consumer goods according to specifications and established grades. If the C. D. C. plans are carried through, we shall have the interesting experiment of a cooperative organized as a big business meeting private-profit institutions on their own ground.

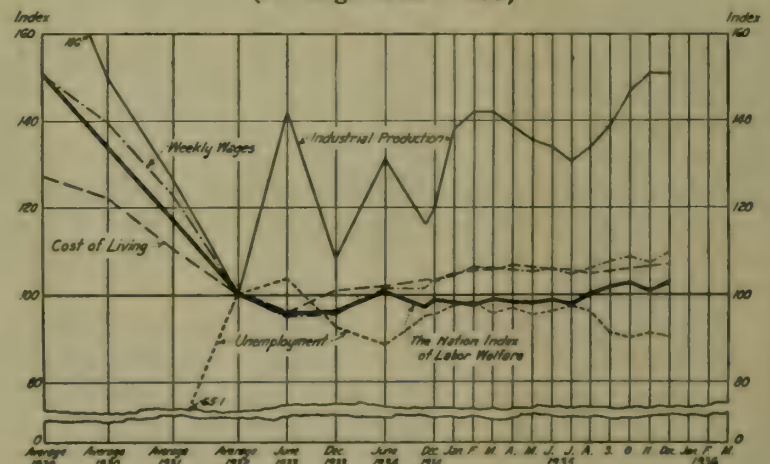
RUTH BRINDZE

[Facts for Consumers appears every other week in The Nation. Miss Brindze cannot answer questions about the merits of individual products.]

The Labor Index

AIDED by seasonal factors, *The Nation* Index of Labor Welfare regained all of the previous month's losses in December and is once more 2.6 per cent above the 1932 average. The seasonal influence was noticeable primarily in an increase of 342,000 in the number of department-store employees, which more than offset a 0.4 per cent decline in factory employment. Total pay rolls in the manufacturing and non-manufacturing industries were up \$13,300,000, bringing the average weekly wage to a new high of \$22.47. For the fifth consecutive month the National Industrial Conference Board reported a sharp increase in the cost of living, raising the index 8.7 per cent above the 1932 level. According to the more conservative estimates of the Bureau of Labor Statistics, the cost of living was 3.3 per cent above that of December of a year ago, as against a 7 per cent increase in weekly wages. Real wages for employed workers were 2.8 per cent over the 1932 level, but 15 per cent below that of 1929.

THE CHART OF LABOR WELFARE
(Average 1932 = 100)



As an illustration of the difficulty of obtaining accurate statistics in the field of labor welfare we cite the varying estimates of unemployment made by different organizations for the month of November:

The National Industrial Conference Board	9,177,000
Government Committee on Economic Security (September, 1935)	10,915,000
The American Federation of Labor	11,672,187
National Research League	14,175,000
Labor Research Association	17,029,000

Taking the revised A. F. of L. estimates as a criterion, we find that a 50 per cent increase in industrial activity since 1932 has brought a decrease in unemployment of only 11 per cent.

Preliminary figures for December for the various items entering into *The Nation* Index, together with revised figures for November, follow:

(Average 1932 = 100)

	Dec., 1935	Nov., 1935	Dec., 1934
Industrial Production	150*	151	120
Average Weekly Wages	110*	107.9†	103
Cost of Living	107*	106.4	103.7
Real Wages	102.8*	101.4†	99.3
Unemployment	89*	91	94
Index of Labor Welfare	102.6*	100.8†	98.1

* Preliminary. † Revised.

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Midwinter Book Section

"He Belongs to the Past"

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

THERE is one phrase which seems to fall with peculiar ease from the pen of the contemporary critic: "He belongs to the past." Sometimes, to be sure, this phrase indicates no more than a political disapproval. The author thus relegated has no significance in relation to certain of the critic's burning convictions, and it is convenient to dispose of him thus without being compelled to deny absolutely those qualities responsible for the esteem in which he was held. But though this sort of dismissal is both frequent and exasperating, it is not precisely the sort I have now in mind. More purely literary schools and sub-schools come and go with vertiginous rapidity. Sometimes, indeed, they hardly achieve any existence outside the minds of their members and of a few cliquish commentators who discover a new "tendency," enthusiastically chronicle its development, and then announce its exhaustion before most members of even the more distinctly literary public are aware of its existence. Yet any one of them is used with all seriousness as a point of reference, not only in portentous literary criticism, but in the very book reviews which solemnly "date" yesterday's novel with reference to the novel of the day before.

There is even something a little absurd about gravely classifying a novel as "pre-Hemingway" or "post-Hemingway," or in declaring that "Erskine Caldwell has made it impossible any longer to write in this fashion about tenant farmers." To say anything of the sort is to give at once too much credit and too little to Messrs. Hemingway and Caldwell—too much because it exaggerates their power to impose a norm upon our persistently variable sensibilities, too little because it is inevitably preparing the way for the not distant moment when some other more or less original writer will be hailed as having closed their day.

Mr. Caldwell and Mr. Hemingway are worthy of admiration, not because they mark epochs and supersede all previous imaginative formulations of certain areas of experience and sensibility, but because their own particular formulations are to some extent original and convincing. Even the appearance of Mr. Eliot's "Waste Land" or Mr. Joyce's "Ulysses" did not correspond to a crisis in human sensibility of sufficient magnitude to justify us in speaking of the times before and after their publication as we speak of the Renaissance or the Middle Ages. But neither, on the other hand, did Mr. Joyce, for instance, become a mere historical curiosity when M. Malraux began to write.

Surely few novelists have ever been regarded as more "important" by their cult than Mr. Joyce, and yet only recently I saw him referred to by a generally perceptive and distinctly "advanced" critic as worthy of honor because "he summed up an epoch" now past—as though, of course, he could no longer have anything really pertinent to say for the new generation and was from now on to be regarded as an imposing historical monument about as "modern" as Boethius and somewhat less so than the author of "Piers Plowman," who, by virtue of the fact that he spoke with compassion of

the economically unfortunate, somehow anticipated a sentiment which, except in very rare instances, was not felt by any writer who lived longer ago than the day before yesterday.

When a certain very young but "promising" essayist collected in the slender volume which he derisively denominated "The Works of Max Beerbohm" those seven brief pieces which constituted his output up to the moment of publication, he concluded the intentionally slender claim to fame with a farewell discourse called *Diminuendo*, and toward the end of it he bowed his head to those enthusiasts of his own day who also loved to close epochs as though they were doors:

I shall write no more. Already I feel myself to be a trifle outmoded. I belong to the Beardsley period. Younger men, with months of activity before them, with fresher schemes and notions, with newer enthusiasms, have pressed forward since then. *Credo junioribus*. Indeed, I stand aside with no regret. For to be outmoded is to be a classic, if one has written well.

Nowadays it behooves writers to take with something like real seriousness the attitude which Mr. Beerbohm took with his dandiacal tongue in his fresh young cheek. We use up our authors with reckless rapidity, and we should certainly be most of the time without a genius to admire if it were not for the fact that we canonize as readily as we relegate to limbo. And there is one precious consolation enjoyed by the author of "The Works" which is denied to those of our contemporaries who, like him, no longer have "months of activity before them." To be outmoded is not now to be a classic. It is merely to be "historically interesting," to "sum up an epoch" (of perhaps six months' duration). And the best that the discoverer of last year's new literary form can hope for is to hear himself referred to as a writer as interesting as it is possible for any pre-somebody-else novelist, or poet, or playwright to be.

Doubtless those commentators who divide and subdivide recent literature into a score of compartments, discovering semi-annual turning-points and gravely deciding that a certain writer was indubitably great five years ago but is now separated from the present by an unbridgeable gap of time, get some sense that they are magnifying the importance of the material with which they are dealing and give themselves the illusion that they are actually doing what every critic would like to do—namely, exercise his powers continuously upon works of real importance. But in actual fact the effect of their attitude is not only to render the highest rank which they ever bestow ridiculously ephemeral, and the effective life of a genius like the effective life of a may-fly; it is also to render trivial the whole enterprise of literature by depriving it of one of its fundamental assumptions—the assumption, that is, that human intelligence and human feeling are characterized by a continuity in virtue of which it is possible for a man to say something which will continue to seem to the point some centuries, let alone some months, after it was said.

Consequently, there is a fundamental contradiction in

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the belief that James Joyce was a really great writer five years ago and a mere monument to a past age today. He could not have been great then if he is not almost as great today. Men cannot be so very different from what they were a short time before. If they were, it would be not only literature which could not exist, for neither could society. The world keeps going by virtue of the fact that there is a good deal that is constant about the way men think and feel, about what they believe and want. The world changes. It may perhaps be changing with unusual rapidity today. But ninety-nine one-hundredths of anything significant said about it five years ago is significant today. Any author who really became outmoded so soon could only be an author concerned exclusively with the most insignificant ripples on the surface of human nature.

In the pages of *The Nation* itself I have seen estimates of still living writers the whole point of which was the demonstration that their "importance" consisted almost exclusively in their embodiment of attitudes now completely irrelevant to the concerns of more youthful men. But if this is really true, then either the writer discussed or the more youthful men must be of an almost inconceivable triviality. Of course, ideas, conceptions, and sensibilities are continuously modified by time, and of course it is very much worth while for any critic who is dealing with a writer not strictly

contemporary to analyze those shades which distinguish him from newer talents. But if the man is worth talking about at all, then the most significant thing about him is that part which is still valid, and if nothing still valid exists he can never have been of any genuine significance whatever.

Let us test the statement that even the most outmoded writer who is interesting at all is interesting for something very nearly as pertinent as it ever was. Let us take, for example, Oscar Wilde, who certainly represents in its most extreme form the type of writer who is part of a temporary fashion. If one cared to do so one could analyze him exclusively in terms of what was false, cheap, and transitory. But one can also discover that he has things to say which are not only relevant today but relevant to the very discussion here pursued. "Fashion," he remarked, "is a form of ugliness so intolerable that we have to change it every six months." He was speaking, I presume, of hats and dresses, which we still do change every six months or oftener. But the remark is quite as applicable to fashions in literature and to those theories about art which have passed almost as frequently as fashions in clothes. Aesthetic doctrines of the sort which are vehemently preached as the truth at last by each newly modish school are merely forms of absurdity so intolerable that they also have to be changed every six months.

Kipling: Prophet of a Lost Frontier

By ALVIN JOHNSON

TO the youth of today Kipling is at most an artist of parts, a poet who is occasionally felicitous, a storyteller who is often thrilling. But to the youth of the late nineties Kipling was much more than this. He was the prophet of a new frontier, arriving just when the old frontier had disappeared in fact but not in the dreams and aspirations of the young.

More than two hundred years of a slowly receding frontier had stamped a definite character upon American youth. "Go West and grow up with the country" was an injunction dinned in the ears of every boy in every village. The majority went West only in their day dreams. Many were held back by lack of energy; many by satisfactory opportunities nearer home. But every county had its tales of young men who had gone West and had attained to wealth and power. Particularly in the communities that had grown up on a recent frontier, as in the prairie states, the yearning for an open West was intense. All through the country were men who had come empty-handed from the East or from Europe and now were owners of wide stretches of rich land, or had established a profitable business or an extensive legal or medical practice, developed from insignificance by the unearned increment of community growth.

The westering impulse was in the nervous mechanism of American youth, as the swarming impulse is in the nervous mechanism of the bee. Probably no generation felt this impulse more intensely than the youth of the late nineties. But the West had run out into the Pacific Ocean. Apparently there was nothing for the swarming youth to do but fly disconsolately around the old hive like bees without a

queen to give impetus and direction to their flight.

Then Kipling appeared, to point out to American youth that the greater part of the world, though thickly occupied by dark-skinned peoples, was a majestic frontier for the expansion of the white race, particularly the English-speaking part of the race, with its alleged instinct for government and justice. Prior to the advent of Kipling, Americans had thought of British India and colonial possessions generally as nothing more than fields of exploitation for greedy imperialist nations. When they tried to picture to themselves the type of Englishmen who made up the imperial personnel, they summoned before their imagination Warren Hastings and his pirate crew, or Joseph Sedley, Collector of Boggley Wallah, or some more contemporaneous band of retired Indian civil servants, rich, fat, and choleric, with livers permanently gone bad. There was nothing in this sort of picture to tempt the young American who had dreamed of rich territories, vacant except for a few scattering Indian tribes who did nothing with the natural resources and therefore might justly be ordered to move on. It was a clean and moral life to which the young American looked forward and from which he hoped to grow rich—not the life of a gorging robber among a helpless native population.

Kipling changed the picture entirely. Imperial dominion as seen through Kipling's pages was characteristically the establishment of order where there had been villainous tyranny or bloody anarchy before. There were, indeed, occasional buccaneers, like the Man Who Would Be King, but even their greedy enterprises, if successful, would be followed by orderly government and strict justice, so far as justice

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could be done where evidence is as dark as the witness's skin. Essentially, British imperialism was a moral enterprise. It was an imperative moral enterprise. The white man had no right to keep to himself his genius for government. He was morally bound to put it at the service of peoples not possessed of the true political instincts. To be sure, such peoples would not understand the value of the white man's gifts, and therefore would not accept them without resistance. The application of a certain amount of force would be unavoidable, but an imperial moralist would apply force in as humane a fashion as possible.

The youthful reader of Kipling could dream of himself as the gallant commander of an intrepid squad of white soldiers, cowing untold thousands of gleaming-eyed barbarians bent on rapine and murder; or he could dream of himself as the administrator of a half-forgotten province, making his own final decisions in matters of life and death, fighting famine and plague and crushing the native intrigue that was more disastrous to the population than either. He would perform his difficult duties perhaps while burning up with fever, and would be rewarded with severe assaults on his integrity by uninformed busybodies at home. It has never been expected that even the most moral of men should invariably serve God for naught. Our gallant soldier or brave administrator would live like a prince, surrounded by dark-skinned servants and dependents to whom he would stand as Protector of the Poor—a career very different from the only one actually in sight for our Kipling reader, the job of bookkeeper in Brown's Hay, Grain, and Coal Store—and among the dark-skinned peoples one might stumble upon treasure trove.

At a slightly earlier period the expansion of commerce and industry in England and Germany had slowed down under a long depression, and the rising generation saw its hope of careers at home sadly thwarted. There, too, the young responded eagerly to Kipling's call to the imperial frontier. It is, however, doubtful whether European youth was raised to quite the same romantic height as that of America. European youths had never known a frontier at home. They could not have felt so bitter a sense of deprivation, even though they found their condition equally hopeless.

If in the late nineties Mexico and South America had fallen into a chaos of revolution, it would have been difficult to restrain young America from taking up the white man's burden in earnest. We were prompt enough to seize upon a flimsy pretext to wrest Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines from Spain. But the great expansion of world industry after the turn of the century and the enormous multiplication of urban careers opened new opportunities at home. The yearning toward colonial careers subsided as quickly as it arose.

Bernard Shaw has explained the waning of Kipling's popularity on the ground that he had never grown up. But the real trouble was that the world had grown up. Even the youths are grown up and sit on their haunches brooding over a gray world without frontiers to attract, whether of the free West or the slave South: a world with the places of promise tightly held by the vested right of the older men and those whom they choose to favor. Kipling can still speak to youth, but he cannot speak for it. The prophet in him is silenced, for there is no longer a promised land.

Rorty Reports America

Where Life Is Better. An Unsentimental American Journey.
By James Rorty. Reynal and Hitchcock. \$3.

SOME months ago James Rorty started out from his farm in Connecticut to report the United States for the *New York Post* and other publications. Like a great many other worried people, writers especially, he wanted to know what kind of action might be expected from American majorities in our present economic and social breakdown. There were quite a lot of us riding around the country in buses or flivvers like Rorty's at about the same time, in search of the same information. We pulled in and out of industrial centers, spent many days in small towns, hung around CCC camps and other federal projects, stared appalled at the shanty settlements and cabin villages of our pariahs—Negroes, Mexicans, poor whites—tried to discover *in situ* what Louisiana and California fascisms are made of, picked up all sorts of people constantly, and listened and listened and listened.

We were not doing this in a mere hunt for picturesque literary material. Nor, as is clearly indicated in the subtitle of Rorty's book, was it a romantic impulse. The thing that was driving us to explore this country and more especially this people was—and of course still is—affecting people like ourselves in other countries in much the same way. It was something that should make Rorty's book as important to you as your morning paper. It was fear.

James Rorty is a writer who takes himself seriously. This means that to him truthful and useful writing is equivalent to living. He knows also that any social situation that curtails or destroys this activity attacks all creative activities by which human life can be made progressively freer. He sees very sharply the physical and spiritual threat to himself in such material for fascism as legalized strike-breaking, vigilante gangs, jingoism and racial terrorism, company unionism, and quasi-religious demagoguery of either the Long or the Coughlin type. Like the rest of us who, prodded by the spectacle of Germany, fear a parallel catastrophe at home, and who know that the only effective defense against it is the kind of mass defense that only the labor movement can mobilize, Rorty was looking for two things: first, the size and place and shape and characteristics of fascism in embryo; second, the number and strength and identity of the conscious fighters against fascism. In other words, he was looking at two armies, our enemies and our friends.

Rorty covered a lot more ground and worked much harder than most of the rest of us. He is furthermore—in contrast to such reporters as Spivak, for example—scrupulously honest; not one degree of wish-fulfilment distorts what he sees. His report is therefore pretty frightening, emphasized as it is by his own sickened thoughts and feelings. Duffus in the *New York Times* discounts the gravity of what Rorty says because somewhere in the book he records that he was shell-shocked in the World War. Well, I wasn't, and just the same I "smelled war"—saw it being prepared—as pervasively as Rorty did. The kind of shock that Rorty is suffering from is deeper and more lasting because it is being inflicted on him all the time. You can see its cause in his account of how "rugged individualism" was destroying priceless natural and human resources everywhere he went, and of how the wasteful stupidity of economic anarchy was making life for the American majorities progressively worse and worse.

The picture is more moving because it is poetically made against the generous grandeur of New World landscape, the natural wealth of California, the industrial and scientific miracles displayed at the Chicago fair, the courage and wit of

people struggling to free our wealth from paralysis-for-profit. Rorty notes in a number of places that the "best people," as in Italy and Germany, can already be found in jail. He says much less about these people, what they are like and what they are doing, than about the sheriffs and vigilantes and combinations of capital and ignorance that obstruct them. Rorty estimates in despair that the "best people" constitute no more than 5 per cent of our population, but this only means that he is impatient. He forgets that five years ago this 5 per cent was probably one one-hundredth per cent, and that it grows in geometric proportion, particularly when it becomes active. He knows, for example, how swiftly one intelligently led union in Minneapolis made labor history and materially strengthened the anti-fascist forces in the entire country.

Beyond question Rorty tells many truths necessary for us to know; the disproportion in his estimates, corresponding perhaps to his own quick irritation and a touch of panic, is the only serious weakness in his book. It is noticeable that he found the bulk of his material in the lower middle-class and the lowest unskilled proletariat. By themselves these groups justify his view of the United States as in a state of degenerating chaos, with a drift toward fascism. One must draw the same conclusion if one looks longest and hardest at the farms and small towns, with the now quaint idea that they are the key to the United States. Intellectually Rorty knows that they are not, but he is betrayed by his emotions, as is indicated in the tone and many subjective details of his book, almost into agreement with Sinclair Lewis fiction. Rorty, however, is much too honest to subscribe to Lewis's sentimental rescue of America from fascism via the farm and village. His book, therefore, is much more seriously worth your time than anything Sinclair Lewis has done for years, including his latest novel. James Rorty is real, if not so easy to take.

ANITA BRENNER

A Life Well Lost

The Exile. By Pearl S. Buck. Reynal and Hitchcock. \$2.50.

THERE would appear to be a discrepancy between the manner of any book by Mrs. Buck and the things it is saying. Her style, which by this time has become a habit she cannot be imagined without, is so entirely unaccented, so thin and fluid, so consciously free from the customary devices for achieving climax, so skilfully and artificially relaxed, as to indicate a content of minor and indeed trivial importance. Such, however, is notoriously not the case. Her books deal exclusively with the major human events: birth, education, courtship, marriage, work, death, love, compassion, and extreme cruelty. "The Good Earth" was successful among other reasons because it reminded novel readers that such things are of greater interest than the catchword of the moment or the manners of last month. Another reason perhaps was that the experiences of Wang and his people seemed never to be mitigated; their suffering was intense, their relief from suffering was likewise, and the catastrophes were such as only a wise and able writer can keep from being intolerably painful.

The present volume, a biography of Mrs. Buck's mother, is crowded in the same way with rich and radical matter. Its heroine was born in Virginia of a Dutch father and a French mother; was infected with missionary zeal and went as the young wife of a mystical and impractical prig to spend most of her days in the filthiest country on earth; bore seven children of whom four died dreadfully; had all the worst diseases herself, including tuberculosis and cholera; was moved, until she decided to ignore her husband's "calls," up and down and across the perilous vast rivers of China; endured dozens of those fetid

summers in which no Occidental ever learns how to live; was several times in danger of her life because she was a "foreign devil"; nursed thousands of miserable people and saw hundreds die of starvation outside the walls of her house; returned every nine years to an America whose clean and fragrant memory was for her a temptation to commit the mortal sin of wanting to stay where she belonged; and went back each time—the last time to die slowly and be buried ten thousand miles away from the mountains she loved with an inexpressible devotion. Inexpressible, that is, unless her singing at the organ expressed it to her children, and unless the stories she was always telling them of their grandparents and of the clean hills at home gave them notions of America which no mere American is permitted to have. For in addition to the terrible material which makes up the body of this book, there is the idyl of a nineteenth-century America such as no man or woman ever saw with actual eyes; in addition to it, and playing against it, like the second of two powerful themes.

Enough has been said to indicate that "The Exile" says a great deal. Here, nevertheless, is the immemorial and rather watery style of "The Good Earth" and "A House Divided." How reconcile the matter and the manner? How justify the manner? I am not sure that it can be done, or could at any rate be done in another case. In Mrs. Buck's case I am disposed to agree with the general judgment that she had better be taken as we find her. Since she is so good a writer the secret is a real secret, and her very own; though it can be observed in passing that her style must have an accent to which the reader's attention is never called, and though it may be admitted that a very fine kind of selection is always in process, along with the most delicate arrangement of details, so that the biggest ones become the barest and so that the right ones remain longest in the memory. Nor should I neglect to remark that a number of the most brilliant details in this volume have to do with its American portion; Hermanus with his elegant white collars and the small French wife who will not let her son be taken away by Southern soldiers are persons impossible to forget.

Mrs. Buck restrains herself most of the time from passing judgment either upon the barbarous institution of missions or upon the exasperating blindness of her father, who never saw what kind of woman wasted her life in his service. It is perhaps rash to say wasted, in view of the fact that magnificent human beings of her kind are seldom used by circumstance as we should like to see them used, and in view of the poor knowledge we have at best concerning the purpose of anybody's existence. Yet in one passage Mrs. Buck does break out:

Strange remote soul of a man that could pierce into the very heavens and discern God with such certainty and never see the proud and lonely creature at his side! To him she was only a woman. Since those days when I saw all her nature dimmed I have hated Saint Paul with all my heart and so must all true women hate him, I think, because of what he has done in the past to women like Carie, proud, free-born women, yet damned by their very womanhood. I rejoice for her sake that his power is gone in these new days.

If she had not broken out we should have known well enough how she felt, but I am glad she was unable to suppress her bitterness, and perhaps it would have been impossible for her to do so in any case. For her impulse to write this book must have been an irresistible desire to rescue Carie from oblivion, and the desire must have been bitter at the same time that it was strong. Here anyhow is one woman picked out of ten thousand; her life justified by a record of her good works; and her existence rendered meaningful if only by the accident that a surviving daughter happened to be gifted with the potency of words.

MARK VAN DOREN

The Fascist Knight in Shining Armor

The Coming American Fascism. By Lawrence Dennis. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

THIS reviewer has never met or heard Lawrence Dennis, but he is certain that the author of "The Coming American Fascism" is a charming and agreeable person. How could one fail to fall under the spell of an individual who is always the Christian knight: so affable and courteous toward his foes, so charitably disposed toward the weak, so bold and lion-hearted when the demons of ignorance and privilege are to be met and routed? And when such a knight has the extraordinary capacity for self-delusion to be found in Mr. Dennis—when the first victim of his persuasive logic is himself so completely—it is doubly difficult to resist him.

About one hundred years ago, in England, there appeared a somewhat similarly bemused young man who—perhaps more than Mr. Dennis—was confronted by the necessity for creating a career for himself. His name was Benjamin Disraeli, and he too, as a youth, was a knight in shining armor; but because of the accident of his birth he could not very well call himself a Christian knight. So his knightliness—he insisted upon its superiority—was of the Saracen variety. Disraeli resembled Mr. Dennis in many ways. He was very skilful verbally. He was quite learned. He also talked of service. The particular ogre he was getting a party together to hunt down was the young and lusty British industrialism; Mr. Dennis's ogre is the same industrialism, now in the form of finance capitalism grown aged and vile. And beneath the slightly ridiculous romantic exterior which Disraeli affected, there functioned the brain of a person who was as keenly appreciative of the main chance as anybody in shoe leather. Disraeli sought to rally to his banner the high-born youth of England in a crusade against the factory system, the destruction of rural England, and the money changers. This program he called Popular Toryism; but although he loudly professed it, he was not above understanding that the support not so much of the young men as of their land-owning and stock-jobbing fathers was necessary for the realization of his political ambitions. In the same way Mr. Dennis calls to his side America's young élite, while the weekly journal which he edits openly defers to the Elder Statesmen of the Republican Party.

When Benjamin Disraeli came into power, he sold out young England to British industrial and finance capitalism. He made India and Egypt safe for the ten-percenters and gave the textile and steel lords a new lease on life. We do not have to conjecture what Mr. Dennis and his friends would do if they were to come into power. His long theoretical discussions of the roles of the state, private enterprise, finance, the family, and foreign affairs under fascism really are of no significance except as indicating the character of his own intelligent progress. Fascism lives and breathes not in Mr. Dennis's fair pages but in the "coordinated" labor movements, the gigantic armies, and the concentration camps of Germany and Italy.

The reader is asked to remember, says the jacket of this book, quoting from the author's first chapter, "that Italian Fascism and German Nazism are not primarily the subjects of discussion." Indeed, they are never discussed, but their ugly shadows lie across every page Mr. Dennis has written. All his talk is brave and sweetly reasonable. Could there be a fairer description of a lower-middle-class paradise than the following?

Under fascism, private property, private enterprise, and private choice in the market have no rights as ends

in themselves. They have different measures of social usefulness subject to proper public control. If these institutions and ways are to have social utility to the state, the liberal regime must be ended, the great monopolies nationalized, and all the economic processes subjected to the discipline of a national plan. The ultimate objective is welfare through a strong national state, and neither the dictatorship of the proletariat nor the supremacy of private rights under any given set of rules.

There are many minor curiosities in this book, as well. In one place Mr. Dennis speaks of his "faith in the vitality of American democracy and individualism"; in another, of "honest socialism"; in still another, of fascism "as a formula for order and abundance." The author hotly denies that fascism is anti-intellectual or anti-Semitic. Can it be that Mr. Dennis, after all, is only another Gottfried Feder, destined after the successful fascist "revolution" to end his days as a petty pen-pusher in some minor functionary's office? I don't think so; for this book closes on a sinister note.

If [says Mr. Dennis] liberal capitalism is doomed, we must expect its successor to be largely the work of angry and frustrated men with a will to power. Preparatory thinking, nevertheless, can bring into alliance with these men the less frustrated and embittered and bring to the new movement their contributions. Only a body of enlightened and sympathetic opinion will be able to impose on an emergent fascism counsels of moderation and avert the extremes of a bitter class war.

Mr. Dennis is threatening the armed gangsterism which made possible the successes of Hitler and Mussolini. Who fed and drilled the fascist gangs and furnished them with their pretty little daggers in Germany and Italy we now know; and what forces today dominate the council tables and barrack rooms of fascist Germany and Italy we also know. In a recent interview with a New York Times correspondent Hitler admitted that there was no such thing as a Nazi economics. He was not telling the whole truth, of course. Nazi economics is finance-capitalist economics; and all of Mr. Dennis's fancy rhetoric to the contrary notwithstanding, it is becoming increasingly difficult to persuade Americans that this is not so.

LOUIS M. HACKER

On Keeping Out of War

Can We Be Neutral? By Allen W. Dulles and Hamilton Fish Armstrong. Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.

Neutrality: Its History, Economics and Law. Volume I: *The Origins.* By Philip C. Jessup and Francis Deák. Columbia University Press. \$3.75.

ON August 29, 1790, Thomas Jefferson wrote: "It is expected that the flames of war will be kindled between our two neighbors [England and France]. Since it is so decreed, we have only to pray that their soldiers may eat a great deal." Later, in connection with threatened war between Russia and Turkey, he observed that "the life of the feeder is better than the life of the fighter. . . . Let us milk the cow while the Russian holds her by the horns and the Turk by the tail."

This same seeker after peace-with-profits learned later that his country could have peace or profits in a general European conflagration, but not both. In the embargo of 1808 he sacrificed profits to peace and failed. Madison sacrificed peace to profits and lost both. Wilson kept both during a precarious neutrality and then discovered, as had his predecessors, that it was too late to choose. The neutral that insists on "milking the cow" must fight when the warring dairymen kick over the milk pails.

This elementary truth has at last permeated the American public mind and created the dangerous illusion that the cure of war lies simply in limiting trade with belligerents or refusing to protect such trade. In a fine frenzy of determination Congress and the Administration have abandoned "freedom of the seas" and resurrected a qualified version of Jefferson's embargo. But such are the ways of Washington statesmanship that the cure promises to be worse than the disease.

These two volumes are indispensable to anyone who would see the problem of American neutrality as a whole. The scholarly work of Professors Jessup and Deák is the first instalment of a series of four volumes. The authors have succeeded brilliantly in the difficult task of presenting the development of the international law of neutrality from the Middle Ages to the end of the eighteenth century. This "law," as it relates to neutral trading rights, they properly describe as a "highly artificial and unreal body of illogical compromises." They show conclusively that the "acknowledged rights" and "immutable principles" in the name of which America paradoxically fought in 1798, 1812, and 1917 to protect its trading privileges as a neutral have always been mere rationalizations of decisions dictated by calculations of profits and power.

Americans are not again likely to be persuaded to sacrifice life and treasure for the sake of such "principles." They have, in intention at least, abandoned diplomatic and military protection of opportunities to make "blood money." The how and why of this startling reversal of policy are admirably presented in "Can We Be Neutral?" Messrs. Armstrong and Dulles have written for the Council on Foreign Relations what is unquestionably the most lucid and comprehensive analysis of the present dilemma of American foreign policy. The text is a primer of neutrality, followed by fourteen appendices of invaluable documents and statistics. The most important conclusion which emerges from this presentation is that a mandatory embargo on American exports to belligerents, leaving the President no discretion as to the time, scope, and incidence of application, will wreck American economy in a general war abroad, tend to make the world safe for aggression, and prove in practice as unworkable as Jefferson's unhappy experiment. While the authors do not urge a mandatory policy of discrimination based upon the Kellogg pact, they concede the desirability of a distinction between aggressors, victims of aggression, and sanctionist countries seeking to restrain aggression. They would leave the President free to consult with the other signatories of the pact and, where he thought discrimination warranted, to seek authorization from Congress to apply the embargo—whether on arms alone or on other goods—only against the nation violating the pact.

In short, it is here demonstrated that the only feasible policy is one of refusing public protection to war traders—*Caveat mercator*—and of permitting the Executive to decide in particular conflicts what prohibitions shall be imposed on such traders in the interests of peace. Such was the policy urged by the Administration last summer and now abandoned in the face of Congressional pressure. Finally the authors point out that all neutrality policies are mere palliatives: "The only sure way for the United States to escape entanglement in foreign wars is for there to be no wars. . . . No neutrality legislation can give us the advantages of an isolation which does not in fact exist. . . . The duty to help prevent wars is not primarily one which the United States owes to other nations. It is a duty which we owe to ourselves."

These conclusions will be accepted by almost all observers who have made a logical analysis of the problem. But it is painfully evident that logic is no more likely to play a part in pending decisions than it did in earlier decisions to enforce neutral rights. In the one case the result was to plunge America into war. In the other case, the result may be to wreck League



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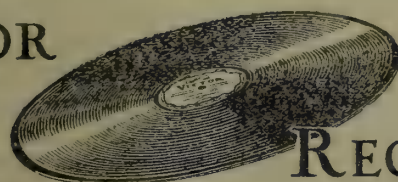
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sanctions, foster autarchy and war abroad, make the United States an economic ally of fascist imperialism, and bring the country to the brink of conflict with all the League powers. The pending legislation, incredibly supported by certain isolationist "liberals," is one part lunacy, one part stupidity, and one part criminal ignorance of diplomatic and economic realities. Peace is to be had only at a price which American isolationists have hitherto been unwilling to pay. That price is not the abandonment of American foreign markets after war has broken out. It is American cooperation with the League of Nations in rendering war everywhere so costly and dangerous to the aggressors that it will become an impossibility.

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN

Recorded Memory

Innocent Summer. By Frances Frost. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.

HOW far the matter of perspective influences the quality of writing about children for adult readers is well shown in Miss Frost's first novel. Actually, children in fiction as in life fit into categories no more and no less than any other persons, places, or things; but writers' attitudes toward their child subjects do tend to classify themselves. A child, for instance, can be regarded by his author as a Lilliputian, in which case he may be treated as father to the man, one of the little people in a world differing only in degree from the adult world, or he can be seen as a member of a primitive race dwelling forever strange and apart, differing from men in kind as well as in degree. Children of the first sort are miniatures of their elders—Dickens, Mrs. Burnett, and Hugh Walpole have told their stories; the others show no such parallel, their path is unpredictable—they are the children of "The Innocent Voyage" and "Les Enfants Terribles," who live in alien but poetic isolation.

Miss Frost's children are of the first order, distinctly and purposefully of recognizable heritage and environment: Paul, the kindly, sensitive, too generous son of a drunken farmer; Fern, the happy-go-lucky daughter of the carefree village apaiser; suspicious, fearful Mart, whose drunken, lecherous father drives the town hack; tomboy Dorothy, the grocer's child; Don with weak lungs; and illegitimate Sam, adolescent and ambitious. In their brief summer they mark their own time and reflect the life of the village around them, gaining from June to October an introduction to the inevitable experiences of death, love, human cruelty and pettiness, understanding and fear. The merit of the book is its accuracy in recapturing the nature of the children's reactions. The vernacular used is right to the point of being the very essence of their thoughts and moods. Observation ranges from the young leaves of the maple that turn red too soon, to the copper wire holding the toilet paper together. The thoughts of youth are the long, long thoughts flecked by the first stirrings of hope and despair, the uncontrollable tortures of adolescence, the impulses that lead to climbing trees or to a spanking or a whaling with a leather strap.

It is all as familiar as oneself and as vivid as yesterday. There is nothing unexpected except what the reader has momentarily forgotten. The pleasure of memory awakened without nostalgia or enchantment is in this book, for about its truth there is no doubt. For some readers the satisfaction of identity and the discovery of a well-known pattern fully repeated is enough. A stricter standard, however, demands that if a novel is to be called good, it must contain elements subtler than truth, that quicken not only memory but feeling and imagination.

FLORENCE CODMAN

A Great Architect

The Architecture of H. H. Richardson and His Times. By Henry Russell Hitchcock, Jr. New York: The Museum of Modern Art. \$6.

THIS book is a complete and carefully documented study of Richardson the artist. For Richardson the man Mrs. Van Rensselaer's book is still the best source; for his place in the general stream of American architecture Lewis Mumford's "Brown Decades" is still indispensable—and both of these facts are explicitly and graciously stated in the preface. Thus this book is a study of creative artistic development, and of this development in a specific period of American culture. The influences that Richardson must have felt—the Harvard environment and the important new Harvard buildings of those years, Paris and the Ecole des Beaux Arts of the early sixties, the buildings of Théodore Labrouste upon which Richardson worked, and the incoherent but vividly alive architecture of post-Civil War America—are set down here with wide scholarship and painstaking research. It is all seen as an integral part of Richardson's career, clarifying alike the uncertainties of his earlier work and his essential greatness in rising above these influences—as few of his contemporaries could have risen—to the heights of artistic achievement reached in the Marshall Field store. The book is a detailed study of a great romantic by a scholarly critic in thorough sympathy with his subject's own romanticism.

It is precisely the detailed and romantic character of the criticism which leads at times to a false emphasis on architectural details—that is, on the precise character of Richardson's carved ornament. In Richardson's case particularly, the derivative sources—whether Gothic, pre-Raphaelite, Romanesque, or Byzantine—are always secondary to the important fact that, whatever the sources, Richardson's superb sense of material changed the forms into something new and fresh. And in the work of any architect details of ornament are merely modes of expressing a conception embracing an entire building, to be judged only incidentally for themselves and primarily in their relation to the whole.

In style, too, the book suffers from this over-archaeological point of view. It frequently sounds like the shop talk of learned specialists. It is full of names of styles and periods, not clearly defined, which must be puzzling to the general reader. Who but a student of architecture, for instance, knows off-hand the difference between the neo-Grec and the Greek revival? Or between the Gothic revival and the Victorian Gothic? A few paragraphs to define these terms might, it seems to this reviewer, have been more valuable than some of the long descriptions of projects, which are better explained by the plans and photographs shown. Like specialists' shop talk, too, the book uses its own extremely personal type of colloquial—almost too colloquial—English, at times brilliant, at times merely careless. It varies from sentences as obscure as "Indeed, the very fact that in Paris the art of the Middle Ages was a sort of not too secret vice led him to consider the Romanesque he was using as a personal vehicle of expression," to such terse and really epigrammatic summations as "The twentieth-century windows, correct conventional exercises in French High Medieval design, serve only to show that the more we know about medieval art the less we are able to equal it." Or "The exaggerated pursuit of asymmetry in architecture is a sign of youth, quite as out of place in the work of a mature genius as its exaggerated avoidance."

There are a few minor historical inaccuracies. The mansard roof was popular in New York at an earlier date than Mr. Hitchcock seems to think; Detlef Lienau—who had worked

in Paris under both Henri Labrousse and Cendrier between 1842 and 1847—used it on almost all his early New York and Newport houses from 1849 on. The architects of the old New York Equitable Building were Gilman and Kendall; Post was associated, but his function was structural only. Gilman also seems to have been the chief creator of the original design for the New York State Capitol, though Fuller was appointed the architect; and Gilman was at least as much responsible for the eclectic “French Renaissance” public buildings as Mullet.

Moreover, Richardson's originality and rationalism were not as unique as they first appear. Robert Dale Owen's “Hints on Public Architecture” (1848) is primarily rationalistic, and only secondarily a plea for any style. The earlier work of McKim, Mead, and White, to its first culmination in the Boston Library, evidences a pursuit of originality on a rationalist basis. Enthusiasm for the genius of Richardson need not lead, as sometimes it seems to do in Mr. Hitchcock's book, to a belittling of the real achievements of his predecessors and contemporaries.

Yet, after all, these are secondary matters. Here at last, in Mr. Hitchcock's pages and in the not-too-well-reproduced plates of Richardson's work, is a study of an artist in “Victorian” America the like of which we have not seen before. Here we have a real monument, not only to Richardson, but to American architecture itself—to its importance and its promise. It is a monument massive, dignified, buttressed with scholarship, and founded on meticulous research; like all good monuments it should direct a new and a more understanding attention on Richardson himself and on the development of American architecture.

TALBOT HAMLIN

The Romantic Feeling

One Season Shattered. By James Daly. The Centaur Press. \$2.

WHEN so many of our poets are showing the imprint of Eliot's technique, imagery, and philosophy, it is a relief to read a book of lyrics illustrative of an original creative imagination. James Daly's poems are purely his own, and they are good. They are not, to be sure, always perfect in craftsmanship. Working as he does with subtle and irregular rhythms, giving form to impressions which, rooted in reality, reach, cone-shaped, toward a mystic wonder, Daly frequently fails to point his emotional experience with sufficient sharpness. His language combines startling and good imagery with the older literary language of mystic rapture.

The lyrics of his first group, obviously personal poems, are the best. In the latter part of his book Daly writes about the maladjustment of our times in poems which might be called “class-conscious,” and these are much less successful. Daly's own milieu is the world of romantic feeling; his poetry is a kind of impressionism arising from the subconscious mind and its curious associations. The emotion which stirs him most frequently is love. Even though, as in much modern poetry, this poet's mind denies his emotional persuasions, the sense of wonder before love and beauty nevertheless prevails in him. Yet he can write a good reflective lyric, too. This brief poem is spoken, supposedly, by the poet's father:

Suppose, lad, in the end you too should know
The ordeal: courage that has not won victory?
See your heart's proud city razed; and know
The destroyer was in some fierce way yourself,
An inward flaw, destruction in your soul?

Your city must not fall! But if it should,
What's courage for, if not to understand
Being anvil rather than hammer of the hand?

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□ JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH says □

Boy Meets Girl. Cort Theater. Rough and ready satire on Hollywood, but probably the funniest thing of its kind since “Once in a Lifetime.”

Dead End. Belasco Theater. A play about gangsters in the making on an East River waterfront. More a good show than a great drama, but a very good show indeed.

Ethan Frome. National Theater. The apparently impossible task of dramatization of Edith Wharton's novel achieved with conspicuous success. Outstanding performances by Pauline Lord, Ruth Gordon and Raymond Massey.

Junjo. Hippodrome. Paul Whiteman, Jimmy Durante, and a remarkable clown named A. Robbins surrounded by acrobats and animals. Literally better than a circus.

Let Freedom Ring. Civic Repertory Theater. A second chance for this drama of a strike in a Southern mill. I found it hard going, but it has been highly praised.

Libel. Henry Miller Theater. Exciting English court-room play. Surprisingly probable for this sort of thing and superbly acted.

Mid-West. Booth Theater. Homely and slightly sentimental picture of the joys and more particularly the sorrows of the farmer. Best when it isn't editorializing.

Paradise Lost. Longacre Theater. Clifford Odets' complicated picture of a family composed exclusively of pathological utilitarians. He calls it a picture of the middle class but it strikes me as somewhat less than typical.

Pride and Prejudice. Plymouth Theater. Amazingly successful adaption, brilliantly staged and acted. It gave me more pleasure than any other play of the season.

Victoria Regina. Broadhurst Theater. Delightful series of scenes from Laurence Housman's drama stunningly acted by Helen Hayes and others. Fairer to the matron queen than Strachey but funny nevertheless and charming besides.

Winterset. Martin Beck Theater. Maxwell Anderson's surprisingly successful attempt to write a poetic play on a modern theme. Bold, original, and engrossing.

More characteristic are the cycle which deals with the whole romantic experience of love, loss, and memory, and such a poem as *The Tracks Led Nowhere*, which closes

Flight it was, of course: flight and hiding
But the tracks led nowhere, you never found
Her refuge. This was the mystery.
And so you are careful now of all your syllables
And no one could think your hand unsteady.

On finishing the book one feels that James Daly is a poet who is slowly developing a greater precision and beauty of phrase and a very much surer grasp of form. "*One Season Shattered*" is a much better book than "*The Guilty Sun*," which preceded it. Daly's mind, obsessed by mystery and sometimes terrified at its own discoveries, is an interesting mind. If he clears his work of the too easy phrase, the too literary image, he will be an authentic artist.

EDA LOU WALTON

Introduction to the Dance

Dance. By Lincoln Kirstein. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$5.

MR. KIRSTEIN has written a very enthusiastic and lively book in "*Dance*," subtitled "*A Short History of Theatrical Dancing*." He starts with ancient Egypt and ends with Balanchine and the school of the American Ballet, touching briefly in his progress on Greek tragedy, the Roman theater, early Christianity, the Middle Ages, the Renaissance, and numerous other topics down to Mary Wigman and Massine. Included are a chronological list of important events in the history of the dance, an index, a good bibliography, a list of recordings of music for theatrical dancing, and a large collection of pictures with good explanatory notes. The pictures, as Mr. Kirstein himself remarks, are the best part. But the book as a whole will prove useful both as an introduction to the subject and as propaganda for the dance.

Dancing is of course a very difficult thing to write about. Little is known about dancing before the Renaissance, when forms were invented which persist in some shape or other down to our own day; one cannot, for example, find out enough about Greek dancing to stage the choruses in Greek tragedy with any approach to historical accuracy. There is no generally accepted system of notation for dance steps or even choreography, as there is for music. Ballet has developed an exact technique and a technical jargon to go with it; but lists of *pirouettes*, *glissades*, *pas de deux*, and *entrechats* make dreary reading for the uninitiated. They describe mechanics of movement or traditional figures, and leave out the subtle elements of action, mood, and style which are the life of any theatrical presentation. The historian of the dance is thus driven back to memoirs, to pictures, to descriptions, to impressions and conjectures, to anecdotes about ballerinas—to everything but the dance itself. This is not Mr. Kirstein's fault; and he has on the whole steered very successfully between impressionism and atmosphere on one side and lists of dance steps on the other.

The least satisfactory part of the book is the first hundred or so pages, from Osiris to the Renaissance—a kind of preface as he says to the main theme of theatrical dancing proper. For all this period our knowledge of actual dancing is extremely sketchy, and Mr. Kirstein is reduced to showing the place of dance, its part in religious festivals, in tragedy, in spectacles, popular merrymaking, and comedy. This leads him inevitably to a short account of Greek tragedy, to summarizing the differences between the civilizations of Greece and Rome, and to telling us what death meant to the man of the Middle Ages—to the writing of "outlines," in short. Now there is much to be said both for and against the contemporary genre of the outline. An outline may serve a useful function as an introduction to a

new field, as stimulus to discussion in a field which is already familiar, or as propaganda and publicity, as, for example, Oliver Saylor's books on Reinhardt and the Moscow Art Theater. The chief danger in outlines is that they may dispose of historic forms, periods, or forces which might nourish our own time. Thus one would never guess from Mr. Kirstein's account of Greek tragedy that this form had found a new and genuine, if rather cerebral, life in "*Murder in the Cathedral*"; a sensational but suggestive life in Cocteau's translations of "*Antigone*" and "*Oedipus*"; and a poetic, if not dramatic, reincarnation in Mr. Yeats's two plays about Oedipus—all in the space of one generation. One may take another example from his chapter on the Middle Ages: he quotes a paragraph from H. O. Taylor on medieval symbolism but does not mention the fourfold method, the foundation of the "*Divine Comedy*," the guide of Eliot and probably of Joyce. These are criticisms such as are always to be made of outlines. Yet Mr. Kirstein's book would have gained in authority if he had managed to stick closer to the dance itself, and been more wary of that deadly device, the scholarly generalization.

When Mr. Kirstein reaches the beginnings of ballet he is on firmer ground. The last part of his book, though marred by an overfondness for adjectives and an inadequate grasp of abstract words, gives an intelligible account of the development of modern dancing. He has accumulated a valuable collection of contemporary material, unpublished as well as published, and is indebted to two pages and a half of friends, helpers, publishers, and so on. The upshot of it all is, of course, a strong defense of ballet, both as the theatrical dance of Western civilization and as a form capable of infinite growth and development. Mr. Kirstein recognizes the contributions of Duncan, Laban, and Wigman, but believes that they can all be absorbed by ballet. He makes an excellent plea for dramatic content in the dance; indeed, his whole book may be read as a demonstration of the fact that dance, like poetry, has nearly always had content with meanings beyond the aesthetic, until the rise of the modern specter of pure art. The American Ballet as well as the exponents of modern dance should take this to heart.

FRANCIS FERGUSSON

Shorter Notices

The Last Civilian. By Ernst Glaeser. Robert M. McBride and Company. \$2.50.

Like Ernst Glaeser's fine first novel, "*Class of 1902*," "*The Last Civilian*" endeavors to show the effects on a small community of an event of national importance. This time not war but fascism is the issue. But whereas in "*Class of 1902*" the catastrophe was depicted mainly in terms of its relation to the hero, a sensitive growing boy, in "*The Last Civilian*" no such simplification has been attempted, and the menace of fascism loses much of its weight when distributed evenly among a number of people with whom the reader is allowed little more than a nodding acquaintance. Much of the chaos of his subject, moreover, seems to have penetrated to the author's treatment of it: for all its sincerity "*The Last Civilian*" is a drifting, haphazard piece of work, covering much ground but getting nowhere. Nor does Glaeser's genuine indignation serve to resolve it: he plainly hates Nazism but he seems singularly uninformed as to its real nature, and the only alternatives to it which he is able to offer are exile, a return to the soil, or suicide—surely Hitler's defenders never had so triumphant an argument! And it is difficult to feel any sympathy for the three rather sentimentalized characters who choose these various means of escape and whose opposition to the movement is thus reduced to a cowardly and meaningless form of sub-

jectivism. Against so brutally concise a program as that launched by the leaders of the Third Reich, Herr Glaeser's kind of antagonism can end only in vague yearnings, empty denunciations, and a novel which is weak, badly constructed, and hopelessly confused.

Mark Twain. The Man and His Work. By Edward Wagenknecht. Yale University Press. \$3.

Mr. Wagenknecht's account of Mark Twain is the best-balanced one to date, but it is not the most interesting. Passion is as desirable in criticism as it is in the writing called creative; indeed, it must be there before we have anything approaching either truth or greatness. Mr. Wagenknecht seems to be perfectly free from prejudice, and the industry with which he has read everything about his subject is remarkable, even admirable. The result, however, is a work of reference rather than a piece of criticism. It does not appear that Mr. Wagenknecht believes Mark Twain to have been any particular kind of man. Yet he was clearly some kind of man, and those who have made the attempt to say so, even when they have perverted the simple truth, have honored it as this humorless and unimaginative volume never does.

Drama

Call It an Evening

"CALL IT A DAY" was brought from England and should run a year. Ostensibly a "slice of life" (cut where the raisins are thickest), it is actually about as artificial as a play can well be, but it is blessed with the priceless gift of universal appeal, and only the veriest Scrooges of criticism will succeed in concealing their delight. Simpler souls may take it for a miracle of realism—which it isn't—but even those not unaware of the wheels going round will join in the laughter, and applause, for "Call It a Day" is, to an extraordinary degree, neat and witty, lively and gay.

The general plan of the piece is much like the plan of "Dinner at Eight" and doubtless derives, more remotely still, from "Grand Hotel." To my mind, however, it is a much better play than either of these, partly, at least because the tone is much lighter and because the audience is not asked to take the artificial pattern with anything like the same seriousness. The two earlier plays aspired toward tragedy and actually got as far as very portentous melodrama. One had to take them very seriously or not take them at all. But "Call It a Day" stays pretty consistently on the level of comedy and imposes upon its brittle structure no greater emotional weight than that structure is capable of bearing.

We begin with the rising of a middle-class English family on the first dangerous day of spring. The scene shifts to the kitchen, where the new waitress is discovering the charms of a neighborhood butler at the same time that the dog has discovered the charms of the butler's bull, and the play then permits us to follow the various members of the family as they meet the various crises which the season provokes. But when midnight reunites them at last, we learn that nothing very serious has happened to anyone. The daughter—through no fault of her own—was not seduced by the philandering painter; the husband did not push beyond the limits of a mere indiscretion the flirtation with his actress client; the wife did not carry any farther than a faithful wife may be reasonably permitted her little adventure with her friend's brother; and the son was saved, by the opportune appearance of a girl over a garden wall, from planning that Easter hike with a suspiciously intense young

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man. All is for the best in this best of respectable families, and if the more romantically inclined spectators feel the least bit cheated, they may take comfort in imagining for themselves what happened to the dog—whose adventures were either forgotten by the author or deliberately left veiled in a decent obscurity. Besides, it is clearly stated that the cat next door is going to have kittens.

Obviously the success of a play like this depends in considerable measure upon the success of the author in keeping his audience amused by a continuous succession of minor incidents immediately recognizable as veracious by anyone who has ever been part of a family, and upon his success in making the surface so unmistakably real that one accepts without too much question the artificiality of the arrangement. But granted that these conditions have been met as completely and as gaily as they have in this piece, then there is nothing surprising in the fact that it should afford a simple but genuine delight to almost any spectator, since it accomplishes in the simplest of manners something which art always strives to accomplish—it imposes, that is to say, a recognizable pattern upon the disorder of life.

The plan, I said before, suggests “Dinner at Eight” and “Grand Hotel.” But there is no real reason for stopping there. It also suggests “Street Scene,” “Pippa Passes,” and, to stretch a point, “The Lower Depths.” And obvious as it is, there is no simpler method of creating the pleasant delusion that even ordinary life is characterized by that neat balance and round completeness which we so much wish it had. Such a play of everyday existence has much the same relation to everyday existence itself that dancing has to walking. It substitutes for our plodding gait the unnatural grace and measured rhythm of a ballet.

Tyrone Guthrie has staged a well-paced production for the Theater Guild amid settings by Lee Simonson, and the whole is very pleasantly acted with Gladys Cooper and Philip Merivale in the leads. Glenn Anders is also excellent, especially in the scene where he is painting the portrait while, for the benefit of the love-sick sitter, he discourses casually of more beautiful models whom he has used in the past. But I am not sure that the acting honors ought not to go to thirteen-year-old Jeanne Dante, as the schoolgirl who has just acquired all the language of maturity without knowing very precisely what it is intended to convey.

“Lady Precious Stream” (Booth Theater) is a comedy written in the ancient Chinese manner and produced with some comic emphasis on the very visible property men and the other conventions of the Chinese theater. It was originally produced in London, and ostensibly Mr. S. I. Hsiung, the author, is entertaining the audience by inviting them to smile tolerantly at the quaint tale and the quaint staging. Unless, however, I am very much mistaken, he is a great deal slyer than appears upon the surface and is laughing at his audience quite as much as it is laughing at his play. In traditional Chinese fashion, the hero leaves his wife for eighteen years while he is away on a military expedition, but the Princess of the Western Regions who follows him back and who can be disposed of only by being handed over to the Minister of Foreign Affairs (“Affairs” in quotes) very strongly suggests an English lady. Bewildered by the etiquette of the Chinese court and contemptuous of the reserve with which the husband greets the wife, she is much impressed by the hand-kissing Foreign Minister. But when, at the last, the reunited pair exit with the remark, “Our affection is for our mutual delight and not for public entertainment,” Mr. Hsiung is quite obviously giving the last word to that civilization at which he has been helping the Londoners to smile. As Precious Stream, the faithful wife, Helen Chandler is very agreeable, if not conspicuously Chinese, and the whole thing is quite charming.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Films

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IN 1929 a hundred million Americans went weekly to the movies. Only seventy million go now, what with hard times and—so the pious think—the determination of a great and good people to show Hollywood that obscenity doesn't pay. Wrong or right, the pious have been busy of late with the morals of the silver screen; and if two or three chapters in a recent book* are any indication, they have made their usual mess of it. The book is a symposium on "Screen Entertainment Past and Present," and the variety of its views is greater than one might have expected; so great, indeed, as to provide a number of excellent answers to the wolves within its very fold. By wolves I mean censors—such men, for example, as the Bishop of Los Angeles and San Diego, who makes the remarkable statement that "one hour spent in the darkness of a cinema palace, intent on the unfolding of a wrong kind of story, can and frequently does nullify years of careful training on the part of the church, the school, the home." This seems to me a very damaging statement about the church, the school, and the home; nor does Bishop Cantwell appear to understand the significance of certain sordid figures he adduces on another page, tending to prove that "clean, wholesome" films have paid better than "dirty" and "oversexed" ones. Nor does Representative Cannon of Wisconsin, who in 1934 introduced a bill for national censorship of movies, give even a passing thought to the grave moral danger of his plan to make the movies "show" this, "encourage the thought" of that, and "give an impression" concerning certain "right values." Deliberate dishonesty, I imagine, would destroy everything. The only qualified censor of the cinema or of any other art is its audience; in the present instance that audience is millions of people, and they had better be trusted to decide what is good for them. Abundant evidence that they can do so is supplied in other chapters of the book, notably those by Edward G. Robinson, Don Marquis, and Judge Ben Lindsey, who, to be sure, do not so much present the evidence of statistics as let in the eager air of human sense. They so effectively dispose of the Bishop and the Congressman that when the time comes on page 131 for Seymour Stern to dismiss all censors as "perennial pests" the dismissal seems quite as adequate as it is brief.

Mr. Stern has, however, his own pedantries, chief of which is the conviction that no movie is worth mentioning as art unless it represents a technical advance over all previous movies. A corollary is that there have been no movies worth mentioning since D. W. Griffith was in his prime—since, in fact, "Intolerance." This is not equivalent to damning the English drama since 1600 because it has failed to produce another "Hamlet"; it is equivalent rather to lamenting the fact that "Hamlet" is still effective in a theater which should have turned itself inside out several times during three centuries of technical revolution. All that Mr. Stern will admit in favor of the current cinema is its excellence as "popular entertainment catering to an inevitably shallow vein of sentiment."

It is popular, of course, as it should and must be, and as the Elizabethan theater was in a degree nowhere equaled until the days of Griffith. It is estimated that 30,000 out of 100,000 Londoners went weekly to see plays in Shakespeare's time, and this circumstance may have had much to do with the quality of what they saw. My own hope for the cinema is that it

*"The Movies on Trial." Compiled and Edited by William J. Perlman, The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

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remains popular. I have respect for Mr. Stern's learning and for his powers of critical analysis, but I hear with a touch of horror that he wants to start Film Universities and organize Little Cinema Groups. The daily and weekly critics for whom he has so much contempt because they persist in noting microscopic differences between one technically undistinguished film and another are actually up the proper tree. Most of them shake nothing down except the rotten fruit of their rhetoric, yet there they are where they can see the pictures—as entertainment, or, as Don Marquis puts it, as story. And it remains possible that a few of them will begin to talk about the things that matter: the conduct of a narrative, the simplification and illumination of a theme, the use of imagination in transitions from one locality or one episode to another—in short, the things which make the best movies as exciting as they are.

Excitement is good for the soul, and I freely confess that that is what I look for among the picture houses of New York. I haven't the least objection to such popular devices as the recognition scene; they are the profoundest also, as Euripides and Shakespeare perfectly knew. And I seriously doubt that Mr. Stern uses the word "shallow" with discretion. The other night I tracked down "The 39 Steps" to Canal Street after having missed it all winter in the warmer and more fragrant theaters. If such a film is shallow I find I do not mind; it is what any film should be and what the best of them have always been regardless of date or fashion: simple, clear, swift, and very exciting. I cannot say as much for "Charlie Chan's Secret" (Roxy) or "Ceiling Zero" (Strand). And "Itto" (Cinéma de Paris), the French film taken in Morocco under the direction of Jean Benoit-Levy and Marie Epstein, celebrated for the theory which stood them in such good stead in "La Maternelle," merely proves that a theory had better be understood before it is applied. The theory is that there should be no conscious acting in a film, and indeed no actors. It worked for the children of Montmartre, but it does not work for men and women. Even the adults of Morocco need to know what they are doing before we can become absorbed in what they do.

MARK VAN DOREN

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LOUIS FISCHER, *The Nation's* Moscow correspondent, is contributing a series of articles from various European capitals.

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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	205
EDITORIALS:	
Lewis—for Better or Worse	208
The Budget in Chaos	209
J. P. Morgan, Theorist of the Leisure Class	209
The Gustloff Affair	210
ISSUES AND MEN. POLITICS AND FRIENDSHIPS. By Oswald Garrison Villard	211
CARTOON. By Fritz	212
THE RIDDLE OF THE SUPREME COURT. II. THE LAW. LESS SUPREME COURT. By Max Lerner	213
WASHINGTON WEEKLY. By Paul W. Ward	215
PHOTOGRAPHING THIS WORLD. By Margaret Bourke-White	217
PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES. KNOX—PUBLISHER INTO CANDIDATE. By Raymond Gram Swing	219
LOOSE CONSTRUCTION. By Heywood Brown	220
CORRESPONDENCE	221
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	223
LABOR AND INDUSTRY:	
The Dressmakers' Strike. By David Scheyer	224
Hollywood Goes Closed Shop. By John R. Chaplin	225
BOOKS, DRAMA, FILMS:	
Patriot and Idealist. By Clara Gruening Stillman	227
Subtle Artificer. By Philip Blair Rice	228
Judging the Judges. By William Seagle	228
Scotsman, Georgian, Cosmopolite. By Milton Rugoff	229
The Esoteric Science. By Maxwell S. Stewart	230
Shorter Notices	231
Drama: The Follies Must Go On. By Joseph Wood Krutch	231
Films: Charlie Chaplin. By Mark Van Doren	232

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THREE WEEKS' NOTICE AND THE OLD ADDRESS AS WELL AS THE NEW ARE REQUIRED FOR CHANGE OF SUBSCRIBER'S ADDRESS.

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BY REJECTING a Labor motion calling upon the government to summon an international conference on the distribution of raw materials, the Baldwin Cabinet has forfeited whatever moral prestige it retained after the disastrous Hoare-Laval fiasco. This action is particularly distressing because Sir Samuel Hoare's speech at Geneva in October had given the impression that Great Britain was prepared to discuss fundamentals. The issue runs even deeper than the question of access to raw materials. Sir Samuel's historic statement came as part of an inspiring plea for collective action against those who would take the law into their own hands. But if collective security is to have any permanence, it must involve something more than mere defense of the status quo. War cannot be eliminated unless some machinery is created for meeting the legitimate complaints of the "have-nots" among nations. As the most powerful of the "haves," Great Britain has a pivotal responsibility for such action, a responsibility which the present government is plainly unwilling to assume. The fact that the Conservatives, after a pre-election flirtation with collective security,

have returned to straight imperialism, with reliance on ever-increasing armaments, gives Labor a golden opportunity with the ten million Britishers who voted to support the League in the peace poll.

MUNITIONS MAKERS, oil magnates, and Wall Street bankers will rejoice in the decision of Administration leaders to abandon permanent neutrality legislation at this session of Congress. The extension of the present resolution, even with amendments forbidding loans to belligerents and limiting the export of certain war materials, will leave the United States with very little more protection against war than existed in 1914. It will not only be possible for American business men to continue "normal" trade with the war-makers, but they may sell unlimited quantities of war materials, including arms and ammunition, through neutral countries. Continued insistence on the freedom of the seas will afford a constant source of friction in any conflict in which the British Empire is involved. The prohibition of loans to belligerents is of vital importance, but without other safeguards such a regulation is bound to break down as it did in 1916. What may prove to be even more serious, the failure of Congress to take decisive action has played into the hands of Mussolini. After a week's session the Oil Sanctions Committee of the League had reached the conclusion that an oil embargo, if supported by the United States, would bring Italy to its knees within six months, and was prepared to recommend such a step to the Council. Its position was quickly reversed, however, when it became apparent that the United States would make no attempt to curb its oil profiteers. The tremendous increase in our trade with Italy during December, despite the slowness with which collections are being made, indicates that certain of our business interests already have a considerable stake in an Italian victory. Can it be possible that they have more influence in Washington than the multitudes of men and women who desire peace?

THE INDICTMENT of four men and three companies for gun-running during the Chaco war reveals certain of the difficulties that must be faced in enforcing neutrality legislation. The government charges that in July, 1934, the Curtiss-Wright Export Corporation with the aid of the Barr Shipping Company smuggled fifteen machine-guns into Bolivia in violation of the Presidential arms-embargo proclamation. Later four airplanes were also sent to Bolivia, ostensibly as test planes for a new commercial line, but in reality as bombers which were to be fully equipped in Valparaiso. The machine-guns were obtained from the Colt Company after a false declaration of State Department authorization and a false bill of lading had been presented. Colt thereupon delivered the guns to Curtiss-Wright and they were hidden away in cases containing airplane parts. The bombers were flown to Bolivia, but the United States government grounded them in Peru and they never reached Bolivia; the machine-guns did. This is but one of about a dozen instances of alleged violation of the arms embargo during the Chaco war which the government is investigating. Two facts stand out challengingly in all this gun-running:

the enforcement of the embargo through the Customs Office failed; and government prosecution lagged a year and a half after the offense. There is no reason whatever to hope that munitions control through the customs will ever succeed. Government inspectors may be found in meat-packing houses, in distilleries, in banks, and in other enterprises subject to official control. Why not place them also in the munitions factories and make it more difficult to evade embargoes?

ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS recently the New York *Times* has printed articles purporting to show that the Soviet Union is actively aiding Mussolini in his campaign against Ethiopia through the export of oil and other war materials. For example, on February 5, under the head "Huge Soviet Sales of Oil Help Italy," the *Times* spoke vaguely of a contract for "enormous oil supplies from Russia," the only confirming evidence being a guarded statement regarding the purchase of 400,000 barrels at Batum. In the absence of an oil sanction the Soviet Union, like all other oil-producing countries, has continued to trade with Italy. But as is the case with England there has apparently been a conscious effort to curtail all commercial transactions. For the first eleven months of 1935—the latest available figures—the total of Soviet exports to Italy were only 11,720,000 rubles as compared with 17,126,000 in the corresponding period of 1934, a decline of more than 30 per cent; while Soviet imports from Italy—which are more directly affected by existing sanctions—dropped more than 50 per cent. And what is more to the point, Soviet exports of oil for the eleven-month period were 199,381 tons in 1935 as against 569,453 tons in 1934, a decline of nearly 70 per cent. By way of contrast, American exports to Italy for the first eleven months of 1935 increased 8 per cent over 1934; our imports from Italy rose 5 per cent; and our sales of oil to Italian Africa jumped from \$4,587 to \$672,155, an increase of 14,600 per cent! Nor can the New York *Times* plead ignorance of these facts. The early editions of the *Times* of February 5 carried two paragraphs describing the decline in the sale of Soviet oil to Italy from 7,000,000 barrels in 1932 and 1933 to 1,350,000 barrels in the first ten months of 1935. But these two paragraphs with their subhead "Russian Exports Long Low" were dropped in the later editions of the paper, presumably because they were not "fit to print."

TWO DAYS before the Winter Olympics opened at Garmisch-Partenkirchen, the State Secretary of the German Propaganda Ministry gave a reception to several hundred journalists assembled to report the events. In a long political speech Secretary Funk scolded the correspondents for not telling the truth about Germany and offered trained guides who would present things in the proper light to foreign newspapermen. Moreover, he held up the German press as an example of what supreme public service might be expected of newspapers. Apparently taking this homily to heart, Frederick T. Birchall, reporting for the New York *Times*, describes the Winter Games as compounded almost entirely of sweetness and light. There is the greatest efficiency and courtesy everywhere; not the slightest evidence of religious, political, or racial prejudice is visible; "anti-Jewish signs have been removed from villages"; the *Stürmer* is being kept out of sight; and "a Jewish hockey player has even been drafted for the German

team." This last evidence of German magnanimity is almost overwhelming. For the "Juden Hier Nicht Willkommen" signs can be put back again directly the games are over; but if a Jewish hockey player should shoot a goal for the Nazis, it would stand on the records permanently as an example of nasty Semitic internationalism.

G GOVERNOR LEHMAN'S program of crime prevention and control has had a much better press than it deserves. The best thing that can be said about it is that it represents a vigorous and comprehensive attempt to deal with the entire problem of the administration of criminal justice. The sixty-odd bills cover prevention, capture, court procedure, problems of prison and parole, and procedure for inter-state extradition. They are designed mainly to close the loopholes in the law through which so many criminals escape from justice. Particularly controversial are the bills making compulsory the finger-printing of all persons arrested, permitting a judge to comment on evidence, making it possible for five-sixths of a jury to convict, and making the discovery of a gun in a car presumptive evidence of its illegal possession by all the persons in the vehicle except the driver. The intentions behind the program are clear. Like those who hold that the weaknesses of democracy can be cured by having more democracy, Governor Lehman and his advisers seem to feel that the inadequacy of law enforcement can be remedied by the simple process of having more law enforcement. Given such a point of view, it must be admitted that the program has been ably and ingeniously drawn. The juggernaut of law enforcement is to be driven irresistibly over every obstacle in its path. Undoubtedly the program will remedy many of the abuses of criminal justice which are now due to the sophistication of hardened criminals and their unscrupulous lawyers. But the resulting effectiveness of the bill has probably been overestimated, and the price that has to be paid for it has been underestimated.

THE PRICE OF JUSTICE in the case of Governor Lehman's program involves a possible surrender of long-cherished constitutional safeguards and civil liberties and a potential weighting of the scales against labor defendants. The finger-printing provisions are extended to include all misdemeanants and those charged with disorderly conduct; it is trade unionists who are charged with disorderly conduct more often than criminals. Anyone once convicted of disorderly conduct and again accused of a felony is, even if he is not convicted, to be refused the return of his finger-prints and other identifying material. This makes the acquisition of a police record dangerously easy, and a police record is no help to an active unionist. The provision about dangerous weapons in vehicles offers attractive possibilities for a frame-up. The five-sixths jury provision undermines the protection furnished hitherto by the phrase "reasonable doubt." To anyone who has had experience with labor cases before a New York court these possibilities are not phantoms but very real dangers. Governor Lehman's program is the most elaborate and articulated gesture of impatience at the lumbering processes of democratic justice that we have yet had. But to abandon constitutional liberties which have been won by the people over so many centuries of struggle is too high a price to pay for such a gesture. This is especially true in New

York State, where the criminal code instead of being too lax is already notoriously severe. The problem of crime will not be solved by the blunderbuss methods of Grover Whalen or J. Edgar Hoover. There are two points at which it should be attacked which the Lehman program does not envisage. One is the corruption of the entire political structure which administers the law, especially the police and the magistrates' courts. The second is the soil of poverty, malnutrition, and slum conditions out of which crime grows.

TWENTY-FIVE STATES and thirty-eight local areas in various parts of the country lately supplied data for a survey conducted by the American Association of Social Workers to determine how much relief an unemployed person or family might hope to receive. In general the results showed that the abandonment of the FERA program left to local relief not only unemployables but a large number of persons able to work. Drastic reduction in relief budgets has followed; in many cases medical care is being abandoned; many localities report themselves entirely unable to carry the relief load. Specific examples of particularly inadequate relief include Pensacola, Florida, which every two weeks allows relief budgets to cover all needs as follows: One or two persons, \$1; families of three or four, \$1.50; families of seven, eight, or nine, \$3; families of more than nine, \$3.50. Nebraska reported that the regular allowance for food was cut 37 per cent, with an average allowance of \$7.50 a month for all types of relief. Dallas, Texas, reported all relief abolished "except in cases of permanent disability." Grand Rapids reported a reduction of 10 per cent in food budgets and cash relief allowances; "if reduced any farther they will enter the danger zone." Texas declared that a constitutional amendment would be necessary to increase relief appropriations. The Florida constitution prevents the state from appropriating funds for direct relief. These facts and figures give some idea of what will happen to more and more of the unemployed if the federal government does not reassume the relief burden.

THE GRASS GROWS GREEN again over the deepest fissure so far made in the solid Democratic South. The bitter fight between Administration Democrats and Huey Long Democrats has ended in a truce. Its terms are a last tribute to the Kingfish; its practical effect of making Louisiana safe for Roosevelt must have caused a thin blue curl of profane smoke to rise from Huey's grave. In return for guaranteed delivery of Louisiana's twenty delegates, the Long machine was able to enforce stiff terms. The income-tax indictments pending against Seymour Weiss, former treasurer of Long's machine, will be quashed; Long's inheritors will be allowed access to the rich table of federal patronage—Representative Paul Maloney was recently consulted regarding his choice for postmaster at Gretna, Louisiana; Frank H. Peterman, a Farley man, has resigned as WPA director for Louisiana, opening the way to the Long machine for a share of control over federal funds. The decision to let Huey's heirs keep Louisiana until the crucial moment when Roosevelt should need it came, to be sure, only after the Administration had made a heroic but unsuccessful attempt to defeat the Long machine. The recent primary, in spite of the fact that federal relief suddenly grew more bounteous and widespread, resulted in an overwhelming

victory for Long's forces. Aside from conceding Louisiana's delegation to Roosevelt, the Long machine made one minor sacrifice. The Reverend Gerald K. Smith, who as head revivalist of that old-time religion, Share Our Wealth, controlled the swamp and Spanish-moss vote in Huey's kingdom, has been ordered to pipe down. He has already offered his services to Brother Talmadge.

THE FEDERAL COURT in Minneapolis which censured Governor Olson, Mayor Latimer, and the National Guard took extraordinary action to meet an extraordinary situation. It is not often that the state militia in its determination to maintain law and order closes a plant on strike, although that would prevent nine "labor riots" out of ten. Instead, the military usually helps strike-breakers run the picket line to the accompaniment of tear-gas bombs and clubs. In Minneapolis the labor movement, headed by the famous Local 574, wields genuine power. It exercises, in other words, an influence which has some relation to labor's contribution to the community. Governor Olson, even if he were not sympathetic to labor, would not dare to turn the National Guard on labor's picket lines as it is turned in most states. The tone of the federal court's edict leaves no doubt where its sympathies lie. "To say that because lawful use of property will incite lawless persons [workers on strike] to commit crime and destroy life and property such lawful use must be suppressed is to say that the will of the mob [workers on strike] and not the Constitution of the United States is to become the law of the land." As Governor Olson pointed out, the court's criticism of himself "would have been accomplished with more finesse if coupled with it there had been a gentle, courteous, and decorous hint to the plaintiffs [the employers] respecting arbitration." The decision will probably be seized upon by other employers and employer-minded courts. And it serves as a sign of what may be expected whenever labor begins to approximate the power blocked out for it, say, in the Wagner Labor Relations Act.

MEANWHILE IN PEKIN, Illinois, the general strike, which in most cases has been turned into a weapon against the workers who resorted to it, seems to have won a moderate victory for labor. According to newspaper dispatches, the American Distilling Company, where the strike began, acceded to "almost all" of the workers' demands. Here again the state militia played a crucial role. Governor Horner's refusal to order troops into Pekin probably threw the victory to the workers. The Pekin Trade and Labor Assembly did not, however, force the resignation of Chief of Police Harry Donahue for giving help to strike-breakers. A busload of scabs were protected by a detail of deputies and police who threw tear and stench bombs into the picket line. Chief Donahue distinguished himself further by repeating the old formula: "What this town needs is a vigilante committee of 100 tough citizens." There is no doubt that if they had been on hand the general strike would have been violent where it was peaceful and "riots" would have helped to break it. Instead, the two-day tie-up (the *Chicago Tribune* called it "mob rule in the saddle") was complete and bloodless; it ended with a settlement that seems acceptable to labor. We may be sure that Chief Donahue and his friends among the "tough citizens" will do their best to see that this does not happen again in Pekin.

Lewis—for Better or Worse

WITH a showmanship worthy of P. T. Barnum, John L. Lewis took over the leadership of the American labor movement on February 3. The setting was the nation's capital—the United Mine Workers, whose home is Indianapolis, held their convention in Washington for the first time; and the ceremony of investiture, personally conducted by Lewis, was as dramatic as any power-hungry leader, or any front-page editor, could wish. The audience, composed of some 1,800 delegates from the largest union in the American Federation of Labor, was for the most part in the hands of Lewis, who drew forth roaring cheers, rising votes, and hostile boos as he desired. In contrast to the sun-dried Miami meeting of the Executive Council of the A. F. of L., to whose querulous ultimatum it was an answer, the miners' convention was a rich and lively manifestation of mass strength pushing toward genuine power in national affairs. No wonder William F. Green, though he made a passionate and able speech in an attempt to persuade his fellow-miners that their first allegiance was to the A. F. of L., should have appeared futile and outworn beside the confident Lewis, who brought the meeting to a climax when, having won the support of the delegates, he crumpled in his fist the sheet bearing the dissolution order of the Executive Council, and said, "President Green, you have received your answer!"

Returning to reality, it must be said that Lewis's battle with the Executive Council is not yet over. Though he has a mandate from the U. M. W. to take the union out of the federation if necessary, he will make a strong effort to avoid the final break, and it is even possible that by forcing the Executive Council to a compromise he will himself accept something less than complete victory. But there is little doubt that he will be the leader, however the labor movement develops. He has already shouldered out Green, in the public mind and in administration circles. As for his Committee for Industrial Organization, it has started a wildfire of resolutions of support extending from Edmonton, Alberta, to Pea Ridge, Alabama. In this connection, it is illuminating to record that when John Lewis spoke recently in Cleveland he drew an audience of 7,000, while John P. Frey, dominant figure in the Metal Trades Section of the A. F. of L., who had preceded Lewis, drew a paltry 500.

The miners' convention, closely examined, offers indications as reliable as can be found of the quality and direction of the leadership Lewis will provide and of the motives which animate him. The personal magnetism of the born leader and his intuitive knowledge of the avenues to popular support were never better displayed than at the Washington meeting. But there were also laid bare, in unmistakable terms, the strong man's proclivity—and his disturbing talent—for dictatorship and his predilection not only for power but for its least romantic perquisites. The history of Lewis's rise to supremacy in the miners' union is the history of a series of seizures of power as well as of hard-boiled and completely fearless conquests by means of the strike, when Lewis was forced to that way of bringing operators to his terms. There are strong voices to say even that Lewis has not

achieved for the miners benefits at all commensurate with his power. The charge undoubtedly has truth in it; the trouble is that its final proof or disproof is made impossible by the fact that Lewis has been operating in a steadily declining industry.

The bid for autonomy in the seventeen provisional districts was an attempt not to oppose Lewis but to have a hand in directing his course. It failed. An interesting question is raised by the doubling of official salaries. It is not clear whether its subsequent rejection was a deliberate gesture of renunciation or a yielding to critical pressure. Will Lewis stop short of his announced goal of organizing 30,000,000 workers if it appears likely that their sheer mass pressure will threaten his supremacy? The answer at the moment seems to be that Lewis's conception of power is a very ambitious one—he would not, for instance, be satisfied with the kind of limited position that Green has occupied in national affairs. That being so, he is intelligent enough to know that he will have to make more concessions to his new followers than he has ever made to the miners.

It seems certain that the influx of millions of workers into the labor movement would mean a stronger and stronger pressure for democratic control and that it would also mean a pressure toward the left. Whether Lewis will be big enough and strong enough to satisfy these new elements and still retain leadership is a problem whose working out will make the next few years of labor development highly interesting as well as crucial. As to his relation to radicalism, that can at least be guessed at. Miners, if only because of their occupation, are traditionally radical—though it is a radicalism having more to do with their daily contact with death and disaster than with revolutionary theory. Lewis is a miner and the son of a British miner. Radicalism is not for him a bearded monster under the bed. It is a force to be reckoned with in realistic terms. Certainly he will not indulge in anything resembling a red-hunt in the trade-union movement. This does not mean that he will ever play with the Socialist or Communist parties as such. It does mean that he would support a labor party if he reached the point where political power was essential to his plans.

For the present Mr. Lewis has indorsed Roosevelt in a passionate speech as the most humanitarian of Presidents, and the United Mine Workers have taken the unprecedented action of voting to contribute to the Democratic campaign fund. It is surely an irony that the most promising militant leader of the American labor movement should as late as 1936 express such support of one of the old parties. But there are extenuating circumstances. Not long ago Lewis was a Republican. He is not now an unquestioning Democrat despite his support of Roosevelt. Under the New Deal he commands a position which he, least of all, could be expected to repudiate for idealistic reasons. He is not one to sacrifice the favor of the party in power in order to start a movement which could not possibly have any strength for several years at least. When the labor movement has become under his generalship a genuine force, he may be expected to turn it to political ends.

The Budget in Chaos

AMERICAN government finances have never been more chaotic than at the present moment. This is not, of course, due entirely or even principally to the prodigality of the present Administration. The Supreme Court's invalidation of the AAA processing taxes subtracted \$547,000,000 from the estimated receipts and returned an additional \$200,000,000 of impounded taxes, and the passage of the bonus over the President's veto inopportunistically added \$2,249,000,000 to the government's burden. The possibilities of economy are definitely limited. With more than 11,000,000 persons still unemployed, relief expenditures cannot be curtailed; nor is there any possibility of a drastic cut in the subsidies to agriculture. Under such circumstances any government, Republican, Democratic, or Farmer-Labor, would be faced with a serious financial crisis.

But the issue has been so clouded by partisanship and misrepresentation that it is difficult to see the true state of the federal budget. As a result the public has been led to believe the situation to be more desperate than it actually is. Early in January, when President Roosevelt presented his budget estimates for the 1936-37 fiscal year, there was an indicated deficit of only \$418,000,000. To this must be added \$2,000,000,000, which Secretary Morgenthau estimates will be needed for relief in addition to the amount specified in the budget, \$500,000,000 for the farmers, \$200,000,000 to replace the impounded AAA taxes returned to the processors, and approximately \$200,000,000 to cover the cost of amortizing the bonus. If no further taxes were levied and no economies effected, this would leave a deficit, excluding all allowances for debt retirement, of approximately \$3,300,000,000, which compares not unfavorably with this year's estimated deficit of \$2,682,000,000 or last year's shortage of \$3,002,000,000. Although this would carry the federal debt to approximately \$36,000,000,000 in 1937, the actual burden of interest would probably not be more than 20 per cent higher than in 1929.

Rumors have been flying thick and fast about the means the Administration will adopt to reduce the deficit to a manageable amount. But at the time of writing nothing very tangible has been suggested, apart from the reimposition of general taxes on the processing of farm products to replace those invalidated by the Supreme Court. The Administration's indecision is perhaps understandable on political grounds. Neither economies nor increased taxes can be put through without injury to some portion of the voting public. Nevertheless, something must be done, if only to offset the Republicans' charge of extravagance. The fact that the present Administration had little to do with some of the main items which have unbalanced the budget will not be considered by the average voter in November. President Roosevelt's action in canceling a billion dollars in unused lending authorizations is a gesture toward economy, but it has no effect on the budget. The Treasury is apparently still looking for a tax which the people will pay without knowing it. Since such taxes almost invariably fall on the general consumer, they are perhaps the least desirable of all.

The inability of the Administration to formulate a consistent fiscal policy is dangerous chiefly because it presents an

invitation to pressure groups to launch new raids on the Treasury. Billions of the taxpayers' dollars have been handed out to organized groups merely because the Administration was unable to present Congress with a carefully worked-out program. Nearly half a billion, for example, has been squandered on the silver interests to no purpose whatever. Munition and armament manufacturers are obtaining in 1936-37 approximately \$400,000,000 more than the huge sums allotted to them in the 1935 fiscal year. Having seen these groups plunder the Treasury, is it any wonder that the veterans, potato growers, and coal operators should have demanded and obtained a hand-out? The tragedy is that once the money has been distributed to these pressure groups there is none left for such socially necessary projects as slum clearance, social security, or adequate public-health activities. We hear much today about the threat of inflation, which would be catastrophic in its effect on both the working and white-collar classes, but there is an equally great danger that the present Republican-inspired mania for economy will lead to a recurrence of deflation and depression. A truly efficient government might be compelled to spend vastly more than has been spent in the last three years, but it would pay for these expenditures by taxing the hoard of capital which is still accumulating, idle, in the vaults of our great banks.

Morgan, Theorist of the Leisure Class

THE inquiry into the House of Morgan has come and gone, and for those who doubted that it would turn up anything of value it has yielded finally a theory and a definition. Both were contributed by Mr. Morgan himself, and both referred to the leisure class. The theory was that the leisure class is the basis of civilization. The definition, added at the request of reporters after the formal hearing, and evidently in the nature of a reconsidered judgment, was that the leisure class was "all who can afford to hire a maid."

That meant, Mr. Morgan added, "perhaps thirty million families." The estimate seems overgenerous. It would include every family alive in the country today, and a few dead ones as well. Actually, there are 3,438,000 women engaged in domestic and personal service, of whom slightly more than a third are household servants. Even if you spread them out one to a family, that means not much over a million families who have been able to hire a maid.

But even if Mr. Morgan is a confused statistician, he got a good press as a social theorist. He deserved it richly. Americans have been treated to discussions of the leisure class by radicals and sociologists, but the men of wealth themselves have been chary of discussing it. It will be recalled that the last important American contribution to the theory of the leisure class was by Thorstein Veblen, who wrote an acid book on the subject. But Veblen, being a professor and a son of the soil, was an outsider. The Morgans are different. The elder Morgan was something of a mathematician in his own right, and as a patron and connoisseur of the arts he followed the tradition of the merchant princes of the Renaissance. The leanings of the present Morgan, if we

can judge from the Nye committee record, seem to be toward a social philosophy of the leisure class. It was a subject he was certain to illumine and adorn. After all, he ought to know.

"If you destroy the leisure class," Mr. Morgan warned the Nye committee, "you destroy civilization. Civilizations have died before, but they always come back. How great the danger would be I've never been able to decide." These speculations on history have a sweep and a scope that furnish a welcome contrast to Henry Ford's now historic conviction that history is bunk. Like Spengler and other German philosophers, Mr. Morgan has a cyclical theory of history. Like them also he considers a leisure class the carriers of civilization instead of—following Veblen—its parasite. In fact, in its ultimate terms, Mr. Morgan's theory is not necessarily pessimistic. Those who are concerned about the prospect for our generation will be consoled when they remember Mr. Morgan's certainty that civilizations come back. That should help us to confront the forces that are leading to war and barbarism.

But however optimistic for civilization, Mr. Morgan fears for the leisure class itself. What is the nature of his fears? How will the leisure class be destroyed? Not by war, surely, since it is predominately the common man who fights the wars and gets destroyed by them. Not by the blight of depression and inflation that follow a war, for those bear more heavily on workers than on the leisure class. Not by revolution, surely. Mr. Morgan was talking to the committee about taxes. His fear was that the leisure class would be destroyed by taxation, and in order to save the leisure class and civilization as well he was advocating that the costs of war be shifted to the lower-income groups.

This makes us more certain than ever that the leisure class that Mr. Morgan had in mind was not the "family of five" with one maid. It was the class that has to bear the burden of the excess-profits tax in war. The heaven of theory is never very far from the earth of economic interest.

The Gustloff Affair

SO far the assassination of the Swiss Nazi leader William Gustloff has not had the dire consequences for Jews in the Reich which were generally expected. Nevertheless, it is difficult to believe that Berlin will be content to leave retribution for this ill-considered and ineffectual deed entirely in the hands of the Swiss authorities. For the present the Winter Olympics, which began in Garmisch-Partenkirchen on February 7, make it advisable for the Reich government to observe the strictest decorum in its treatment of the Jews. But one can read between the lines of an announcement that memorials will be held for Gustloff after February 16, the end of the Winter Olympics.

Dr. Gustloff was little known beyond the borders of Switzerland, where he was a notorious figure. He went there in 1932, sent by Hitler just before he became Chancellor. Prior to that time National Socialism had been a strictly German affair to the Swiss people. It was Gustloff who organized the first Nazi groups in Switzerland, and who later was instrumental in uniting all nationalist and reactionary political groups with his Nazi followers into a

"National Front." The growth of the *Fronten* movement brought almost immediate unrest and disturbance into the placidity of Swiss politics. The rise of German National Socialism, the brutal force of its coordination of all public and private life in the Reich, its destruction of trade unions and political parties, and above all its emphasis on the German nationalist idea reverberated wherever German-speaking Swiss congregated.

What followed was a repetition of the last years of German National Socialism before Hitler's accession to power. Social Democratic editors and trade-union leaders in Zurich and Berne were attacked and beaten, and several assassinations were attempted. In the colleges and universities teachers who were members of the Gustloff organization spread anti-Semitic views. A reign of political terrorism reached such dimensions that police headquarters in Zurich were forced to issue a warning on February 1, 1934, "to political terrorists who tried to intimidate witnesses called by the police to testify in a number of bomb explosions." Shortly before, Grau, the Social Democratic editor of the *Volksrecht*, and his family had narrowly escaped death in a bomb attack. The rise of the Swiss Nazis was coincident with the growth of rowdiness in national politics.

What aroused the particular resentment of anti-Nazi elements was the fact that the National Socialists made no secret of their belief that Switzerland must, sooner or later, become a part of the great German empire. Indeed, since Herr Gustloff bore the title of Leader of the Nazi District of Switzerland, it appeared that National Socialists already regarded Switzerland as a part of the Reich. Carrying out the idea of its Austrian and Russian legions, the German National Socialist Party in Berlin created the Bund National-Sozialistischer Eidgenossen, a league of uniformed Swiss Nazis living in Germany, with the help of which the Swiss S. A. was organized to "come to the assistance of the Germans in Switzerland in the hour of liberation." When this legion was founded in Berlin, Dr. Morganti, its organizer, declared that Switzerland was sorely in need of a government upheaval. He referred to the Swiss constitution as a citadel of Freemasonry and called the National Council a college of seven Freemasons. The land, he declared, must be freed from the corrupting influence of the Jews.

The presence of Fascist Italy on the borders of Switzerland had never had any influence on Swiss national affairs until after this development. But with the growth of the Nazi forces Mussolini's followers in the non-German cantons began to take notice. The Italians in Canton Tessin inaugurated an energetic secessionist campaign, and French nationalists likewise began to take a more active interest in political affairs. All this did not contribute to the tranquility of the tri-lingual republic. The bourgeois parties, which were at first inclined to lend a sympathetic ear to the demands of the *Fronten* movement, began to realize that the emphasis on national and racial differences would sooner or later endanger the existence of the state. The old Conservative Party was the first to sever its connections, and the *Fronten* movement lost heavily in all cantons in the last elections. As a matter of fact, National Socialism as imported from Germany has already ceased to be an active menace in Swiss politics. Dr. Gustloff, having lived through the rise and decline of the Swiss Nazi movement, now follows it into a grave of its own making.

Issues and Men

Politics and Friendships

AL SMITH'S bitter and unjust attack upon President Roosevelt doubtless ends what was once a beautiful friendship. If one recalls the famous Madison Square Garden convention in 1924 there arises at once the picture of Franklin Roosevelt, lately recovered from his illness, achieving a new height as a speaker in his "Happy Warrior" address in behalf of Al Smith. It made many besides myself then wonder whether Mr. Roosevelt, were he a bit older and more firmly reestablished in health, might not be the compromise candidate instead of Newton D. Baker or John W. Davis. Certainly it would seem as if the obligations under which Franklin Roosevelt placed Al Smith at that time might have barred a man with finer feelings from ever criticizing the man who so gallantly championed him.

But the history of politics teems with similar instances of broken friendships which have profoundly affected political currents. Henry Pringle has just reviewed at length for the Dictionary of American Biography the famous quarrel between Theodore Roosevelt and William H. Taft, which resulted in the Republican split in 1912, the election of Wilson to the Presidency, and all the national and international consequences thereof. He finds that there was no one cause for it, no break over any particular act of Mr. Taft's, but a general drifting into active antagonism because of differing points of view. This is, I think, the true explanation. I remember that one of Mr. Taft's private secretaries asked me very earnestly before Mr. Roosevelt returned from his European visits whether I believed it possible that he would break with Mr. Taft. When I replied that I was sure that he would, the secretary remained incredulous. It was not possible; it could not be. It would be an inexcusable betrayal of man and party. None the less, the break did come. Hurt as he was, however, Mr. Taft never descended to a personal attack and exercised exemplary restraint.

The parting of the two men was not only a matter of diverging philosophies and temperaments and political programs. It grew in considerable measure out of Theodore Roosevelt's fatal mistake in choosing his successor, and Taft's in allowing himself to be chosen and forced on the party. That immediately created an impossible situation, especially with Theodore Roosevelt's personality. He could not forget what he had done for Taft; consciously or unconsciously, it made him feel not only that the new President was bound in honor to walk precisely in his footsteps, but that any divergence constituted treason and disloyalty. Had he not made him both Secretary of War and President? There is where the mischief was done. When one of two friends accepts a tremendous favor from the other, a deadly blow may be struck at the edifice of their friendship. Precisely this element entered into the Smith-Roosevelt relationship. Al Smith cannot forget that it was he and no one else who gave Franklin Roosevelt his opportunity to reenter public life when he drafted him to run for Governor. As I have pointed out elsewhere, under the Tammany code this should have made Franklin Al's faithful vassal from then on, with

no right whatever to put himself ahead of his benefactor. Al Smith today does not consider that he has been disloyal to a friend in his latest attack. For he feels with every fiber of his being that Franklin Roosevelt betrayed him first—at Chicago in 1932 by taking the nomination himself. There, Al would say, was where the break took place, for he feels sure that the "breach of faith" alone kept him out of the Presidency—he is certain any Democrat, Catholic or otherwise, could have been elected when Roosevelt was.

It would be, of course, wrong to lay down the law that friendships must always be kept intact at the expense of political principles, or the welfare of the nation. No matter how close the tie between two men, it is bound to give way before a conflict on pure principle. The difficulty is that in these political friendships it is so hard to keep the question of personal success or prestige out of the motives influencing the break. But no one can expect silence on the part of a friend when the other has done what appears to be a wrong and unworthy act. Gladstone had warmly cooperated with Charles Parnell for years to bring about Home Rule in Ireland. When the news came that Parnell had been made co-respondent in the O'Shea divorce case, Gladstone at first wanted to keep out of the whole matter. "What!" he cried, "because a man is what is called leader of a party, does that constitute him a censor and a judge of faith and morals? I will not accept it. It would make life intolerable." But he soon found that he could not maintain that attitude. He would not or could not defy the rising public protest in religious and social circles because Parnell had committed the sin of being found out. Historians and playwrights differ about his subsequent policy and the sincerity of it. But Parnell was forced out, to die within a couple of years, and the cause of Home Rule was put back for nearly a third of a century. The suspicion remains that at heart Gladstone was glad to see Parnell disappear. They were of course not intimate friends, but they had been pulling together for something that was profoundly needed, as history has since shown, and the resultant years of delay cost both England and Ireland dear in ill-will, disorder, destruction, and death.

It now remains to be seen whether Al Smith, in the hate and bitterness which corrode his soul to such a degree as to make him reverse himself in his political thinking and political associations, will foment a third ticket like the Bull Moose Party in order thus to insure Roosevelt's defeat, if possible, by drawing off a sufficient number of Democrats. It would be a pitiful spectacle, if only because it would make Al continue to stultify himself, and might result in the election of a completely reactionary President opposed to all the things that Al stood for until the break at Chicago in 1932.

Howell Garrison Villard



Poor old Constitution! How can she get rid of all her protectors?

The Riddle of the Supreme Court

II. The Lawless Supreme Court

By MAX LERNER

NOTHING is clearer in Washington today than that the Supreme Court justices are at sixes and threes. The personal tension among them is no mere accident of individual temperament or will. One of the marks of constitutional crisis is the sharpening of differences on the court.

During the preliminary skirmishes on the New Deal legislation the court seemed to fall into three loose groups. The most cohesive was that of the four "diehard" conservatives—Justice Van Devanter, Justice McReynolds, Justice Sutherland, Justice Butler. At the opposite extreme were the three "liberals"—Justice Brandeis, Justice Stone, and Justice Cardozo. That left a "balance-of-power" group of two—Chief Justice Hughes and Justice Roberts. It was these two who by their vacillations sent the judicial fever-chart of the New Deal careening from high to low. As the sense of economic panic decreased and the political tension increased, the three groups became two. The bitterness of the diehard judges reached such a pitch that they became completely indistinguishable from Liberty Leaguers. The liberals suspended whatever differences of economic philosophy they had, and even grew critical of the inherent abuses of the judicial power itself. The balance-of-power pair, after a somewhat indecent flirtation with the liberals in the Minnesota moratorium case and the Nebbia milk-control case, were finally forced to make a definite choice. They could not continue to commute between two worlds. Nor could they, when the heavens were falling, merely stand aloof and murmur, "A plague on both your houses." Whatever may have been their previous constitutional waverings, they threw in their lot with the diehards and chose the side of the entrenched order. The Supreme Court is now two armed camps confronting each other.

To the believers in the judicial power, this is of course distressing. It is not so much that the court fails to present the serried ranks of a united front. Since the days when John Marshall held the court under his hypnotic sway, no united front has been possible except sporadically. What is distressing is that a persistent series of six-to-three decisions will weaken the prestige of the court. When justices divide with a monotonous uniformity, even the hardened believer in divine right may feel that the Constitution is curiously unclear for so compelling a document.

When the crisis was most desperate it seemed for a time that the court might join the colors in the war against the depression. Among the brilliant young lawyers who flocked to Washington there was an amazingly sanguine view that the New Deal would prove constitutional. It seems surprising now that anyone should ever have thought we could have a drastic dislocation of our economic life, with all the desperate efforts at economic control that it

entailed, without having a constitutional dislocation as well. With the advantage of hindsight we glimpse today what the relation of the Supreme Court is to capitalist crisis. At the period of greatest panic and despair the court is likely to sanction heroic remedies. Enough liberals and balance-of-power judges can be mustered who have the wisdom to see that capitalist survival would be impossible without a summary use of the federal power. But it is only when the economic crisis itself has eased, and business enterprise has recovered from its mortal anguish, that the real constitutional crisis comes. The old taboos against government control are reasserted. The court seeks to prevent the country from making the new measures of control permanent, and so from paying too high a price for survival. The liberals on the court find themselves isolated. The balance-of-power judges find it is no longer necessary to be liberal. The conservatives give every indication that in them is the grace confessed.

To trace the career of the New Deal in the court is to describe the rise and fall of a felt need. In 1933, before the New Deal legislation was passed, Chief Justice Hughes speaking for the court took judicial notice of the depression. That was in the Appalachian coal case. In the Minnesota mortgage-moratorium case, in January, 1934, Justice Hughes read a five-to-four decision upholding the government. In March the same court majority, speaking now through Justice Roberts in the Nebbia case, upheld price-fixing by the New York State milk-control board. The Panama (hot-oil) case represented the first break. But the case turned on delegation of powers and administrative carelessness rather than on the substance of the legislation; and the next cases—the gold-clause cases—reassured those who had grown anxious. There Chief Justice Hughes seemed to go out of his way in unusually tortuous reasoning to save the financial stability of the government and uphold its contentions. This augured well, and Justice McReynolds's dramatic outburst in the courtroom, when he warned that the Constitution had been scrapped, seemed merely to be an elegy over an order that was dead. It was then that the really ominous decision came—the five-to-four opinion against the government, read by Roberts in the railroad-retirement case. This opinion, when compared with Justice Roberts's earlier Nebbia opinion, measured the judicial crack-up of the New Deal. After that, of course, came the Schechter brothers, the Hoo-sac mills, the rice processors' case, and a brood that threatens to lengthen out into the future.

There is a measure of truth in the contention that if the crucial New Deal measures—NRA and AAA—had come before the court sooner, they would have fared differently. The timing was undoubtedly bad, and time was the heart of the matter. And yet the President had able lawyers among his advisers, some of whom may have felt, along with General Johnson, that the NRA should be given time to become an effectively functioning mechanism before

it ran the court gauntlet. Meanwhile, however, the crisis tension was passing. If the cases had been pushed earlier they might have been validated. If they had been declared unconstitutional early enough President Roosevelt would have had behind him a vast force of opinion for any attack he might make on the judicial power.

Such reasoning, however, does not go far enough. When the economic tension was finally eased, the court would have found little difficulty in retracing its steps. The crux of the constitutional impasse today is that any permanent extension of the federal power would be regarded by concentrated wealth as a decisive threat to its dominance. The constitutional crisis might have been delayed; it could scarcely have been eliminated.

The overwhelming issue today is whether we shall have a power in the federal government that can meet and cope with the concentration of economic power in our society.

This question really involves something like a three-ring circus. It involves first what we may call *the area of economic activity*, which has moved from independent farming and petty trade to the scale of the giant corporation. It involves, secondly, *the area of government control* of that economic activity. It involves, finally, *the area of judicial tolerance*—the extent to which the Supreme Court will allow government control. While the first is part of the inevitable sweep of the machine process, and the second has responded to waves of democratic feeling, the last is unlimited except as it may limit itself. In the now famous words of Justice Hughes, spoken while he was still Governor of New York and therefore relatively irresponsible, "We are under a Constitution, but the Constitution is what the judges say it is."

What has happened since the eighties is that government control on the plane of state units has grown increasingly irrelevant. While the court has through most of its history been intolerant of state control, and fought it especially through the doctrine of due process of law, Justices Holmes and Brandeis succeeded in developing a persuasive philosophy of judicial toleration. Holmes was for allowing experiments in "the insulated chambers of the states." Brandeis was for giving the decisive weight to the legislative history of an act and the social context in which it was placed. But such philosophies are now less applicable. We have an economic system that can be run successfully or curbed effectively only on a national plane.

We must face the fact that the area of government control today must coincide with the area of economic activity. Since one is on a national scale, so must the other be. Industry is not contained within state lines. Mining, manufacturing, transportation, communication, labor, finance—all constitute an unbroken industrial chain flung out over a national market. Moreover, industry not only operates on a national scale, but its power is national in its magnitude and concentration. And when our economic system breaks down, it can be restored only by governmental action on a national scale. In fact, whether the economic system is functioning or threatening or in collapse, the states as the principal regulatory agencies are now anachronisms.

Can we achieve genuine control on the plane of the federal power? The answer that the court is spelling out,

in one grim decision after another, increasingly dooms the federal power. But there is something even more important than to grasp the answer—and that is to grasp the fact that it is not the only possible answer the court could give. "That is not law," said a trial judge to Daniel Webster. "It *was* until you spoke, Your Honor," answered Webster. Each time that the Supreme Court has spoken since Justice Roberts's fatal decision in the railroad-retirement case, something that had been law ceased to be law. Each time some path that might have led toward an adequate federal power was blocked or hopelessly rutted. When Justice Holmes once stated that "hard cases make bad law" he was looking ahead into 1935 and 1936 with amazing clairvoyance. The general run of cases that come before the court are fairly clear. They involve usually the extension of an old rule to a new instance. They do not involve lengthy opinions, bitter dissents, personal tension among the justices, counsel on the point of collapse, and an agitated country. The New Deal cases have been "hard cases"—where novel issues are raised, or where the familiar issues are pushed so far that they seem to change their character.

The New Dealers relied on three Congressional grants of power in order to have the courts decide the "hard cases" in their favor. One is the power of Congress to regulate commerce, the second is its taxing power, the third (closely related to the second) is its spending power.

The commerce power was the one most relied on for vaulting into the heaven of federal control. There was a strong tradition of liberal interpretation of the commerce power, and it did not need much stretching to make it adequate for industrial control. The tendency toward a broad construction, as Professor Corwin has shown, became marked under the influence of Holmes and Taft, starting with the Swift case in 1905. The court had accepted the regulation of the meat-packing industry and of the grain-futures exchanges as coming within the scope of the commerce clause. The only real stumbling-block was *Hammer vs. Dagenhart* (1918), the first child-labor case, which held invalid a federal act forbidding the shipment of the products of child labor in interstate commerce. The court has, in interpreting the term "commerce," fluctuated between restricting it severely to physical transportation, and expanding it to mean anything essential to the functioning of the economic mechanism. In interpreting the term "regulate" it has at times restricted it to the Hamiltonian sense of fostering and aiding commerce, and at times ventured into the more militant sense of subjecting it to government restraint. Accordingly, when the court in the railway-retirement case and again in the Schechter NRA case adopted the narrow view of the commerce power, it was a deliberate choice of the less liberal among alternative lines of precedent.

When the commerce power had been blocked, the new white hopes became the taxing power (under the general-welfare clause) and the power of making appropriations. Both were clearly and deeply entrenched in American constitutional history—in the history of legislative practice and in that of judicial interpretation. To have overturned these powers directly would have meant a judicial revolution. The only real precedent that the government had reason to fear was the child-labor tax case (or the second child-labor case) in which, after the court in *Hammer vs. Dagenhart* had held an attempt to regulate child labor invalid under the com-

merce power, Congress sought to accomplish the same regulation by imposing a tax on the products of child labor. As is well known, the court, when confronted by the problem of the taxing and spending powers in the Hoosac case, tried the flank attack. It studiously avoided passing directly upon the scope of the general-welfare clause or of the spending power. It insisted that the purpose of the act was the federal regulation of agriculture, that under the Tenth Amendment this was reserved to the states, and that Congress could not assume such a regulatory function under the guise of taxing the processors or making appropriations for the farmers. While legally a loophole was left open for the use of the taxing and spending powers (if such a use refrains from being coercive), the practical effect of reasoning from the Tenth Amendment would seem to be a flat, clear, and positive judicial prohibition of attempts to use these powers for regulatory purposes.

I know that it is a paradox and also *lèse majesté* to speak of the Supreme Court as lawless. And yet, if the meaning of the word be properly understood, the conviction is overwhelming that the Supreme Court majority represents the most lawless force in American life today.

I can only list the counts in the most summary fashion. First, in economic terms, the present course of decision can only lead us to economic chaos. By denying the federal government the power to deal on a national plane with the problems of economic control, the court is doing more to weaken the American economic structure than all the allegedly subversive radical parties in the country. But it is accomplishing more than a blocking of the federal power in the name of states' rights. By a process familiar in our judicial history, which we may without loss of dignity call the "two-way stretch," it is also blocking the state power of economic control. The same session which saw the Hoosac decision saw also the decision in the Vermont income-

tax case and the North Dakota tax-commission case. The result is to cripple both state and federal control, leave the public interest in a dark no man's land, and leave business enterprise itself at the mercy of the forces of collapse.

To economic chaos must be added administrative anarchy. It is not only that the Supreme Court's animus against legislative control is encouraging the lower federal courts to grant injunctions generously and give free rein to their inherent conservatism. Something even more serious is presented in the court's ruling in the rice millers' case. With a reckless disregard of administrative consequences, the court in effect placed a premium on refusal to pay taxes. Those who do not pay but seek injunctive relief may have their taxes impounded in court and eventually returned to them. This would effectively sabotage any administrative set-up, no matter how good.

More strictly within the judicial realm are two other matters. One relates to the court's cavalier treatment of established and fairly clear precedent, as pointed out earlier in the article. The other relates to the departure from the tradition of constitutional law which holds that if a case can be disposed of on narrow or procedural grounds, the larger issues ought not to be raised. If this tradition had been followed, much havoc might have been avoided in the interpretation of the commerce power. For some reason the court seems anxious to look ahead and pass on the large and impending constitutional issues. The result is a needlessly rapid and savage rate of legislative destruction.

Finally, there is a lawlessness involved in the court's being a law to itself. Justice Stone, in his brilliant Hoosac dissent, charged the majority with assuming an arbitrary and irresponsible power, subject to no restraint except their own self-restraint. In a supposedly democratic state, based on the separation of powers, this is the height of lawlessness.

[This is the second of four articles on the Supreme Court. The third will appear in an early issue.]

Washington Weekly

By PAUL W. WARD

Washington, February 9

JUST as the Caesars, riding in triumphal processions, needed slaves to whisper in their ears reminders of their mortality, so the President of the United States and his Congressional leaders need constantly to be reminded that the purpose of government is to further not merely their own but the public welfare. Just now such a whispering service is especially needed. Without it, as events of the last few days show, the Administration is hell-bent on accomplishing in this session of Congress nothing of merit—and much that is meretricious.

The purposes of government have been forgotten in the rush to get Congress out of town and keep the Presidential campaign free of solid issues. If the Administration has its way, Congress will go home in May after having done little more than pass the routine appropriation bills and enact an insubstantial and unplanned work-relief program for 1936-37. Under heavy Administration pressure all efforts at constitutional reform are being crushed. Under similar

pressure the movement for permanent neutrality legislation is being brought to a standstill. The old AAA program is being rushed to reenactment in a disguise protected from close scrutiny by a deliberate denial of public hearings on the measure, which contains all the anti-social elements of the old AAA and none of its consumer-protection devices.

Most disgraceful of all is the situation with respect to taxation and the bonus. After the latter measure was passed without his active opposition but over his veto, Mr. Roosevelt informed Congress that it would have to find the \$2,249,000,000 in revenues needed to pay the bonus in June. His bravery was short-lived. When Congress balked at the implied command to make heavy additions to the nation's tax bill in an election year, Mr. Roosevelt suddenly discovered that the bonus was not at all the frightfully costly thing he had proclaimed it to be. He released the good news that, after all, it would add only \$100,000,000 to the immediate annual cost of government; and straightway he busied himself in trying to make room for that item in his

budget without recommending the levying of additional taxes.

He has been working at that task for several days, with apparent success. All that threatens now in the way of new tax legislation is the reenactment of the outlawed AAA processing taxes as excise levies. Reformation of the nation's anti-social tax structure waits, while the \$547,000,000 in consumption taxes lifted off the body politic by the Supreme Court's AAA decision are strapped back on to that body at the behest of a President who in 1933 won public acclaim by loud opposition to such imposts.

QUITE properly, considering the low level to which Congressional operations have sunk this session, the United Mine Workers' convention threatened at times to eliminate Congress from the front pages. The convention was a good show, but it was not a perfect hit. Coming after the unnecessarily cruel treatment accorded Bill Green, Apostle of Inaction, the vote to double the salaries of the union's executive officers struck a sour note.

Exception could not be taken to the increases themselves. (If Hearst and other captains of industry draw salaries ranging from \$100,000 to \$500,000 a year, John Lewis deserves a salary sufficient to pay off the national debt.) It was the steam-roller tactics used by Lewis's lieutenants that were deplorable. They were deplorable chiefly because many persons anxious and able to assist Lewis in his campaign to reshape the American labor movement have been holding back to see whether the Lewis of 1936 is a new Lewis or just the Lewis of 1932 *et ante* with a new vocabulary. The salary-vote tactics increased their suspicions, and it may take more than Lewis's morning-after renunciation of the \$13,000 raise granted him to arrest their fears and bring them into camp.

THOSE who cursed Representative O'Connor of New York last summer for the aid he gave to H. C. Hopson of Associated Gas in the power trust's fight against the holding-company bill now must turn about and spare this Tammanyite a few thanks. The same power that he used as chairman of the House Rules Committee to obstruct passage of the holding-company bill he is now using with greater effect to block passage of the Kramer and Tydings-McCormack "anti-red" bills. O'Connor is motivated in his present stand by lessons he learned as a New York Assemblyman when the Lusk boys were on the rampage. Patriots, he says, cannot be made by legislation.

MORE than a few of our opulent gentry have been willing in the past to donate as much as \$100,000 to Presidential campaign funds in exchange for nothing more than occasional invitations to dinner at the White House. It is doubtful that they will be willing to do so henceforth, for the honor of dining at the White House has just undergone considerable tarnishing. The White House secretariat, adding another to its series of costly blunders, has let a convicted criminal, Elmer B. O'Hara, be added to the select company of men invited to sup with Roosevelt.

O'Hara could not accept because he was under trial at Detroit on election-fraud charges and the jury was still out on the night of the dinner. It has since returned a verdict of guilty against him. He previously had been convicted of bribery in a Macomb County, Michigan, land-condemna-

tion case and was awaiting sentence on that count when the White House dinner invitation reached him. It was sent to him because he continues to hold the title of chairman of the Michigan Democratic State Central Committee, though the duties of that post were transferred to an executive committee last year when charges were filed against O'Hara.

IF a season ticket to the White House is worth \$100,000 to a certain few rich men like Bernard Baruch, what is a Senate committee chairmanship worth to the White House? The answer seems to be about \$5,000,000. To obtain the basis for that answer one must explore the \$200,000,000 trans-Florida ship-canal project, which may shortly be the subject of a Senatorial investigation.

The project involves a plan to dig a 206-mile canal for oceangoing vessels across northern Florida from Jacksonville to the Gulf. There seems to be no reason for the canal, for most of the lines operating in the area assert that their ships would not use it, but Jacksonville interests have been pushing the plan for twenty years. The RFC turned thumbs down on the scheme when it was presented by a private corporation. Later it was urged upon the PWA as a public project. Ickes twice turned it down. Then, last summer, it got to the White House, where at last success awaited it. Mr. Roosevelt gave the project a Presidential allotment of \$5,000,000 out of the \$4,000,000,000 work-relief fund and started the War Department engineers to work on it.

Why did he do it? Why did he commit the federal government to an investment that can be retrieved only by the expenditure of an additional \$140,000,000 to \$200,000,000 over a period of six years? The best available answer to date is that he did it as a favor to Senator Fletcher of Florida in recompense for his assumption of the Senate Banking and Currency Committee chairmanship. Fletcher, at seventy-seven, is careworn and feeble and wanted a less arduous committee assignment. And why was Roosevelt so anxious to have Fletcher at the head of Banking and Currency? Because that was the only way of keeping the chairmanship away from Carter Glass. None but Fletcher on the committee outranked Glass, who automatically would have succeeded to the chair if Fletcher had declined it.

When Roosevelt, running counter to the findings of the PWA, made the \$5,000,000 allotment to the canal project, he emphasized that the project's sponsors would have to look to Congress for the rest. Fletcher is preparing at the moment to seek a \$20,000,000 appropriation to supplement the initial \$5,000,000, now virtually exhausted, and Senator Vandenberg of Michigan is trying to call a halt on the project before it goes any farther.

To that end, he has introduced a resolution for an investigation of the project. Hearings on the resolution have been held and a decision is pending. At those hearings Ickes reiterated his opposition to the project on grounds of economic feasibility. The War Department's representative, General Markham, testified that work had been started without a final report from his board of engineers and that this was an unprecedented procedure but he was operating "under orders" from a superior authority. Vandenberg presented letters from twenty-eight potential users of the canal none of whom regarded the project favorably. Nine who opposed it had been recorded by the War Department as favorable to the project.

Photographing This World

By MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE

AS the echoes of the old debate—is photography an art?—die away, a new and infinitely more important question arises. To what extent are photographers becoming aware of the social scene and how significantly are their photographs portraying it?

It is some years since the photographer has felt the need to defend the thesis that the photograph has as much creative quality as the painting. It is generally accepted that photographs are as like or unlike painting as painting is like or unlike sculpture. There is no essential creative difference between hammering stone with a chisel and hammering silver with rays of light. The art of pointing the camera at an object does not transfer it automatically to the back of the photographer's little black box. The illumination, modeling, choice of boundaries, focal length of lenses control the transfer of an object to a sheet of sensitized celluloid, but the major control is the photographer's point of view.

There was a time when fuzzy trees against a fuzzier sky, mist at dawn, sleeping babes, and calla lilies comprised the art-forms of photography. Then rhythmic gear wheels and gleaming pistons shot into the photographic scene. The dynamo became respectable.

This was an advance toward realism and, as such, was good. But it was not enough. It is possible for hydraulic presses to rear their giant forms majestically in automobile factories, and for the workers who place and replace the metal sheets beneath the stamping block to be underpaid. It is possible for cranes to etch their delicate tracery against the sky, and for the iron miners to look from the front doors of their company houses across the deep-tiered stripping and see the derricks, exquisite but idle. It is possible for glistening saws to whirl their way, halos of living steel, and for the mill hands to watch those saws slow down into stillness, knowing this betokens another stretch of unemployment.

In the year before the great depression conditions were ideally suitable for the experimenting industrial artist. In the early days of my own experimenting, done largely during 1928 and the first half of 1929, it seemed to me that I was free. I could photograph what I liked without supervision, because then the idea of beauty in the owner's own factory was novel to him. Anything that brought out the glamor of his industry was acceptable because to him his own industry was glamorous. It was piling up profits.

Here I was fortunate, because I had the high flowering of big business in which to learn. Anything I took that had artistic value sold. I do not mean that I marketed everything I photographed, for I was going through a difficult training school and I knew it. Starting in the steel mills, I had to master what is probably the most difficult set of lighting conditions in the world, and literally hundreds of negatives which were poorly exposed or non-interpretative went into the wastebasket. I had to find myself among the cranes, ladles, and blast furnaces. In the beginning, I was so thrilled by this vital, living industry I was trying to photograph that I literally had no idea what to take. I would come into the steel mills, into the riot of flying sparks, rushing metal,

bursts of smoke, and feel as though I were coming home, it seemed so much a part of me. But it was a long time before I learned to imprint it significantly on panchromatic film.

When I gradually became more sure in capturing this newly discovered glory, I found that my main customers were the banks. Cleveland was a growing city. No one dreamed that it was not going to expand indefinitely. The banks promoted this theme. Their use of photographs on the covers of their booklets, stockholders' statements, dividend reports was Utopia for a groping, experimenting industrial photographer. It meant that I could offer a choice of any of these subjects which moved me—a pattern of structural steel, the arch of a railroad bridge, a coal rig loading freighters, the revolving disks of flywheels; any of these subjects symbolized to the bankers, or at least to their press agents, the greatness of industrial Cleveland.

Perhaps a prophetic note was struck in one of the last of these pure pattern pictures which I sold in this way. Leaving a factory where I had been working one day, I was struck by the beauty of the late afternoon light on a pile of rusting gear wheels which had been thrown on a dump heap. The resultant photograph was everything that the advertising manager desired in the way of composition and contrasts of light and shade. The soft twilight was deceptive, and the corrosion marks on the gears did not show. The picture was run as a full page in the Cleveland newspapers as an advertisement of the soundness of this mighty Cleveland bank, and my rusted gears were labeled "Keep the Wheels of Industry Turning."

Then came the crash. One by one the banks which had been my customers folded up. The publicity managers who had been my buyers shifted about to other occupations. Clevelanders who had been brought up on the omnipotent, everlasting dynasty of those famous railroad brothers who were my star customers incredulously read headlines which proclaimed the crumbling of the Van Sweringens.

My work went on. After coming to New York I was as busy as ever. I was still under the delusion that I was free, but imperceptibly the nature of my work underwent a change. Instead of being turned loose for a month in an automobile factory to portray the drama of the manufacture of the motor car, I was sent out with a tissue-paper layout, drawn by the art director of an advertising agency, with a group of smartly garbed and professionally smiling models, to show the style points of the finished car. What is known in the trade as institutional advertising had become a luxury product. The task now was to show that a certain make had streamlier streamlines, a glossier paint job, more luscious upholstery for less money than you would pay for a competitor's car.

The desire for technical excellence leads one into this kind of thing with a magnet. I felt, and I believe rightly, that the art-for-art's-sake idea had no place in modern photography. The function of photography was to do a job, to do skilfully and effectively the task of selling soapflakes, perfume, or motor cars. The degree of technical facility

required is so great that advertising teaches invaluable lessons. The advertising photographer cannot be sloppy or inexact. Here we have a use for photography which increases still further the photographer's approach to realism.

It has been forced on me increasingly that there is a limit to the progress that the photographer as an artist can make while pursuing this path. The technical problems are so difficult, so varied, so stimulating, and for a long time so challenging that his work will leap ahead if he successfully meets the problems put to him. But a point comes where his work will increase in merit from the advertiser's point of view only if he himself begins to adopt that point of view. This business of adopting the advertiser's point of view is a subtle and curious thing. If his interests are drawing closer to social realism and he is growing farther away from the artificial atmosphere his clients are trying to promote, he finds, as he goes out on an advertising assignment, that he makes unaccountable mistakes. A desire to do honest work, a social view of the world, will lead him into unexpected pitfalls. To go on competently in the line along which this work leads him he must abandon his own artistic and social conceptions.

I discovered, after many unhappy days of working with a certain brand of motor car, that I had been looking at the automobile with the wrong eyes. This car was not an automobile in the ordinary sense; it was a winged chariot which floated smoothly off into space; only happy individuals, only well-dressed people rode in it; no one went to work, wept, worried, or suffered in its tasteful, though inexpensive, insides. I did not realize this, so my pictures were wrong. By great effort and continuous application I could make them adequate for the advertising pages, but the old, joyous, workmanlike feeling was gone. The pictures did not compose themselves so happily and swiftly on the groundglass.

Once in a while I was given the opportunity to do a job that I really liked, and yet all too often, even in the performance of this work, unexpected obstacles crossed my path. During the drought I was hired by a most reputable magazine to cover the entire stricken area from north to south. I was a very happy photographer when I started out. I had the advantages of all modern technique, an airplane, my instructions, an expense account. Here was an opportunity to show what was really going on—a chance to get close to the realities of life. It was common knowledge that there was cattle shooting. The papers had been full of it. In Omaha I was told that there was no more cattle shooting in Nebraska; true there had been a little, but it was not going on any more. But if I wanted to go to Kansas City, I would find plenty. In Kansas it was impressed on me that Kansas had never shot many cattle anyway, but if I went on to Texas, I could get all I could use. In the Panhandle persuasive AAA officials tried to assure me that whatever isolated episodes of cattle shooting had occurred were in the past, but across the border in New Mexico I would find a great deal of it. By that time I had talked with farmers who had seen their herds depleted—herds which they had built up over the course of years and which they regarded almost as they would their families. I had authoritative figures on Texas cattle shooting. I left the AAA gentlemen, and scouting around myself among the ranches, I found the material for my pictures.

Thus, even when doing a job he believes in, the artist

frequently finds unexpected limits to his free expression. When doing a job he does not believe in, he suffers through the necessity of portraying his subject in a way that has become to him unreal. Just as the portrait painter may offend a society lady if he allows lines of age or temperament to come into his picture, so I will displease my client if, in my portrait of an automobile, I allow the reflection of a tree branch to mar its sleek, lacquered surface. The relation of the artist to the patron underlies these incidents. When the social ideals of patron and artist coincide, at that moment art flourishes. When the grandeur of industry appeals alike to manufacturer and photographer, the industrial artist is creative and free.

The artist's livelihood becomes involved at this point. He likes to think of himself as apart from business. Yet he stands or falls with the business cycle. In a period of prosperity the artist is given the opportunity to develop his technique. He can experiment, learn, grow—and the business man will help him. But in time of crisis the business man is too preoccupied or too poor. And even under the best conditions the environment may be antagonistic to the artist. The adoption of the ideals of his customer or patron may require that he abandon his own artistic and social conceptions. How will he escape from his dilemma? Either he adopts those ideals and prospers temporarily, or he repudiates them and becomes increasingly unhappy. At a moment of crisis, he has neither happiness nor prosperity.

Like the painter, the photographer is seeking a wider world, one in which his desire for self-realization is not achieved at the cost of his integrity. In an effort to plot a course which will defend their interests as independent artists, photographers are joining with painters, sculptors, graphic artists, and designers in the first American Artists' Congress, at which artists from all sections of the country will discuss the serious issues which face them. Recognizing that the gravest threat to their independence lies in the very real menace of fascism, more than three hundred American artists, among them Rockwell Kent, Paul Manship, Alexander Brook, Max Weber, Edward Steichen, Ralph Steiner, Paul Strand, Peggy Bacon, Peter Blume, Norman Bel Geddes, and Art Young, have committed themselves, through signing the call to the congress, to an active defense of their freedom of expression by concerted opposition to the dangers of war and fascism.

Problems posed in the opening session of the congress on February 14 will be dealt with more exhaustively in two days of closed sessions to follow at the New School for Social Research in New York. Out of these discussions of vital issues—esthetic, economic, and social—confronting artists in America today should and I hope will come the clarification needed. And although this is an artists' congress, those attending will realize that their problems are so broad as to reach far beyond their own immediate field, embracing the problems not only of artists but of playwrights, engineers, all creative workers. And they will comprehend that in a larger sense these problems apply to all workers whether they are building motor trucks, railroad trestles, power dams, or pictures. It is my own conviction that defense of their economic needs, as well as their liberty of artistic expression, will inevitably draw artists closer to the struggle of the great masses of American people for security and the abundant life.

Presidential Possibilities

Knox—Publisher into Candidate

By RAYMOND GRAM SWING

IT is not easy to make a satisfactory political identification of Colonel Frank Knox. Those who have heard or read his recent speeches and noted in them the acid animosity to President Roosevelt, the want of constructive social thought, the strained pietism toward the Constitution, and the vague talk of "voluntarism" as an American "system" may have concluded that he belongs with the conservatives of the Liberty League. His open hostility to the Wagner labor law would tend to confirm the opinion. But it would be a mistaken opinion. He is difficult to appraise, perhaps because he is two persons. One is the man who lived a full sixty years without a tinge of Presidential ambition, following an altogether intelligible career. Then he put on another character, that of a man touched by the ambition, and underwent changes which now are impossible to measure. The private Colonel Knox was anything but reactionary, bigoted, and devoid of balance. But this is not the man he is putting forward. Instead, he has captured the position of Critic Number One of President Roosevelt, and is making his race on the premise that Roosevelt can be made to beat Roosevelt, not that Knox could do it.

His virulent attack on Roosevelt coincides with the ground swell of the reaction against the New Deal. The fact is, of course, that President Roosevelt never was the savior he seemed. National feelings, having risen irrationally, had to sink irrationally. That of itself explains the tide against the New-Deal. And here, in Colonel Knox, is the voice for it. On March 16, 1934, he could speak of the President reverently as "the man who sits in the White House and bears the well-nigh intolerable burden of leadership in this crisis in our affairs." But on July 25, 1935, he went into intellectual falsetto in Los Angeles, crying: "Upon what food does this our Caesar feed? What madness has seized upon him? Does he not see how dangerously close this comes to conspiracy to break down our institutions of government?" And as recently as November 6, 1935, at St. Louis, referring to the Congressional investigations of business, he declared: "I say to you deliberately that most of these investigations are designed by the New Dealers to draw red herrings across the trail of their real intentions. Their intentions are to discredit private industry so these New Dealers may encounter a minimum resistance and later, it may well be, seize private property on the Marxian philosophy of government ownership." Now this is balderdash, and Publisher Knox of two years ago, if he could be projected into the present, would be the first to scoff at it.

But even the private Colonel Knox offers a clue to this change. He is fundamentally a trusting nature, and he has often shown himself a shade too ready to believe in the persons he meets. Then, with disillusionment, he over-reacts. Behind his attack on President Roosevelt, I imagine, is some episode in which he utterly believed in him and was fooled.

To find the real Knox one must go back to his speeches as a private person, before the Presidency entered his mind.

In these he stood out as a Bull Mooser. He had not developed the riper judgments suited to the epoch of 1936. He remained the voice of 1912. But he was refreshing, forthright, and courageous. He still is this person in the main, as anyone will learn in private conversation with him today. I have had several talks with him recently, and I found him passionately committed to the restoration of the competitive system in American life, as ready as T. R. to smash the trusts, unsparing in his condemnation of monopoly, genuinely concerned with finding a way back to the departed days of economic laissez faire. (Laissez faire is not his word but it is his meaning.) He hates bigness in business; he believes it incompetent, uneconomic, and dangerous. And he believes that if he were given the power he would find the moment and the audacity to turn back the clock in defiance of big business and high finance.

Colonel Knox has been a newspaper publisher nearly all his life, and there is no business quite so competitive, even in these days of chain papers, when publishing has become far more a matter of advertising and circulation than of able opinion. So Publisher Knox is genuine in his enthusiasm for competition. Furthermore, he is a first-class publisher, his five years with Hearst notwithstanding. Till well beyond fifty he was a small publisher, successful in a small way, honorable and intelligent in a large way, and he took the Hearst job, first publishing the Boston *American*, then managing all his newspapers, as a final clinching of success. He earned half a million dollars in five years, and at the end of that time he was ready in mind to retire. Nor was he a Hearst satellite, caught in the cobwebs of intrigue which make the Hearst organization so unhealthy a working place. He came in at the top and maintained his independence, finally resigning because of too many vetoes by his employer. The time with Hearst, together with an old friend's help, provided the cash with which he was able to buy his way into the Chicago *Daily News*, and make himself for the first time a big publisher on his own. When he gained control over that paper he determined to round out his career with a new achievement. He dreamed of making it the best newspaper in the English-speaking world, best in style, information, opinion, and appearance. It is impossible, of course, to say whether he ever could have accomplished this. I have called him a first-class publisher, but I do not know whether he is also a great one. I am not sure that Colonel Knox could himself train first-rate newspapermen, and so raise the standard of writing and trenchant thought in the American press. Nor am I sure he could watch his circulation fall by a couple of hundred thousand because of a conviction, though his first attacks on the New Deal did cost him readers by the five thousands.

The men on the *Daily News*, who have worked intimately with Colonel Knox and who for reasons of long friendship would speak freely to me, give a glowing account of him as a publisher. They have yet to see him, in a major

issue, come to what they consider a fundamentally wrong decision. Even when it cost something they have seen him, again and again, do the right thing. Furthermore, he has refused to subordinate the newspaper to his new political life. His paper is not his personal organ. It is not boosting his candidacy. Moreover, the men on the *Daily News* feel free to express themselves. One of the best reporters on the paper nearly lost his job for asking Colonel Knox how he wanted him to write a certain story. American newspaper traditions being what they are, the freedom of writers on the *News* is certainly wide; as in the case of Howard Vincent O'Brien, whose column on the editorial page sometimes goes so far to the left of the editorial opinion close by as to appear like an antidote. Colonel Knox thinks O'Brien is "mad," but gives him a column to be mad in. And he gave it when Columnist O'Brien commented on the Presidential candidacy of Publisher Knox. This is what O'Brien wrote:

I hope he gets the nomination. What is more, I would gnash no teeth if he were elected. But I think that within thirty minutes after he took the oath of office there would be some teeth-gnashing—and they would be his! He believes sincerely that, as President, he could alter the course of government. I do not. . . . I believe that, when put to the test, Mr. Knox's platform would remain as shiny and unmarred as the Democratic platform has been. I believe that a new hat on the White House hatrack would change the flow of events little more than a new president of Tel. and Tel. would affect our use of the telephone. I am convinced that Frank Knox would be a good President, efficient, worthy of all trust; but I am equally convinced that as President he would do things that are utterly abhorrent to him now, and perforce leave undone practically all of the things he now advocates.

Knox is a big-business executive rather than an editor in the old-fashioned sense. It is in the management of a newspaper property that his gifts have been exceptional, and in this one-sidedness he is like all outstanding publishers in America that I have encountered. Few of them know much about writing or rate wise judgment above all other qualities. Knox is not versatile in dealing with ideas. He is an extrovert, a doer, in other words a business executive, not a thinker. And as a business executive he is like others of the type in America—impetuous, dominant, lonely; in the last analysis he makes all decisions himself. As an extrovert who dislikes delegating authority, he resembles Franklin Roosevelt. But having come through the harsh school of competitive business, he is more hard-boiled. To his business associates he is known for bluntly speaking his mind. And they admire his ability to say "no" to temptations to spend money. He can manage property, curtail expenses, defy all considerations which tempt a weaker man into precarious business methods. His business associates think he would have the courage to reduce the government budget, withstand the infinite claims made on a President, and do what is known as "cleaning up the New Deal mess at Washington."

Like most large papers in America, the *Daily News* is a great business institution as well as an organ of public opinion. Even so, in its way it is a servant of the public, and even of liberty. During the witch-hunt at the University of Chicago, while the *News* did not bristle with indignation it did come out on the opposite side to Hearst. Its editorial spoke of "an agitated minority" that had become alarmed by "reports of disloyalty in certain universities."

"Even if some individual teacher," it went on, "is guilty of unlawful activity or seditious teaching—which is yet to be proved—it would be unjust and contrary to public interest to indict an entire institution or to impose shackles upon teaching and inquiry. It would be a permanent setback to this community if, in a moment of hysteria, the cardinal principles of academic freedom and the perennial quest of truth should be circumscribed."

Today Candidate Knox has in his organization two leaders of the American Legion, one of them former National Commander Hayes. As an ex-service man of both the Spanish-American and World wars, he is making the strongest bid for the veteran vote. After opposing the bonus as a publisher, believing in economy, he found as candidate that it might as well be paid, if it could be out of funds already appropriated. Whether he would be as quick to rationalize the suppression of academic freedom and "the perennial quest for truth" to please the Legion remains to be seen.

[In two earlier articles on *Presidential Possibilities* Mr. Swing discussed the candidacy of Governor Landon. Next week he will analyze the campaign strategy of Colonel Knox.]

Loose Construction

By HEYWOOD BROWN

THE conservative wing of the Republican Party is riding high in the party's councils at the moment. The Smith speech at the Liberty League dinner and the Talmadge speech at the Macon convention both indicated that potential walking Democrats are seeking the exit at the extreme right. With the exception of Herbert Hoover, whose name would arouse a certain personal resentment in the Smith forces, it is hard to think of any G. O. P. candidate reactionary enough to alienate Al or Gene. This growing faith that a Bourbon can be nominated and elected was illustrated the other day by a Republican Congressman who bridled at the mention of Ogden Mills. "Ogden Mills for President!" he exclaimed. "You don't think I'm going to support one of those crackpot liberals."

Don't forget Jim Wadsworth. His strength is growing rapidly. Already he is being freely mentioned as a vice-presidential candidate and he may move higher in the picture. The Representative from New York was considered antediluvian a few months ago but he begins to shape up as just the type. It must be remembered that Republicans are preparing to make much of "Washington or Moscow" or some such slogan. It isn't altogether easy to find a candidate who has not been called communistic by somebody. After all, the list of those against whom the finger of suspicion has been pointed includes Roy Howard, Nicholas Murray Butler, Dean Russell of Teachers College, Bishop McConnell, William E. Borah, and just the other day Ralph Easley suggested that Ham Fish was slipping.

IN considering the speech of William Green at the United Mine Workers' convention it should be pointed out that Mr. Green was not nearly as inept as he seemed to many of the newspaper reporters who were present. The

gentlemen of the press held the length of the speech against Green, and it is true that he talked for more than an hour and a half. But that is by no means a long speech as labor standards go, and miners in particular like their eloquence long drawn out.

John L. Lewis is not always given to brevity. He is a genius on the platform and makes his own rules, but certainly in passing up his opportunity for an extended reply to Green he broke away from well-established precedents. The revolutionary quality of his tactics was one of the things which captured the imagination of the mine workers. In labor groups there is a considerable tendency to believe that the man who takes the most time has the best case. McAllister Coleman told me that once in Illinois he listened to a mine leader who talked for three and a half hours without a break. "What did you think of my speech?" he asked Coleman at the conclusion.

"Well," replied the newspaperman as tactfully as he could, "it was certainly pretty long."

"Long nothing," said the labor leader, "you should have caught me down in Alabama last summer. I was speaking under a tent and it was 103 in the shade. I spoke for eight hours. Twenty people fainted, but the stretcher bearers always came back to hear me finish my speech."

John L. Lewis did not require the stretcher bearers to wait so long. He knocked out William Green in precisely three minutes.

* * *

IT is too soon to make predictions that the squabble at the convention necessarily means a split between the United Mine Workers and the American Federation of Labor. It is well to remember that the executive committee of the A. F. of L. made a violent gesture toward the Committee for Industrial Organization in its Miami resolution. I imagine that Lewis felt his group would be decidedly on the defensive unless he could show the potentiality of an even more powerful and punishing blow. He did so and now the warring groups are back where they started.

If no successful compromise is reached at the Tampa convention this year, then there may be a split. I look for a partial surrender by the craft groups. But whatever the outcome it seems to me almost certain that John L. Lewis will be in command of the labor movement in this country within the next two years. His greatest assets are his drive, his courage, and his extraordinary grasp of popular psychology. His weakness is his tendency for wholly autocratic decisions. To be sure he works for the most part through democratic forms, but when John L. Lewis asks any delegate who is in disagreement to stand up it is rather more a challenge than an invitation.

Fortunately Lewis does not bear grudges and he will work whole-heartedly with individuals who have at one time or another been his bitter enemies. Penance and apologies are kindly omitted. Many an individual "radical" has worked in close cooperation with John Lewis without fear or friction on either side. But Lewis is still a little skittish about the word "radical" when applied to any group and he is decidedly conditioned against the word "communist." But as the fight for industrial unionism continues I have a feeling that John L. Lewis will grow even faster than his following and that he will begin without reluctance to broaden the base of his support.

THE new quarters of the Supreme Court are far more spacious than the room in the Capitol—the old Senate chamber—where it used to sit. The old room was so small that it would have made it well-nigh impossible to throw away so many acts of Congress. Some of them would have bounced right back again.

Correspondence

What Don't the Dailies Print?

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The Nation, in a widely circulated letter promoting subscriptions, says, "It is edited with far more detachment and perspective than your newspaper"; and adds, "It [*The Nation*] places at your disposal every week: (1) the significant news most dailies dare not print. . . ."

I ask: (1) What news? (2) Which dailies?

I add: It is my belief, based on many years of experience, that "most dailies" print much more "significant news" adverse to their policies than does *The Nation* or its type—and they do it less grudgingly.

I am a reader of *The Nation* and a liberal—I think—but, as a newspaperman, which I still am, at least at heart, I become irritated at the smugness of the so-called radical journals in seeking to portray their own virtue by belittling the other fellow's. I think the newspapers do a pretty good job; no other country gets as high a degree of public service from its press; most countries get far less.

New York, January 20

HERBERT BAYARD SWOPE

A Few Examples

Mr. Swope raises a fundamental question which is well worth extended discussion. The *Editor and Publisher* touched upon it in its issue of November 16, 1935, when it stated in an editorial that "certain weekly journals of opinion and news are conducting a sly campaign of disparagement of the daily newspapers—without which they could not exist." On this page we cite a few examples in answer to Mr. Swope's challenge. Because it would be impossible to check every item in every paper of the United States we have for the most part let the thoroughly indexed *New York Times* represent the press in this discussion; in a few specific instances we have accepted the statements of authors in regard to the coverage of local papers or press services. Moreover, we have limited ourselves to the past year.

At the outset news must be defined. In the simplest sense it might be said to consist of facts which are affected with a public interest. But Mr. Swope and the *Editor and Publisher* would surely agree that news does not consist merely of facts; the implications of any given fact and the significance of a group of facts also constitute news. In a given situation it might be proved that the newspapers had printed each separate item; yet if those items were not printed in such fashion as to reveal their collective significance, an important piece of news might have remained hidden.

To cite an example: In the early part of 1935 Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, Jr., was being suggested for various diplomatic posts. On January 19 in a small item on page 14 the *New York Times* noted that Mr. Biddle had called on Secretary Hull and that Mr. Biddle was being mentioned for Minister to Ireland. On June 2 it recorded that Biddle had been required to post a bond because he was the defendant in an

accounting suit against the Sonora Products Company. On July 16 the *Times* reported on page 17 that Mr. Biddle had received an appointment as Minister to Norway. There was a portrait of the new diplomat and there were several paragraphs outlining his career. Paragraph one mentioned that he played match tennis and had been known as an amateur boxer; paragraph two stated that he was a member of the advisory board of the Chase National Bank; paragraph three summarized two marriages and one divorce; paragraph four related that Mr. Biddle had made his residence in Paris in recent years but that he had come back to the United States to help in the successful political campaign of his friend George H. Earle for the governorship of Pennsylvania; the last paragraph cited his war record.

In this account two key facts were omitted—facts which seem to us even more important and interesting than, for instance, Mr. Biddle's former standing as a boxer. The first was that in 1934 Mr. Biddle, along with certain business associates, had been held guilty in the U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals of diverting between two and three million dollars in profits in connection with the Sonora Products Corporation. The second was that Mr. Biddle had contributed some \$30,000 to the Democratic campaign chest, though the best he had been able to offer in expiation of his financial obligations to the Sonora stockholders had been \$160,000. One final note: A little later, on August 31, there appeared in the *Times* a report headed "Biddle's Liability Fixed in Report." The story was half a column long and reported among other things the finding of the court that "the four defendants [including Mr. Biddle] bought 180,000 shares for \$90,000, and reaped a profit, exclusive of interest, of fourteen times that sum." From this story, too, one fact was missing. It was not stated in so much as a subordinate clause that the Mr. Biddle whose liability had been fixed was the newly appointed Minister to Norway.

The Nation for August 7, 1935, published Mr. Biddle's record as financier and politician. We submit that in this instance *The Nation* printed an important piece of news which the newspapers had failed to print.

The case of Amelia Earhart and the Hawaiian sugar interests who secretly paid her \$10,000 to fly from Honolulu and then to say that Hawaii was an integral part of the United States (to help the fight against the quota on Hawaiian sugar) is only slightly less conclusive evidence that news is suppressed. The item about the \$10,000, where it came from and through whom it was paid, did appear in the *San Francisco Daily News*. It was also mentioned by the *Editor and Publisher* itself in the course of an exposé of ballyhoo methods of obtaining publicity. Yet the *New York Times*, which ran Miss Earhart's exclusive story of the flight—including a sentence about "the alluring southwest corner of the United States"—never saw fit to print the story of the \$10,000.

Lest it be charged that we are attempting to prove our case by making our own definition of news, we list below a few other instances in which facts affected with a public interest failed to make the grade as news in the key newspapers.

On July 31, 1935, at a hearing of the Senate Lobby Investigating Committee, it was revealed that Basil O'Connor, former law partner of the President of the United States, received \$25,000 from the Associated Gas and Electric Company during its fight against the Wheeler-Rayburn holding-company bill. This item was of special interest to New Yorkers; it was of national interest because Basil O'Connor is the brother of John O'Connor, chairman of a House committee which was also investigating lobbies. The *Times* and the *Herald Tribune* failed to carry this item. In fairness it should be noted that the *Post* and the *World-Telegram* did carry it.

An incident which occurred during the same period reveals that even the Associated Press is not all that the *Editor and*

Publisher implies it is. On the night of August 14, in the convivial company of B. B. Robinson, chief lobbyist against the Wheeler-Rayburn bill, a number of reporters discovered Amon G. Carter, newspaper publisher and ardent supporter of the Roosevelt Administration, L. W. Robert, Jr., Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and Marvin H. McIntyre, secretary to the President. We quote from Paul Ward, writing in *The Nation*:

To the Hearst press service's everlasting credit it promptly dispatched the tale. The United Press also put it on the wire, albeit not until long after midnight when it could not catch many papers. The Associated Press, however, suppressed the story and not until late the following day did it release the yarn. Even then it acted only under badgering from editors in various parts of the country, and, although one of its own men had witnessed the incident the Associated Press avoided responsibility and had the story sent out of New York in a form which represented it as an exclusive yarn dispatched to the *New York Post* by its Washington correspondent.

The suppression described in this paragraph is itself news, as well as the facts which were partially suppressed.

Neither Mr. Swope nor the *Editor and Publisher* would deny that especially in the cases of Mr. Biddle, Mr. O'Connor, and the Robinson party, the facts and their relation to each other were of genuine public importance; or that the Earhart item was at least of national interest. In the field of labor relations the powerful press represented by the *Times* and the *Editor and Publisher* would probably grant without much argument that *The Nation* prints news the dailies don't. They would advance what seems to them a valid argument—that this news is not of general interest and therefore deserves less attention than three-legged hens and Canadian quintuplets—despite the fact that the primary interest of the great mass of citizens is the job and its security. We should like to submit a few items which even by their standards would seem important enough to rate attention in the press and its services.

The hearings before the regional labor board in Philadelphia in the case brought by employees against the Freihofer Baking Company—the largest in Philadelphia—were sensational. They revealed a particularly sordid story of a company union organized through the use of labor spies, in violation of an agreement with the Bakery Drivers' Union. It was reported that the Philadelphia board was determined to make this case the beginning of a planned attack on company unions and labor spies, yet both the strike and the hearings, discussed in *The Nation*, were ignored by the Philadelphia press—and, of course, by the New York papers.

A few weeks ago Congressman Marcantonio made an attack upon the Associated Press in connection with the A. P.'s suit to restrain the National Labor Relations Board from passing on the discharge of Morris Watson; the A. P. held that the Wagner-Connery act was unconstitutional. As Mr. Brown pointed out in *The Nation* of February 5, it is the rarest thing in the world for a Congressman to criticize a great press association, but the Associated Press failed to send out in its service any account of the attack.

Every two weeks *The Nation* prints in its column, Facts for Consumers, damaging news and critical comment about the products of many of our best manufacturers. These facts are of vital interest to every consumer; yet Mr. Swope and the *Editor and Publisher* would scarcely deny that the most important among them run the least chance of being published in the daily press—and that this will continue to be true as long as the press lives on advertising.

We have noted here only a few examples to prove that *The Nation* prints news the dailies don't and won't print. Many others can be cited.—EDITORS *THE NATION*.

Why They Eat Garbage in Englewood

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

An editorial appearing in the December 12 issue of the *Englewood News* on the fact that hundreds of people are living on the refuse salvaged from the city dumps drew some caustic comments in *The Nation* for January 8.

As a fellow-member of this thing called the Fourth Estate, which is alleged to be predicated on the principle of accuracy, I know you will be interested to learn that your comments were based on erroneous deductions. People do not eat garbage in this city because "relief agencies are inadequate." The doors of Englewood's relief agencies have never been closed to anyone in need of food, clothing, or shelter. These human derelicts somehow have made themselves believe that "forbidden fruits" are buried in the garbage and ashes. They harbor a grudge against any kind of charity.

The entire condition is a sad commentary on the city's social pattern, but the responsibility does not lie at the doorstep of any relief agency. Those who grub for meat along with hungry dogs have already proved their eligibility for relief through a menu of blue-plate crumbs.

By way of contrast in this same city it is interesting to note that during the recent snow storm, when a call was issued for 150 WPA workers, only one man responded, proving that some of the loafers should be taken off relief and "put on the garbage."

Englewood, N. J., January 27

ROBERT H. GAMBLE,
Editor, *Englewood News*

Contributors to This Issue

PAUL W. WARD, a regular Washington correspondent of the *Baltimore Sun*, contributes a weekly letter of Washington news to *The Nation*.

MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE is a photographer of national reputation.

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BENJAMIN STOLBERG

will report on the Presidential candidacy of Governor Talmadge of Georgia

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Labor and Industry

The Dressmakers' Strike

By DAVID SCHEYER

New York, February 10

TAKE the case of Jake Cohen, dress jobber—and to the legion of Cohens who are in the dress industry let me explain that the name but nothing else in this essay is fictitious.

Jake Cohen is a big business man, one of the seven hundred jobbers who form the apex of New York's dress industry with its annual production of nearly \$400,000,000. Jake Cohen does about a million dollars' worth of that business—and he may do it with a capital as low as \$50,000.

Cohen doesn't, you understand, hire many workers himself. He buys the materials, styles the garment, has it cut, and sells it. The actual sewing is done in one or another of the city's two thousand contracting shops, where four-fifths of the industry's hundred thousand dressmakers work. Jake Cohen has work enough for five contracting shops; but he employs fifteen contractors; he gives the great majority of his garments to the favored five and keeps the others in tow to beat down prices through the terrific competition in the industry which he himself helps to generate. You don't understand how the other ten contractors make a living? Well, many of them don't. A third of the contractors in New York go out of business every year.

Sometimes Jake Cohen will become reminiscent about the good old days before the general dress strike of 1933 lifted the dressmakers out of the sweatshops. Then Cohen and his contractors were able to hire workers for five and eight dollars a week, work them fifty hours or more a week, late at night, on Shabbas, any time. The strike abolished this idyllic state. Jake Cohen had to pay wage minimums, the thirty-five-hour week was strictly enforced, and, worst of all, the union business agents and accountants had the right to look at his books and the details of his business. He knew twenty-two ways to chisel on the collective agreement with the union, but it was becoming harder and harder to get away with it. In two years the union collected half a million dollars from the jobbers—money which had been stolen from the workers in the industry by false grading of dresses and other tricks.

In this state of industrial anarchy and fraud it was almost inevitable that robber barons should arise. Hard-faced gentry from bootlegging, white slavery, and the snatch racket came into the dress trade. They made sure that contractors who had promised a kick-back really gave it, silenced malcontents, dominated the manufacturers' associations. They had the strongest vested interest in maintaining the vicious evils of the jobber-contractor system, the most to fear from the extension of the union's strength.

Toward the end of 1935 Jake Cohen began to hear disturbing rumors. The agreement with the union was due to expire on January 31, 1936, and the New York Joint Board of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union had framed demands for its renewal that gave Mr. Cohen and his fellow-jobbers the jitters. The union was getting tired of chiseling jobbers, of the hoodlums who had invaded the

trade, of the contractors who transmuted their burdens and losses into joblessness, insecurity, and misery for the workers.

The union was making three chief demands. The first was limitation of contractors: each jobber would be allowed to have, on the basis of his average volume of business, a certain number of contractors, but he couldn't have twice that number in order to be able to chisel prices by playing one contractor against another. The second demand was for the settlement of prices on the jobber's premises, to make sure that all contractors working for one jobber were paid the same rates and to fix the burden of violations on the responsible jobber. Third came the demand for the unit system, a device for setting piece rates based on time studies made by the union, providing a standard for measuring the amount of labor spent in creating a dress. These may seem strange demands from a union. They are not technicalities. Altogether they represent machinery for stabilizing the industry in the interests of better wages, assured employment, and tolerable working conditions.

The union raised this banner in October, 1935. For three months the jobbers' organization, the National Association of Dress Manufacturers, the United Dress Manufacturers, to which the contractors belonged, and the Affiliated, the association of "inside manufacturers" (who make dresses complete on their own premises)—all refused to meet with the union. So the I. L. G. W. U. went ahead with its strike preparations, secure in the knowledge that it had a defense fund of a million and a half dollars and the unswerving loyalty of a hundred thousand dressmakers. Never was a strike better organized than this. The four locals of the New York Joint Board mobilized shop chairmen and strike committee members so that the word "Down tools" could spread through the market on five minutes' notice. Julius Hochman, Joint Board manager, issued a pamphlet, "Why This Strike?" giving to the workers and the public a brilliant analysis of the factors involved.

With the expiration of the agreement at hand the union was ready to act. The jobbers and contractors suddenly began screaming in anguish as they saw a stoppage coming just at the peak of the season. They ran to Mayor LaGuardia. They ran to the newspapers. And finally they ran to the union to find out just how little they could give.

Meanwhile the three employers' associations have become five. The jobbers of cheap dresses left the National to form the Popular Price Association. Similarly the contractors in the low-priced line organized the Interstate Association. The old contractors' group, the United, is on its way out. At its last meeting, a meeting packed with strong-arm men hired from private detective agencies, with the platform guarded by a platoon of police, the elected officials were stripped of power and a clique organized as an "action committee" took over the affairs of the association.

For two weeks now the weary-eyed, tired-voiced committee of the union—Dubinsky, Hochman, Zimmerman, Antonini, and others—has been sitting through endless nights

of conferences trying to discover some responsible group to bargain with. The disintegration, the clash of interests, and the sheer stupidity of the employers have made an agreement almost impossible—impossible, that is, without the purgative of a general strike. Many commercial gamblers in the industry want this strike. They have stored racks with thousands of dresses; a strike means a clean-up, an immediate agreement bankruptcy.

The Joint Board of the I. L. G. W. U. alone has shown a sense of responsibility in this maelstrom. It has sought every possible means to avoid a strike that would be tremendously costly not only to the workers but to New York's economic life as well. One thing it has not done and will

not do—abate its demands for bringing a decent life to the dressmakers and order to the industry.

On February 3, when Dubinsky and Hochman reported to a meeting of five thousand shop chairmen at Manhattan Opera House, it seemed that some agreement might be reached, but negotiations broke down. The union then acted. On February 7 twenty thousand dressmakers in Madison Square Garden gave their mandate in the ceaseless chant, "We want a strike!" Hurriedly the employers renewed negotiations. It would be a good thing if the union demands could be won in conference, but if they cannot, the whirl of fifty thousand sewing machines will be stilled in the greatest strike New York has ever known.

Hollywood Goes Closed Shop

By JOHN R. CHAPLIN

Hollywood, January 29

THE Hollywood of this date line is vitally, fundamentally different from the Hollywood of a month or more ago. Since the first of the year the closed shop has hit the movie industry and has brought about a change of mentality, a new labor consciousness, which makes Hollywood a quite exciting place, one where, for the first time since the triple scare of the earthquake, the bank moratorium, and the wage cut of 1933, the glamor of stardom has actually been challenged as cynosure for the natives.

The closed shop in Hollywood is no smashing victory for labor. In fact, many persons think that the studios—or at least the labor-relations executive of the Hays office, Mr. Pat Casey—engineered the closed shop to avert more serious threats to producer autonomy, such as a strike at the termination of the union agreement this spring, or the industrial unionism foreshadowed by the International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees.

This organization shall be known henceforward as the I. A. T. S. E., in distinction from the I. B. E. W., or International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers. These two brotherhoods have for many years vied for supremacy in Hollywood. The sound-men's strike of 1933 gave the studios a chance to throw out the powerful I. A. T. S. E. and substitute the I. B. E. W. by building up union rivalry over the jurisdictional dispute. Now the I. B. E. W. is virtually out on its ear, and the I. A. T. S. E. is in control.

The so-called closed shop has within it not the seed of workers' power in Hollywood but the almost inevitably fertile seed of constant labor disputes. For instance, all electrical workers handling permanent installation belong to the I. B. E. W., while those handling temporary installation for the actual shooting of scenes are I. A. T. S. E. members. In addition to providing a supply of scab labor—in the event that one of the two unions should walk out without the other—this arrangement makes it necessary for two men of different unions to be employed side by side in many cases; for the I. A. T. S. E. man who may plug a light-cable into a permanent socket may not turn the permanent switch, which belongs to the I. B. E. W. men.

Mr. Pat Casey and the gentlemen he so nobly serves in his union-busting activities have plenty of imagination.

They throttle it, it is true, in the films they make, but they are positively ingenious in figuring out ways of beating the labor problem.

* * *

THE real gain from the closed-shop agreement is the courage and initiative it has given to unorganized or unrecognized groups. The Screen Actors' Guild, with nearly five thousand members, and the Screen Writers' Guild, with nearly a thousand, both in existence since 1933 but still unrecognized, now definitely plan a campaign for recognition. Needless to say, through their numbers, their wealth, and the prestige of their officers (what a persuasive union leader Robert Montgomery, Ann Harding, or Jimmy Cagney would be!) these two guilds, when recognized, will assume leadership of all labor elements in Hollywood. The Actors are already affiliated with the A. F. of L.; the Writers will probably soon follow suit.

In every branch of the industry organizations have sprung up. Hairdressers, make-up artists, first-aid attendants, and others have formed A. F. of L. locals; press agents and newspaper correspondents have their S. P. A. N. C. (Society of Press Agents and Newspaper Correspondents) and their Foreign Press Society. Only the office workers remain unorganized. And now, most amazing of all, comes the Screen Directors' Guild. Last mainstay of that ballyhooed company union known as the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, the directors, forty of them (96 per cent Academy members), have struck out on their own. King Vidor, Lewis Milestone, Frank Tuttle, William K. Howard, and John Ford are the officers. The board of directors is equally impressive. Word has leaked out that at one of the organizational meetings one of these \$100,000-a-year men asked: "What's the difference whether you get a check for \$25 a week or for \$2,500? As long as you get a pay check, you're a laborer."

At the first meeting of the directors a man making \$75,000 a year burst out: "To hell with arguing about whether or not you'll join the Federation of Labor! When you guys realize you've got to join it, I'll be back again." Meanwhile he is a member and using his weight to bring about affiliation.

The membership list has grown to nearly a hundred.

One hundred and twenty-five would mean more than 50 per cent of all directors, and would include all who are of any importance. Some 125 men make the pictures the producers know they can sell.

This directors' organization is of interest to the public, for when the directors make demands it will be not only for recognition but for different working conditions. And a change in their working conditions will mean a definite change in the type of films Hollywood is turning out. The directors want more say in the stories they shoot, more influence in the final cutting of the film. They want, too, a percentage of the profits. This would give them a partner's authority to challenge the whims of producers and those feeble-minded nephews of theirs known as supervisors.

WITH the directors threatening to show at last—for the first time, probably, since D. W. Griffith—something of their own minds in the films, the producers are searching for new "cycles" of money-makers. The G-man angle helped them to get around the edict of the Hays office against gangster films, and now they are on their way to a new "racket cycle." Dore Schary has done a story called "People Must Eat" which is said to expose the various food rackets. But the main impetus for the racket exposés comes from Martin Mooney, whose "Exclusive Story" has already exposed the "numbers" game, and whose "Bullets Versus Ballots," in which Edward G. Robinson terminates his stay at the Warner Brothers' factory, will expose the use of strong-arm men in election campaigns.

Mr. Mooney is at present in a New York jail, where he

is serving a thirty-day sentence for having refused to state where he got his evidence in the racket exposé he wrote for the New York *American*. The Warner Brothers have stood by him nobly. They paid his plane fare to New York and are keeping him under contract. Each day he ships his writings to the studio, where another writer assembles them into screen form. The Warner Brothers can afford such largess, for they are reaping publicity from the fact that Mooney, in jail for refusing to state his sources, is now writing a film called "So You Won't Talk."

Although his exposés were done for a Hearst paper, Mr. Mooney is quite an engaging young man. Nor is he unused to having trouble with the authorities. Some four years ago Universal sent Martin Mooney and his partner, the late Patrick Kearney, to Boulder Dam to dig up a heroic scenario. The boys came back with a labor epic that took ten years off the life of Carl Laemmle and thoroughly upset the stomach of his general manager, Henry Henigson. One evening Mooney and Kearney went to the John Reed Club of Hollywood and gave a report on Boulder Dam which was impassioned, moving, and sincere. Unfortunately, so far as I know, their material belongs to Universal and has never been published. The conditions they reported, had they been made public, would doubtless have inconvenienced Senator Reed Smoot. The next day Mooney and Kearney were abruptly dismissed from the Universal lot. Mr. Henigson denied to the press that their dismissal had anything to do with their appearance at what he called the "Tom Reed Communistic Club." (Tom Reed is one of Hollywood's highest-priced scenarists.)

Mooney was not surprised. The night before, with a reverent nod toward San Quentin, he had said: "No one who bears my name can help realizing how dangerous it is, under this system, to try to right the wrongs of labor."

THE yearly award of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences will doubtless go this year to the "Informer," in which Victor McLaglen acted superbly under John Ford's direction. Unless the vote is swung to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for its "Mutiny on the Bounty," the academy will award its prize to John Ford, one of the first movers in organizing the Directors' Guild. Ford says he can take no stand until the prize is offered to him, but his friends say he will refuse to accept it. This would doubtless prove the death-knell for the company union.

Hardly anyone but that forgotten man Mr. Conrad Nagel, strike-breaker and apologist for Hollywood, and prize-winning Mr. McLaglen, American patriot supreme and owner of the famous fascist lighthouse troop, would regret the academy. Its prizes have become meaningless. It now contains less than 5 per cent of writers and an even smaller percentage of actors, and the directors are deserting it in ever-growing numbers. On March 5 once more the hollow mockery of the award of the academy prizes will be the occasion for a Hollywood gala night. The producers will have to invite *all* of their many relatives lest their cherished company union find itself completely lost in the immensity of the Biltmore Bowl. The academy, like so many other "world-shaking" aspects of Hollywood, will become overnight but a memory of the days when actors, writers, and directors were still afraid to realize that their place was alongside their fellow-artisans in the ranks of labor.

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HARPER & BROTHERS

Books, Drama, Films

Patriot and Idealist

Lafayette. A Life. By Andreas Latzko. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$3.

AT first glance Lafayette seems an ideal subject for a popular biography. Subsequent glances discover numerous difficulties. He was already famous in his teens, and his long life was packed with political and military incidents which require a day-to-day scrutiny of events in several countries over stretches of years and their integration with the international background. Some of these incidents were extremely involved, their underlying facts and motives hidden in diplomatic archives and private correspondence. Fulness of treatment would be cumbersome; selection requires extensive knowledge, penetration, and skill. Lafayette played an important part in three revolutions—the American, the French Revolution of 1789, and that of 1830. He was conditioned as an ardent lover of constitutional liberty by his early years in America. In his later years a certain pattern recurrently repeats itself, significant in its main outlines but made up of infinite factual details which easily become wearisome. Lafayette's life is, in fact, an extraordinary example of vital overstatement, the same personal equation being demonstrated again and again by his behavior on similar occasions. In the interests of biographers it seems that Providence, fate, or history, all of which Mr. Latzko is fond of invoking, should have managed the matter with greater economy. For this reason most writers on Lafayette have confined themselves to certain periods or aspects of his career.

Another difficulty is the fact that some, at least, of Lafayette's fame rests on assumptions which are disputable, as has recently been shown by Louis Gottschalk in his "Lafayette Comes to America." Dr. Gottschalk plays havoc with the legendary Lafayette material, though I believe that his interpretation of some of his discoveries is over-rigid. Lafayette, whether he loved liberty before he went to America or after, whether his motives in going were just what he afterward thought them or not, continues to shine as a man of unshakable courage and integrity in his lifelong devotion to an ideal. These traits, indeed, often saved him from the results of his extraordinary political naivete, which forbade him to join forces with such men as Mirabeau and Danton because he disapproved of their characters, and led to his being duped, with such appalling inevitability, by every reigning Bourbon. The flawlessness of his idealistic logic was the great flaw of his career as a French patriot. Too perfect for this world, it was no substitute for astuteness, and the belief that a monarch must keep his word could not produce a constitution. One further factor is pointed out by Gottschalk—Lafayette wrote copious memoirs, and his romanticized conception of himself has been the basis of most biographies.

Mr. Latzko accepts the older version of Lafayette's youthful idealism, while fully recognizing the peculiar limitations which caused this true friend of liberty at times to risk his head in bold defiance of absolutism, at times to appear to be its supporter, with the result that he incurred the bitter enmity of both factions. It is one of the most ironic of the many paradoxes of his life that he was immured for five years in Austrian and Prussian fortresses as a dangerous revolutionary while the Revolution would have none of him, and his wife, who shared his political views, barely escaped the guillotine to which her mother, grandmother, and sister succumbed.

It would be impossible for a professional writer of ability to narrate the life of Lafayette without contributing many pages

of great interest, and there are many such in this book. It suffers as a whole from a disproportion in its parts; the narrative occasionally becomes bogged in political morasses. The style is sometimes unbearably flowery, with its appeal to abstractions apparently brooding over the life of our hero, its overemphasis on the dramatic and coincidental, its trite generalizations. To the author's credit he achieves an apparent impartiality, though one feels the struggle between his admiration and his judgment. He draws no formal conclusions, but he constantly implies them, and the final impression he gives of his subject is the true one of a romantic idealist, a "Don Quixote of constitutional liberty" whose sterling courage and truth were repeatedly betrayed by his credulousness, his respect for legality, and his lack of statesmanship.

CLARA GRUENING STILLMAN

Subtle Artificer

Poems. By Robert Fitzgerald. Arrow Editions. \$2.

"CRAFTSMAN" is by a shade too earthy a word for Mr. Fitzgerald; "artificer," which suggests the silversmith, the lace-maker, and the illusionist, is better. His first volume reveals a technique that is not equaled in subtlety and polish by any other of our younger poets. The magic of these poems springs from precision in the descriptive use of language, brilliance and intricacy of metaphor, and a mastery of elaborate patterns of sound.

Although this is not poetry that quickly yields all its treasures, the reader may well be convinced that here is a genuine and fresh talent when he comes upon lines like: "A clock's exquisite hands repose and wait"; "Leopards are in the city sniffing at corners"; and "The bells are swallowed gently underground." Mr. Fitzgerald can write a simple melodic line; he also achieves a denser and more complex type of musical progression which, until a more exact word is found, can be described as counterpoint. The use of this term has given offense, and understandably, for poetry is in an obvious sense unidimensional and homophonic, whereas music can have two dimensions and many voices. Yet such lines as these have an effect not vastly dissimilar to the interplay of subjects in polyphonic music:

Reflecting remote swords, chilled in the calm
And liquid darkness, lights on the esplanade
Prolong the night's edge downward all night long.

The syllable "re," after being twice stated, is modulated, by means of the closely following "o" in "remote," to become "or" in "swords," shaded to "ar" in "darkness," and inverted to "ro," which, by substitution of the related liquid consonant, becomes "lo" in the same word, "prolong"; and after a hint at the vowel in "down" the motif ends with a repetition of "ar" and "lo." Against this theme with variations is set another voice, running through the syllables "le," "ill," "li," "ligh," "nigh," and "nigh," with incidental embroidery such as the play of the palatals "ch" and "c" with the "l" in "chilled" and "calm." The versions of the two subjects are, of course, developed successively; nevertheless, the effect is partly one of concurrence as well as of alternation, for these reasons: first, the subjects are briefer than the usual musical subject and consequently can be more readily embraced within the "specious present" than is the case with two successively stated musical themes; secondly, there are cross-references and coincidences through the common use by the two themes of the consonant "l." If still a third motif is distinguished, consisting of the changes upon the vowel "a," this has references

to the first theme. This analysis, tedious though it may be, is something of a simplification, and of course the passage can be dissected into different sets of units; it indicates, however, the skill, perhaps at times unconscious, with which the poet has woven his illusions.

The imagery in the foregoing passage, complicated as it is, can be grasped without great effort. Mr. Fitzgerald's metaphors are not always so successful:

A man walks, morose and beautiful
In his own mist, the taste of refuse
Of night like powder fallen in the street.

After some puzzling, it appears probable that the comparison between "refuse" and "powder" must consist in the facts that both are "fallen in the street" and that the refuse is palely tinted by the dawn; at first reading, however, one is more likely to take it that the two are alike in their "taste," with the resultant protest that one does not taste powder fallen in the street, or that, if one does, this is an unwarrantable instance of elucidating the familiar by the unfamiliar. The ambiguity lingers even when the passage is understood, and is an unpleasant example of one of Mr. Empson's seven types; together with the perverse syntax, it exemplifies one of the pitfalls into which Mr. Fitzgerald is inclined to stumble. It was not until about the twelfth reading that I thought I was able to understand the poem beginning "Death under the fingernails is unreal," and the false scents which I followed still interfere with my enjoyment of the poem.

This poetry has both the merits and the limitations of a mind that seems to be an isolated and a highly introspective one. Its materials are derived from personal experience and from an erudition that consists mainly of imaginative literature, with some fragments of scholastic metaphysics. Each poem opens

Doors upon interior data, shines
Engravings of antiquity . . .

One finds nevertheless, if not a contemporary intellect, at least a contemporary sensibility. Mr. Fitzgerald is perfectly at home in modern streets, and usually unruffled by them. The last poem in the volume, however, reveals an awareness, and along with it an emotional depth, for which the preceding poems have hardly prepared us. The poet comes down from his tower to stand

Under the flares and premonition of rifles:
The presses humming on the looms of night,
And news-sheets crumpled, howling in an alley
Of evil rising in the shade of war,
Such evil as in our time lives under us
Dissolving shining things . . . dissolving
The young men on their benches into death. . . .

Consequently this volume gives, along with old ways reverently and delicately trodden, promise of new departures.

PHILIP BLAIR RICE

Judging the Judges

Lawless Judges. By Louis P. Goldberg and Eleanor Levenson. With an Introduction by Morris R. Cohen. The Rand School Press. \$2.50.

ABOUT five years ago Ernest Jerome Hopkins published a book called "Our Lawless Police." There now appears a companion volume, "Lawless Judges," which makes even more melancholy reading, for while we have almost come to expect that cops shall not be too scrupulous about legal proprieties, we have a convention that judges are impartial oracles of the law, and the present rehearsal of the conduct of judges with reference to labor disputes, civil liberties, and the

review of constitutional issues does not seem to jibe well with that ideal. It is beginning to be realized that our judges have become virtually the dictators of our political life. Yet the present attack upon their prerogative is surprisingly ineffective. Indeed, it is extremely muddled and even a little naive.

Professor Cohen in his Introduction hints at the reason when he takes issue with the authors for denouncing many Supreme Court decisions as "lawless." The phraseology of the Constitution is so vague that it is usually pointless to appeal to its language. Thus while an opinion of the land's highest tribunal may be socially vicious, it is not necessarily lawless. But the same type of weakness is inherent in any argument concerning judicial "misinterpretations" of statutes. In such cases we are in the habit of speaking of the perversion of the legislative intention. But do several hundred men engaged in making laws really have a single intention? Moreover, the legislators may intend one thing and say another, and in that case the judges must violate either their intention or their specific command.

Wading in the quagmires of legislative intentions, the authors, for example, denounce the Supreme Court's application of the Sherman Act to labor. But the fault here was as much that of Congress as of the court. In his recent study of labor and the Sherman Act, Berman, after a careful survey of the evidence, is driven to conclude that while the intention of Congress was not to make the act apply to trade unions, it did use language which was susceptible of such an interpretation. Congress has itself too often been guilty of selling gold bricks to American labor to be taken as a model of purity of intention. Incidentally, in commenting on the subsequent perversion of the remedial Clayton Act, the authors indulge in a remarkable non sequitur: "Once more," they say, "the intention of Congress was unmistakable. It was to be, in the words of Gompers, 'labor's Magna Charta.'"

The authors are thus throughout engaged in legal quibbling. They have really centered the issue upon the extremely treacherous question, What is law?—which a lawyer would be hard put to answer even for a fee. Without insisting that legal rules and principles have no reality in relation to the judicial process, the fact still remains that in practice the law is usually far from definite and certain. Despite the fact that they are Socialists, and hence presumably Marxists, the authors really share the basic assumptions of the system which they are attacking. They believe apparently in the separation of powers. The legislators enact the law, and the judges need merely interpret it. However, the will of the legislators, who are full of benevolence, is perverted by the judges, who are villains. But it is hardly necessary to appeal to judicial decision to exhibit the economic bias of the legal system. It was Marx himself who once commented on the irony of speaking of impartial judges when the law itself is partial. Shall we speak of lawless legislators? The authors achieve the heights of absurdity when they complain of the manner in which judges have administered our laws against criminal syndicalism, anarchy, and sedition.

"Lawless Judges" is almost entirely a case study. The cases are typical enough, but the general problems they pose are left untouched. This is nowhere better illustrated than in the authors' final brief recommendation of remedies. They wish to introduce the judicial recall although they themselves point out that it has not worked in the states where it has been tried. They want judges impeached although they know that such procedure is cumbersome and rare. This alone would seem to show that the lawgivers do not look with displeasure on the activities of the judges. Finally they want to deprive all courts of the power to declare our laws unconstitutional. Perhaps this would help somewhat. Yet even then would democracy and justice triumph?

WILLIAM SEAGLE

Scotsman, Georgian, Cosmopolite

Never Say Die. By John Paton. Longmans, Green and Company. \$2.50.

Unending Battle. By H. C. Armstrong. Harper and Brothers. \$3.

The Way of a Transgressor. By Negley Farson. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.

JOHN PATON traces his life from his birth in a Scottish slum until that day in his thirty-third year when he gave up proprietorship in a beauty shop to become a "professional agitator." In a series of balanced, carefully selected chapters Paton recalls his childhood days in Aberdeen, his meager schooling, his first job as a printer's devil in his thirteenth year, and then twenty years up and down Scotland as barber, baker, milkman, salesman of false teeth, and beauty-shop expert. But these details of a "proletarian pilgrimage," although sharply spiced with minor personal tragedies and a rare kind of dry, understanding humor, are only background for a mental development that was to make Paton a prominent member of the labor movement that produced Keir Hardie, Ramsay MacDonald, Snowden, and Maxton. For Paton, as he was compelled to turn from trade to trade, found support in each for his belief that under capitalism the entrepreneur only survives by cheating the consumer and victimizing his workers.

Even while the iron circumstance of poverty forced him to serve the purposes of Glasgow barbers and their fake rituals, milk concerns using short measures, and false-teeth makers with a really dangerous quackery, he was probing to the roots of these evils, turning to socialism and for a time even to anarchism. They stirred him to self-education and finally to complete devotion to the "movement." It was an avocation that developed into a life motive, an advocacy that earned him ostracism and blacklisting but recompensed him with a vivid purpose.

Paton's style, although efficient, is undistinguished, and occasionally too formal for the more robust and colorful aspects of the life he deals with. He includes several very interesting, if essentially anecdotal, portraits of Labor Party leaders. But the value of the book is in its picture of a man to whom a movement like early Scottish socialism, with its crusading, pamphleteering, soap-box vigor, its stubborn struggle against misrepresentation, mass apathy, and an infinity of lost elections, can become food and drink, better than sleep, the rival of his love.

As clearly motivated, to be sure, was the life of Leo Keresselidze, Georgian rebel leader, guerrilla, conspirator, and super-patriot. Mature it was not, for, if we may trust his biographer, General Keresselidze for the first forty-odd years of his life was almost exclusively engaged in murdering Russians—Czarist, white, and red indiscriminately—to satisfy what seems to have been a rather elementary lust for physical danger. Luckily this passion coincided with the struggle of Caucasian Georgia, his native state, for freedom from Russian domination. "Unending Battle," as biography, is too unrelieved a record of innumerable hairbreadth escapes, ambushes, banditry, exile-plotting, gun-running, and very successful assassination. Mr. Armstrong's imaginative reconstruction and embellishment of these happenings round out the account but make it taste unpleasantly like high-pressure adventure fiction.

"The Way of a Transgressor" is more difficult to deal with, not because of any profundity but simply because Farson has done too many things, and too many things without clear

motive, to be able to tell his story in any orderly or connected way. His book contains literally hundreds of episodes and anecdotes from the experiences of a fishing, sailing New Jersey boy who became a famous college athlete, an engineer in England, spent years in Czarist Russia bribing his way into orders for war goods, served with the Royal Flying Corps in Egypt, lay in the hospitals of several nations, went native in British Columbia, returned to sensational auto-sales promoting, sailed 3,600 miles through Europe in a small boat, and then for ten years as a foreign correspondent dashed around to the trouble centers of a dozen countries. Add to this a refrain consisting of Russian women, heavy drinking, every variety of fishing, sailing, and sudden world-spanning journey, and you have a fair idea of this man's autobiography. He selects; but arbitrarily, without even suggesting the criteria for selection; and coherence consequently suffers at every turn.

Nor does there seem to be spiritual unity beneath the surface. Paton was a Socialist; Keresselidze a fighter for freedom; Farson, as the blurb suggests, "an amateur of life." His was an extrovert's unremitting flirtation with experience. He is not, to be sure, a Halliburton, for he seems to have found as much excitement in clinching a big business deal as in stunt-flying over the Pyramids. Only in the last section when, as special correspondent, he digs up adventures in Andalusia, Norway, and elsewhere, does the stuff of living become the concocted material of travelogues.

Nor is there too much consistency in opinion. In the long sections on Russia his laments for the passing of Czarist court life clash with his admiration for the new vitality of the Soviet masses; and his praises of communism show a strange admixture of contemptuous reference to its followers. He embraces John Reed and empedestals Lenin, but supports every white Russian he meets, and on one occasion is quite ready to join Denikin. In the end it amounts to what may charitably be called confusion.

All this does not alter the fact that "The Way of a Transgressor" contains a great many bizarre and a few fascinating or amazing reminiscences, and a concentrated if fragmentary vision of diverse aspects of European life since 1914. Stylistically Farson courts brevity, understatement, and a certain colloquial ease—all familiar to journalism—and these sometimes betray him into abruptness, omission, or a disagreeable combination of raciness and journalese.

MILTON RUGOFF

The Esoteric Science

Money. By Edwin Walter Kemmerer. The Macmillan Company. \$3.50.

MONEY, like medicine, is a science of which everyone possesses a smattering of knowledge. The two are also alike in that each breeds a vigorous crop of amateurs who are certain that their home-made remedies are superior to those proposed by professionals. To a certain extent the learned men of the respective professions are responsible for this state of affairs, since they have more or less consciously developed a language understandable only to initiates. In recent years the error of this course has become apparent, at least to the economists; and they are now making a deliberate effort to educate the public in the fundamentals of the science.

Dr. Kemmerer's latest book is not a primer for the women of the Thursday Afternoon Circle who ask for "something that will tell me all about money." "Kemmerer on Money," an earlier book, was an attempt to reach the none-too-bright public. The present volume is intended to present the basic prin-

ciples of monetary science to those possessing some background in economics. Together with a second volume, scheduled to appear shortly, which will deal chiefly with banking, it should equip the educated layman with an adequate picture of the essential problems in the field.

Taken as a whole the book is as non-controversial as any discussion of money could possibly be in a period when its fundamental principles are in a state of flux. While the author's conservative bias is manifest in the selection of material, emphasis is placed on historical developments rather than on theory. The latter half of the book is given over entirely to a series of "case" studies covering a few of the leading experiments in heterodox monetary practice. Readers who are concerned about the possible effects of inflation in this country will be particularly interested in the chapters on the French assignats, the American greenbacks, and the German inflation. These sections should be required reading for Father Coughlin, and for certain of the "silver" Senators.

Yet despite his objectivity Dr. Kemmerer evidently looks upon the international gold standard as the most satisfactory monetary system. While his failure to stress the factors leading to the wholesale abandonment of gold during the past five years may merely indicate that this subject is deferred to the second volume, the amount of space devoted to gold and the terrible disasters which befell the countries which deserted gold suggest a tenacious loyalty to the prescription that he handed out to the thirteen governments which he served as financial adviser. The fundamental instability of gold as a standard of value and the tremendous social cost of seeking to maintain a rigid standard during times of stress receive scant treatment.

But perhaps the chief defect of the book as a guide for the layman is its failure to consider the problem of money in the larger setting of present-day economic developments. Money, after all, is little more than a device for facilitating the basic process of production and exchange. It has no independent function apart from that process. Dr. Kemmerer shows this very clearly when he discusses the limited uses of money in a primitive economy. He does not, however, show as clearly as he might how the gold standard was ideally adapted to the particular stage of laissez faire capitalism which existed prior to the World War. And there is scarcely a hint of the monetary problems created by the growing rigidities in that system, much less of those which are bound to be associated with the gradual development of a planned economy. It may be that he has merely deferred this analysis to his forthcoming volume, but from the standpoint of good pedagogy, one feels that there should have been at least some recognition of the dynamics of the science in the present book.

MAXWELL S. STEWART

Shorter Notices

If I Have Four Apples. By Josephine Lawrence. Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$2.50.

Only the captious will take exception to Miss Lawrence's general contention here: two apples and two apples make four apples, and apples are not alligator pears. Nor does Miss Lawrence's insistence on this point come at all impertinently at a time when families like the Penter Hoes are congesting relief efforts throughout the nation, for no better cause than an error in simple addition. It is problematical, however, whether an unbalanced budget can in itself sustain the weight of a full-length novel—especially when, as in the present case, the issue is five times restated in terms of each of the five members of the Hoe household. When first defined in the opening chapters, the thesis is not without force and relevancy. There will

be many who will discover in the fortunes of the Penter Hoes a counterpart of their own domestic dilemmas, and perhaps even a solution for these difficulties. But unless the reader is more than ordinarily absorbed in matters of budgetary readjustment, or is willing to accept the romantic stock in trade incidental to love amid the suburbs, Miss Lawrence's good intentions are likely to fall short of their mark through excess and overstatement. Miss Lawrence has a message to convey, and like all good proselytizers, she preaches by text and parable. It would be supererogatory to suggest that she has not given evidence here either of authentic acquaintance with the family of which she writes, or of an entirely genuine concern in their difficulties. Yet it is only by the very baldest effort of will that she manages to project the portraits of the family group, individually or as a composite. The book as a whole is written with great nervous tension. The author is continually betraying a damaging lack of rapport by magnifying simple reactions to simple situations to the point of grotesqueness. Miss Lawrence might have taken a lesson in repose from "Vanity Fair," where, in a handful of pages, Thackeray advised his nineteenth-century reader on how it might be possible for the resourceful to live as well as you please "on nothing a year."

Unsolved Problems of Science. By A. W. Haslett. The Macmillan Company. \$2.

This book is a progress report of the attempt to unravel cosmic crimes committed in dim antiquity, with the fingerprints of the criminals almost obliterated and much of the evidence permanently destroyed. With a simplicity of language and a directness of approach that are far too often missing from popular scientific books, the author depicts the frontiers of science. The riddle of the origin of the universe and the various theories to explain it are stated so clearly and linked together so well that the reader will never realize how many data have been digested to present this simple picture. Other topics dealt with are methods of weather forecasting, the origin of man, the biological significance of sex, and atomic structure, to mention only a few. It all makes fascinating reading.

Poems, 1935. By F. L. Lucas. The Macmillan Company. \$1.75.

Among readers of English periodicals Mr. Lucas is widely known as the author of accomplished occasional verse of a satirical or mildly philosophical nature, and as a delicate translator from the classics and from the French. Introducing the present collection he rather archly invites comparison with past poets, hinting that the modern critic will find "Poems, 1935" an odd title, imagining 1835 to be nearer the mark. He clearly shows that his idea of tradition in literature is the production of negative, inoffensive filigree; he has no truck with Eliot's plea for assimilation or Day Lewis's conceit about "dead creators packed in close fiber." But his fable on the Reichstag trial has the touch of La Fontaine; his epigrams on Nazi Germany are the protest of a genuinely disillusioned liberalism:

In former, less enlightened ages
Men kept parrots shut in cages.
But times progress: in cage and pen
Parrots now imprison men.

Sick at heart, Mr. Lucas finds comfort in wearing it upon his sleeve, where it becomes not sick but stoic. "A smile of scorn" figures in the epitaph he would choose for himself. In his preface the author turns peevishly on his contemporaries, lashing out at "modern" poetry indiscriminately but with a febrile malice unsupported by alternative suggestions or by his own slight contributions. He is unwise to play the *enfant terrible*, for when time sifts out the best poems of "nibblers of moulded quips," the choicest epigrams and translations of Mr. Lucas may, with luck, survive with them.

Drama

The Follies Must Go On

WHEN the Shuberts undertook to maintain the tradition of the "Ziegfeld Follies" they actually succeeded in keeping alive something more than the name, and the edition now current at the Winter Garden is no unworthy successor to those which the great glorifier supervised. Fanny Brice herself is a noble tradition which goes back to 1916, and if the splendiferous Urban is no more, Vincente Minnelli (who also made the sets for "At Home Abroad") has created a style no less effective for being considerably less flamboyant. Fashions change and the Follies change with them, but to those expert in such matters there is at least a shade of continuous difference between the annual exhibitions staged by Mr. Ziegfeld's institution and the annual editions of other standard revues.

Mr. Ziegfeld, I suspect, owed his preeminence to the fact that he never forgot the good old rule: "Nothing succeeds like excess." He realized that conspicuous expenditure was one of the charms of the revue, and, indeed, legend has it that he used to discard fabulously expensive scenes just to prove to himself that he didn't give a hang for cost. But of course this wastefulness proved to be good business in the end. It gave his customers the feeling that nothing was too good—or at least too expensive—for them, and extravagance became the cachet of his style. Even if one was bored—as in truth one not infrequently was—one felt at least that money was being spent and that nothing was skimmed. The rule was to open with at least an hour more of spectacle than could possibly be presented in subsequent performances and, even after drastic eliminations, to leave at least half a dozen more girls in every scene than were really necessary to fill out the picture.

One reason why the revived "Follies" seems a real continuation is just that a good deal of this lavishness is maintained. But that is not all. Miss Brice is certainly one of the two or three really inspired comedians of the revue stage. She distills the absolute quintessence of vulgarity, but she is not herself vulgar for the simple reason that her performance is so obviously art rather than nature. What she may have been in that distant past when she began her career by appearing on an amateur night at a Brooklyn theater I do not know. Perhaps then she was funnier than she intended to be. But by now she is a consummate actress whose raucous vulgarity has been transmuted into satire.

If no other performer in the show has anything like Miss Brice's distinction, at least there are four or five others who do more or less conventional things with more than conventional expertness. Cherry and June Preusser are very youthful dancers with a style of their own; Harriet Hctor performs at least one interpretative dance—Night Flight—of unusual charm; and Josephine Baker exhibits her very limited repertory of orgiastic contortions. Next to Miss Brice, however, the real star of the evening is an extraordinary juggler named Stan Kavanagh, who uses only the simplest of accessories with such unbelievable skill that his one appearance very nearly stopped the show.

Perhaps it should be added that the reanimated Follies are also like the earlier editions in one unfortunate particular. However good individual scenes may be, there is little spontaneity in the whole. One never quite escapes the feeling that entertaining the public on this lavish scale is a serious business. But of course one can't have everything, and if the producers feel the weight of their responsibilities, that is only to be expected.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH



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Films

Charlie Chaplin

THE great audience which had pushed into the Rivoli by nine o'clock on the morning of February 6 was there not so much to see "Modern Times" as to see the most famous actor in the world, and possibly the most famous man. A classic was on view, and there was every disposition not to be disappointed. Evidences of familiarity with the Chaplin tradition were constantly making themselves heard and felt. When Charlie put on roller skates in the department store, when he presented himself for a job as waiter in the cabaret where of course there were two kitchen doors marked "In" and "Out," whenever he had a corner to get around, and whenever a policeman was waiting for him around this corner, the audience showed by all the ancient signs that it knew what was coming. And what should have come did come. Charlie Chaplin was not disappointing. He was exactly as good as he had ever been before, and all of him was there; which is a way of saying that "Modern Times" is one of the most interesting spectacles to be seen in America today.

He has changed very little. His appearance has not changed at all—derby, mustache, eyes, mouth, pants, shoes, and walking stick are just the same. He has brought with him some of the old actors of Mack Sennett's day, notably Chester Conklin with his walrus mustache. He exploits the identical situations of five, ten, fifteen, twenty years ago, making familiar use of policemen, water hydrants, the waiter's tray, and the custard pie. His eye for persons and institutions to be parodied has not lost a single beam of its quickness; if the football game with a roast duck reminds anyone of Harpo Marx's baseball game in "A Night at the Opera," it should be remembered who came first in this genre; and if there has ever been a finer piece of fooling than the scene in the bathing suit I think I must have missed it. But more impressive still, he has continued to hold out against dialogue. The manager of the factory where Charlie works does, to be sure, give a few orders with his own voice—through a glass screen, by television; and Charlie goes

so far on one occasion as to sing a song—in no language that may be identified, though it seems to represent a merger of French, Italian, and Rumanian. Beyond these heresies we hear nothing but mechanical noise; phonographs speak for salesmen, sirens indicate the approach of the law, and incidental music (composed by Chaplin himself) suggest the tenor of such remarks as the actors address to one another. The rest is pantomime, with Chaplin always the central figure and with nothing to inspire the wish in us to hear the words he obviously has no need for.

Chaplin has not changed. The little monkey who without seeming to know that he does so, or without wanting to belittle anybody or anything, makes a monkey out of the entire world still expresses himself, I think, in terms of the purest, the most disinterested comedy. The rumors and the advance assurances that he had this time taken sides in the class struggle—and taken, naturally, the right side—were not borne out by anything I saw with my own eyes. The girl waif with whom Charlie casts his lot is the orphan of an unemployed man shot down by the police, and as such she unquestionably has our sympathy. But then it is by the most grotesque of accidents that Charlie leads a labor parade; the red flag he waves is a rag of warning which a truck has jolted loose from its projecting cargo; and the well-meaning hero, waving it for the truck-driver to see, never knows that a column of demonstrators has marched up behind him and fallen in step.

Not that Chaplin is making fun of labor demonstrations; he is simply using one to further his own comic purposes. What he believes as a citizen seems to have nothing whatever to do with the way he behaves here. There is nothing that is not funny for him, or that cannot be made so. His line is laughter. And I for one am glad that he has kept to it. The relatively brief portion of "Modern Times" which deals with poor versus rich is as little a worker's tract as "Shoulder Arms" was a pacifist document, or "The Gold Rush" a discussion of the thirst for wealth, or "The Rink" an exposure of roller skating. The film as a whole means no more than Charlie Chaplin means. Nobody has ever been able to say what that is, but by the present showing it is something quite timeless and priceless, and more human than the best of alien words lugged in for definition.

MARK VAN DOREN



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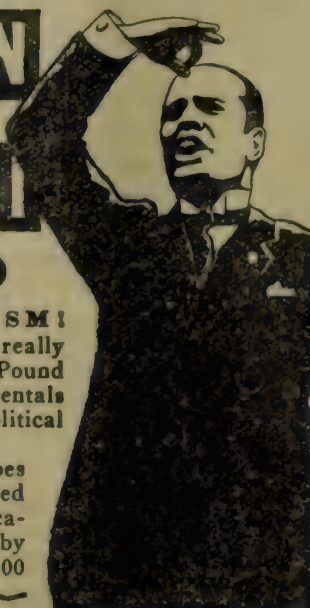
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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	233
EDITORIALS:	
The TVA Decision—a Trojan Horse	236
Hitler Prepares	237
Armaments or Collective Law?	238
ISSUES AND MEN. ROOSEVELT BETRAYS NEUTRALITY. By Oswald Garrison Villard	239
CARTOON. By Fritz	240
DON'T ANNOY THE BIG SHOTS. By Emanuel H. Lavine	241
WASHINGTON WEEKLY. By Paul W. Ward	243
THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF PEACE. By Vera Micheles Dean	244
ARMS OVER EUROPE. AUSTRIA DAMS THE NAZI FLOOD. By Louis Fischer	246
PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES. COLONEL KNOX'S CAMPAIGN STRATEGY. By Raymond Gram Swing	248
MR. HEARST RESTORES ST. DONATS. By a Welsh Correspondent	250
CORRESPONDENCE	251
LABOR AND INDUSTRY:	
Seattle Upholds Civil Liberty. By Cole Stevens	252
Loose Construction. By Heywood Broun	253
Facts for Consumers. By Ruth Brindze	254
BOOKS AND MUSIC:	
Biography. By Abe Craddock Edmunds	255
Mr. Santayana's First Novel. By Henry Hazlitt	255
The Greatest of the Lowells. By Jacques Barzun	256
Coming of Age in New York. By Clara Gruening Stillman	256
The International Present. By Robert Lann	256
A Quest of the Spirit. By Samuel Sillen	258
Shorter Notices	258
Recorded Music. By Henry Simon	259

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BIRTHDAY SPEECHES (Senator Vandenberg's phrase is "natal celebrations") are rarely either funny or important, but when the subjects are Lincoln and Washington and a campaign is approaching they may easily be both. The Republican strategists feel of course that they have a vested interest in the two men. Lincoln's greatness and the triumph of Northern business enterprise in the Civil War gave the party a class base and the prestige of a name; and Washington, as a Federalist, was of course the Republican of his day. But the Democrats have control of Congress and were not to be excluded from the orgy of quotation-mongering on February 12. Senator Barkley (D.) of Kentucky, in an incredibly turgid and inconsequential speech, gave a complete genealogy of the Lincoln family. Representative Randolph of West Virginia (D.) quoted Arthur Brisbane in praise of Nancy Hanks, and read a poem by a constituent who said that if Lincoln were alive to talk over the radio he would not talk on public problems but would tell a funny story. Representative Dorsey of Pennsylvania (D.) quoted Kipling's "If" in full, and insisted that Lincoln was "the New Dealer of his day." The only Repub-

lican, Representative Reed of Illinois, eulogized Lincoln a conservative after whose death "the radicals and extremists obtained unrelenting control." But the important speeches were made outside Congress by the Republicans who are panting for the nomination. Senator Vandenberg spoke to a thousand resplendent Republican diners at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York and continued the indecent Republican flirtation with the so-called Jeffersonian Democrats. Mr. Hoover spoke to an equally large audience in Portland and reinforced his growing reputation for wit and epigram. Colonel Knox had to be content with a smaller but exclusive audience at the Middlesex Club in Boston.

THE RADIO HUMMED with Republican static and Republican hopes. It was also eloquent with the unspoken Republican despair that there was so little in Lincoln that could be used to advantage. First of all, Lincoln the man of the people could have little meaning to the diners at the Waldorf-Astoria, and despite a few half-hearted attempts on Mr. Hoover's part to identify the fight against the New Deal with the cause of the worker, no one really believes that the Republican Party stands for the common man. One quotation from Lincoln that was not given among all the quotation-mongering was that "the strongest bond of human sympathy, outside of the family relation, should be one uniting all working people, of all nations and tongues and kindreds." Secondly, it is difficult to fight a "Roosevelt dictatorship" with the name and memory of a man who assumed more arbitrary executive power in a national emergency than any other President, and who suspended the Constitution while he was fighting a war. Thirdly, it is difficult to defend the present Supreme Court with a man who at the time of the Dred Scott decision said the clearest and strongest words against accepting the decisions of a partisan court that have ever been spoken. From this point of view the best commemoration of Lincoln was Senator Norris's masterful attack on the Hoosac decision, made in the Senate on Lincoln's Birthday. About all the rest Lincoln (if he were alive to hear it) could only have said what he said of slavery—"I bite my lips and keep quiet."

THE UNPREDICTABLE character of the Supreme Court's action was again shown in two decisions which the court handed down. Both involved the New York State Milk Control Act, which among other provisions set a differential of one cent between the minimum prices that could be charged for advertised and non-advertised brands. In the Borden case the court by a five-to-four decision—the division being the same as in the earlier case of *Nebbia vs. New York*—upheld the differential. In the Mayflower Farms case, however, which involved the provision that this differential should not apply to firms which entered the field after April 10, 1933, the court by a six-to-three decision refused to uphold the provision. Both majority opinions were delivered by Justice Roberts. At first glance the two cases are bewildering. Two clauses of a statute, presumably embodying a similar degree of legislative wisdom, are treated differently by the court. In the Borden case the court approved of the



legislative wisdom; in the Mayflower Farms case it disappeared. There are only two stable factors in the two opinions: one is that the court still arrogates to itself the right to pass final judgment on the wisdom of a legislative act; the second is that the court clings to a mechanical and archaic notion of the economic system—in Justice Roberts's words, "the natural laws of trade or industry." The consumer has learned to discard the notion of an automatic economic mechanism. He wants most to know whether the price-fixing in question is to save profits or whether it represents a genuine attempt to bring stability into a chaotic industry. But while it is legitimate for the consumer to ask this about the New York law, it was no concern of the judges. The only consistency is to be found in the three liberal justices, who in both cases took the stand that they have been taking ever since the fatal *Schechter* case—namely, that it is not the court's function to intrude its own notions of legislative policy where the action of the legislature can be held to be reasonable.

ON THE SAME DAY the freedom of the press was unanimously upheld in a ringing decision in the suit brought by thirteen Louisiana newspapers to defeat a tax laid upon them by the late Huey Long. The decision was in itself excellent, and while Justice Sutherland enunciated no new constitutional principle it is well to have on the record for future use in a fascist emergency such statements as "a free press stands as one of the great interpreters between the government and the people. To allow it to be fettered is to fetter ourselves." The context of the case is more doubtful. The freedom involved is indicated by the fact that Elisha Hanson was its advocate. His presence also foreshadows the uses to which the decision may be put. It was Elisha Hanson who defended Mr. Hearst when the Newspaper Guild attempted to curtail the freedom of the Hearst press to fire Dean Jennings merely for belonging to a union. A more recent example of what Mr. Hanson and his clients mean when they speak of freedom of the press is to be found in Mr. Hanson's speech at the annual convention of the Ohio Daily Newspaper Publishers' Association in Columbus. Any effort, said Mr. Hanson, "to control a newspaper's revenue through an attack on advertising or circulation constitutes a direct threat" against that freedom. By this definition any strike, not only against a publisher but against a business organization that advertised in his paper, would constitute a threat to the freedom of the press. In support of his thesis Mr. Hanson also attacked the Wagner Labor Relations Act and warned his audience not to submit to it; he denounced the thirty-hour-week bill, and he told publishers to oppose the Social Security Act and to pay only under protest the taxes it provides. Mr. Hanson seems to suggest that when an old lady in Dubuque accepts a government pension—if she gets a chance—she too will be endangering our free press.

THE PROSPECT OF WAR in the Far East seems to have diminished rather than increased as a result of the recent series of armed clashes along the Manchoukuo-Mongolian border. Despite the exodus of wealthy Chinese from the affected zones, neither Moscow nor Tokyo appears to be greatly disturbed. The influential Japanese *Asahi* (Tokyo) has even gone so far as to revive the proposal for

a non-aggression pact, suggested by the Soviet Union in 1931 and hitherto strongly opposed by Japan. This paradoxical situation can only be explained by the firmness of the Soviet attitude and by the realization on the part of Japanese militarists that they dare not tackle the powerful Red Army single-handed. The sorties into Mongolian territory were doubtless made for the purpose of discovering whether Moscow would support its Mongolian ally. Vigorous counter-attacks by well-equipped Mongolian troops supplied the answer. The closing of the Soviet consulate at Mukden, cited as a harbinger of war, was merely a conciliatory gesture in the face of a Japanese demand that the number of consulates—which are accredited to Nanking—be reduced. Barring a sudden change in the European outlook, there is little reason to believe that the Japanese will deliberately provoke war at the present moment. With the incidents at Mukden and Shanghai in mind, however, one would be rash to predict what local militarists might try.

IT HAS BEEN many months since Europe has furnished news as encouraging for democracy as are the results of the Spanish elections. A year ago the progressive forces of Spain were prostrate before the brutal attacks of the fascist clique headed by Gil Robles. Thousands of Socialists and liberals were in prison, including the entire leadership of the Catalan left. Aided by the conservative influence of the church and the landowners, and by the backwardness of the Spanish masses, reaction appeared to be in complete control. Yet in spite of these seemingly overwhelming handicaps the left coalition has scored a spectacular triumph, sweeping Catalonia and Madrid and obtaining at least half of the total number of seats in the new Parliament. While a second election will be necessary in some districts before the final outcome can be determined, the present government is expected to resign without awaiting the ultimate verdict. There is, of course, a danger that Robles will attempt a coup rather than see the left once more come into power. But the post-election demonstrations demanding the release of all political prisoners indicate that the left parties have regained sufficient popular support to thwart any such attempt. With the memories of the Asturian massacres behind them, the Socialists are unlikely to allow a second opportunity for attaining power to slip from their grasp.

THE BRUTAL ASSAULT on Léon Blum by members of the royalist Action Française has served to revive fears of a sanguinary outbreak in connection with the coming elections in France. Although the Sarraut government acted with commendable promptness in hunting down the assailants and in dissolving the royalist organizations, the incident cannot but inflame passions on both sides. The attack symbolized the crude brutality of the French fascist movement. While the assault was clearly the work of undisciplined ruffians, it was provoked by men high in the royalist councils. That the attack has not been wholly negative in effect was indicated, however, by the vast popular demonstration of February 16 when over 100,000 persons—Radical Socialists, Socialists, and Communists—paraded through the Latin Quarter of Paris. Given continued unity and a chance for peaceful election, there is little doubt that the French public will deliver its final rebuke to irresponsible terrorism by an overwhelming left victory in May.

NOTHING COULD BE better calculated to rock the foundations of Chinese society than the denunciation of Chiang Kai-shek as "an enemy of the whole people" by his son, Chiang Chin-ko. Public disrespect for one's parents is the cardinal sin under China's code of ethics, a sin which cannot be extenuated. Yet Chiang Chin-ko, who was sent to Moscow by his father in 1926, not only attacks his parent as a reactionary for whom he is "ashamed before the Chinese people," but charges the elder Chiang with having driven his own mother to the grave with beatings and insults. Such charges of unfilial behavior, if openly aired in China, might very well suffice to drive Chiang from public life. The fundamental divergence of the son's outlook from that of his father may best be seen, however, when he declares that having attained "knowledge of . . . the method of liberating exploited, oppressed humanity," he could "never go home to drag out . . . a miserable existence as a timid weapon in the hands of a mountebank father." It is perhaps not wholly accidental that the only other important open family break in present-day China should also concern Chiang Kai-shek—the similar charge of the gross exploitation of China's millions leveled against him by his sister-in-law, Madam Sun Yat-sen. There is real hope for a new generation in China that refuses to be cowed by position, wealth, or the unbending traditions of a dead past.

WHILE WRATHFUL SENATORS threaten impeachment and indignant Assemblymen scurry around looking up regulations whereby a governor may be held for contempt, Governor Lehman stands by his guns in his attack on the honor of the "Honorable Bodies" at Albany. His charge that the influence of certain unnamed "powerful groups" was responsible for turning the state's lawmakers against the crime bills was doubtless sincerely felt by the Governor to be both justified and necessary. But its effect has been to stiffen the opposition to the bills and to becloud the basic issues by introducing the question of personal probity. While Governor Lehman unfortunately did not see fit to name names, it is entirely plausible that the force of organized racketeering is being exerted to defeat the bills. We commented last week on the fallacy of the premise underlying Governor Lehman's program—namely, that the failure of law enforcement can be cured by more law enforcement—and we commented also on the possible use of the crime bills against labor organization. We are none the less entirely behind Governor Lehman in his fight against the racketeering "big shots," and we are decidedly in favor of those elements of his crime program which represent the best thinking of criminologists and social workers. The Governor would be proceeding more realistically if he directed his efforts toward the elimination of corruption among police, magistrates, and prosecuting officers rather than toward increasing the rigor of the existing laws. From this standpoint it is encouraging that out of the travail produced by the Governor's statement there has emerged a proposal for an official investigation of the law-enforcing bodies of the state in order to locate the blame for the ineffectiveness of crime control.

PROTESTING WPA WORKERS got some excellent publicity in a good cause on February 15 when the New York City police broke up a demonstration 15,000 strong in Union Square and threw a young man into a patrol wagon

head first. The young man turned out to be none other than Congressman Vito Marcantonio, which made a grand front-page story and gave Mayor LaGuardia another chance to be "unavailable for comment" on one of the persistent sore spots of his administration. The police department, it seems, had given permits for meetings in two different localities but had refused a permit for the demonstrators to march from one place to the other. When Mr. Marcantonio volunteered to lead the march regardless, he was promptly seized and arrested along with twelve other protestants. After being held for several hours in "protective custody," the group was unconditionally released. Whether or not this treatment was invented on the spot because of the uncomfortable fact that a member of Congress was being held a prisoner, the police have by now decided that it is a clever method of dealing with "agitators," and that in the future leaders of demonstrations will be similarly detained until the disturbance is over. Commissioner Valentine, in announcing this procedure, did not explain what particular statute or city ordinance gave him the right to issue such instructions, but he may well have been influenced by the intemperate statement of Victor F. Ridder, WPA administrator, on February 13 that "fewer than 10 per cent of the demonstrators were WPA employees." The WPA demonstration was one of a series of protests over low wages and the discharge of a number of workers. Mayor LaGuardia, who, when he was a fighting Congressman himself, introduced Mr. Marcantonio to the picket line in the dress strike in 1926, has consistently dismissed WPA complaints on the ground that they were instigated by professional agitators. It is a long way, evidently, from the picket line to City Hall.

MORE THAN 70,000 persons, we are told, have already purchased Sinclair Lewis's "It Can't Happen Here," which means that a good many other thousands have read it. This makes all the more preposterous the reported banning by the Hays office in Hollywood of the film version on the ground that it might cause international unpleasantness, particularly in the form of boycotts in those countries where fascism has already happened. Sidney Howard, who wrote the film script, reports that Mr. Hays was also worried about the reception of the picture with an election in prospect; he "certainly didn't intend," according to Mr. Howard, "to offend the Republicans." All this is categorically denied by the representatives of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. It is true, they aver, that the script had been accepted, that Lionel Barrymore had already been cast for the leading part, and that the filming had been scheduled to start almost immediately—not to mention the fact which Mr. Lewis averred for them that he has already been handsomely paid for the film rights. But it was discovered that the present script would be very costly, and the delay was occasioned by an effort to economize. If this is true, it is a pity that Mr. Hays did not make the announcement himself or that he did not pick another author to censor instead of Mr. Lewis, who, in addition to being a Nobel Prize winner, is a red-hot poker when he gets mad. Approval of the alleged censorship was expressed in both Rome and Berlin, which may convince Mr. Hays that from the standpoint of box-office receipts he was right. But if there is sufficient indignation over the refusal to film the story, Mr. Lewis, in his title and otherwise, is likely to have the last word.

The TVA Decision—a Trojan Horse

NO enacted drama could possibly be as theatrical as the Supreme Court's decision in the TVA case. While the judges deliberated for sixty days over the suit—studying briefs, debating conclusions, digging up precedent, making three different arguments march in three different directions on the same set of facts, the entire country was in a state of jitters, wondering whether the ax would fall, and when. The spectacle of a weekly hegira to the court, with half the legal and political potentates of the country showing up on successive Mondays on the chance that the oracle would finally speak, should delight anyone whose taste runs toward magic or the riddles of political psychology. Think of what a civilized Chinese would make of it by the side of the ritual and taboos of his own people, or some curious and detached anthropologist examining the folkways of this strange country.

The climax of the absurd mingled with the tragic came in the mad trading on the New York Stock Exchange. The word that Chief Justice Hughes was reading the decision of the court sent Commonwealth and Southern zooming to the news-ticker heavens, bearing with it a golden freightage. The word of what the Hughes decision was sent the same stock careening down again, to the dismay of those huddled around the big board. In the Tennessee Valley there was joy. The United Press reported that laborers on TVA projects "joyfully shouted the news from one crew to another." They were grateful, no doubt, that the court had not cut their livelihood from under them as it had done for the farmers—grateful with the gratitude of some surviving community around whom a hurricane has cut a wide circle and swept by. "Pitch in, fellows," one laborer cried, "it's too good to believe." All of which may make drama, but as a way of ordering the affairs of a nation it doesn't make sense.

The interesting thing of course is that even after the decision no one knows quite what to make of it. There will be many, no doubt, who will be so filled with rejoicing because the court was merciful that they will consider any critical analysis of the decision carping and ungrateful. But while such an attitude may be good emotion, it is not good thought. We have all burned our fingers so many times with wishful zeal over what seemed to be a new turn in the court's attitude that we owe it to the court to substitute questions for huzzahs. Suppose we examine what the TVA decision means in a series of questions.

What did the court decide? Merely that a particular contract made between the Tennessee Valley Authority and the Alabama Power Company could come before the Supreme Court for scrutiny, and that it was not unconstitutional. On the constitutional issue the court held that the federal government could construct the Wilson Dam—"a concrete monolith one hundred feet high and almost a mile long, containing two locks for navigation and eight installed generators"—under the power of Congress to provide for the national defense, and also the power to aid navigation which is part of its power to regulate interstate commerce. Having built the dam legally, the federal government had the power to dispose of the electric energy generated by it, under the

power granted to Congress by the Constitution "to dispose of . . . property belonging to the United States." In order to dispose of this electricity effectively, it was not unreasonable for the TVA as a federal agency to purchase transmission lines from the Alabama Power Company as "a method of reaching a market." Like Poe's raven, the court said only this and nothing more. Chief Justice Hughes was very careful to emphasize the restricted character of the decision. It did not validate (or invalidate) the entire TVA. It did not pass upon the validity of the "yardstick" principle. It did not decide whether the government could go into the power business in competition with private utilities.

How did the court divide? Hard cases make complex divisions on the Supreme Court. The court split three ways, writing three opinions on two issues. The first issue was a jurisdictional one: Could the court even consider a suit in equity brought by a minority preferred stockholder who did not allege fraud? The second issue was a substantive one: Was the contract in question constitutional? Justices Hughes, speaking for Justices Van Devanter, Sutherland, Butler, and himself, answered yes to both questions. Justice Brandeis, speaking for Justices Stone, Roberts, Cardozo, and himself, answered no to the first, while not disagreeing with Justice Hughes on the second. Justice McReynolds answered yes to the first and no to the second. That made a vote of five to four on the first issue—enough to give the court jurisdiction—and eight to one on the second. It was probably the maneuverings of the three groups on the two issues that caused the unusual delay.

Why did the court decide as it did? This is largely a matter of conjecture, but important. In so far as the decision represents a turn toward a more liberal construction of federal power (the extent to which it does so is still terribly unclear) this may be due to two causes. One is the storm of protest and criticism which the processing-tax cases aroused in Congress and in the press, and the current proposals to limit the judicial power. It would be fantastic to think that the court is wholly insensitive to criticism, and quite reasonable to conclude that the majority saw it had overshot the mark in the Hoosac case and had strained the very broad limits of tolerance of the American people. The second reason is that it would have been extremely embarrassing to try to issue a judicial ukase against nature. Water flows over a dam and generates power. The Wilson Dam had become part of the landscape. It had become nature. To root it up and plug up the hole again would be a prospect formidable enough to give pause even to a judicial mind—or rather, to any judicial mind except the Draconian one of Justice McReynolds. Justice Hughes, who is especially notable for his statesmanship and strategy within the court, and his concern to keep the judicial power intact, must have played a considerable role in winning the other judges over to the view represented by the decision, and thus silencing criticism of an inflexible and partisan court. Justice Brandeis's concurring opinion was not given the press it deserved. It is a bold and masterful attempt to hold the court rigorously to a course of self-restraint from which it has so

lamentably departed. It is in line with Justice Stone's dissent in the Hoosac case and Justice Cardozo's dissent in the Mayflower Farms case, and represents a common and consistent view of the judicial power. It seems to represent a departure from the more positive position of Justice Brandeis's earlier years, and an approach to the pure judicial tolerance of Justice Holmes. Justice Brandeis's insistence that the case should have been thrown out is especially important when applied to the approaching test of the public-utility holding-company act, where a somewhat similar stockholder's suit may be involved.

What of future decisions? Here we must all confess ourselves as baffled as the utility executives are today. The decisions of the court, after a solid reactionary interval, have again become capricious. To rationalize in constitutional terms the successive positions that Justice Hughes and Justice Roberts have taken would defy a master of rationalization. Are the other TVA dams constitutional? Are the dams at Bonneville and Grand Coulee constitutional? The Administration seems to think so, and is reported to be laying plans for the development and marketing of electric power in those areas. But if the issue of government competition with private utility companies is brought directly before the court, it is extremely doubtful that it would be upheld. And Justice Hughes's opinion presents too narrow a base on which to rest the judicial fate of the rest of the New Deal legislation.

We must not dance too joyfully around the TVA decision. It may turn out in the end to be a Trojan horse. The dominant issue before the country is still the omnipotence of the Supreme Court. The present decision will undoubtedly weaken the opposition to the court. But we would ourselves feel much more satisfied if Justice Hughes had accepted the Brandeis position. Failing that, the court's position in our economic system is as powerful as ever, although its menace has temporarily been diminished.

Hitler Prepares

THE news and propaganda now pouring out of Germany fit into an ominous pattern. There is no doubt that the fight Catholicism is making to keep its control over Catholic youth is seriously disturbing the regime. There may even be substantiation for the theory that the Catholics and the Communists have joined hands in a struggle with the powers of darkness against which every degree and kind of enlightenment, religious or non-religious, are necessarily united. But one need only isolate the issue in the present contest to come to the conclusion that the Catholics must lose their battle unless their strength, and the strength of any allies they have been able to enlist, is greater than we have been led to believe. The issue is the next war. The Nazi philosophy dictates that every child, male and female, shall be dedicated to militarism, and the Third Reich will wipe out every visible, tangible opposition to its all-consuming military dream.

The war machine in Germany is being burnished into a sleek and shining weapon. Such protuberances as the Catholic resistance are being smoothed off by means of wholesale arrests and suppressions. Now even such passivity to-

ward Nazi "ideals" as may have existed heretofore in the highways and byways of the Third Reich has been corrected by a decree which gives the secret police complete power over the country. Henceforth the Gestapo supercedes local government in order that its "striking power shall be unhindered"—which means that a German's house is more than ever his prison.

At the same time the inflammation of German public opinion against all real or imaginary enemies continues. It is a necessary corollary to successful suppression on the scale now prevailing in Germany; and it provides the only compensation so far invented for the butter and egg deficiency in the German diet or for the terrific tax burden carried by the German citizen. (A recent *Times* dispatch revealed that a worker receiving a monthly wage corresponding to \$64 loses one-fifth of it in taxes or mandatory contributions.) The Nazis had planned, to be sure, to suspend the more drastic forms of anti-Semitism during the Winter Olympics at Garmisch-Partenkirchen in order to prove to the world that there was no persecution of Jews in Germany. The Gustloff assassination upset this plan, and Hitler himself delivered a flamboyant anti-Semitic address at the funeral of the new Nazi "martyr." So far no other violence has occurred, but his speech was calculated to keep alive the fury of the party until February 16, when the Olympics would come to an end and "memorial services" for Gustloff begin.

The doctrine of destiny is the other main tenet of the Nazi religion. The lack of raw materials is an even better excuse for falling living standards than a plot by the Jews. Josef Goebbels wrote recently in the *Angriff*: "A day will come when we shall be obliged to demand colonies." He hastened to point out that this demand was in the interest not only of Germany but of the world. The rest of the world, he said, was bathed in abundance while Germany was penniless. While bemoaning Germany's poverty, Goebbels gloated over the reduction of food imports; and his reply to the possible complaint that there is no pork and that eggs are rare was a word of scorn for those who think only of eating. As for the Nazi party, he declared in words coming strangely from an "Aryan," "Let each member resolve not to eat pork." In the same speech he proved that, in rearming, Germany had rendered a service to the world, for "a disarmed Germany was for its neighbors a bait which constantly excited them." He took a thrust at Russia. It would be more to the point, he said, if the world should occupy itself with the armaments of "the international Jew" in the U. S. S. R. And he concluded with a warning to France. "I say that whoever treats with bolshevism will end by being devoured by it."

Outside Germany the Hitler regime is pushing its propaganda along the same lines. It is checking up on German citizens abroad; it is said to be blocking wherever possible any move to allow the colonization in hospitable countries of German refugees—at the same time that it is preparing to drive out the Jews who remain in Germany. Obviously it would prefer to have its enemies scattered. Meanwhile its demand for colonies is being put forward in diplomatic circles with increasing force.

With demoniac thoroughness Hitler is busy sharpening the cutting edge of the fanatic knife with which he hopes to carve out a Nazi empire. It is not surprising that Europe as a whole and France in particular should show all the symptoms of being locked in a house with an armed madman.

Armaments or Collective Law?

THE report of the League's committee of experts places the responsibility for prolonging the Italo-Ethiopian conflict directly at the door of the United States. After a careful study of all available data the committee concluded that an oil embargo, if universally applied, would be effective against Italy within three or three and a half months, which is another way of saying that if action had been taken last October, when Italy's supply of petroleum was much lower than at present, Mussolini might today be begging for peace—if, indeed, he were still in power. The committee also found that an oil sanction by the League alone could have little effect as long as the United States government was powerless to prevent unlimited exports to the aggressor. This does not mean that it would be necessary for this country to enforce a complete embargo; it would be sufficient to restrict sales to the pre-war level. The implications of these findings are challenging in the extreme.

Unlike Germany and Japan, the only other important powers refusing to cooperate with the League, the United States harbors no secret aggressive intentions. Its intransigence is the result of a widespread fear lest America be unwittingly entangled in another European conflict. There is a general feeling that the less this country has to do with other nations, the less the danger of its being involved in their disputes. This feeling has undoubtedly been accentuated by an increased recognition of the fact that collective action carries with it certain risks as well as heavy responsibilities. What is not seen is that the isolationist position involves vastly greater risks, with no prospect of building a warless world. The impracticability of isolation as a protection against war is ably discussed on another page of this issue by Vera Micheles Dean of the Foreign Policy Association. But in pleading for the United States to assume the responsibilities of its world position Mrs. Dean inadvertently adds to the prevailing confusion by suggesting that pacifists are inconsistent in demanding sanctions against an aggressor at the same time that they oppose increased armaments. Granting that the principle behind collective action presupposes the possibility of an ultimate recourse to force, it does not follow that unilateral rearmament is an aid to collective security. No one would care to imply, for instance, that pacifists should support the \$573,000,000 War Department appropriation now before Congress on the ground that the army might, at some future date, be used to uphold international law. Where there is no mechanism for joint action, increasing armaments are an unmitigated danger; where there is a collective agreement, the threat is somewhat reduced.

But we would go farther and insist that growing national expenditures for war purposes cannot be reconciled under any circumstances with the principles of collective law. The British Tories are wholly inconsistent, if not actually insincere, in urging rearmament as a means of upholding the League. By definition, collective security involves the use of joint pressure against any potential law-breaker, and where collective pressure is exercised the contribution of any one country need not be nearly as great as if it were fighting a war alone. Under the anarchy of present-day nationalism,

each country feels that its defense forces should be adequate to deal with any potential enemy or combination of enemies. This necessity would disappear if each nation felt that it could rely on the assistance of all other law-abiding powers.

It is no accident that inveterate isolationists such as William Randolph Hearst and the *Chicago Tribune* should be loudest in the demand for increased defense appropriations. If the United States is to renounce its responsibility for the creation and maintenance of an international system of law, it must be prepared to pay the price of anarchy. If it is unwilling to cooperate with the League in upholding the law against aggression, it may find itself, as in 1931, in the position of attempting to curb a specific case of aggression by itself. To meet such an emergency this country must have a navy and an air force second to none, and considerably larger than that of its most likely rival—Japan. The breakdown of the London naval conference, despite a minor agreement restricting the construction of heavy cruisers, indicates that the burden of maintaining an isolationist policy will be vastly more expensive than in the past.

At first glance the Administration's proposed Pan-American Peace Conference appears to be a healthy recognition of the impossibility of the hermit-like program which the opponents of collective action have mapped out for the United States. At least it recognizes certain national responsibilities in this hemisphere, responsibilities which are seen to conflict with the isolationist aspects of the proposed neutrality legislation. But the ill-concealed satisfaction with which the peace plan has been received at Rome suggests that once again the United States has inadvertently played into the hands of the war-mongers of Europe. Economically, culturally, and politically the world of today is indivisible. Any attempt, however well-intentioned, to divide it into segments tends to weaken the none-too-firm structure of international organization. A pan-American non-aggression pact, divorced from the League, would be fundamentally different from an Eastern Locarno or the present Franco-Soviet treaty of mutual assistance in that these latter are so drawn as to be within the framework of the League and are intended to implement the Covenant. There cannot be two systems of collective security.

Fortunately, no irreparable damage has been done. The espousal of the principles of collective security by the Sarraut government in France, as indicated by the impending ratification of the Franco-Soviet pact, has largely offset the damage wrought by Britain's uncertainty. Italy is already feeling the effects of the preliminary sanctions imposed on it as a violator of the Covenant. Should the League succeed in preventing Mussolini from profiting by his illegal invasion of Ethiopia, there would be at least a strong possibility that Germany and Japan might be stopped from similar adventures. An oil embargo would almost certainly turn the tide against Il Duce, but it will not be imposed unless Congress revives that part of the languishing neutrality bill which gives the President power to proclaim an embargo on materials of war. Essentially the choice is between profits for a few oil companies and an unbridled armament race.

Issues and Men

Roosevelt Betrays Neutrality

THE President has done nothing more incomprehensible than to abandon his own neutrality measures and to substitute therefor the bill which at this writing has been passed by the House and is now pending in the Senate. This extends the existing law until May 1, 1937, and adds to it a provision placing a ban on loans and credits and also one to clarify or define the status of the South American states. The very point in the Administration bill which the State Department especially desired, namely, the granting to the President of the power to place embargoes on certain materials if in his judgment it was wise to do so, has been deliberately jettisoned. The result could not be more unfortunate unless we were to abandon entirely the effort to keep the United States out of the next war. Italy is reported to be greatly cheered because of the collapse of our leadership in this matter, and the corresponding discouragement in London and Paris will be enhanced by the news of the latest Italian victories in Ethiopia.

But the international aspects of our policy are dealt with in another column. I wish to take this opportunity, after a visit to Washington, to put on record my belief that the reason for the lamentable legislative situation is not what is being put forth by friends of the Administration in and out of office. It is not true that the bulk of the Senators have yielded to pressure brought by the cotton, oil, steel, and shipping groups. That representatives of these industries have been in Washington in large numbers is correct. But the simple fact is that it was the Administration that hauled down the flag. If it is an open secret that Senator Pittman never cared for the bill which he sponsored and that Senator Robinson could hardly be called enthusiastic about it, they would none the less have brought it on to the floor of the Senate, as it would have been brought out in the House, had the President declared it a "must measure" and said that he could not afford, and they could not afford, to go before the people next fall without showing increased safeguards along the lines suggested by the State Department itself. Why was it that Secretary Hull and his assistants spent the greater part of a month testifying before the responsible committees of Congress in support of this bill? Just to waste time? Certainly not.

But the reply always is that Senator Johnson threatened a filibuster and that so many Senators had yielded to the industrial lobbies that there was nothing else to do. This observers without number absolutely deny, notably the twenty-one Senators who came together on February 14 resolved to make a last-ditch fight for the Administration's neutrality measure, which they had generously accepted even though many of them preferred the Nye-Clark bill. If it is the lobbies which have won this fight, why would not a brave champion of peace in the White House come right straight out and say so? Failing that, would not a real fighter have insisted on a poll in the House and Senate and then pointed to the men who voted against the Administration measure as the ones who had put their political welfare, or their fear of

the "interests," above their duty to the whole country? But no, it was the Administration itself that told the key men in both houses to abandon the real bill and substitute this compromise, the purpose of which is to throw the whole issue over until after the election.

What makes this surrender the more censurable is that the mass of people in this country have given overwhelming testimony to their desire for a neutrality law with teeth in it. Admiral Sims asserted before the Economic Club in New York City recently that in all his experience he had never seen audiences so determined upon the country's being kept out of war and upon having a real neutrality measure as on his recent speaking trip in the South and Southwest. He declared that he could not speak on any subject without having to talk about neutrality before the evening was over. I had exactly the same experience on a long speaking trip last fall, and Congressman Maury Maverick also told the Economic Club that after speaking in twenty-four states during the recess of Congress he could uphold Admiral Sims's statement at every point. It is a first-class political blunder for the White House, and it will not be concealed by putting the blame on certain industries—and on the peace movement.

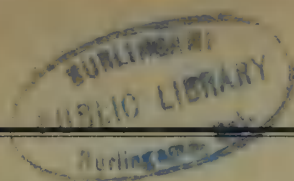
Yes, on the peace movement. Amazing as it seems, the responsibility for this débâcle is shared in the eyes of the Administration by the peace organizations and the big-business lobbies! A government official assured me that the peace organizations were responsible because they had not organized all the states and roused public opinion to such an extent that the outpourings of protest would have offset the lobbies on the other side. I have heard many charges brought against the peace movement, but I give a prize to this one. It is one of the strangest and most unmerited yet. That official showed that he was unaware of the fact that some of the organizations had done the very thing he wished. Why had not a certain society moved? he inquired. He insisted that he had not heard from it, but when he spoke a letter from him acknowledging receipt of its expression of opinion was on file in the society's office.

Well, if this sort of weakness continues; if everything is to be sacrificed to playing politics between now and the election, and to the President's desire to get Congress out of the legislative trenches and on its way home by the first of May, we may see the Roosevelt stock drop still lower. One hears in Washington astounding tales of the slump in Roosevelt sentiment in various states. They may or may not be true, but the fact is undeniable that it is the President himself who is jeopardizing his chances for reelection. No one else, not the Republicans, not the Al Smiths, not the Liberty League, but just the man in the White House—and this despite the rising tide of prosperity.

Bruce Garrison Villard



"Po-po-police! There is a r-r-red under my bed!"



Don't Annoy the Big Shots

By EMANUEL H. LAVINE

WHEN a police chief wants to hit the front page of every newspaper in his city there is always one sure-fire announcement which will bring him into the right-hand column. The perennial favorite is: "Orders to muss up all known gangsters and racketeers were issued last night by Chief of Police Gwatchel in a surprise move to rid the city of vicious malefactors involved in recent gangland depredations and slayings." That any actual racketeer or gangster of any standing in his business will be so much as touched is not imagined for a moment, even by the police chief who gives the order. All he wants to do is to throw a bone to the dogs barking to get action after a dozen or so men have been slaughtered in restaurants or barbershops, in front of dignified museums, or in similar highly public spots.

As for the cops who receive the chief's orders, they wouldn't know a racketeer if one came up and asked them for a match. "All I know about racketeers is what I read in the newspapers," is the way a truthful, strictly honest cop put it. Even the cop who accepts fat pay-offs doesn't know the chief racketeers, for these deal only with the big shots, working on the simple theory that if you want something done with efficiency and dispatch, always see the boss. Any school of business administration teaches that simple maxim.

What happens, then, when the public clamor for action on the part of the police has to be appeased? The chief issues his front-page order to "muss 'em up" and "nab 'em on sight," and the cops have to dig up some results for him. Each detective is given a quota of "known criminals" to round up—four or six or a dozen. Since the enactment of so-called "public-enemy" laws in many communities, the cops haven't had much difficulty in filling their quotas, as the laws state that a man with a record may be arrested "for consorting with known criminals," and every poolroom, cheap restaurant, bar, and corner lunchroom has its hangers-on with a prison record. The cops round the ex-convicts up in droves and take them to headquarters, and the chief can announce hundreds of arrests. He points with pride to the round-up figures, emphasizing the efficiency with which his department operates. But he will not bother to remind the police reporters of what they already know, that twenty major arrests have been made by his department every day for the past ten years. It is the normal average of major arrests. Since there is a big anti-crime campaign on, the twenty arrests are played up in the newspapers as something unusual, for newspapers must cater to the public appetite.

Actually the round-up has netted several hundred "punks" with reformatory or other prison records. Some of them may have been going as straight as is humanly possible after leaving a penal institution, yet they are dragged in. The cops don't give a damn whether these men lose their jobs. Some of them, ashamed of being in the clutches of the police again even though it is through no fault of their own, fear to communicate with families or friends. Some may be on parole or probation, and these are easy prey for shakedown cops, who for a sum will straighten matters out.

Cops are able to show fat records of arrests during

round-ups not only by their use of the public-enemy laws but by a neat system which they have evolved whereby they buy and pay for their victims. They must bring in known criminals, though many detectives wouldn't know a Big House graduate if they tripped over him in the middle of an empty ballroom. So they go to their favorite stool pigeon. "I need five refs and one pen," the detective says, handing over \$15. At \$2 each for the five "refs"—reformatory graduates—and \$5 for a "pen"—penitentiary graduate—he can obtain six prisoners. The money goes to the graduates, who rent themselves out for the pinches. A "Big House," or Sing Sing, graduate gets from \$8 to \$10 for renting himself out as a pinch.

During the life of the public-enemy laws no big-shot racketeer has ever been nabbed through their agency. It has always been the small-time offenders, the punks. In one city, after the new laws had been dynamited through the legislature without anyone knowing exactly what their provisions were, the police did try to make a test case of two notorious racketeers. The two men were picked up at a swank night club by a pair of detectives, who said gently, "You boys will have to go into the can for the tryout." The big shots were surprised and a little pained because they had always put their dough on the line without demurring. They couldn't afford to take the rap at that particular moment owing to the disorganized state of their finances, particularly with reference to state and federal income taxes. Furthermore, they had been rough on some of their "clients," who, if they discovered the racketeers were actually in jail, might decide it was a good time to squeal and keep them there. So the arrested big shots "propositioned" the proper police officials. The police proposition called for a cool hundred thousand; the racketeering gentry whined and cried that they could pay only twenty grand. A compromise was reached at thirty. Instead of being thrust into a cell, the prisoners were taken to a midtown hotel with two police lieutenants as escorts. They stayed in the hotel for four days while their henchmen scurried around and collected the thirty grand in real money. They were even allowed to ask the advice of their lawyers, who said, "Put it on the line. It's the only out you have."

After the money was paid, the question arose of what to do about a test case. In that city there had been a particularly loud hue and cry to have the public-enemy laws enacted; a test case was badly needed. In consequence, twenty-four hours after the big shots were released, six punks sat dejectedly behind the bars. They had been picked up in the outlying sections of the city. All had police records; all had been shooting craps in a cheap little saloon. They were immediately labeled public enemies one to six, and the police chief, with unctuous phrases, issued a statement to reporters. Soon the newspapers headlined the information: "Public-Enemy Laws Clamp Down on Racketland. Six Convicted Under New Statute."

On January 6 the Court of Appeals in Albany rendered the Brownell public-enemy law virtually toothless by a six-to-one decision in which it reversed the convictions of a dozen

underworld characters. The law was not declared unconstitutional, but the judges stressed the absence of a breach of the peace. The majority opinion declared:

Persons who have been convicted of crime and served the sentence imposed are not hereafter barred from society or intercourse with other human beings; they are not outcasts, nor to be treated as such. The legislature did not intend to close the doors to reformation, repentance, or a new try at life. Whom is a man to talk to if he cannot talk to the friends and acquaintances his position in life has thrown him with?

There is hardly a malefactor in the land who could not be apprehended and convicted through exercise of intelligent, careful, and thorough detective work. A racketeer can always be picked up when he is wanted for a shakedown, though he is seldom picked up for the purpose of a conviction. That is why investigations of rackets and racketeers are a waste of public funds, especially when such investigations are accompanied by deluges of publicity. You can't throw a surprise party if you tip off the honored guest in advance. A big shot has never been arrested in any city of the United States who has not known beforehand the exact moment when the arrest was to be made. He wouldn't be a big shot if he didn't know things like that. He has paid big money to find them out.

All big-shot racketeers must operate through an influential political guardian angel. Payments to all concerned are made on a regular schedule depending on the income of the particular enterprise. The big shot, being a thorough business man, is willing to pay if he is not molested. He wants his machinery to function smoothly and with precision and he is willing to give plenty of lubrication. An accidental "knock-off" or arrest and seizure may upset his organization and cause a tremendous financial loss.

An important deterrent to crime would be the enactment of a law authorizing and compelling police captains or lieutenants to take an iron-clad affidavit from complainants, complaining witnesses, and witnesses in a serious felony. The information obtained should be specific and direct. "Is that the man who assaulted you? Why did he assault you? Where did he assault you? What kind of weapon did he use?" The witnesses should be required to corroborate the complainant. If at the arraignment or trial the complainant or witness attempts to alter his testimony, he should be promptly arrested and prosecuted on a perjury charge. If he was positive of his identification at the time of the occurrence, when the thing was fresh in his mind, why should he be hesitant about it months later? That precaution would prevent bribery and intimidation of witnesses. If witnesses disappear, they should be indicted and bench warrants should be issued for their arrest. If they are not apprehended in time for the trial, the affidavit should be introduced as evidence.

Police should be severely punished if they obtain careless or slipshod affidavits that permit legal loopholes. Upper-grade detectives should be obliged to do some hard work occasionally. The present tendency is to permit the lower-grade sleuths, who receive no extra compensation for being in the bureau, to do all the hard "tailing," or following, and "planting," or watching, after which the swanky sleuths with guardian angels grab the credit for the arrests.

In compliance with Commissioner Valentine's recent order to "muss up" all tough and vicious thieves and gangsters, the New York police on November 23 administered an unmerciful beating to six safe burglars arrested while attempting to break into the upper floors of the Jewelers' Exchange at 82 Bowery. Although the papers stated that the thieves were attempting a \$2,000,000 jewelry haul, they could have got only between \$75,000 and \$100,000 if they had jimmied every safe on the upper floors. Jewelers who rent stalls always keep their valuables in the large burglar-proof safe on the main floor, which is in full view of the street.

When the prisoners appeared for arraignment, their faces were black and blue and so puffed and swollen that their eyes were scarcely visible. The arresting officers appeared without a blemish on their hands or faces. They showed no evidence of having had a struggle in subduing their prisoners. Edward J. Reilly, attorney for the safe-crackers, when asked to comment on the condition of the prisoners, said: "It's tough. The boys look as if they had tripped over a traffic light and fallen to the pavement."

A very different affair was the arrest of Martin ("Bugsy") Goldstein and Harry ("Pittsburgh Phil") Strauss, two notorious racketeers and killers, charged with the murder of Joseph Amberg and Morris Kessler, who had been stood up against a wall in a Brooklyn garage and shot down with machine-guns on September 30, 1934. Goldstein and Strauss appeared at the line-up dressed like fashion plates, their faces freshly shaved and powdered and bearing no signs of a "mussing up." They were bored, annoyed, and contemptuous. In a facetious manner they explained that they were just a couple of hard-working cigar salesmen attempting to earn an honest living. "Murder charge?" they exclaimed. "That is too messy—a fellow might get his hands soiled."

The examination at the line-up ran as follows:

"You boys knew you were wanted for those murders!" bellowed Captain Zwirz.

"I believe I read something about it in the newspapers, but one can't always believe everything one reads," Strauss replied icily.

"Where have you been since September 30, the day of the murder?" the Captain continued.

"Here and there. A cigar salesman has to hustle around to make a living," replied "Bugsy," as he adjusted his necktie with meticulous care.

"Bugsy" strenuously objected to Zwirz's rating him Public Enemy Number 6. "That," he snapped, "is too low a rating. I hope you will give me a better one in the near future. It really injures a man's professional standing."

Although the police had been seeking them through general alarms, they gave themselves up in company with their counsel, Alderman Walter R. Hart, a Brooklyn Democrat. They were discharged in Homicide Court because the police failed to produce even a shred of evidence connecting them with the two murders. Having been informed by the police that Commissioner Valentine had issued instructions to annoy them, the pair left on December 12 for their winter vacation in Florida. "Bugsy" and "Pittsburgh Phil" didn't mind the cops annoying them when they were awake, but when telephone calls before noon disturbed their slumber, they showed their resentment by going away for a few weeks. All of which proves that if you belong to the burglars' union you don't get mussed up.

Washington Weekly

By PAUL W. WARD

Washington, February 16

MUCKRAKING, that lost art of American journalism, will enjoy a vigorous revival if Washington has any more weeks like the one now ending. While the Senate laboriously reenacted the AAA in a disguised version stripped of all social controls save God's and the conscience of Henry Wallace, and while the House steam-rolled to passage a record-breaking grant of funds to the War Department—despite statistical proof offered by Representative Luckey of Nebraska that the United States, with no one to fight, is piling up armaments faster than any other world power and has been ever since 1919—the following things happened elsewhere in the national capital:

1. The second and third ranking officers of the Commerce Department's Bureau of Navigation and Steamboat Inspection were suspended and threatened with dismissal for "insubordination." Their alleged insubordination consisted in believing that the interests of the ship operators and the political overlords of the Commerce Department were subordinate to those of the public welfare. More specifically, it consisted in acting upon that belief by seeing that a resolution adopted by a conference of steamboat inspectors escaped from departmental censors and attained publicity. The suspended men, Frederick L. Adams and H. McCoy Jones, are also suspected by the department's high command of having encouraged the publication of press dispatches impugning the sincerity of Secretary Roper's advocacy of safety-at-sea legislation and suggesting that, unless outside pressure is brought to bear, Roper, out of deference to his pals in the shipping business, will see to it that the legislation is sidetracked.

2. The supposedly non-partisan Bureau of Agricultural Economics was caught doctoring a supposedly scientific report on the cotton situation in order not to embarrass the Administration's efforts to get the new AAA bill through Congress. Credit for the disclosure belongs to John W. Hazard of the *Wall Street Journal's* Washington bureau, who, undaunted by a rebuke from Secretary Wallace for having suggested two weeks ago that the report had been doctored, ferreted out a copy of the report originally written and a copy of an AAA memorandum objecting to sections of the report as inimical to continuance of the crop-reduction program. Comparison of these with the report finally made public showed that the objectionable passages had been deleted and comments in line with AAA policy substituted for them.

3. The Federal Communications Commission completed its investigation of its radio division and issued a statement that was highly contradictory but that had the effect of whitewashing the division, whose operations in the licensing and relicensing of broadcasting stations have given rise to many evil rumors. The complete record of the investigation was withheld, although two days earlier four of the five members of the investigating committee had voted to make the whole docket public. The excuse given for its suppression was that J. Edgar Hoover, chief of the G-men,

refused to let his contributions to the docket be made public. At the moment there is a move under way to have the lid pried off by Congressional action. Meanwhile, all that is definitely known of what happened in the investigation is that Anning S. Prall, commission chairman, refused to appear before the investigators—his colleagues—for questioning. Mr. Prall admits that.

4. Representatives of the men and women in most direct contact with the nation's millions of unemployed, meeting here for the 1936 conference of the American Association of Social Workers, piled up a mass of eyewitness testimony that impugned Harry Hopkins's sincerity by demolishing his persistent contention that under the \$4,000,000,000 work-relief program the millions on relief are better off this winter than they were under the old FERA; that the great majority of WPA projects are useful ones in which the workers themselves take pride; and that the WPA meets the heterogeneous employment needs of the millions of non-mechanical workers on relief, and therefore is superior to the PWA. None of these things are true according to the social workers, who filed ghastly reports of the actual conditions in all parts of the country. To their demands for resumption of federal aid for direct relief, a genuine public-employment program, and a complete divorce between work and relief the best that Aubrey Williams, Hopkins's chief deputy, could reply was a warning that the social workers were "flirting with the forces of reaction."

5. The NLRB was shown to have on its pay roll as a trial examiner a wondrous gentleman by the name of Alfonse G. Eberle. "Wondrous" because, in an investigation of the Brown Shoe Company of Salem, Illinois, he absolved the company of "unfair labor practices" though he found that it had hired a candy butcher as a labor spy, and an "industrial-relations counselor" who warned its workers the company had had seven strikes but never recognized a union; that one of its foremen circulated an anti-union petition; and that the Salem police descended en masse upon the plant and broke up the picket lines shortly after company officials informed a citizens' committee (which had subscribed \$125,000 to bring the plant to Salem) that if it were not for the strike the company could operate at capacity.

6. Shortly after Senator Tydings announced the withdrawal of his support from the Tydings-McCormack "military-disaffection" bill, the discovery was made that the admirals had put a fast one over on Secretary of War Dern to obtain his signature in support of the measure. It was an encouraging discovery, confirming other evidence that the unobtrusive Mr. Dern has sound instincts and faith in the ability of the army's officers and men to decide for themselves what things they should read, see, or listen to. He has recently communicated that point of view in vigorous terms to members of the House Military Affairs Committee. He has done it privately in order not to embarrass his colleague, Secretary Swanson, who still is dominated by a little red-baiting clique in the Navy Department led by Captain W. D. Puleston, chief of the intelligence division and a

gentleman of nightmarish mind. It seems that Dern's original letter in support of the bill was written by an underling at the dictation of the navy clique, who told him Dern had promised Swanson to support the bill. It seems also that Dern signed the letter as a routine document, without noting its contents, and ever since has been seeking a quiet escape from the commitment. Tydings's withdrawal was predicated on Dern's and suggested that the Senator had never favored the measure. He omitted reference to the vigorous speech he had made in its support and to the thousands of letters he had received demanding that he reverse that stand.

7. The housing program got its neck twisted again. Secretary Morgenthau came out of a White House conference on housing, saying he knew Senator Wagner would make public the results because he had heard the President agree with Wagner on what the press should be told. Then, Wagner came out and said the President had authorized him to introduce a bill committing the federal government to an annual outlay of \$250,000,000 to \$400,000,000 for slum clearance and low-cost housing under a system of federal loans and grants to local housing authorities. Peter Grimm, the high-powered New York realtor who has set

up shop in the Treasury, nodded confirmation as Wagner made the announcement. The following morning, at his press conference, Roosevelt said no decision had been reached and all housing plans were still in the discussion stage.

8. Some twenty Senators have rallied their forces for a fight this week to make the Administration accept its own permanent neutrality bill and thus defeat its effort to appease the cotton, oil, copper, and wheat interests by accepting with pretended reluctance an extension of the temporary neutrality resolution adopted last year. High officials of state admitted gravely that the Administration's position was dictated by business pressure. Publicly they depicted that position as a "plight" resulting from division of opinion among the proponents of permanent legislation, though the United Peace Movement has rallied behind the Administration's bill. Similarly it was admitted in private that Senator Pittman's jingoistic speech on the Japanese situation, though not written by the State Department, fairly represented its views and was enjoyed there. Secret testimony given by high army officers before the House Appropriations Committee supported the belief that Pittman's speech also reflected the attitude of the White House.

The Responsibilities of Peace

By VERA MICHELES DEAN

DISCUSSION of neutrality and collective action since the outbreak of the Ethiopian war has produced confusion of tongues. Pacifists who once paid lip service to international collaboration plead as eloquently as the most rabid jingoes for American neutrality; advocates of maximum sanctions against an aggressor oppose armaments which may ultimately be needed to insure their effectiveness; isolationists, while demanding that the United States withdraw from this iniquitous world, do not hesitate to instruct other countries how to set their house in order; supporters of neutrality, with tears in their eyes, assert their readiness to support the League, provided it is composed not of fallible flesh-and-blood states but of self-denying Utopias. The average reader, lost in this wonderland of mutually destructive ideas, finds it difficult to grasp the essence of collective action against an aggressor.

It should be admitted at the outset that professional pacifists have done more than professional patriots to becloud the issue. With unflagging energy they have preached peace—which most of us normally prefer to war—but have spent little time in discovering how to translate this universal desire into effective action. By talking in terms of abstract ideals, they have created the myth of a non-existent League functioning in a rarefied atmosphere unpolluted by human compromise. Their exaggerated claims in behalf of international organization have caused both friends and foes of the League to measure its activities with a yardstick of perfection seldom applied to domestic politics. Little progress can be made toward collective security unless it is recognized that sentimental devotion to peace, unsupported by hard-headed thinking, jeopardizes the cause it professes to serve.

No analysis of collective action can overstress the fact that there is no such entity as a League above or apart from

the states composing the world community. These states, on entering the League, do not by some magical transmutation divest themselves of national interests. Their failure to shed prestige and ambition in the Geneva atmosphere is often offered as evidence that collective action cannot be achieved until nationalism, putative child of capitalism, has disappeared from the face of the earth. To wait for this millennium is to relinquish all hope of collective security. Nor is it a foregone conclusion that once all countries have simultaneously adopted a non-capitalist economy they will forthwith discard national aspirations. For practical purposes, organization of a collective system need not be postponed until the era of universal self-denial. What is essential to the success of this system is not that every state should be purged of nationalism, but that it should become convinced by experience that collective action serves its national interests; should learn to cooperate not from disinterested motives—as rare in nations as in individuals—but from a selfish desire to achieve political and economic security. International cooperation, like revolutions, cannot be carried in suitcases. Only when the demand for collective action springs from within the state—and is not injected from without by wishful thinkers—will it become a factor in international relations.

For this reason it is irrelevant whether Britain's championship of the League in the Ethiopian crisis is due to imperialist concern regarding trade routes and the future of Egypt or to popular faith in the ideals of Geneva. What is obvious—and important—is that the British people for various, often contradictory, motives now find it to their national interest to act through the League. The task of those who believe in collective security is not to eradicate these motives but to divert them from the channels of national into those of international action.

If there is to be effective collective action, there must also be collective responsibility. No member of the international community which expects mutual assistance should involve others in crises without prior consultation. Where Britain departed from the collective concept—and committed a fundamental error which paved the way for the Hoare-Laval deal—was by mobilizing its fleet last September, before the League had invoked Article XVI of the Covenant, providing for sanctions and mutual assistance in case of retaliation by the aggressor. In launching this mobilization Britain acted on a primordial instinct of preparing for single-handed defense of its threatened interests. It thereby created the danger that its potential opponent might accept the challenge. When this danger became fully apparent, Britain—which had hitherto refused to underwrite European security outside the League Covenant and the Locarno treaties—sought an ironclad pledge of naval assistance from France. The French government, which since 1919 had advocated creation of an international army capable of implementing League verdicts, declared its readiness to assist Britain only on condition that Italy's reprisals were provoked by action taken not on British initiative alone but on that of all League members. This may have sounded like disloyal quibbling at a time when the British had staked their navy on the outcome of the League's first drive against an aggressor. Actually it represented a sound appreciation of the nature of collective security. If every member of the international community is free to mobilize whenever its interests seem to be in danger, then collective responsibility for security becomes illusory, and the world returns to pre-League conditions, with everyone for himself and the devil take the hindmost.

If collective action presupposes collective responsibility for its application, it also presupposes the ultimate possibility of resort to force. Many pacifists have done grave disservice to their cause, on the one hand by demanding maximum penalties against the aggressor, and on the other by vigorously opposing armaments. If sanctions are to stop war, and not merely localize it as in Ethiopia, they must be both prompt and effective. The greater their effectiveness and the more they threaten to rob the aggressor of potential gains, the more likely they are to provoke reprisals which may enlarge the area of conflict. This risk unquestionably exists, and the League, if it is to survive, must be equipped to meet it. Yet the stronger the collective system becomes, the more it will diminish the risk of war and increase the prospect that the aggressor, faced with overwhelming odds, will either come to terms or suffer prompt defeat. Here is the kernel of the whole problem. Collective security does not, as some pacifists have implied, offer a 100 per cent insurance against war. What it does offer is a method of reducing and sharing the risk, as well as limiting the consequent damage. This method is now on trial for the first time in history. Its success or failure depends not on some magic quality of the League but on the willingness of all members of the world community—whether they belong to the League or not—to give it a fair test, either by direct collaboration or by avoidance of obstructive measures.

The argument is frequently made that collective action against an aggressor is purely negative and solves none of the problems which provoke aggression. This is true; and no collective system will succeed which, in addition to checking war, does not seek to remove or alleviate its causes. Our

problem today, however, is that of peaceful citizens confronted by burglary or murder, whose first objective is to stop the illegal act and restrain the criminal. Once this police task has been accomplished, we must inquire without delay into the causes of the crime, and remove or correct them whenever this can be done without injury to society. To argue that League powers, because they have hitherto failed to revise peace treaties or meet the "legitimate" grievances of aggressors are consequently estopped from checking aggression is to state only part of the syllogism. International adjustment is necessarily slow and halting. No simple generalizations about redistribution of raw materials and colonies or wholesale revision of frontiers will solve problems of the highest complexity. Nor is it certain that territorial changes sufficient to satisfy potential aggressors would redound to the benefit of the international community as a whole. One thing seems clear: such remedies as can ultimately be found must be applied collectively if they are to bring about permanent relief.

What is the position of the United States with respect to collective action? The country has just been swept by a desire to find refuge from the next conflict in water-tight neutrality and war-time isolation. Neutrality advocates, if they are sincere, should logically demand isolation not only in time of war but in time of peace. If American history between 1914 and 1917 proves anything—and it has recently been used to prove almost everything—it is that at the outbreak of war the United States had a substantial economic, cultural, and sentimental stake in European affairs. A debtor country, it was under obligation to repay its indebtedness in the form of goods. A melting-pot of European nationalities, it was bound by innumerable ties to its various mother countries. Easily swayed by sentiment and addicted to moral judgments, the American people were not neutral on August 1, 1914; they had already formed impressions and opinions which, no matter how false they may now appear in the light of historical research, profoundly affected this country's policy.

Such impressions and opinions are being shaped today and may prove equally decisive tomorrow. The only way to eliminate our stake in international affairs is to sever relations with the rest of the world while it is still at peace; otherwise it will be too late. The choice which confronts us is not this or that form of neutrality, but whether we wish to remain in touch with a world of which, for better or worse, we permanently form a part, or keep our drawbridge raised against all contacts, in fair weather as well as foul. If we want isolation, we must abandon our inveterate inclination to improve the rest of mankind less by example than by precept. Our political leaders must once and for all forget oppressed Mexicans and downtrodden German Jews, must shut their eyes to the misdeeds of foreign dictatorships. We must not only scrap our export trade but turn off radios with European wave lengths, recall our foreign correspondents, sever all communications which, in the next conflict, might incline us to favor one side as against another.

But desirable as isolation may seem, it was already impracticable in 1812. It is even less practicable today. Isolation represents a policy of defeatism which does not correspond to the American temper. The world has lived through far greater crises than the one we are witnessing today; yet in every generation there have been men and women courageous enough to see that the easiest way is not always in the

long run the most constructive. To admit that we are unable to cope with the issues raised by war and peace and must await the passing of the cyclone in a national storm-cellar is to believe that mankind has reached the end of its intellectual resources and is incapable of further venture. Such a belief would justify not only isolation but national suicide. The United States is a great power—great not merely in territory and natural resources but in the energies of a vigorous people. It has not only rights but responsibilities, and it cannot evade them without permanent injury to itself. The fact that participation in the League is today politically impracticable does not close the door to other

forms of international collaboration. Those who urge neutrality imply that war is around the corner. If it is, then we must use our best minds not to devise a paper neutrality which will lull the country into a false sense of security, only to be swept off the statute books by the next wave of popular emotion, but to discover ways and means of cooperating with other peoples in the search for workable collective security. That this search is long and arduous should be not a deterrent but a challenge. No institution of lasting value has been evolved overnight. If we fear war, we must, in our own selfish interests, give a fair trial to the only method which offers an alternative.

Arms over Europe

Austria Dams the Nazi Flood

By LOUIS FISCHER

Vienna, January 27

LITTLE Austria is the bung of a vinegar barrel. The vinegar is German fascism. If the bung should be forced out, the vinegar would begin pouring over southeastern Europe. The vinegar, to be sure, has eaten into the bung; Austria is itself a fascist country. But as long as the liquid is held in check some people bless the bung.

In effect, they are blessing Mussolini. Austrian independence is Mussolini's contribution to European peace. Mussolini does not want Austria. But he wants to make sure that Germany will not absorb it and then look down menacingly on Italy from the Brenner Pass, which would thus become the common frontier of the two fascist states.

Austria, with fewer inhabitants than London or New York, is the key to central Europe and the Balkans. If Germany acquired Austria, whether by inspiring and aiding a domestic Nazi coup d'état or by more direct means, the whole map of Europe might collapse. The map of Europe is a miserable, troublesome hodge-podge. The bitterest anti-Versailles phrases do not condemn it sufficiently. Yet move any European frontier twenty kilometers and you court war. Every borderline on this crazy continent is a militant vested interest not only of the two states on either side of it but of their neighbors as well. This applies especially to the Austrian republic because it has such a central position.

The best frontier is three thousand miles of ocean. Even powerful England has consistently vetoed the project of a tunnel under the English channel—despite its engineering and economic practicability—simply because of the supposed military danger. It would bring France a few minutes nearer the British coast.

A frontier is a nuisance. It has to be guarded. Modern rivalries being what they are, it has to be barricaded with tariff hurdles. Most frontiers have no natural geographical *raison d'être*; they are merely dotted lines on colored paper. On the other side of this flimsy demarcation an enemy may lurk. The fewer neighbors a country has, the better off it is likely to be. Austria has six—Germany, Czecho-Slovakia, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Italy, and Switzerland. Austria and Hungary are on good terms, and this frontier therefore presents no difficulties. But Austria is Italy's only highway to

Hungary, and Italy is interested in Hungary. Austria's contiguity with Hungary accordingly complicates its relations with Italy. On July 25, 1934, when Chancellor Dollfuss was killed and the Nazis threatened to seize the power in Vienna, Mussolini, ostensibly to save Austria, was poised for an invasion of its borders. Yugoslavia saw a danger in this development and weighed the desirability of marching in, too. Austria might have become the battlefield of a European war. An armed conflict between Austria and Czecho-Slovakia, its northern neighbor, is unlikely. Yet if Germany decided to attack Czecho-Slovakia it might prefer to occupy Austria first; if it dealt with Czecho-Slovakia first, Austria would inevitably fall into its lap. Thus every frontier is a problem even if there is a friend on the other side.

Austria's key position makes its territorial integrity a matter of serious concern to all its neighbors and, equally, to the distant great powers, which see in the unfortunate European status quo the best guaranty of world peace. The Soviet Union, for instance, is hundreds of miles removed from Austria. If Germany, however, should violate Austria it could later dominate the Balkans as far as Rumania—and that would affect Russia. For the same reason Turkey would be concerned. Anything which determines the fate of so many nations and which may bring on a war cannot leave England and France indifferent. They are far away, but the Austrian problem is near to them. Japan too is involved, though it seems to belong to another world. If Austria became a German province, the German menace to Russia would grow more real. That would interest Japan, might even shape Japanese policy. What interests Japan is also worthy of America's attention. Austria in itself may be nothing more than an overgrown uneconomical capital with a lot of skiing hills attached to it. Yet all eyes are upon it. In like manner Poland or Yugoslavia or Czecho-Slovakia is everybody's business. A struggle with Serbia ignited the first World War. Who thought that Abyssinia would take the center of the world stage? The world is indivisible; and war and peace are indivisible.

"Austrian independence." That is the central thesis within Austria and in Europe generally. Italy, France, England, and the Little Entente are committed to it in vary-

ing degree; only Germany, despite numerous insistent requests, has refused to acquiesce. Yet Austria was never so dependent as it is today. Its internal politics and its financial and economic policies are often foreign-made. Austrians, therefore, smile sarcastically when they hear impassioned pleas for Austrian independence from Chancellor Schuschnigg or Vice-Chancellor Starhemberg. "And who armed you?" they ask. "And who instructs you how to deal with domestic political parties?"

Nobody doubts that Mussolini was responsible for the bombardment of the splendid homes of Vienna workmen in February, 1934. During the spring of 1933 the Austrian Nazis made considerable headway. The Dollfuss government felt uncertain. The Socialists were alarmed. In June, 1933, President Miklas, Dr. Dollfuss, and Karl Renner, a right-wing Social Democrat, were brought together under foreign auspices to discuss a coalition between Christian Socialists and Social Democrats. They agreed on the terms. It was understood, for instance, that Otto Bauer and Julius Deutsch, who were regarded as radicals, would be eliminated from Socialist leadership, at least temporarily. Dollfuss, however, asked six weeks for deliberation. After he went to see Mussolini at Riccione in August he rejected the agreement. Dollfuss often went to Mussolini for advice, and Prince Starhemberg prides himself on being the Duce's pupil. Mussolini sometimes outlined their strategic plans. Dollfuss believed it wise to combine with the left against the right. Mussolini preferred the destruction of the left, to be followed, if possible, by the smashing of the right and the erection on their ruins of an authoritarian state. Critics and supporters of the present Austrian regime declare with certainty that Morreale, Mussolini's agent in Vienna, inspired the events which precipitated the Socialist uprising of February, 1934, and its ruthless suppression.

When Mussolini's mobilization on the Brenner scotched the poorly prepared Nazi *Putsch* of July, 1934, his Austrian strategy was complete, but what remains is not an authoritarian state. It is a state without authority. One-third of Austria, good observers estimate, is Socialist and Communist, one-third Christian Socialist, and 30 per cent Nazi; the rest, perhaps 2 or 3 per cent of the total, would vote Schuschnigg, if they could vote. The Schuschnigg Cabinet is backed by the bayonets of Prince Starhemberg's Heimwehr, a paramilitary formation. These bayonets were paid for either by Starhemberg, who is a big landlord, or from the profits of Italian arms shipments to Hungary. Mussolini naturally dislikes Socialists, and when the Austrian Socialists began to interfere with the Italian-Hungarian arms traffic they committed suicide as a legal party. Today, accordingly, Austria has no parliament, no political parties, no popular backing of the regime, no free press, and no trade unions. It has, however, a terror, which ranges from long prison sentences to the opening of foreign tourists' mail.

Austria's political "independence" finds a complement in its economic "independence." Austria's great industries are skiing, musical festivals, and, at present, sanctions-breaking. No one expected Starhemberg or Schuschnigg to be unpleasant to Mussolini. But sales to Italy are limited by Italy's capacity to pay. Austria can send timber and wood pulp, which it has in abundance. It cannot, however, go on importing raw materials for gold and sell to Italy for lire or oranges. In effect, this amounts to Austrian credits for

Italy and a loss of solid currency backing which Austria can ill afford. Soon Italy will be applying sanctions to itself. Nevertheless, revenue from Czech and German transit trade with Italy has been considerable in recent months, and so too has been the income from Austria's failure to impose League sanctions. The year 1935 saw obvious economic improvement, most of it superficial. Official unemployment figures are unreliable. Destitution stalks the streets of Vienna, and official posters call on the citizenry to feed starving children and adults. Hemmed in as it is on a small territory by a chain of customs mountains, Austria faces an economic future neither normal nor bright.

Against this stark background Viennese politicians are playing a frivolous and comic game. They toy with the idea of Hapsburg restoration in the hope that it will prevent the union with Germany. Many believe it would hasten that event. But this is less important than the Little Entente's unalterable opposition, backed probably by France, to a return of Otto or any other prince or king. Italy has not always obstructed Austrian monarchist tendencies. This intensifies Czecho-Slovakian and Yugoslav hostility to Hapsburg legitimism, for these states foresee, first, a possible joint Italian-Hapsburg attempt to tear Croatia from Yugoslavia; second, a union between Austria and Hungary which would weaken the Little Entente—they are all anti-Hungarian because Hungary wants the territory it ceded to them under the peace treaties; and, third, in any case, Hapsburg intrigues and subversive propaganda among dissident or embittered groups in all three of the Little Entente states—Rumania, Yugoslavia, and Czecho-Slovakia. The Little Entente is even more adamant against Hapsburg restoration than against Austrian *Anschluss* with Germany, and it is determined to prevent both. Denied their Otto, the stranded *kaiserliche und königliche* aristocracy and the decrepit bureaucratic vestiges persuade communities to pass resolutions electing him their honorary citizen—a thousand communities have taken that formal step—and, for the rest, they hope because they have nothing else to do. Starhemberg, however, only thirty-six years old, handsome, and ambitious, entertains another idea. He could become regent for the Hapsburgs. That would not necessarily mean that the regent would ever cease warming the seat and yield it to a royal prince; Horthy has been regenting for many years. A vice-chancellor can go. A regent, presumably, enjoys life tenure. This development is possible. The Little Entente could interpose no objection.

One must not be too severe with today's rulers of Austria. Since they refuse to broaden the narrow base of their political structure they must at least be allowed the pleasure of imagining how it would look with a crown on top of it. Tragic, perhaps even dangerous, childishness! The only way in which Austria could offer resistance to Italian as well as German fascism and thus give real content to the present empty slogan of Austrian independence would be to set up a democratic government. The Little Entente favors this solution and has worked for it. The Vatican too might approve of it, for the Holy See fears German anti-Catholic predominance in the only remaining papal country of central Europe.

The dictatorship is Austria's weakness. It exposes the country to outside dictatorships before which it is helpless. Austria's safety in recent years has lain partly in the rivalry

between the two fascisms. But now Italy is preoccupied in Abyssinia and the Mediterranean. Why does not Germany take advantage of this situation to annex Austria? Actually, the Austrian and German Nazis have been relatively inactive in Austria. They seem to be retiring from the field, although Mussolini has lately hinted, to frighten France and England, perhaps, that he would connive at Germany's conquest of Austria. Germany's present passivity vis-a-vis Austria is an astounding and major fact in European affairs. It is the strongest impression one gains in Austria, though it may be reversed at any time in response to larger changes in the relations between the great powers. For the time being Germany's inaction when the conditions would seem to

encourage action is taken to reflect Hitler's difficult internal position. Hitler knows that Austria is a match which would start a European conflagration. He wisely refrains from striking it.

While Germany is revealing less interest, England is displaying more. Central and southeastern Europe are beginning to look with increasing frequency to London for leadership. These countries have not deserted France, rather they are afraid that France has deserted or is inclined to desert them. But British or Czecho-Slovak influence cannot rest on a firm basis and foreign financial investments cannot be safe until the internal political regime conforms more to national needs and popular wishes.

Presidential Possibilities Colonel Knox's Campaign Strategy

By RAYMOND GRAM SWING

IN weighing the candidacy of Colonel Frank Knox, it is essential to note that he is attacking Roosevelt and not the Democratic Party. Many of his recent speeches could be said to be built on the Democratic platform, and the chief charge against Roosevelt is his broken platform pledges. This may be more significant than appears on the surface. It may mean that Colonel Knox is consciously appealing to conservative Democrats, and would follow through with a logical plan of cooperation. He has said nothing specific to justify this conclusion. But would it not be feasible for him, if nominated, to announce that he would take office only for one term, that he would clean up "the New Deal mess" on a non-partisan basis, redeem the pledges of both platforms as to economy and sound currency, invite leading conservative Democrats into the Cabinet, and thus be assured of votes enough in the Senate to put through the program? If there is a "crisis" at Washington, a coalition would be a familiar political recourse. Even British democracy has not been able to manage without one.

This is my own guess, but it is the only hypothesis which explains to me Colonel Knox's confusing campaign. It makes his vitriol-throwing at Roosevelt more than mere pique. It might be the reason for his emphasis on platform pledges, which otherwise is ingenuous, in view of the general shattering of platforms in American history. It also would be a reason for not stressing his own doctrines. To be a coalition candidate he would need to simplify his program. To appeal to conservatives of both parties he would have to soft-pedal his progressivism of 1912. The less said the better about his having, as a reform country editor in Michigan, fought the "interests"—the Michigan Central in particular—managed Governor Osborne's campaign, and thus prepared for the first heavy taxation on that railroad. And if he is to appeal to conservative Republicans he must admit that it was a mistake that he, more than anyone else, dragged Theodore Roosevelt into the 1912 campaign, which according to an article about him in *Fortune* he now does admit. Far better to refer to his strong fight in New Hampshire against a state income tax. Better, too, to decry the Wagner act for introducing "coercion" into the American system of "vol-

untarism," and for not exacting from employers and workers equal fulfilment of contracts. Thus, too, one can understand the fervor for states' rights, remarkable just now among Illinois Republicans, and the quotation from the platform of Lincoln pledging "the maintenance inviolate of the rights of the states, and especially the right of each state to order and control its own domestic institutions."

This line, at any rate, has made Colonel Knox one of the leading Republican aspirants. He has been helped, too, by the assumption that he will have the Illinois Republican organization behind him, thus being assured of strength in the Middle West. He has the indorsement of the Cook County Republican Committee and the Republican State Committee. The latter was unprecedented, but it really does not mean much, since Illinois selects its convention delegates by primary and they are not legally bound to support any candidate. The state committee can give a lead, not much more. And in Illinois there is factionalism, which may cause the Colonel trouble. In the last gubernatorial campaign the *Daily News* fought Governor Len Small, as was to have been expected. Small, however, was helpful in getting the state committee to indorse Knox, and the Colonel, when in the neighborhood of Small's home, paid him an appreciative visit. According to an account in the *Tribune*, Small, at this meeting, talked about having \$125,000 to spend and hinted about making a comeback. Knox denies that either topic was mentioned in the conversation, or that his visit was more than a courtesy call. The *Tribune*, in publishing this account, certainly was not trying to be helpful, and an important point about the report is that it throws light on the disposition toward Knox of Colonel Bert McCormick, its publisher. Obviously he is piqued to have the publisher of the *Daily News*, only four years in Chicago, blossom as a favorite son.

Colonel Knox is in difficulty the moment he starts to play politics in Chicago. To rebuild the local Republican organization he can hardly avoid beginning with the fragments of the old Thompson machine. As this was unspeakably unsavory, it brings him into relations with men with whom the publisher of a respectable newspaper would not

associate. Again according to the *Tribune*, Colonel Knox has been recently seen in public with an arm over the shoulder of Alderman William V. Pacelli, a symbol of the exigencies of politics in Cook County. But he had mixed in local politics before his candidacy crossed his mind. This was last year when he thought something must be done to create an opposition to Mayor Kelly. It was a mistake, as many of his friends told him at the time. The Kelly machine owned too many Republican precinct committeemen, and Knox failed ignominiously. Now, however, these new associates are clambering aboard his band-wagon, though how sincerely may be questioned. It is to their interest to boost Knox if he is a winner and if in that way they can rid themselves of the enmity of the *Daily News*. If Colonel McCormick began showing power enough to checkmate Knox, they might want to swing over to McCormick. So at this stage of the drama one can't be sure how strong Colonel Knox is in Chicago, and how loyal his Illinois delegates will be.

I have drawn a distinction between the private and public Knox. The public Knox, as I heard him in Chicago addressing a luncheon of men and women party organizers, confined himself to castigating Roosevelt, without uttering a constructive syllable. He enumerated the Roosevelt pledges, then the violations, all in the most relentless, prosecuting-attorney method. "And now I ask you," he cried in a metallic-voiced climax, "would any of you again believe Franklin Delano Roosevelt?" His audience shouted back a lusty "no." Trustworthiness in Office is the title of this and similar addresses. Another high spot in it is the citation of the letter written by the President when the Guffey bill was before the Senate, in which he urged that doubts as to its constitutionality should not be allowed to block its passage. Knox solemnly and slowly reads the oath of office, stressing the pledge to preserve the Constitution. Then as slowly he quotes Lincoln: "I could not take office without taking the oath, nor was it my view that I might take the oath in order to get power and then break the oath in using the power." This goes down well, the average American not knowing that Lincoln was hardly an impeccable constitutionalist, or that he refused to let the United States marshal serve a summons upon a prison official, cited for contempt of the Supreme Court, who had ignored a writ of habeas corpus. Colonel Knox may know it, and brush the incident aside as having occurred in war time, but he would hunt in vain for mention of war in Lincoln's oath.

Another favorite device in recent speeches is to make a forecast of certain planks in the Democratic platform of 1936, based on Roosevelt's policies. Then he springs it on the audience that he is quoting from the Socialist platform in the last campaign. He selects nine planks for this ruse; public ownership and democratic control of utilities, communication, and transportation; steeply increased inheritance and income taxes; government ownership of grain elevators, stockyards, and packing-houses; agricultural planning on a national scale; abolition of the power of the Supreme Court to nullify Congressional laws; amendment to the Constitution authorizing federal social insurance and the power to own and operate manufacture, banking, commerce, communication, transportation, and utilities; encouragement of trade with Soviet Russia; entrance of the United States into the World Court; and a five-billion-dollar appropriation for pub-

lic works, roads, reforestation, and slum clearance. It is of course absurd to say that Roosevelt wants government ownership and operation of manufacture and commerce—the only socialism in these nine planks—but in a partisan atmosphere it is a smart trick.

The appeal to disgruntled Democrats is clearly recognizable. Knox enumerates six planks from the Democratic platform of 1932, and urges that they be incorporated in the Republican platform of 1936. These are immediate and drastic reduction of governmental expenditure, maintenance of national credit by a federal budget annually balanced, sound currency, unemployment and old-age insurance under state laws (Knox's italics), strict enforcement of anti-trust laws, and opposition to the unsound policy of restricting agricultural production. Roosevelt, he likes to say, "has gone too far to the left toward radicalism" to live up to these pledges.

But he stumbles when it comes to agriculture. He believes its future lies in producing raw materials for industry as well as food, and in reviving the "old Yankee trading spirit" (in reality, as he explains, subsidies for dumping farm products abroad) so as to restore foreign markets. But like other Republicans he is searching for something that maintains farmers' incomes without looking like "regimentation."

Knox has taken his candidacy seriously enough to establish Chicago headquarters in the La Salle hotel—this in part to keep personal politics out of the *Daily News* office—and he travels regularly between Chicago and Washington. At the La Salle one can meet former Commander Hayes and Phil Collins, one of the king-makers of the American Legion, also LeRoy T. Vernon, former *Daily News* correspondent in Washington, who fits comfortably in the present Knox campaign though he fought zealously on the Taft side when Knox was Bull-Moosing in 1912. Here one may ask what has become of the once liberal Knox and be told that he has not changed, but only seems to have, because Roosevelt has moved so far to the left. This is argued with conviction. No doubt it is what the local business "giants" say in Room 100 in the Chicago Club, where Knox has been admitted as a member of this industrial House of Lords of the Middle West. They and the upper few thousand in Chicago are even more rabid on the topic of Roosevelt than is the Wall Street district of New York.

Candidate Knox might be nominated with the help of their kind, but the upper few thousand could not elect him. To win he would have to poll at least some farmers and workers. The only mass support he now can look forward to is in the ranks of the Legion. Labor he has recklessly affronted with his opposition to the Wagner law, despite his long record of dealing with unions without a strike. He contends that there is no labor problem because he personally has not encountered one. That workers have the right of collective bargaining under a ruling of the Supreme Court which they cannot enforce without legislation he refuses to see. He is satisfied that there need be no law simply because, as an employer, he has never had a strike. The reasoning satisfies Knox and big employers alike. And it serves, I should say, as the intellectual yardstick of Colonel Knox in both his personalities, as publisher and candidate.

[The first part of Mr. Swing's article on Colonel Knox appeared last week. Next week Benjamin Stolberg will discuss Governor Talmadge as a "Presidential possibility."]

Mr. Hearst Restores St. Donats

By A WELSH CORRESPONDENT

IN South Wales, squeezed between the coal mines and the sea, was the ancient Norman castle of St. Donats. It rose sheer from the brown and oily waters of the Bristol Channel. Like many other buildings of great antiquity it had been extensively restored, but unlike many it had been fortunate in its restorer. The character of the place remained. There was nothing pseudo-Norman about it; what was solid and usable was left, and what obviously could not be genuine made no pretense of being so. Inside it had been furnished with all the comforts of modern civilization; outside it remained the same. The garden fell in terraces to the sandy bay a quarter of a mile from the house; the barracks of the Norman soldiers on the second terrace remained untouched and "unrestored." Roses grew in tangled masses over the walls and roof. An ancient tortoise groped in and out of the herbaceous border. White pigeons flapped round the keep.

The march of progress had made the blue and glittering sea of Norman times odoriferous and oily; it had built rows of squalid red brick cottages right up to the gate house, had reared gaunt cranes and pithead machinery within sight of the keep, and turned the little village of serfs' cottages, called the Hamlet of St. Donats, into the filthy and altogether unattractive township of Llantwit Major. This made no difference to the castle. Once within its precincts it was possible to keep the illusion of older and more romantic times—times when the oil descended from the keep on the heads of the attacking foe instead of rising from the sea and depositing itself on the rocks and shingle, and on the persons of those foolish enough to bathe; times when the barracks were full of men sharpening their axes, and when the tilting yard rang with the cheers of the crowd as the combatants entered the lists. St. Donats was a link with the past.

But now all that is changed. Nine hundred years after the followers of William the Norman had conquered the Welsh and built their fortress came another intruder. He came from the West instead of the East, but he too came armed—not with ax and sword but with the most potent weapon of modern times, money. Money can do almost more in our time than spears and lances in the time of the Normans, and by its aid William Randolph Hearst accomplished a bloodless invasion of Glamorgan and acquired for his own St. Donats Castle.

Mr. Hearst's descent on Wales came at a time when he was feeling peevish. He had suffered the indignity of being expelled from France. Wales was not so fastidious; if not welcome, Mr. Hearst was at least permitted entrance. What was his object in buying St. Donats one can only surmise. Certainly not to use it as a residence. He is seldom there for as long as a fortnight in the year. Even more certainly not as a residence for his wife, for that lady, having learned with shocked surprise that the only entrance was under the keep, and that the servants had to use it as well as herself, refused point-blank to set foot inside the place. In addition, she was heard to remark that it was a

nice little place, but not big enough for entertaining. One can only suppose that Mr. Hearst's motives were ones of pure snobbery; St. Donats was unique, therefore Mr. Hearst must own it.

But if St. Donats was unique before Mr. Hearst acquired it, how much more strikingly so is it now! Nothing about the place, it appears, was right for him. Decorating firms vied with each other in their zeal to "improve" and modernize the interior. Mr. Hearst is thoughtful for his guests, and perhaps he realized that young Hollywood is not at its ease away from a cocktail bar and solid marble bathrooms in becoming shades. But one wonders whose idea were the bow windows. If Mr. Hearst hankered after bow windows, why did he not buy a villa at Bournemouth or Swansea? Bow windows at St. Donats are fantastic. They look like pimples on the gray face of the castle. Right through the ten-foot walls and curtain wall they have been pushed. It is without parallel in vandalism that St. Donats should have been so mocked. Do not imagine, however, that Mr. Hearst has no tenderness for antiquity. He shows off with great pride a pair of grubby bedroom slippers that may have belonged to Henry VIII, and rushes lie on the flagged floor—cheek by jowl with the green marble of the bathrooms.

If he has made havoc inside, what of outdoors? That, if possible, is worse. The barracks on the second terrace have been pulled down and entirely rebuilt to provide accommodation for fifty bachelors. Five bachelors one can believe in, even fifteen, but fifty all together under one roof stretches the imagination too far. The tilting yard, the sole remaining one in the country, has been made into a luxurious swimming pool. Altogether Mr. Hearst has made St. Donats at last fit to live in, and fit for his Hollywood friends to visit him in. Special trains bring them down from London and after the party is over return them whence they came.

For fifty weeks in the year the swimming pool is deserted. For a fortnight platinum blondes lie in rows on the terrace in a minimum of clothing and a maximum of make-up. Among them strolls Elinor Glyn with her vivid red hair and her whimsical smile. The sandy bay echoes with the sound of Middle Western voices. In the evening the local pubs are gratified by the sight of the young ladies of Hollywood in their beach pajamas consuming gin and whiskey and brandy and vermouth in staggering quantities. The young ladies' legs are not always as strong as their heads, and occasionally they have to be carried or wheeled in a barrow back to the castle. Mr. Hearst himself is a teetotaler, but his friends are not. Their contempt for the licensing laws of Great Britain is enormous. "Oh, gee, baby," they say to the scandalized innkeeper when he points out that it is closing time, "that's a lot of hooley. Mr. Hearst'll buy up your joint in the morning." Quite useless to point out that even if Mr. Hearst should "buy up the joint" the licensing laws would apply to him just as much as to Trefor Jones or David Lewis.

In just one respect Mr. Hearst may be looked upon as a benefactor—he gives everyone in Glamorgan plenty to laugh at and gossip about. For example, he appeared to distribute the prizes at a small agricultural show followed by a bevy of beauties in sun-bathing suits and platinum curls. The Welsh yokels were agog, they stared till their eyes popped, and one old farmer was heard to remark to his neighbor, "Indeed, it is a harem he has, look you." The platinum blondes created an equal diversion among the startled cows, while Mr. Hearst himself quarreled with his neighbor, Sir Rhys Williams, on the subject of cream. Altogether a most successful show.

As a joke, Mr. Hearst is an asset no doubt, but his value as a figure of fun cannot compensate for the damage to St. Donats. Even the ghost has left St. Donats now, and the ancient tortoise, seneschal of the high terrace, has died of disgust.

Correspondence

Harlem Hospitals

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard's article on Harlem in your issue of January 22 calls for some correction.

Under Hospitals and Health Mr. Villard says: "The central fact remains that Harlem has been served by only one public hospital of 325 beds for a population of over 200,000." Mr. Villard does not say that some weeks before the publication of his article the normal capacity of Harlem Hospital was increased from 325 beds and bassinettes to 607 beds and 114 bassinettes.

Mr. Villard says further that "what makes the situation worse from the Negro point of view is the constant discrimination against colored members of the medical staff of the Harlem Hospital." I do not believe that Mr. Villard would have made such a statement if he had taken the trouble to inform himself of the facts. To the best of my knowledge and belief promotions to senior positions are now being made on a merit basis without regard to race or political affiliation.

When the present administration took office, the Medical Board of Harlem Hospital, comprising the Senior Visitings, included only one Negro member; now there are three. In the recent organization of the Queens General Hospital, a new department unit, places were found for five Negro physicians. I have just promoted a Negro physician to the position of full attending physician at Sea View Hospital. Out of 181 Negro physicians practicing in New York State, about half are associated with the New York City Department of Hospitals.

S. S. GOLDWATER, M. D., Commissioner
New York, January 28

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In regard to Dr. Goldwater's letter, a reference to the new wing was inadvertently omitted from my article, but I am unable to see that the opening of the wing has any bearing upon the facts set forth as to the past. Dr. Goldwater will hardly deny that for four years all work on this wing was stopped, although the need for it was overwhelming.

As to the racial discrimination referred to in my article, that was based upon the facts laid before the Mayor's Commission, which does not agree with Dr. Goldwater's view.

New York, February 5 OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

TEMPO

IN THE

U. S. S. R.



STAKHANOV

Alexei Stakhanov, a coal miner in the Donbas, recently began a movement that has vibrated through all the sinews of the new Soviet industry and agriculture. It has meant a vast increase in productivity and promises huge rewards in happy living for the 170 millions in the Soviet Union. The Europe-bound traveler can scarcely afford to omit a visit to Moscow, Leningrad, Kharkov, Kiev and Odessa (or down the Volga and to the Caucasus) to witness at first hand the great progress being made in a sixth of the world. Easy connections with more western cities are made by air, boat or express. Rates in dollars (not increased for four years) on an all-inclusive basis make travel inexpensive. Write to Intourist for information and for booklet NA-2.

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Labor and Industry

Seattle Upholds Civil Liberty

By COLE STEVENS

Seattle, February 5

THE way to fight fascism is to fight fascism—to tackle it here and now, instead of letting it grow from a trend to a reality. Acting on this logical but often ignored theory, Seattle liberals and radicals have twice made news in the past month—once when veterans raided a workers' school and found themselves in court as a result, and again when William Randolph Hearst attacked academic freedom and civil liberties and was excoriated in the public press by fifty-odd university teachers two days later.

The first story goes back to late December, when Seattle Communist organizations announced that they were opening a Marxist "social-science school" such as they have conducted periodically for years. This time, however, the American Legion Americanization Committee and the Hearst *Post-Intelligencer* were on the job. They protested to Mayor Charles L. Smith—the little man who led a gas attack on maritime pickets in the 1934 strike and who tried to turn the recent Fisher Flouring Mill strike into a red-baiting spree. Smith admitted he could find no law prohibiting sessions of the school, but his police chief bragged to the *Post-Intelligencer* that "the day the radical school opens we'll back the patrol wagon up to the curb and give the faculty a free ride to jail."

Apparently the Communists wanted a showdown, for they set the date of the school's opening for January 7 and sent a letter to the Mayor demanding police protection. The police "protection" arrived—the red squad—and arrested five persons at the opening session, including Morris Raport, Communist district organizer, and Robert Stephens, Machinists' Union member and delegate to the Central Labor Council.

Wesley Randall, organizer of the school, took Raport's place on the platform when the police left, but within a few minutes a carefully timed attack was made by some forty valorous veterans, who no doubt are still proud that they helped make the country "safe for democracy." These thugs in overseas caps started a free-for-all which resulted in injuries to both sides. Reporters from the *Post-Intelligencer* and *Times* were on hand to get pictures. Police were called, but they reported later that they found only some veterans standing around talking.

Seattle has always been a liberal town; now labor and liberals were outraged. The boilermakers sent a delegation to the jail demanding the release of the prisoners, who were being held *incommunicado*, without charges. The Mayor's telephone rang all that night. Early the next morning Jack Cluck and Rollo Houghton, attorneys for the American Civil Liberties Union, appeared in court with a writ of habeas corpus. Since there was no legal ground for holding the men, all were released. To prevent a repetition of such police lawlessness, charges of false arrest were preferred against Police Chief W. B. Kirtley.

Then the heavens fell on the veterans. Incredible as it may seem, five of them were identified by Wesley Randall, and warrants were issued for their arrest on a charge of un-

lawful assembly by Deputy Prosecutor Paul Coughlin, who said, "The investigation indicated that the veterans intended to conduct themselves so as to cause almost inevitably a serious disturbance, and that they had come prepared to fight. A severe battle followed. Such actions by private citizens are opposed to the long tradition of American civil liberties and are contrary to law." On the same day Randall demanded police protection for the next meeting of the workers' school.

The five men arrested turned out to be prominent members of the Veterans of Foreign Wars. The leader of the raid, C. R. Christie, was a past junior vice-commander of the national organization, and two others were commanders, past and present, of local posts. The state commander predicted a fight to the finish for the culprits, and several prominent veteran lawyers volunteered to defend them. The Chamber of Commerce apologized for the veterans and condemned the prosecutor's office. The Hearst *Post-Intelligencer* printed the expected sob story telling how the men were "cheerfully unrepentant over their part in breaking up the first session of the Seattle Communist College." But the raiders were arraigned and forced to post bond, and a jury trial was set for March 21.

The second incident was also stirred up by the Hearst paper, and ended even more surprisingly. The Civic Auditorium was rented for a speech by Harry F. Ward, chairman of the American League Against War and Fascism and president of the A. C. L. U. On January 30 the ever-alert *Post-Intelligencer* carried the headline "Ward Talk Under Legion Probe," and asserted that the use of two halls had been refused to Ward earlier, and that the Legion Subversive Activities Committee was investigating the affair. On Sunday, February 2, appeared the headline "U. Faculty Men Listed as Backing Ward." The names of four University of Washington teachers had been found among the sponsoring committee of twenty-six. Emphasis was laid on the fact that Ward opposed teachers' loyalty oaths, to which Washington teachers are subject. The charges were accompanied by distortions of items taken from the Hearst morgue: that Professor Richard G. Taylor had been "active in various so-called 'liberal' movements [technocracy] and recently was deposed as dean of the college of engineering"; that Professor F. B. Farquharson "last year sat on the platform with Communists during a local meeting of the League Against War and Fascism"; and that Selden Menefee, sociology teacher, was the "author of articles in radical magazines [*The Nation*]." Hugh DeLacy, English teacher, had no such black record but had merely sponsored Ward. The D. A. R. said the *Post-Intelligencer* had joined the investigation.

The university faculty acted immediately. A group of liberals, some of them members of the local American Federation of Teachers' union, which has some eighty members on the campus, drew up the following statement:

The publicity in the Hearst press for the lecture by Harry F. Ward, scheduled for February 6 at the Civic Auditorium, displays the typical Hearst animus against

civil liberties, particularly against the constitutional right of freedom of assembly.

Dr. Ward is a professor at Union Theological Seminary, author of several distinguished books, and secretary of the Methodist Federation for Social Service. Dr. Ward has spoken on the university campus in past years.

As a speaker for peace and democracy he has the right to a fair hearing. Any attack on a speaker or his sponsors because he stands for civil liberties is in itself evidence that those liberties are in danger.

As the *Seattle Star* said on January 23, in response to Hearst's attack on the peace movement in the churches, "The case at issue is that of Hearst against Almost Everybody . . . what America needs right now is not protection from Communists but from William Randolph Hearst."

By Tuesday fifty-eight teachers had signed this letter pledging their support to the sponsoring committee. Many prominent faculty members, including the chairmen of the Instructors' Association and of the Teachers' Union, were included. The evening *Star*, whose liberal editor, Rodney Brink, has been blasting Hearst recently, gave the story a front-page spread and strong editorial support. The impossible had happened—a large group of "cloistered" college professors had come down out of their ivory towers to strike a real blow against Hearst and fascism!

The Hearst paper, probably fearing the rage of the czar of San Simeon, managed to get a statement out of President Lee Paul Sieg of the university, who was imported two years ago from Pittsburgh, the Mellon university recently black-listed by the American Association of University Professors. Sieg "deplored" the faculty members' action, saying that "faculty members should be too busy attending to their educational duties to find time to enter into a controversy off the campus." The *Star* retorted: "Dr. Sieg surely can see that compliance with such a formula would also keep his professors too busy to go fishing or to a movie show—or to vote on election day . . . we feel sure that the head of a great American university [should] actually urge his entire faculty to 'take sides' where the American right of freedom of speech and the very Constitution itself are in jeopardy."

This tremendous build-up assured the success of the Ward meeting. Six thousand persons filled the auditorium and applauded Dr. Ward's clear analysis of current trends toward fascism and the need for a united front to curb those trends. The incident undoubtedly pleased the sixty-two instructors involved. And the *Star* was the recipient of a large number of subscriptions as a result of an informal movement among liberals. So everyone was happy—except, perhaps, Mr. Hearst and Mr. Sieg; the latter's stand on the civil rights of teachers has enabled his faculty to know what to expect of him hereafter.

One more thing in the fight for civil liberties remains to be reported. As a reaction to the veterans' case related above, a committee representing liberals and radicals of all shades, together with the rank and file of labor, has entered a mayoralty candidate in the current campaign. Tom E. Smith, the candidate, has a perfect progressive labor record in the state legislature. The Washington Commonwealth Federation, a coalition of technocrats and other liberal groups, is swinging its precinct organizations into action for him. With the conservatives divided several ways, he may win office. Whether he does or not, the campaign promises to be one that will set the pace for "peoples' fronts" in other cities.

Loose Construction

By HEYWOOD BROWN

FRANK KNOX seeks the Republican nomination and he also runs the *Chicago Daily News*. His dual role as publisher and Presidential aspirant has some embarrassing features. An organizer for the American Newspaper Guild reported that it was difficult to talk to men on the *News* because they were frightened off by the publisher's opposition. This has not manifested itself in any overt act, but a newspaper shop is a whispering gallery. "It was learned on good authority," as the phrase goes, that anybody on the Knox paper who joined the guild would find such action bad medicine.

The National Executive Board of the guild felt that as a Presidential candidate Colonel Knox would be glad to make some open statement in regard to his position on collective bargaining, and a communication was sent to him. He did not seem very glad or very open. Of course he has "had a long and amiable contact with organized labor," but he hazards the guess that the reason for the guild's failure to make faster progress in Chicago is "that the hard-boiled, individualistic, and realistic men who staff the Chicago papers don't see the benefits." The Colonel's hint to his staff is a broad one. One needs to be no master of realism to translate the Knox note accurately enough. The Colonel is saying that on his own paper he believes in rugged individualism and that he is against organized labor. What could be simpler?

■ * ■

FOR a short period I thought I had a notion which might revolutionize the reporting of news from Washington. It was all on account of something the taxi-driver said. He was talking of the fact that in the course of a day he carried many famous men to the House or the Senate or the White House itself. "And a lot of them seem to forget," he added, "that down here in Washington there isn't any glass between the driver and the passenger."

There flashed into my head the notion of a service to be called "Taxi Tips, Inc.—The Inside of the Inside of Washington News."

"Only yesterday," the driver continued, "I had Carter Glass and a friend in my cab."

"Was it that very slippery day?" I inquired hopefully.

But seemingly there had been no mishap, for the taxi man continued, "That old Senator was talking about a man named Eccles. He was saying all sorts of things about him just as if I didn't have an ear in my head."

"What did he say?" I asked eagerly, my journalistic fervor aroused. "What did Carter Glass say about Eccles?"

"He said he didn't like him," replied the driver. I have decided not to organize Taxi Tips, Inc., after all.

■ * ■

THE secrecy which surrounds all the activities of the Supreme Court save its public announcements is supposed to add to its dignity and sanctity. But of late its reputation has been impaired by rumor. One is so persistent that the court in all fairness to itself should issue an affirmation or a denial. To be sure the justices cannot be expected to take heed of every tale which goes around con-

cerning the manner in which they arrived at some particular decision. Newspapermen themselves pay little attention to those ropes conjured out of thin air. But a number of reliable correspondents are convinced that the story of the switch of Chief Justice Hughes on the AAA case is true. According to this very persistent rumor Chief Justice Hughes had been inclined to vote with Stone, Brandeis, and Cardozo in upholding the act. Finding himself in the minority he switched over in order to make the invalidating decision go by six to three.

A RECENT issue of *Time* was a great deal less than fair to John L. Lewis. At the top of the page the magazine printed a picture of a pleasant old house in Alexandria, Virginia, of Lewis reclining in a chair, and of a corner of the handsome office of the president of the United Mine Workers of America in the Tower Building in Washington. In a footnote the office was referred to as "moderne." The intention was obvious and probably successful with some. I ran into a couple of old dowagers in Washington who had been receptive to the idea. They were chattering away in their circle about how terrible it was that a labor leader should have a palace in which to live and an elaborate office, while other men were working deep underground. Now even the most bitter foes of Lewis would hardly deny the enormous energy he puts into his job. His salary of \$12,000 a year makes him among the lower-paid labor leaders although he is the president of the largest union. John L. Lewis is probably the greatest authority from all possible angles on coal in this country today. Alexandria is of course a suburb of Washington, and its rents are low. Lewis does not own the house in which he lives.

I believe he smokes pretty good cigars, but I have never come across any other luxury in which he indulges himself. And as far as his tactics and his objectives go he need not apologize to anyone for being "moderne."

Facts for Consumers

AS instructive a bit of information for consumers as has ever been published is contained in a letter written by Representative Thomas R. Amlie of Wisconsin to the Secretary of State and reprinted in the *Congressional Record*. Primarily the letter was a protest against the recent reciprocal tariff agreement with Canada, which among other things lowered the duty on Canadian cheese; but in explaining why the arrangement was unfair to his constituents Mr. Amlie gave some interesting information about process cheese (natural cheese heated to the melting-point with flavoring and other ingredients added) and the business methods and quality standards of such large producers as Kraft-Phenix.

The cheapest and most inferior cheese on the market is bought by the processors and used as a base for their product. Flavor, one of the characteristics of all good cheese, is not desired by the processors, for they can add flavor in the processing. Adequate moisture content, another characteristic of good-quality natural cheese, is also not desired. The processors are now reported to be playing the domestic cheese-makers against those across the border by threatening to buy only Canadian cheese unless the domestic cheese-makers will cut the moisture content of their product to 33 per cent, which, according to Amlie, will make a most unpalatable cheese.

The cheese-makers of Wisconsin, writes Amlie, object to this debasement of quality. But even pride in the art of cheese-making must bow to the demands of the market. "It is regrettable," says Amlie, "that the American consuming public does not appreciate what constitutes good cheese." Thus good-quality natural cheese must compete in price with the well-advertised packaged products. Not only do the cheese-makers suffer from this commercial disadvantage, but they are precluded from directly competing with the processors because the patents to the processing methods are the property of Kraft-Phenix and other large corporations.

Back in 1923 the United States Department of Agriculture established grades for American cheddar, which includes two-thirds of all cheese produced in the country. After thirteen years only one pound of every hundred produced is graded. The two top grades are United States Extra Fancy and United States Fancy. The government buys nothing below the third grade, known as U. S. No. 1. Ungraded cheese, much of it of fourth and fifth quality, is regularly sold to the buying public.

Several months ago the Food and Drug Administration's notices of judgment listed a seizure of Kraft-Phenix Velveeta. Velveeta was alleged to be misbranded because the statement on the label that it contained "43 per cent butter fat" was, according to the Food and Drug Administration, false; and because other statements on the package tended to mislead the purchaser into believing that "the article was essentially cheese." The seized shipment of Velveeta was released to Kraft-Phenix under bond on condition that the labels be corrected. Subsequently the decree was amended to permit the product to be dehydrated and reworked.

THE dull routine of service in the Food Administration has been enlivened for Wendell Vincent, chief of the Western district, by an attempted lynching and more recently by a suit for malicious persecution brought by an irate business man whose products had been seized on three occasions. The attempted lynching was an incident in the spray-residue war on the West Coast a few years ago; the suit for malicious persecution, the first of its kind to be brought against a food-and-drug inspector, is now pending. The first trial, before Municipal Judge A. J. Fritz of San Francisco, ended with a hung jury, eight to four in favor of the plaintiff. Whether Ira D. Cardiff, president of the Washington Dehydrated Food Company, will continue to prosecute or whether he believes that his near victory will sufficiently impress Vincent and other inspectors remains to be seen. Policemen are occasionally sued on such charges, but the effect of making administration inspectors personally liable for the performance of their official duties has given the administration heads something new to worry about. How zealous will men in the field be when they know they may have to pay out of their own pocket for keeping adulterated and poisonous food off the market?

ONE of the easiest ways of shortweighting is to decrease the size of a standard package. Bakers, for example, have met with little consumer resistance when they have effected an increase in bread prices by reducing the size of the loaf. Meat packers and others in the food industries have followed the same general procedure. New York City's Commissioner of Markets has now called a halt to this form of cheating in the sale of packaged bacon. By agreement with representatives of the large packers, bacon packaged for distribution in New York after February 29 will weigh a full half-pound, not the six ounces which have come to be accepted as the standard size. Consumers in other parts of the country will do well to note whether a "half-pound" of bacon really weighs eight ounces.

RUTH BRINDZE

Books and Music

Biography

By ABE CRADDOCK EDMUNDS

When time's theft
Of all that once was magical and rare
By ■ slow garnering had left
No further hint of wonder there:
Death wrote his name upon her face
As carelessly as in an earlier day
He bent the limbs of some Greek girl
And put away her groves and temples.

Mr. Santayana's First Novel

The Last Puritan. By George Santayana. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.75.

BY one of those ironies not infrequent in literary history, George Santayana, one of the subtlest and richest minds of our or any other day, and one of the great artists in English prose, who has been quietly turning out philosophic masterpieces for half a century, has come into popular acclaim at last, in his seventy-third year, with what is technically the least expert and what is in some respects the most intellectually attenuated of his works. And all because that work is his first "novel."

As ■ novel, its faults, according to conventional standards, are numerous. The pace is slow; the structure is not neat and climactical, but almost as rambling, as up-and-downish and full of tedious interludes as life. There are some ordinarily melodramatic incidents—two murders, ■ suspicious death at sea, ■ suicide—but instead of any effort on the author's part to extract the full drama latent in these, there seems almost ■ deliberate effort to muffle it. The physical background of events is sometimes touched off graphically but more often ignored. The protagonist's three years at Williams College, surely formative ones, are dismissed in a few vague sentences. The characters are seen only from certain aspects, and are seldom physically vivid. And the dialogue is like none heard in the novel for a generation. It is an exchange of soliloquies or finished essays; it is full of unblushing self-explanation or exposition, not for the benefit of the person ostensibly addressed, but of the reader; and nearly always it is much too intelligent and clairvoyant.

But the merits of the book make up for everything, and sweep all its faults before them. And are they really faults? As for the structure, we must remember that this is not simply ■ novel, but "a memoir in the form of ■ novel." Oliver Alden, the hero, we are to understand from the prologue and epilogue, was ■ real person; he was "the most gifted" of Santayana's pupils in the philosopher's last days at Harvard. And if Oliver is real, then presumably the other characters are real, or at least idealizations of real characters. In that case our proper standards of structure would be those of biography rather than of fiction—were it not that the author assumes the fiction writer's prerogative of overhearing all conversations and divining his characters' unspoken thoughts. As for the dialogue, after our first shock at its apparent amateurishness, we accept and finally welcome it as a convention. These long, explicit, uninterrupted speeches are a device of compression: we come to assume that what is said in one long speech by a character is the meat of what he really said over the course of a whole

evening or ■ week; and the unnatural intelligence and articulateness of everyone is a refreshing relief from the current convention of laconic obtuseness or incoherent streams of consciousness.

And if the characters are not seen from all sides, their minds, at least, are seen profoundly and thoroughly. Nowhere else in fiction has the latter-day puritan New England soul been so profoundly plumbed, so unsparingly dissected. Unsparingly, and yet sympathetically. For Oliver Alden is defeated, in the end, not because he is a hypocrite but because he is sincere.

We begin with his ancestors: his grasping grandfather, who accumulated the family fortune and died by violence; his frigid Uncle Nathaniel, like ■ character out of Dickens; his father, whose life was wrecked because he accidentally killed a man when ■ student at Harvard, and who spends his days wandering aimlessly over the world in his yacht, learned, humorous, amiable, but weary and joyless, who takes to drugs and finally does away with himself; his mother, infuriatingly smug, conventional, and bigoted. Oliver himself comes into the world apparently with everything in his favor. He inherits a strong body, money, social position; he is brought up by an intelligent and enthusiastic German governess saturated in the romantic tradition of Goethe. At school he quickly assumes leadership both in his studies and in sports. But soon we become aware that there is something wrong here. His parents' marriage is a loveless one; there is no warmth or affection in his home, and there is no warmth or gusto in him. He becomes a prude and a prig, sure of his own integrity and rightness. But what is worse, he is incapable of a healthy, animal acceptance of life: what he does, even his football and his rowing, is done not for pleasure but from a sense of duty.

When he comes of age, he takes his fortune ascetically and sadly. "I remain unhappy, I remain desolate. But if the world is desolate, why make believe it is gay and beautiful? I'd rather be desolate than drunk: and that's the alternative." Does the fault, the reader asks, lie in Oliver's bodily chemistry, or is it really in the barren tradition in which he has been raised? Though a puritan, he is even without ■ mission. "I would gladly devote my life to religion, if there were a religion that was true." And when at length he convinces himself, on puritan grounds, that it is wrong to be a puritan, he remains a puritan notwithstanding. His few attempts at love-making are clumsy and cold; the two women to whom he proposes reject him in spite of his wealth and generosity, and perhaps because of his rather formidable virtue, his icy integrity. He is a failure even in death, for though he enlists half-heartedly in the war, he is killed three days after the Armistice—in ■ motor accident.

This modern Hamlet, this later Henry Adams, is more than an individual; he is ■ symbol of ■ whole race, a whole philosophy. The characters that are contrasted with him—his friend Jim Darnley, fleshly and sensual; his cousin Mario, gilded, merry, cultured, Latin and Catholic; Darnley's pious father—are also symbols; and it is right that they should state so articulately the attitudes for which they stand. For Santayana has turned out, after all, one more book of philosophy, and if the argument is somewhat more attenuated than in previous volumes, it is, by compensation, much more dramatic. And through it are generously sprinkled those aphorisms that fall so easily from his pen: "Emerson is Goethe served in ice water."—"What is love-making but a recurring decimal, always identical in form and always diminishing in value?"—"We've got to change the truth a little in order to remember it." Since Henry James there has been no American novel so rich in thought and analysis.

HENRY HAZLITT

BURLINGAME
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The Greatest of the Lowells

Biography of Percival Lowell. By A. Lawrence Lowell. The Macmillan Company. \$3.

BEGINNING with a reminiscent chapter on the home where the author, one-time president of Harvard, spent his youth with Amy, the poet, and Percival, the subject of the biography, this memoir of America's greatest astronomer rises from the familiar to the picturesque and from the picturesque to the grandiose. The picturesque phase of Percival Lowell's life was passed in the Far East between 1883 and 1893. As one of the first sympathetic observers of Japan and the unique adviser to the King of Korea, Lowell had the opportunity of becoming, while still very young, an important figure in the world of international politics. But something already evident in his books on the East turned him aside from that brilliant path. It was the passion for observing phenomena. That passion, nurtured in patience, supported by ample means, and crowned with the creative imagination, brought forth his two epochal contributions to astrophysics: the description of Mars, with an explanation of its canals, and the calculation of an undiscovered planet's orbit beyond Neptune. The planet, which he called X, Lowell never saw, but on his birthday, fourteen years after his death, its presence was reported to the world by his former associates at the observatory he had founded.

To the historian of thought the significance of Lowell's work lies in the productive effect of the doctrine of evolution. Both in his work on Mars and in his search for X—now Pluto—it was evolutionary analogy from Lyell and Darwin that animated and directed the tireless observer. The same world-view was latent in his earlier work on Shintoism, just as in "The Soul of the East" something of the pseudo-biological simplification of a Taine or Gobineau was visible. But whereas in society the analogy has produced only prejudice and discord, in science it led once again to a search for just those facts which enabled an imaginative investigator to embrace in a closer formulation the workings of the universe.

President Lowell has recorded his brother's life with sure tact and satisfactory fulness. His task was to write the history of a mind engrossed in problems difficult to popularize, and with the single exception of a misleading remark about the astronomical meaning of opposition, he has achieved perfect clarity without condescension. What is more, one feels throughout, in both biographer and subject, that admirable respect for humankind which is the apanage, not always of mere intelligence, but of aristocratic intelligence, that last fruit of culture, enhancing its noblest accomplishments.

JACQUES BARZUN

Coming of Age in New York

From the Kingdom of Necessity. By Isidor Schneider. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.

THIS autobiographical novel out of the East Side contains a wide range of experience sensitively interpreted, a great variety of persons and situations, a close integration between backgrounds and characters. But too often the wealth of material overflows the form, clogs the narrative. There is far too much illustrative matter in the shape of reported speeches, personal outpourings, documentations of points the author has already made in the actions and casual conversations of his characters and in his own often illuminating comments. Here is an organic story, presented with beauty and

brilliance, with humor and passion, which by its own vitality disentangles itself from the mass of adipose commentary and remains sharp in outline and vivid in detail after the book is read. The acuteness of a poet's vision contributes to this effect, but there is also the fact that this is a picture of world tendencies and events as they have expressed themselves in New York in the past thirty years, seen from a certain angle which slowly widens with the passage of time and the accumulation of perceptions to include every kind of experience in which the hero can be involved. Time and movement are important in the two main currents, which are constantly touching and separating: the migratory economic life of the family—their many changes of occupation and locality in search of "prosperity"; and the inner development of the hero, alien to his family in every impulse and attitude, constantly struggling to rise out of the morass of poverty, grossness, and dishonesty that surrounds him into a world where he can exist with self-respect and self-fulfilment. And just as the family, in its frantic effort to rise materially, is always tied to an economic evolution it suffers from and struggles with but cannot understand, so Isaac, the son, in his struggle to develop as a man and a writer is constantly confused and frustrated by a crushing sense of weakness, inferiority, and loneliness.

The family, the school, religion, the job, the "better" young people, all have nothing to give him and those like him. In the world as it is now every human impulse is cheapened and vitiated. This is especially true of love and sex, which run like a painful bewildered motif through the adolescent life, where there is no privacy, no beauty, no understanding, and where frustrations or hasty marriages are the least hideous solutions. Isaac at last achieves a happy married life and devotes his gifts as a writer to the liberation of his class.

CLARA GRUENING STILLMAN

The International Present

England Made Me. By Graham Greene. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

GRAHAM GREENE'S latest novel, his sixth, falls into the category of fiction depicting the sickness of modern society. It is not to be confused with those novels which go on to imply or state a remedy, be it communism or Anglo-Catholicism or nudism; the two types are entirely distinct. Greene, like a good many others among our writers, is content to limn his despair and let it go at that.

And yet "England Made Me" is, within its limitations, a good piece of work. It revolves about the thoughts and actions of an English brother and sister in the employ of a Swedish magnate named Krogh (is Kreuger implied?); the brother is the great man's bodyguard, the sister is his secretary and mistress. The story moves easily and smoothly through its three hundred short pages, without fumbling of incident, without any incompetent or irrelevant writing. Greene is a skilful craftsman. He sets off in effective, unlabored relief the immorality of big business and the uneasy petty grafting of those who are the hangers-on of high finance.

The two complementary themes of the book intersect in the mind of the Englishman, Anthony Farrant. Anthony is impregnated with the moral convictions of his father; he believes in the creeds of nineteenth-century England, in prudence and propriety and the absolute moral law. But the security which nourished those comfortable creeds is gone, and Anthony is perforce an economic parasite, going always from job to job, mildly dishonest, accustomed to dishonesty as the typical and normal method of subsistence. He is unwilling that his sister should be Krogh's mistress, and engaged to marry Krogh, when

By EDUARD C. LINDEMAN

Wealth and Culture

A study of 100 great foundations and community trusts—their organization, nature and activities with special reference to their cultural effect.

From the Author's Preface: "My first surprise was to discover that those who managed foundations and trusts did not wish to have these instruments investigated. Had it occurred to me that it would require eight years persistent inquiry at a wholly disproportionate cost to disclose even the basic quantitative facts desired, I am sure that the study would have been promptly abandoned. . . . But in this instance the very resistance and barriers . . . only served to enhance my determination to go forward. Now I am at last prepared to publish an initial report." *With tables, graphs, charts, \$3.00*

By SAMUEL YELLEN

American Labor Struggles

This full, unbiased study of ten labor struggles, which are of great importance in the story of labor in the basic industries, constitutes a major work of American economic history. The ten struggles dealt with are: 1877 THE RAILROAD UPRISINGS; 1887 HAY-MARKET; 1892 THE HOMESTEAD LOCKOUT; 1894 STRIKE AT PULLMAN; 1902 ANTHRACITE; 1912 THE LAWRENCE STRIKE; 1913 BLOODY LUDLOW; 1919 STEEL; 1929 SOUTHERN TEXTILE STRIKES; 1934 SAN FRANCISCO GENERAL STRIKE.

Illustrated with linecuts and halftones. \$3.50

New Biographies

NEGLEY FARSON

The Way of a Transgressor

The life story of a remarkable American, who has, as rover, munitions salesman in Russia, newspaper correspondent in Europe and Asia, been embroiled in the chaotic events of two decades. "Nowhere," wrote *Frank L. Simonds*, "have I encountered a more vivid or more absorbing record of how people actually felt in moments which will one day be reduced to dry historical proportions. . . . Duranty called his book 'I Write as I Please.' Farson should have called his 'I Write What I Have Lived.'" *602 pages, \$3.00*

HENRY W. NEVINSON *Fire of Life*

WITH A PREFACE BY JOHN MASEFIELD. The three volumes of "Changes and Chances," the autobiography of this great war correspondent, condensed and arranged in one book. It is the moving record of a great life lived at the forefront of world events over the last fifty years. Already a modern classic of autobiography, it "furnishes to all the one indispensable interpretation of the period closed by the World War."—*George W. Kirchwey, The Nation.* *\$2.75*

LAURA NORSWORTHY

The Lady of Bleeding Heart Yard

(LADY ELIZABETH HATTON, 1578-1646)

This biography of a great Elizabethan lady is a volume of such scholarship and vital quality as to rank with those recent books, *THOMAS MORE* by R. W. Chambers and J. E. Neale's *QUEEN ELIZABETH*. Lady Elizabeth Hatton, married against her will to Attorney-General Edward Coke, shone in the courts of Elizabeth, James I, and Charles I, and died a Roundhead. She shone equally in the courts of law, in disputes with her famous husband. She fought four bishops of Ely and was jailed for resisting the last. A glamorous and brilliant character, her story is a richly revealing picture of Elizabethan life and times. *Illustrated. \$3.00*

HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY, 383 Madison Ave., New York

she does not love him; but he has no objection to blackmailing Krogh, and he is prevented only by his own lack of appropriate daring. Krogh himself, the swindler with coolness and nerve enough to be successful, feels his life to be empty and profitless, futile with the need for wariness against his fellows. Kate Farrant is better adjusted to her environment than the two men; but she too is nervous and weary with the unending strain of adjustment.

It is a fine technical device of the novelist to make the private thoughts of his characters dwell almost exclusively among old memories, the circumstances of a world which at least in retrospect shows coherence and stability and decency. In the minds of all of them is the constant collision, the impact of a raw unworthy present upon the mellow remembered past. "Deliberately she [Kate] turned away from the thought that there had been a straightness about the poor national past which the international present did without . . . in their class at any rate there had been gentleness and kindness once."

Graham Greene's social philosophy is inconclusive and unsatisfying. Constantly repulsed by the sterility and futility of modern upper-class existence, his characters cannot turn wholeheartedly even to the memory of their past—for the suspicion always obtrudes that the Victorian past was not nearly so gracious and meaningful as it sought to appear. And the future, it goes without saying, is for them only a prospect of infinitely extended futility. Mr. Greene neither hopes nor expects: that which is, is, and there is nothing to be done about it. But he does accomplish as much as he attempts in "England Made Me"; the book is a compelling image of corruption and decay. Greene never surmounts the immediate fact of a ruling class which lacks both personal ideals and historical purpose; he sees nothing that may restore meaning and direction to the lives of men; but he does reproduce, with clarity and conviction, a segment of the poisoned present and its sugar-coated memories of a poisoned past.

ROBERT LANN

A Quest of the Spirit

Autobiography. By John Cournos. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.75.

THE contradictions and digressions of life spun out in a world of disorder created in Mr. Cournos the need to discover a significant pattern. His "Autobiography," in spite of its studied informality, is the chronicle of a quest for spiritual order. Tormented by the cruelty and folly of the little men who strutted over the Western world of his day, Mr. Cournos sought to establish an inner peace which might enable him to transcend the futile gesturings of his contemporaries.

As a boy haunted by pogroms in Russia, as a young man bending before the machine in America, as a mature novelist bewildered by war madness in England, he tried to define his faith in a universe of eternally fixed values existing independently of ugly accidents. Though these values appeared to conflict with the mechanized world in which men were losing their way, Mr. Cournos chose to reject machinery rather than love and beauty and truth. He turned his back on materialism: "I had come into a world from which the last unity was going, the last authority, synthesis, and God Himself going. And there were coming into their place scatteredness, chaos, multiplicity, specialization, anarchy, no one God but every man a god-unto-himself, a fanatical irreligion with devotees dancing around the Machine."

The machine is the villain of this history; the spirit is the hero. It is the conflict, as Mr. Cournos sees it, between Wells and Yeats, Picasso and Gauguin. He despises behaviorists and

technocrats and efficiency experts; it is not difficult to imagine his reaction to Stakhanovism. To the capitalists and to the Communists he cries, "A plague on both your houses." What religion is to the Communists, Mr. Cournos remarks, the machine is to him. He might have added that what, in his opinion, the machine is to the Communists, religion—the worship of what he calls "the eternal verities"—is to him. This accounts for his attraction to Hassidism, the Sermon on the Mount, the poetry of Yeats, and the personality of Gordon Craig. And it accounts, too, one may suppose, for the sense of frustration with which this book may leave many readers. For it is overwhelmingly clear that, compared to the difficulty of scrapping the machine, the problem of humanizing it through social control, great as this may be, is infinitesimal. Mr. Cournos's lifelong protest against the monsters of mechanism suggests the ineffectual flapping of Shelleyan wings. This protest is more than noble; it is tragic, for it anticipates death. The fate of older men, Mr. Cournos remarks, is to straddle generations which are in many respects poles apart. It is melancholy to reflect that youth is inclined to find Mr. Cournos's precarious balance a trifle ridiculous. The machine can't be bucked; it must be bossed. John Cournos's significant pattern is an interesting personal phenomenon which illuminates a phase of history. On the present and immediate future it throws only a murky light.

SAMUEL SILLEN

Shorter Notices

Mark Twain's Notebook. Prepared for Publication with Comments by Albert Bigelow Paine. Harper and Brothers. \$4.

Mr. Paine's "Life" of Mark Twain, the "Autobiography," and the "Letters" have made the temper of the present volume so much a matter of common knowledge that its publication at this late date can bring few novelties to light, and comes as something of an anticlimax. The volume is interesting, nevertheless, as showing its author's private mind over a period of forty years, from 1865 to 1905; and as showing how little difference there was between this mind and his public one. The "heresies" are rare and mild, at least as far as their content is concerned; their style is another thing, since it often grows incandescent with rage or sorrow or triumph, and since it marks a number of passages here as among the best the man ever wrote. The "Notebook" will have to take its place, if a minor one, along with the three works mentioned above in any Mark Twain collection pretending to be complete.

The Four Georges. By Sir Charles Petrie. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.75.

In a book remarkable for witty insight and wise concision Sir Charles Petrie has set forth a "reevaluation" of the eighteenth century. Unlike the average historian Sir Charles does not regard the revolutionary years of George III's time as marking a distinctive break with the past, and sees fit, therefore, to continue the century to the death of George IV. There are a number of other things which he does not regard in the usual manner. He sees the failure of the Jacobite movement as an encouragement for mishandling the Enclosure Acts and as an aid in the establishment of the "religion of property," with Parliament subsequently becoming an organ of the rich. Incidentally he throws some new light upon the activities of William Shippen, the first modern "opposition leader." These early chapters establish the point of departure for a new thesis. With the advent of the age of reason (bourgeois variety) the author turns to the new urban influences which were accentuated by the prior ruin of agriculture. The textbook myth of

industrialism ruining agriculture by causing landless folk to flock to the cities he explodes. He lays considerable emphasis on the cleavage of East and West in London and on the trends which would eventually help to create social-reform pleas and Victorian humanitarianism. Excellent material is included on related subjects, literary, dramatic, artistic, and "modish." A fine chapter on "the struggle for existence" is followed by a brilliant treatment of "the coming of the machine," 1760-96. This the author links with the decline of classicism and the emanation of romanticism—individualism reasserting itself against the new universalism. Alluding to nineteenth-century humanitarianism, Sir Charles adumbrates the background of those laboring conditions which strangely escaped the notice of the Society for the Abolition of Negro Slavery. His sympathies throughout are with the workers, the creators, against the stodgy, self-satisfied mercantile and industrial interests.

Mottke the Thief. By Sholem Asch. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.

Mr. Asch's novel has very little in common with most of the fiction being written today: not only is it closer to ancient racial traditions than to contemporary attitudes, but it possesses qualities of vigor and naivete not generally associated with the novel as we have come to know it. And one may search in vain for modern prototypes of Mr. Asch's hero. Drawn almost casually, without benefit of analysis or social viewpoint, he yet emerges as a vivid and full-sized human being, capable of enlisting our sympathies even while he is doing his utmost to antagonize us. Mottke is a liar, a bully, and a thief; he brings shame on his father, breaks his mother's heart, kills his rival, deserts his girl, and lives off women—yet the reader is continually drawn to him, continually on edge lest he be caught, and suffers with him at the end when, betrayed by his fiancée into the hands of the police, he would seem to be getting only his just deserts. To create so sympathetic a character out of such antipathetic material—and to do so, moreover, with such apparent ease—requires talent of a high order. But this is not all: "Mottke the Thief" is further to be valued for its humor, which again is like nothing in the modern world, being of a distinctly peasant flavor—at once bold and sly, naive and worldly-wise, coarsely farcical and profoundly sympathetic, and always cropping up in odd places, like the touch of nature that it is. "Mottke the Thief" is not a great novel; for all its vitality it is slight in substance, and none of the other characters attain to quite the bulk and stature of the hero. But Mr. Asch's touch is so sure, his imagination so robust, and his attitude toward life so seasoned that this picaresque tale of the last century seems far closer to reality than many a novel of the contemporary scene.

Recorded Music

IT has become a commonplace of musical reviewing to praise Arthur Schnabel's playing of Beethoven, to say that here we are given Beethoven without the interpreter's getting in the way of the music, to call Schnabel in this sense the Toscanini of the keyboard, the virtuoso who has too much musicianship to play like one. It may, then, be enough to record the fact that the series of five concertos is completed by him this month with the recording of No. 2 in B flat. It was the first composed of the five, and though labeled Opus 19, is in style and content far nearer Haydn and Mozart than the Opus 18 quartets. That is how it is played. The rondo movement comes out as the merriest of tripping tunes and could be easily taken for even early Haydn.

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Astonishing progress has been made recently in the process of recording, and no piano concerto published even two years ago can compare with this one in faithfulness of reproduction. Yet one could wish either that Mr. Schnabel had used a better piano or that the microphone had been more advantageously placed. Certain notes in the region of an octave and a half above middle C ring out as if a piece of metal had been used in place of the piano strings, while the different registers sound almost as if they belonged to different pianos. These defects, though, are minor matters in this authoritative and beautiful playing of the most infrequently performed of the concertos.

Almost flawless piano reproduction may be heard on the two records that comprise the Bach-Busoni Toccata in C major played by Arthur Rubinstein, a pianist heard too seldom in this country. The fugue is a lesson in clear articulation; and while purists may have some fault to find with some of the pedaling in the intermezzo, there is, after all, nothing completely pure to purists.

The London Philharmonic, conducted by Malcolm Sargent, accompanies the whole series of Beethoven concertos previously mentioned. This same organization, under Serge Koussevitzky, is represented this month by the Mozart G minor symphony. Again on account of mechanical progress, this often played symphony has never sounded so well on records. The delicate balancing of choirs in the second movement is particularly noteworthy. Too often, in less inspired hands, this movement seems to be only a dull prelude to the most satisfactory of all Mozart minuets. Indeed, the very excellence of the recording is a drawback to some extent, in that the woodwinds of the orchestra are shown up to be inferior to the strings in attack if not in tone quality. However, this is an unimportant fault and will take careful listening to detect. The orchestra is good, but it is not the equal of Mr. Koussevitzky's own Bostonians, who under the name of the Boston "Pops" Orchestra and under the direction of Max Fiedler have turned in the best orchestral recordings of recent months. You may be somewhat tired of the compositions, but for sheer brilliance of performance and reproduction try this organization's "Dance of the Hours" or Handel's Largo.

Almost invariably the recitalist in the concert hall requires the better part of the first group to warm up and to establish rapport with the audience. In a studio-recorded recital this difficulty is obviated; and so one may enjoy Lotte Lehman's album of *Lieder* from beginning to end without the nervous hope that she will surely soon reach her well-loved best. This recital includes two *Lieder* each by Mozart, Schubert, Schumann, and Wolf, and three by Brahms. With the possible exceptions of "Ungeduld" and "Anacreons Grab," all are un-hackneyed. The skilful accompaniments by Erno Balogh are kept in the background with almost tenacious modesty.

At its finest one could want no better *Lieder* singing than Lotte Lehman's—witness her performance of the Schumann and the Wolf songs. Conscience demands the report that heavy breathing and an occasional operatic attack on certain phrases of Mozart's "Die Verschweigung" and Brahms's "Meine Liebe ist grün" do not help the line of the melody. But the volume as a whole is recommended for the drama and intelligence of the interpretations and for the beauty of Frau Lehman's voice.

All records mentioned in this review are Victor records.

HENRY SIMON

[Mr. Simon's comments on new records will appear every other week.]

Correction

In *The Nation* for February 5 the price of "The Handbook of Marxism," by Emile Burns, was given as \$1.75. The correct price is \$3.

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CONTENTS

THE SHAPE OF THINGS

EDITORIALS:

HAVE FAITH IN THE COMMON MAN	264
THE TAX DEBACLE	265
SPAIN MOVES LEFT	266
WASHINGTON WEEKLY by Paul W. Ward	267
BUZZ WINDRIP—GOVERNOR OF GEORGIA by Benjamin Stolberg	269
THE BRITISH ARMS INQUIRY by Harold J. Laski	272
WHERE DOES THE SUPREME COURT STAND? by Max Lerner	273
A NOTE ON LITERARY CRITICISM by James T. Farrell	276
NO SOAP-BOXES IN HOLLYWOOD by Morrie Ryskind	278
ISSUES AND MEN by Oswald Garrison Villard	279
BROUN'S PAGE	280
BOOKS AND THE ARTS	
ON THE DIFFICULTY OF MODERN POETRY by Joseph Wood Krutch	283
TO THE DETRACTORS by Archibald MacLeish	284
EUROPE AS PORTRAITURE by Raymond Gram Swing	285
NECROPOLIS by Louis Kronenberger	286
BEAUTY AND THE BEAST by Mark Van Doren	286
REVOLUTIONARY MYTHOLOGY by Sidney Hook	288
SHORTER NOTICES	290
DRAMA: SYMPOSIUM by Joseph Wood Krutch	291
FILMS: THE MISUNDERSTOOD by Mark Van Doren	292
DRAWINGS: by George Schreiber, William Gropper, and Mabel Dwight	

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The Shape of Things

*

THE CHANGES WHICH APPEAR IN THIS ISSUE of *The Nation* should speak for themselves. We hope that the physical changes will produce the effect that was intended, namely, one of clarity, vigor, and legibility. The form was designed by Joseph Blumenthal in consultation with all the persons who help to produce *The Nation*. New features and extra pages have been added to meet the necessities of an expanding weekly. It is with particular pleasure and confidence that the editors announce the formation of a board of Editorial Associates comprising Heywood Broun, Alvin Johnson, and our former Editor and recent Contributing Editor, Oswald Garrison Villard. This board will advise on policy and planning and will bring to our editorial councils the varied social and political experience of its three members.

*

BATTLE LINES ARE DRAWING CLOSER IN THE industrial-craft-union fight whose outcome will decide the future form and strength of the American labor movement. William Green, with what seems more like bad temper than good strategy, sent out on February 21 an ultimatum to all labor bodies affiliated with the American Federation of Labor ordering them to have nothing to do with the Committee for Industrial Organization. "The Executive Council," reads the letter, "cannot and will not permit division and discord to divide the forces of the American Federation of Labor. . . ." There was no hint in Mr. Green's pronouncement that the question should be or will be decided by the rank and file. The truth is of course that the rank and file are massed behind the opposing line. The C. I. O. gave Mr. Green not one but three answers. It replied that the C. I. O. is seeking to remove the roots of dualism by making it possible for millions of mass-production workers to enter the A. F. of L. on the only basis they will accept—industrial unions. On the same day the committee announced its support of 30,000 radio workers who recently rejected the executive council's proposal that they become Class B members in the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers. A day later the C. I. O. issued its third and strongest answer to Mr. Green. The eight unions represented on it proposed to him an immediate campaign to organize steel. They offered as their contribution trained organizers and \$500,000, but they stipulated (1) that organization must be along industrial lines, and (2) that leadership must be such as to inspire confidence of success.

spire confidence of success. In the face of this terrifying offer Mr. Green at once scurried to cover. It will be referred, he said, to the executive council meeting in May.

*

IN THE NAME OF SOIL CONSERVATION, WHICH is apparently constitutional, the new farm bill manages to give the Secretary of Agriculture powers over farm output as broad as the AAA. It is provided that eventually the states shall take over the task of agricultural regulation; but until that time Secretary Wallace will remain the guardian and manipulator of farm prosperity. He is no longer permitted to enter into contracts with farmers to pay them cash rewards for not producing certain crops, but he may offer cash inducements on a voluntary basis to farmers who are willing to help build up the soil and promote its economic use by withdrawing land from cultivation, preventing its erosion, or improving its fertility. At the same time he is given the task of providing and maintaining a continuous and adequate supply of farm commodities at prices fair to both producers and consumers. The meaning of conservation was even stretched to include a provision in the House bill which directs the restoration of the pre-war purchasing-power parity between agricultural and non-agricultural "net incomes." Those farmers who have benefited from the AAA will no doubt welcome the new bill, and the Administration, by obtaining its passage, will not only maintain farm income but will prevent serious erosion in the Democratic vote. But to the tenants and share-croppers, who comprise two-thirds of the farm population of the South but whose vote, when they exercise it, is controlled by the landlords, the new bill may prove even more disastrous than the old. To be sure, two amendments protecting their interests were inserted in the House bill, but they are no stronger than Section 7 of the AAA contract, and it is quite possible that even these safeguards will be removed in conference.

*

AS FOR THE REST OF THE FARM BILL, TWO experts on the tenant problem, Professor H. Clarence Nixon and Professor Charles S. Johnson, have pointed out in a statement prepared for the Southern Policy Committee that it threatens even greater discriminations against tenants than the AAA. To anyone familiar with the workings of the AAA in the South, the measured words of the committee indicate all too vividly the unmeasured misery in which the cropper may expect to continue.

The changes in husbandry anticipated by the new farm bill [reads the statement] will inevitably reduce the requirement for farm laborers and displace more tenants. . . . It is possible for landlords . . . to divide their lands in such a manner that tenants will grow cash cotton crops without benefits, while owners grow the feed, seed, and soil-improvement crops which require less labor and yet bring government benefits.

"Is there no voice in Congress," concludes the statement, "to insist upon a sounder agricultural economy in the

South?" On the contrary, Chairman Smith of the Senate Committee on Agriculture, when he rose in all his wrath against the House amendment, exclaimed: "What kind of fool thing is this they have adopted? The tenant and the share-cropper get it all now. They are given their share of the crop with no strings on it, while the landowner has to pay taxes and the cost of production, housing, implements, and repairs." Chairman Smith is almost correct. There is only one string on the cropper's share: it is exactly the same kind of string that small boys attach to empty purses on April Fool's day.

*

SECRETARY ICKES, WHO SEVERAL WEEKS AGO declared himself "the most enjoined man in America," has one injunction the less now and a good deal of cause for rejoicing. The United States Circuit Court of Appeals has decided that the PWA had the right to make a grant to Greenwood County, South Carolina, for the construction of a hydroelectric plant. The grounds of the decision are clear: the county has the power to construct such a project, and Mr. Ickes has the right to lend the county money for doing what it has the power to do. It should be difficult for even a hostile majority on the Supreme Court to find a way of torturing so clear a construction of the Constitution. Less clear is the decision in the Public Utility Holding Company case, appealed from Judge William C. Coleman's narrow ruling several months ago—a ruling amazingly partisan even for a conservative district judge. While the Circuit Court holds that the company's activities are intra-state (despite the fact that its subsidiaries sell electric power and water to consumers from Indiana to California), Judge Coleman's sweeping declaration that the entire Holding Company Act is unconstitutional is overruled by the Circuit Court. This still leaves the situation ambiguous. The clearest thing for the Supreme Court to do would be to throw out the entire case on the jurisdictional issue pushed by Justice Brandeis in the TVA case, and address itself to the more direct issue presented by the Electric Bond and Share suit.

*

THE COMING STRUGGLE FOR POWER HAS BEEN converted from a cliché into a present reality—and the power in question is electric power. Despite the fact that the associations of utility executives and investors are insisting that the TVA decision is strictly limited and may prove a Pyrrhic victory for the government (and there is much substance in their contentions), they are none the less terrified at the future. The prospect of a Mississippi Valley Authority, a Columbia Valley Authority, a Red River Authority haunts the waking and sleeping thoughts of those who fear for private enterprise in giant power. And it is true that the figures about the federal dams now under construction are formidable. There are thirty-seven of them, of which nineteen will produce power. The government investment in these dams is approximately a billion dollars, and it is estimated that 6,000,000 horse-power will be produced. The utility executives should be advised that the crucial problem is

not the issuing of public statements but the struggle over the administration of the power projects. Already that struggle has begun among the legislators from the Northwest in the discussion of plans for administering the Grand Coulee and Bonneville dams. Among the competing plans are a state compact authority and a unified federal authority like the TVA. If only the publicity experts of the utilities could wipe out the efficiency with which the TVA has been administered, both in its construction and its operations, half their battle would be won.

*

FURTHER LIGHT ON THE ASSISTANCE BEING given Mussolini by American business interests is available in the January trade figures just issued by the Department of Commerce. Oil exports to Italy jumped to \$1,238,500 as compared with a monthly average of \$505,000 in 1934, an increase of 140 per cent; sales of iron and steel scrap were valued at \$700,000 as against \$186,000, an increase of 325 per cent; and shipments of automobiles, parts, and accessories rose from \$61,000 to \$127,000, an advance of more than 100 per cent. Since none of these items has yet been embargoed by the League, American sales can scarcely be said to be directly undermining international law. The same cannot be claimed, however, for the growing trade in contravention of the League sanctions. The growth in American imports from Italy from \$2,764,000 in January, 1935, to \$3,157,000 in January, 1936, tends to offset, to a certain extent, the loss of Italian markets in League countries. Even more ominous is the appearance, for the first time, of substantial American exports of the commodities explicitly barred from Italy by League action. Included under this category are shipments of crude rubber, of which none was exported in 1934, and greatly increased sales of nickel and ferro-alloying metals and ores. Meanwhile, our total exports to Ethiopia declined from \$7,454 in January of last year to \$866 in January, 1936. Neutrality, apparently, has not changed much since 1914-17.

*

ALTHOUGH THE SENSATIONAL REPORTS OF A new Triple Alliance of Germany, Italy, and Austria against the League powers appear to have been unfounded, there is evidence that Nazi statesmen are working overtime to find an escape from the isolation which the ratification of the Franco-Soviet and the Soviet-Czecho-Slovakian pacts will impose. Göring went on another of his hunting trips in Poland, and the Polish and German Ambassadors at Rome were both unaccountably summoned home. Renato Ricci, Italian Secretary of State for Education, has been talking with German officials at the Winter Olympics, and Colonel Beck, the Polish Foreign Minister, is scheduled to visit Brussels in the hope of influencing certain anti-French Flemish groups. Despite this frenzied activity the chance of a strong anti-League bloc of the Central Powers seems extremely remote. Poland, though desiring to keep on good terms with Germany, does not care to alienate either France or the Soviet

Union. Personal animosities as well as fundamental rivalry over Austria are almost certain to stand in the way of a close agreement between Hitler and Mussolini. A Japanese-German alliance against the Soviet Union, which would not necessarily antagonize France and Great Britain, remains the primary danger. The recent raids on Outer Mongolia are believed to have been fomented by Germany in an effort to forestall the ratification of the Franco-Soviet alliance. Any apprehension that they may have aroused in Paris has been more than offset, however, by the glowing reports of the efficiency of the Red Army.

*

THE JAPANESE ELECTIONS ARE NOTEWORTHY chiefly for what happened to the minority parties. No startling upsets and no sweeping victories looking to a pronounced change in policy occurred, but certain small, unexpected gains and losses indicate that Japan has ventured a timid step toward liberalism and away from the reactionary chauvinism that has dominated the country since 1931. Five out of its twenty seats were lost by the party nearest to fascism, three independents representing the military super-patriots were defeated, and the Social Masses Party returned eighteen members instead of the three it had previously had. Industrial labor has become better organized and more class-conscious since the last national election four years ago, and farm labor has been in acute distress. It was inevitable, therefore, that the labor party should have made some gains. That they were as large as they were is attributable not so much to the proletariat's advance in influence as to the "pure-election" rules restricting the use of campaign funds, which helped to equalize the chances of minority and big-party candidates, and to popular disillusionment with the major parties. Otherwise the election was every bit the stalemate it was expected to be. Japan is left with the same rulers as before and with the real issues untouched.

*

THE PROCESSES OF JUSTICE WORK SO SLOWLY for Negroes that if justice is ever won by them it is more a matter of miracle than of retribution. The decision of the United States Supreme Court on February 17 in the case of Yank Ellington, Ed Brown, and Henry Shields caps a whole succession of miracles. The three boys were accused of the murder of a white man, strung up and whipped in order that a confession might be extracted from them, and convicted. Here the first miracle happened. One of the four lawyers who had been assigned by the court to defend them turned out to be a very able and humane white Southerner by the name of John A. Clark, who set for himself the task of compensating by his own humanity and energy for all the wrongs which his fellow-whites had inflicted on the Negroes. The second miracle was Associate Justice Griffiths of the Mississippi Supreme Court, who, even when the majority had denied the appeal of the boys from their conviction, read a magnificent dissenting opinion in which the entire story of the torture of the defendants and the forced confession was set down. The

climax of the case has now come in an opinion by Chief Justice Hughes in which he sets aside the convictions. The editors of *The Nation* are proud to have printed an article in the issue of December 11, 1935, by Robert W. Horton, which told the story and helped arouse interest in the case.

*

A THOROUGHGOING INVESTIGATION INTO the activities of the Townsend plan was voted in the House of Representatives on February 19. It will be salutary to correct, if possible, the widespread fallacy, with which Dr. Townsend's aged followers console themselves, that the plan is designed to give them a stipend of \$200 a month. The bill introduced by Representative McGroarty on April 1, 1935, provided for "a maximum of \$200 a month." Anything short of this, down to ten cents, would be clearly within the intent of the act. Yet despite the gross deception practiced on millions of old people throughout the country, it is interesting to compare the Townsend plan with the National Social Security Act. The latter imposes a 6 per cent tax on pay rolls in order to provide for an average of \$25 per month to about 50 per cent of the persons over sixty-five, or 3,750,000 pensioners. A group of economists who have recently quite properly criticized the Townsend plan for its absurd claim to be able to provide \$200 a month estimate, nevertheless, that under the 2 per cent transaction tax proposed by Dr. Townsend 7,000,000 persons over sixty could probably be given \$75 a month. The most important fact that the investigation could bring out would obviously be that necessary and just security to the aged should be financed not by a general sales tax, as in the Townsend plan, or by a tax on wage-earners, as in the present Social Security Act, but by a sharp tax on incomes.

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THE NEW YORK TIMES, WHICH ADVERTISES its reputation for integrity, published on Sunday, February 23, a Madrid dispatch which was Hearstian in its combination of misinformation and distortion. It said that "bolshivism has been trying a new weapon in Spain," the united front; that "the united front has put Spain at the mercy of 3,000,000 Socialists, Anarchists, Syndicalists, and Communists, some of whose leaders and organizations are reported to be paid and subsidized from Moscow"; that "instead of opposing socialism, red agents throughout the world have been instructed to work with it." A reactionary newspaper is then quoted as an authority; the list of subsidies to Soviet agents is credited to "well-informed quarters in Madrid"; and finally, running out of authorities, the dispatch concludes with sensations whose source is merely "it was also said." The dishonesty of hiding behind "well-informed quarters" is only equaled by the distortion of raising the Moscow flag on a spontaneous mass uprising which anyone who knows Spain realizes was long overdue. The fact that the dispatch is signed by G. Ward Price, correspondent of the London *Daily Mail*, makes publication by the *Times* all the more reprehensible. No paper in England has been more notoriously pro-fascist.

Have Faith in the Common Man

ONCE every four years progressives in America find themselves thinking politics. And once every four years they find themselves tempted to believe that the choice of the lesser evil is still their best realistic choice. Why is it that there is no strong framework for building a united party of farmers, workers, technicians, and professional people—a party of the common man? This question comes all the more sharply in a political campaign like the present one, with a temporizing liberal arrayed against consistent reactionaries. We may follow John Morley in thinking that compromise is the heart of politics, and we may finally accept compromise. But that does not mean that we must confuse compromise with betrayal.

Many of our readers will remember the muckraking movement of a quarter-century back—a movement which ended only in feverish disclosures of the more revolting aspects of business enterprise. More of our readers will remember the thinned-out sequel of that movement in the period of Mencken and his followers, who used all their spleen and energy and talent in muckraking the American people. We are still tasting the dregs of the latter period. For that reason it is heartening to recite some recent events, picked almost at random, that may help us to rediscover a faith in the common man.

There are the new beginnings in the militant labor movement, represented by the efforts for industrial organization, the rank-and-file spirit, the leadership of such men as Lewis, Hillman, Dubinsky, Gorman, Howard, and Bridges. There has been a new strength and skill displayed in the management of recent strikes, notably the dress-makers' strike in New York, the general strikes at Terre Haute and Pekin, the marble workers' strike at Rutland, and the strike of the Newspaper Guild in Milwaukee. For the first time in American life newspapermen and college teachers and other professional workers have shown an understanding of what it is that gives them a common stake in building and retaining a culture. There are stirrings toward organization even among the share-croppers and tenant farmers of the South. There is, finally, a widespread insistence of the common people on peace and neutrality, a new understanding of what sends a country into war and what produces fascism, even a dawning recognition that the sanctity of the Constitution rests on the personal judgment of nine men.

These are only beginnings. They are, moreover, only the credit side of the ledger, and the debit items are legion. As beginnings they may not compare with the strength of the Labor Party in England, the recent victory of the left forces in Spain, the vigorous development of a common front in France. Yet they are enough to serve as an earnest of more to come, and enough to indicate that the landscape of American life is not as bleak and stripped as *The Nation* has at various times been tempted to view it.

Moreover, these recent developments are not isolated outcroppings but a natural and continuous growth from our past. If we examine our history we shall find that our culture rests not—as Mr. Morgan would have it—on the leisure class but on the common man. He has kept the predatory course of business enterprise from turning our culture into a shambles or a mining camp. He has insisted on free schools, free worship, free thought, and a free press. He has taken the "American dream," which business enterprise was making wholly an individualistic dream, and given it whatever collective stamp it has had. If his behavior in the present depression has shown a humility and a tendency to accept sheer defeat, it has also shown a heroic capacity for suffering. No successful movements of the common man are ever based on a human material which lacks positive qualities of strength and heroism. And there is no such lack in the American people.

When we have been weak, it is because we have been tied hand and foot to the slavery of those who make our shoddy ideals as they make our shoddy wares. We must now break not merely the economic monopolies that shut us off from making a living but also the monopoly of opinion that shuts us off from making a culture.

We have one thing that will stand us in very good stead in the long run. That is the tradition of progressive and democratic movements since the days of Jefferson. At times it has seemed that these movements have been wearisome repetitions of the same theme, retreading old ground in a familiar and exhausted way. And yet, carefully examined, the course of American progressive thought has not always swung back on itself. When it has come back it has been on a new plane. The popular movements of Jefferson, of Jackson, of Bryan, and of Debs have been the four high points in the life-history of American democracy. We have had successively middle-class democratic movements, the democracy of the frontier, the movements of the agrarians and populists, and finally the militant labor movement. Our task now is not to retreat from these but to find a way of combining them.

We are in a period of synthesis, when forces are at work making for a union between these various groups. Obviously, it will be hard to get started. For the common man has not yet learned that the identity of interest between him and his fellows is greater than the conflict of interest, and that the conflict of interest between him and the owning classes is greater than the identity of interest. It will take time and ever greater pain than he has suffered so far to teach him this. But he will learn in the end. He will learn that the liberalism of the T. R.-Wilson tradition from which the present Roosevelt descends is thin and pallid, and that whatever Republican liberalism exists is thinner still. He will learn finally that while organization is the essential condition of political action, more is required before he can take over the responsibility of governing America. And that additional factor is the detailed and realistic knowledge of how the going system works and what can be done to make it work better.

Have faith in the common man. But faith in him will not be enough. We must also help him to equip himself with organization and knowledge.

The Tax Debacle

REPORTS from Washington on the tax situation continue to be vague and unrewarding. One day it is rumored that the Administration will meet the growing apprehension regarding the budget by levying additional income taxes. The next we are assured that it will do nothing of the kind, but will confine itself to a reimposition of the processing taxes. These statements are so evidently trial balloons that we may be sure no comprehensive tax program will emerge unless public opinion demands it.

The incessant conservative outcries against the New Deal have served to conceal the fact that no Administration since the World War has followed such a dangerous and reactionary tax policy as the present one. It is true that the President pushed through substantial increases in inheritance and income-tax rates on persons of great wealth. But as *The Nation* pointed out at the time, these changes were of little practical importance to our general tax structure. At most it was estimated that the increase in revenue from the new rates would not exceed \$250,000,000, which is insignificant compared with the billions obtained from the masses in taxes, direct and indirect, on articles of everyday use. In the last fiscal year the United States government obtained only about a third of its total revenue from graduated taxes, such as the income, inheritance, and gift levies. The amount derived from the stamp tax on tobacco alone was 40 per cent of that obtained from the income tax. Processing taxes, which are little more than glorified sales taxes on the necessities of life, brought in half as much as the income levy, while customs receipts were a third as large. For every dollar extracted amid painful protests from the well-to-do, the government has been quietly appropriating two from those least able to afford it. Although it is true that the rich are also consumers and as such bear part of the levies on consumers' goods, the relative amount of their income devoted to living expenses is much less than that of individuals in the lower-income brackets.

The Roosevelt Administration cannot be held entirely accountable for this unsound tax structure. The greater part of it was inherited from the Republicans, who achieved no noticeable reforms in the twelve years that they were in power. Nevertheless, the two primary tax measures enacted under the present Administration have gone farther toward redistributing wealth from the bottom to the top than anything adopted in the heyday of Republican rule. The processing taxes, for example, represented an extremely heavy impost on articles of which the poor alone are heavy purchasers—flour, bread, pork, lard, cotton goods, and, under the Warren Act, potatoes. The processing taxes are relatively unimportant, however, as compared with the enormous pay-roll levies imposed by the Social Security Act. At the outset, in 1936, this tax amounts only to \$228,000,000, but it increases rapidly until it reaches the staggering sum of \$2,783,000,000 in 1950, of which at least \$1,000,000,000 will be borne di-

rectly by the workers, while the remainder, theoretically levied on the employers, will be passed on to the consumers in the form of increased prices. A more effective method of forcing the poor to shoulder the burdens of capitalist insecurity could scarcely have been devised.

If these vast sums were immediately to be redistributed among the working class, the net effect on the economic system would not be harmful. But apart from small appropriations, totaling \$94,000,000 in 1936, made as grants-in-aid to the states for old-age assistance, child welfare, and public health, regular benefits will not be paid on the old-age pensions until 1942 or on unemployment insurance until 1939. The aggregate payments of old-age benefits will not equal the aggregate receipts in any year until after 1966, by which time there will be an accumulated reserve of nearly \$40,000,000,000. According to the law, this tremendous reserve can only be used for the retirement of the national debt. Thus the final outcome of the Social Security Act will be to relieve taxation on the wealthy and to accentuate the maldistribution of wealth which lies at the root of economic instability.

Quite apart from the question of justice, it is evident that something must be done to reverse the present trends in taxation if the United States is to escape a repetition of the disasters of the past few years. The studies of the Brookings Institution have shown that the tendency toward oversaving underlies many of our economic difficulties, and that two-thirds of the savings in the country are accumulated by the fortunate few who have incomes of more than \$10,000 annually. The indecently rich—those with incomes above a million—are fairly heavily taxed under the present laws, but there remains a great class with incomes ranging from \$5,000 to \$100,000 who pay a very inadequate tax. If this group were forced to assume a fair share of the burden, there would be no need to look elsewhere for a source of new revenue.

Spain Moves Left

THE Spanish workers and peasants have again repudiated the blood-and-hunger rule of feudal landlords who, minus a king, attempted to duplicate the old regime in the name of God, the army, and St. Ignatius Loyola. Given unity among the left group, such a result was practically inevitable in view of the relative strength of the organized parties, which were recently officially given as follows:

Socialists: dues-paying members.....	1,444,474
Syndicalists and Anarcho-Syndicalists.....	1,577,547
Communists	133,266
Rightist organizations, total membership....	549,946

The total population of Spain is around twenty-three million. Of these about three-fifths are agricultural laborers, share-croppers, and tenant farmers. Most of the land is owned in large estates, held by a tiny minority. There is only a very small number of solvent small landowners; all the rest are hopelessly mortgaged to usurers and on

familiar terms with starvation. All the non-owning land workers are, according to the story-books, conservative royalists and pious Catholics; but direct conversation with them reveals that the most conservative are Azaña republicans, and they are exceptions. As a rule they are Anarchists, Socialists, or Communists, in that order.

The rest of the country groups into an industrial proletariat of about six million, perhaps one or two million petty bourgeois and professionals, and at most a half-million prosperous, upper-middle-class landowners and aristocracy. The six million proletariat are all leftist. The petty bourgeois are republicans, with a strong tendency towards anti-clericalism and anti-militarism. The conservatives, including royalists, fascists, and Gil Robles clerico-fascists, number at most one million. They were able to enter the government at all, during the elections of 1933, because the left parties all ran separate tickets and because the petty-bourgeois radicals (Lerroux) united with them. Spain's electoral law requires majority votes in each district, which means that an organized minority can and often does defeat several disorganized majorities.

In the recent elections three very important factors swung Spain to the left. First, there were only two sides to take—the labor parties and left-wing republicans on an anti-fascist program, or the right of church and army. The "center" was a complete fiction comprising government officials, the Lerroux party having disappeared in the ooze of dozens of "Teapot Domes." Second, there were 30,000 political prisoners, which led Anarcho-Syndicalists to vote for the second time in their lives. Third, attempts to introduce a kind of Dollfuss fascism had been met, a year ago, with insurgent resistance on a heroic scale; and that insurrection was the beginning of new revolutionary strength.

Let no one deceive himself as to the meaning of an Azaña republican Cabinet under these circumstances. It is a government that exists and governs entirely by virtue of labor support, specifically Socialist. The truth is that there is a split in the Socialist Party over the question of taking power. It is the Prieto wing, the reformist republican faction, that backs Azaña with real enthusiasm. To the others the present Cabinet is a temporary expedient, a power only because none of the labor parties so far have the strength, or the boldness, to take the power directly. None dares take it by itself, and the united-front councils are not yet strong enough nationally to assume leadership. The reason for that is the strong anti-revolutionary pull within the Socialist Party, and the strong anti-Socialist pull in Anarcho-Syndicalist ranks.

All the leaders are, however, suffering enormous pressure leftwards. The country is bankrupt, unemployment increases steadily, and in most peasants' and workers' homes the question of food is a daily problem. The demands for lasting relief, for jobs, for the merest necessities will either force Azaña to undertake revolutionary reforms, or force him out. In any case the position of the Azaña Cabinet, because it is composed mainly of the same timid men who dodged the job of land and labor reform five years ago, is extremely precarious. Except for the personalities involved, the Kerensky-October analogy has a good deal of truth in it.

WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

Washington, February 23

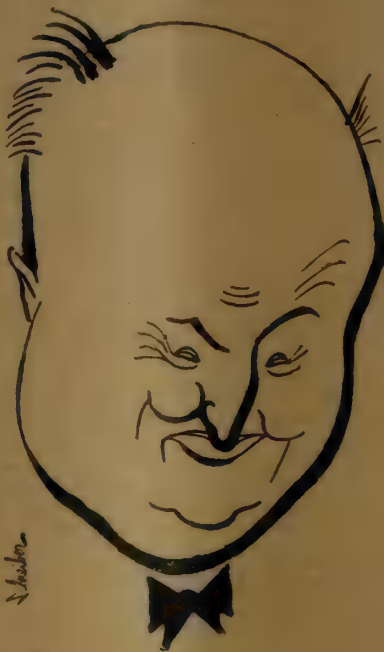
THIS dispatch might be captioned *Bastardy in the Public Works program*, for it is to deal chiefly with one of those projects that keep Administrator Ickes shouting, "It's not *my* baby! It's not *my* baby!"

There are a lot of projects that are not Honest Harold's "babies" even though he is both Public Works Administrator and chairman of the President's Advisory Committee on allotments out of the \$4,000,000,000 work-relief fund. There are projects that no self-respecting man would want to claim as his own. The whole nation has heard about some of them—the Passamaquoddy tidal-power project and the trans-Florida ship canal, for example—but only a few of its citizens have heard about the one that seems to me the worst of all. I refer to the \$30,000,000 Thomas Jefferson Memorial project at St. Louis.

The story begins back in 1934. St. Louis having elected a Democratic mayor, Bernard F. Dickmann, ex-head of the city's real-estate exchange, it occurred to a bunch of the boys that here was an excellent opportunity to unload upon the federal government some thirty-seven blocks of loft buildings and the like along the municipality's river front. They proposed to raze the buildings, park the area, erect in its center a Taj-Mahal-like structure, and call the result a memorial to the President who arranged the Louisiana Purchase. To that end, they had a resolution introduced in Congress appropriating \$30,000,000 for the memorial.

It was an audacious request. St. Louis already had one memorial to Jefferson, a large stone building erected in Forest Park at the time of the World's Fair. Secondly, it involved asking approval for a memorial at St. Louis from a Congress that for years has been haggling fruitlessly over plans to build a Jefferson memorial in the nation's capital. Then, too, there was the breath-taking magnitude of the proposition; the Washington monument had cost about \$1,000,000, the Lincoln Memorial about \$10,000,000. The proposed Jefferson memorial was to surpass them and rival Bonneville Dam and Passamaquoddy. And there was yet another factor to be considered—the project's sponsors proposed to sell back to the government at \$325,000 an acre land that the government had bought in 1803 for four cents an acre and sold to settlers at \$1.25.

The resolution never got out of committee. Convinced that there was no chance of its being adopted, its sponsors



Farley the Fixer

had substituted for it a resolution creating the "United States Territorial Expansion Commission." It would have called for a "Thomas Jefferson Memorial Commission" had not Congress nine years earlier set up just such a commission for a memorial here, and at its last session given it a working fund of \$15,000. Senator Clark slipped the "Territorial Expansion Commission" resolution through the Senate without effort. It encountered difficulties in the House, where members of the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Commission assailed the resolution for just what it subsequently turned out to be—an opening wedge for the \$30,000,000 memorial project at St. Louis.

However, when the resolution was brought up at a night session of the House in June, 1934, its backers there vigorously denied that the proposed commission would come back to Congress with requests for federal funds. They denied that the resolution was an "opening wedge," and they pointed out that it contained a provision specifically prohibiting the commission from incurring any expense to the federal government.

So the resolution was passed by a vote of 115 to 15, and the commission later brought forth its plan. After months of meditation it had decided that there should be a \$30,000,000 Jefferson memorial project covering thirty-seven blocks of St. Louis's waterfront. The next step was to get the Missouri Legislature to pass an act enabling St. Louis to float \$7,500,000 in bonds to help the federal government pay for the project. The act specified that St. Louis could issue the bonds when, as, and if the federal government agreed to put up \$3 for every \$1 put up by the city.

On August 15 last the commission applied to the PWA for \$22,500,000, the federal share of the project's cost. Then, on September 12, St. Louis held its mandatory referendum on the bond issue. Although the PWA had made no commitment, the project's sponsors for weeks before the election closed their eyes to that fact. In huge advertisements urging the voters to approve the bond issue they asserted that "actual work [on the project] can start ten days after the bond issue is approved." These advertisements also said "the memorial will become part of the national-parks system and will be maintained by the federal government forever without any cost to the city." The chief argument advanced in behalf of the bond issue was that the project would at once create 5,000 new jobs.

Even so, the ballot boxes apparently had to be stuffed to

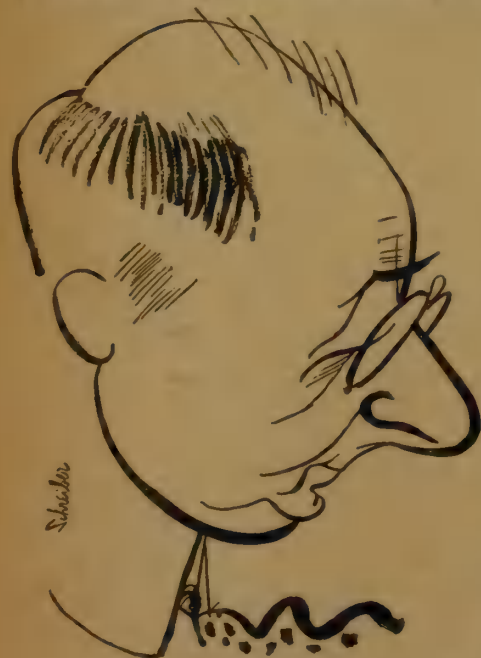
carry the election for the bond issue. The vote went against it in the residential wards. It was the vote in the machine wards that carried the day, with 95 per cent of the registered vote being cast in some of their precincts and more than 100 per cent in others. Shacks without a single bed turned out to be the residences of from fifty to a hundred voters. The only organized opposition to the project came from the fur, feather, and wool traders and the other manufacturers located in the buildings to be razed to make room for the memorial. They objected to the expense of having to move into higher-cost areas.

With the bond issue approved, the project's sponsors put pressure on Washington for favorable action on their \$22,500,000 application. September and October passed without such action resulting, and in November a delegation came to Washington from St. Louis to force results. At the White House on November 18 they were met with a five-page opinion from Attorney General Cummings that caused some of them actually to weep and all of them to go scurrying home. The opinion was in the form of a letter to the President. It said Mr. Roosevelt had sent to the Attorney General for scrutiny an executive order under which, on receipt of \$7,500,000 from St. Louis under the terms of the state enabling act, the federal government would take over and construct the Jefferson memorial project. Mr. Cummings noted that the order did not say that the federal government would put up \$22,500,000, but he said it meant the same thing.

He also said that under the Emergency Relief Appropriation Act of 1935 Mr. Roosevelt had power to issue such an order—if he had \$22,500,000 to spend in its fulfillment. But, said the Attorney General, the President

did not have \$22,500,000 to spend on such a project, and his order therefore was illegal, because he could not commit the government to spending funds that had not yet been appropriated by Congress.

Then, in December, Mayor Dickmann came back to Washington alone and announced that he intended to remain until he got the project money he was after. He



Cummings Said No

went to see Forbes Morgan of the Democratic National Committee. He went to see Jim Farley and Homer Cummings. He also saw Roosevelt. And he did a great deal of desk-pounding to force home his point that, if the Administration proposed to carry St. Louis next November, it would have to help Mayor Dickmann fulfil the promises made to the electorate there at the time of the bond election. The Mayor panicked them all, with the result that

Harry W. Blair, an Assistant Attorney General, was put to work to find a way around the Attorney General's November 18 opinion. Mr. Blair, a Missourian and the husband of Emily Newell Blair, turned up the Historic Sites Act, passed last August, declaring the preservation of historic sites and buildings to be a national policy.

It then devolved upon the Interior Department to discover reasons why those thirty-seven blocks of waterfront property in St. Louis were historic. The Interior Department turned not to the standard historians but to the brochure of the project's sponsors, and on December 21 there issued from the White House an executive order finding that the St. Louis project came under the Historic Sites Act. Mr. Roosevelt gave nine reasons why the site was historic and ought to be preserved. Six of those reasons dealt with buildings. Four of the buildings no longer exist. Of the remaining two, one is a Catholic cathedral, the other a courthouse deeded to the city for use solely as a court house. (It is the house in which the Dred Scott case was tried.) The other three reasons had to do with events. At this site, said the President, the Lewis and Clark expedition "outfitted," and here the Santa Fé and Oregon trails "originated." The standard authorities on these last three happenings place them at sites from 20 to 250 miles away from St. Louis.

The story does not end at this point, for Roosevelt had to do more than find that the thirty-seven blocks were historic. He also had to find funds. To accommodate him, the size of the project was scaled down temporarily to \$9,000,000, just as the \$30,000,000 Passamaquoddy project had been scaled down to \$7,000,000 for a starter and the \$200,000,000 Florida ship canal was pared down to \$5,200,000. It was agreed that St. Louis would put up only \$2,250,000 at the beginning and that the federal government would match this on a three-to-one basis as the enabling act required. But the terms under which the PWA operates did not permit it to put up all of the \$6,750,000 federal share. So the PWA's outlay was limited to \$3,450,000. Mr. Roosevelt dipped into the WPA's funds for the \$3,300,000 balance.

There are a number of other details that remain to be mentioned. One is that in order to scrape up the \$6,750,000 for the boys in St. Louis Mr. Roosevelt had to cancel a commensurate amount of allotments to bona fide works projects in various parts of the country. Another is that the manufacturers resident in the project area are contesting the bond issue's validity, with the result that the whole project is tied up in the courts. A third is that straight across the memorial site there runs an elevated railway which is to be regarded as "a fixed and permanent realty" according to the instructions given architects submitting designs for the memorial.

Finally, there is the fact that five blocks from the project site is St. Louis's "Hooverville," a river-front community in which some four hundred unemployed families live in packing cases and similarly improvised shelters, denied decent housing by city, state, and federal administrations that have millions to spare for memorials to the dead, the enrichment of real-estate speculators, and the furtherance of their own petty ambitions.

Buzz Windrip—Governor of Georgia

BY BENJAMIN STOLBERG

WHEN I first met His Excellency he seemed curiously familiar. Then I remembered. I had seen his look in the illustrations of the Java or Cro-Magnon man in the history books, that queer gaze—wistful, calm, yet puzzled—which the artist always so miraculously conjures up from a prehistoric tibia, two molars, and a knee cap. His Excellency's face is round, dark, almost coffee-colored, flattened with a suggestion of Stone Age concavity. The mouth is wide, fleshy, firm, upturned at the corners. The nose is short and flat. The Indian hair is straggly. But the main thing is the eyes. They peer through thick glasses, cold and cruel, yet somehow groping for horizons beyond their reach. When in repose His Excellency looks withdrawn and dimly thoughtful. But when shaken by his deeply reactionary passions he turns ferocious.

After you get to know the Governor a little better—and talk to folks who know him plenty—it dawns on you that he is not really reactionary, say, like Mr. Hoover or Colonel Knox. He is fanatically atavistic. His bigotries are all primitive. His views actually are those of the Stone Age man. He really believes that there should be no relief *a-tall*—"Let 'em starve!" This does not mean that His Excellency has the simple integrity of his prototype, for his political set-up is like nothing so much as the rigged slot machine in a third-rate saloon. It is vulgar, shabby, and transparent. But none the less Eugene Talmadge honestly believes that Jeffersonian democracy, the perversion of which is his guiding star and his main source of income, presupposes a cave-man economy.

His demagoguery too is primitive, not cynical. It is a straight appeal to political sadism and economic brutality. Gene Talmadge is incapable of fooling people with a Share Our Wealth scheme. He could no more think up a crackbrained EPIC or Townsend or technocratic plan than could Caliban. He thinks not in plans but in bigotries. He hates the New Deal not critically but blindly. This, of course, may have something to do with the callousness of a federal administration which threw even as high a dignitary as one of the Governor's Cabinet members off the relief rolls, not to mention various lesser lights. This alone would have made the New Deal "communistic." Still, one must give him credit for disliking it on more philosophical grounds. He hates the New Deal because it takes a formally educated bureaucracy to get lost in its mazes. And he is violently anti-intellectual. The very thought of the Brain Trust makes him apoplectic. His ideal statesman is a dirt farmer, striding toward dictatorship with "grist in his gizzard" and manure squashing in his shoes. Eugene Talmadge is proud of the Georgia chain gang. He believes in treating every Negro as a perpetual helot and potential rapist. He insists on paying no more

than five cents an hour to common labor and ten cents an hour to skilled labor under the State Relief Administration, which gives out no relief whatever. He paroled three prisoners to take jobs as strike-breakers. He is politically affiliated, on the quiet if possible and in the open if necessary, with all the leading vigilante organizations in the state.

To Gene Talmadge the New Deal is another Reconstruction, if not another Sherman's March through Georgia, and its officials are just a lot of carpetbaggers. Of course, he will also make a speech in memory of Lincoln in Springfield, Illinois. But that's because, in this cockeyed world, Northern Republicans, unlike their forbears in the 1860's, will help defray expenses toward a Cracker dictatorship in the darkest South.

II

His Excellency made himself comfortable in his favorite armchair. He stretched his legs, he licked and lighted a cigar and puffed a while. Then he proceeded to lose himself in thought. At last he pensively observed: "What Ah'll never foh'give Franklin Roosevelt is that he killed religion in the hahts of the American people."

It was obviously my move next. "Develop that idea, Governor," I suggested.

"Well," His Excellency continued, "Take Mrs. Talmadge there. She was always helpin' fohks. There wasn't a man, woman, or chile—white or culled—but what she'd take care of them." Two illustrations of Mrs. Talmadge's loving kindness followed. "But now," and for a fleeting moment the armchair rose into a stump, "now that every loafer has the guvment suppoht him and his fam'ly, Mrs. Talmadge and thousands like her need no longer exercise the chah'ty in their hahts." The stump once more became the philosopher's armchair. "Yassuh, the New Deal killed chah'ty. And chah'ty is all there is to religion, at least mah way of thinking. Roosevelt made a bunch of bums of the American people."

After this amazing syllogism, it seemed best to come down to earth. "What did you think of Huey Long?" I asked. The mention of the late Kingfish pleases Mr. Talmadge. For part of Huey Long—the able, daring, magnetic part—reminds him strongly of himself. It gives him the chance to sketch the outline, in a few swift strokes, of his self-image.

"Huey and Ah were mighty good friends," he began without fear of contradiction. And, indeed, Huey had helped Gene to the tune of 15,000 electoral dollars; had even made a vague deal with him to place him as running-mate on a possible third ticket, before he finally decided, toward his very end, that Gene was "too dumb for his ambition."

"Ah lahked Huey because he was able, fearless, had a lot of hoh'se sense and believed in doin' things." The process of psychological identification with the political genius of the dead dictator was almost visible. But, in his own eyes, Talmadge is far deeper than the Kingfish. He is also a political philosopher. "Of coh'se," he continues, "you must realize that Huey and Ah were at the opposite pole in our poh-litical philosophy. Huey believed in doin' ever'thing foh the people. That's bound to weaken their fiber. Ah b'lieve the less guv'ment the bettah."

In short, to himself Eugene Talmadge is a modern Andrew Jackson, combining the best features of the opportunistic talents of the Louisiana dictator with the Democratic libertarianism of Thomas Jefferson. It is as a model Jacksonian that he broke the textile strike in 1934—for an advance "campaign contribution" paid in cash to a go-between, of which more later. It is as a modern Jeffersonian that he put hundreds of workers into an open concentration camp by the use of an illegally executed martial law, which has never been rescinded, and which to this day makes it a crime in Georgia to picket within "a radius of 500 feet" of any national guardsman, no matter where he may chance to be. It is as a Jeffersonian Democrat that he advocates week after week the whole program of the Liberty League in the *Statesman*, a sheet of which "The People" is the editor and Eugene Talmadge merely the associate editor. And it is especially in the spirit of the sage of Monticello that he would "abolish all relief."

"But, Governor," I interrupted while he was getting excited about his favorite theme of "no relief whatever," "what would you do for the millions of unemployed? In New York City we have about a million and a quarter people on relief or WPA work. Without either they would literally starve."

"Let 'em starve!" His Excellency roared. "Any man can find a job if he really wants to work. Besides, there will be all the jobs we need if we cut out all this coddling and boondoggling for which American business is made to foot the bills, and which keeps us from recovery. Industry will go up exactly as we cut down on this taxation and let it alone. What you need in New York is not LaGuardia but Mussolini. A little castor oil would go a long ways toward starting the wheels of industry goin' again."

III

Nationally, Talmadge is losing steadily. He is a small central Georgia politician with delusions of grandeur. He lacks the crazed afflatus and the hysterical talents of the effective modern dictator. His imagination is not neurotic but just feeble. He overreaches himself not only in the long run but with every other step. And his fight with the national Democracy has killed his chances of succeeding Russell in the Senate. Not Talmadge but Roosevelt, Georgia's "adopted son," controls the state in its national orientation.

Within the state Talmadge is by no means dead. A rotten-borough system which enables each of the 159 counties to vote through an electoral college makes it difficult to defeat a demagogue once he is in, for the smallest and most backward county can always match

three votes against the six of Fulton County (Atlanta). In his last campaign Talmadge lost only three counties, the big city counties. He may run, and may be reelected for a third term, though the constitutionality of this is challengeable, for recently Georgia changed the two-year gubernatorial term to four and excluded reelection. But he can go no farther than the governorship, especially if he is foolish enough to oppose Roosevelt in a preferential primary in March. He would be snowed under.

Yet for all his decreasing personal importance Talmadge is socially significant. He is even nationally significant as a symptom of regional infection. These next few years may grow a crop of such black-belt Windrips in the New South, Klansmen without the name, appealing to the lowest social passions, to racial and religious hatreds, and to the proliferating vigilante movements. These new Tillmans and Vardamans and Heflins represent essentially the same social forces they always did, but with a difference. They have learned from fascism. They integrate their bigotries with legal violence. A number of such Cracker governments with coalescing tendencies is quite possible. Indeed, the rising reactionary forces in the New South are pressing in this direction.

The New South has been "new" ever since Reconstruction. For, after all, the Civil War was fought to force the South into an expanding industrial economy against its own tradition. And this conflict between two civilizations, the native but collapsing culture of chattel feudalism and the imposed but necessarily victorious forces of modern capitalism, has been raging below the Mason and Dixon Line ever since. What really happened in the South during the last sixty-five years was that it was allowed the full autonomy of its indigenous bigotries but was colonized economically. That was the great compromise. But this compromise, far from healing, has kept on splitting Southern society. And the World War finally dislocated its entire class structure. The New South is "new" in that the split in its culture has ripped apart its ancient semi-feudal class relations.

The old ruling class, the plantation aristocracy, in whose name Southern culture still parades before the world, *literally exists no longer*. Not that it is run-down, shabby-genteel. It is dead and rotting; its corpse has never been removed by history. The descendants of the Southern aristocracy, in so far as they have not been assimilated to the American empire, are the petty Babbitts, the small half-educated professional and business and land-owning fry, with a White Womanhood to match. The Southern plantation of Stark Young's and Allen Tate's nostalgic imagination is in reality a Babbitt warren. The members of the quondam aristocracy form today the upper layer, especially psychologically, of the "poor white trash," and keep its racial obsessions alive. It is the pressure from this anti-proletarian top layer of the white masses which serves to exacerbate regional chauvinism and to deepen mass bigotry.

Of course there are thousands of civilized people in the South. But be they Southern-born or not, they are the products of the imperialist process which has colonized the South. The ruling class in the South today is just big busi-

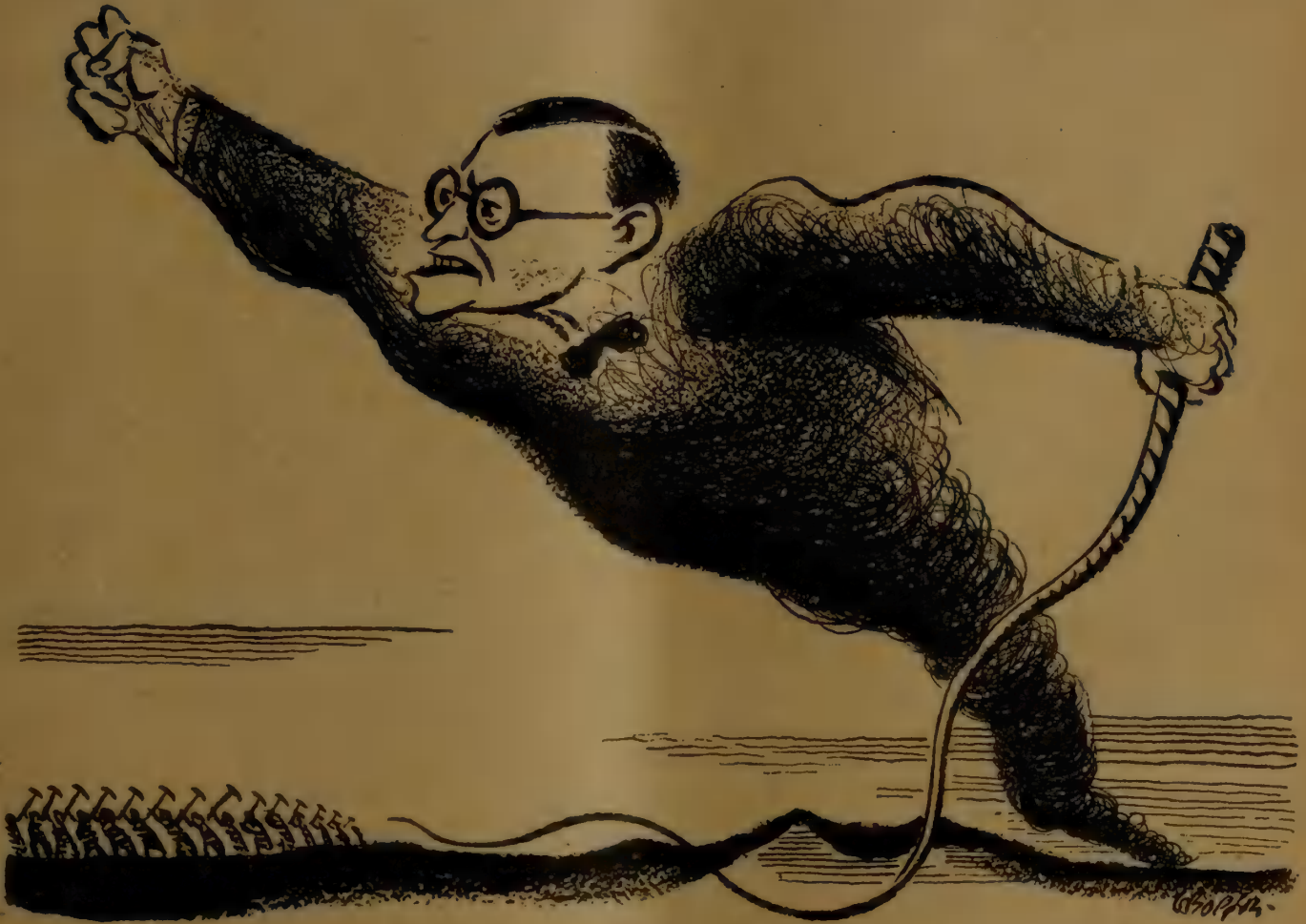
ness, Northern-controlled, and its personnel comes from everywhere. And both the ruling and the educated classes are now what they are by virtue of having come in contact with Northern industry and finance, Northern labor, Northern reaction or radicalism, and Northern education. Only their accent is Southern. Even the Commission on Interracial Cooperation, whose feeble efforts are so splendidly publicized, is Northern-financed and run. At last the spirit of Thaddeus Stevens has conquered the South. But, alas, this same spirit has gone Liberty League, which is encouraging and subsidizing the revival of the Ku Klux Klan under other names.

The situation, however, is far more complicated. As in

masses will free themselves from their racial barbed-wire entanglements and develop an authentic radicalism which may yet astound the world.

In the meantime, however, the new demagogue is busily at work. He is the political pimp of the economic and social realignments and confusions, worse confounded by the economic crisis. He is the barker for the rising regional bigotries—hence his vulgarity. He appeals to the growing rural pauperism and disaffection—hence his fake radicalism. And he invariably sells his following, either for power or money or both, to the big Northern-controlled interests in the city—hence his corruption.

Of all these latter-day demagogues Huey Long was the



all contemporary colonial countries a reverse process of profound radicalization is also going on. For while, in general, the Southern mill worker, the tenant farmer, the share-cropper are poor and ignorant, they have not been spoiled by the corrupting forces of Northern industrialism. The Southern worker who exchanges Tobacco Road for the mill village has not been emasculated by half a century of "pure and simple" trade unionism. And the Southern poor farmer has not been completely middle-classed by the politicians of the Northern granges. The Southern masses today are literally backward colonial masses, with all the cultural disadvantages but also with the awakening radicalism of their kind. When traveling in the South one is torn by a sense of hopelessness at its cultural backwardness but also by the conflicting sense of an almost revolutionary atmosphere. In the coming decade either this growing restlessness will be defeated by petty regional demagogue-dictators in the pay of big business or the white and black

most brilliant and dangerous because he exercised the widest appeal by giving a good deal to the masses, so that when he finally got ready to cash in on his influence, toward the very end of his life, he was beginning to command his own price in terms of national power. Talmadge is the most brazen and cheapest of these post-war demagogues, and hence the most transparent. In Huey's case it was hard to tell, even for himself, just where his lower-middle-class radicalism left off and where his demagoguery started. In Talmadge's case his "radicalism" began and ended with a fake three-dollar automobile-license tax. This is why he has no machine and no mass prestige worth very much. This is why his recent "Grass Roots Democratic Convention" was worth just about \$5,000 to Wall Street.

In the next section I shall try to show how Eugene Talmadge rose to power, and what for.

[Mr. Stolberg's article on Governor Talmadge will be concluded in next week's issue.]

The British Arms Inquiry

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

London, February 8

THE Nye committee had profound repercussions in England, and almost from its inception the demand was urgent for a similar inquiry here. But the response was of a kind to be expected from a man of Mr. MacDonald's temper and outlook. He set up a Royal Commission, but its personnel was both tame and old. It did not, for example, contain a single Socialist representative; its terms of reference were limited; it had no compulsory power to call for documents; and it was unaccompanied by any such investigation of the archives of the munitions firms as would prove the basis for an adequate examination.

The result is what might have been expected. The critics of the system of private ownership have presented a persuasive case, mainly based either on general principles or on such scattered materials as have leaked out in the last thirty years. It has been well done. The critics have showed ability, directness, a coherent point of view. But inevitably, from the absence of investigation, the case they have been able to make has lacked a wide basis of detailed fact such as would have dramatized the inquiry for the general public.

The commission has heard a good deal of evidence from the main munitions firms—Vickers, Hadfields, the Imperial Chemicals Industry, the aviation companies. But very little decisive material has been elicited from them. That is due to two factors. In the first place, since the archives of the munitions firms have not been opened, the commission's questions have been limited by ignorance of their inner activities; and in the second place they have been able to claim that whatever they did, whether in the realm of sales or of research, was done with the knowledge and approval of the British government. Two or three of the members of the commission—notably the war correspondent, Sir Philip Gibbs—have in a gentlemanly way questioned the witnesses with some closeness on matters of general principle. But I think it is a fair summary of nine months' work to say that things are much where they were before the commission began.

No doubt it is clear that the interlocking interests of Vickers with foreign armament makers is proved; no doubt the aviation companies sell planes to our foreign rivals; one company admits that its best anti-aircraft gun—which the Brit-

ish government has refused to buy—is largely sold abroad; there is admission that indirect bribery may take place, that certain agents of the companies have also, for periods of time, been correspondents of the leading British newspaper, that an occasional large subscription is made to one or another of the militarist organizations. It is true that Mr. Noel-Baker stated brilliantly the case for the nationalization of the munitions industry, and that the case against it was handled very feebly by the representatives of the armament companies. But it is almost certain that the commission will not report in favor of nationalization. If it did, this government would hardly interfere in the existing organization of the industry.

I have always been associated with those who were opposed to any arms inquiry set up by this government. It was bound to be an inquiry intended to whitewash the munitions firms. Except Sir Philip Gibbs, and he only in a very general way, none of the members had any special knowledge of the problem. The chairman is a very old judge, long retired from the bench; there are a distinguished professor of comparative law, a cooperator now well over seventy, a liberal ex-editor nearly eighty years of age, Dame Rachel Crowdy, who is an ex-official of the League, and some miscellaneous members of the type we usually put on a government inquiry. With no power to call for documents and no experts to cross-examine the witnesses, a session of the commission is a quiet and genial interchange of views from which the essential background is wanting. When it is over, the left will, quite rightly, say that the government prevented any real examination of the problem, and the government, with equal truth, will say that a most highly respected body of men and women have found that the munitions business in England—unlike, of course, that in other countries—has a clean bill of health.

We shall have to wait until after the next war to get at the facts. Until then nothing will appear to suggest that, in a general way, the munition makers do not act like gentlemen. They are all for peace, even though, as their leader explained, they do not think that war is the worst of evils; and they do nothing of which the British government does not approve. What is specially moving is their anxiety that this country should always have arms proportionate to the problems it confronts; the expensive research they under-



Courtesy of the Downtown Gallery
Merchants of Death by Mabel Dwight

take is to insure that this shall be the case. Their patriotism is beyond suspicion, and any tendency to internationalism they may display is always limited by their acceptance of the license system imposed by the Board of Trade. They are, in short, a band of angels, almost careless of profit, who happen to traffic in dangerous materials. They

sell their commodity just like other trades, but they are far more limited than other trades in the freedom they enjoy. That is the picture they paint of themselves, and in a general way I do not doubt that they believe it. I do not doubt, either, that the majority of the commission, when it reports, will believe it too.

THE RIDDLE OF THE SUPREME COURT

Where Does the Supreme Court Stand?

BY MAX LERNER

WHERE does the Supreme Court stand in this year of grace 1936, after exactly three years of the Roosevelt Administration? The headlong rush of the New Deal down the steep decline that leads to the judicial lethal chamber has for the time been interrupted by the TVA decision. The new role of the court seems mystifying and even a bit capricious to both sides. Wendell L. Willkie and his cohorts of public-utility executives seem dazed, like someone suffering from the trauma of a harrowing experience. It seems unaccountable and even a bit ungrateful for the Supreme Court, which they have been so warmly defending, to turn against its defenders. And the liberals, unaccustomed to such judicial tolerance, quite naturally smell a rat. While their joy over the continuance of the TVA, which has always been their fondest experiment in social planning, abates their zeal against the court, they dare not lap themselves in too deep a security about the future. They know that every Monday during the Supreme Court term the Constitution is refashioned.

This may be dramatic, but it is the worst possible psychological medium within which to carry on the business of state and the government of industry. It is the worst possible medium in which to attempt some sort of mastery over our economic drift. One of the arguments that has always been advanced to justify the judicial power is that it stabilizes the conditions under which American business enterprise is carried on and gives a certainty to the law. But this becomes very questionable in the light of the recent gyrations of the court. Neither the public-utility executives nor the social planners feel any certainty at all, any more than do the farmers or the workers or the holding-company executives. The Supreme Court is in a real sense an unsettling force in American life.

I do not mean to underestimate the importance of the TVA decision, and especially of the basic economic issues that were implicit in the case, although not passed upon by the court. Those issues went to the core of collective control of natural resources, and there are few issues more important than that today. But the irony of the situation is that the very importance of the issues was adequate reason for not raising them. An amazing amount of skill

was expended in the government brief and in the oral argument of government counsel to prove that nothing very much was involved and that the case was no great shakes after all. And wisely so, for in legal terms it would have been suicide for the government to admit the social implications of the TVA program. Government counsel insisted on shutting their eyes to them. Chief Justice Hughes agreed, and said that all he could see was a specific contract and a specific case. Justice Brandeis went farther and insisted that try as hard as he would, he could not even see a case. Only James Beck and Forney Johnston and Wendell Willkie and other public-utility lawyers and executives had eyesight of undiminished sharpness. And Justice McReynolds saw with them. The implications of the TVA experiment haunted them like a nightmare. They even saw in what Mr. Lilienthal and his colleagues were doing in the Tennessee Valley a complete revolution in government.

The judicial fate of the remaining New Deal legislation is far from settled by the recent decision. If the liberals hope that the court is moving toward a broad construction of social legislation they are doing some wishful thinking. A single TVA swallow does not make a New Deal summer. What happens to the Guffey Coal Act, the Labor Relations Board, the Securities Exchange Commission, and the Social Security Act will turn on constitutional issues which either did not come up before the court in the TVA case or were deliberately avoided in the decision. Prediction is therefore difficult, especially in the light of the almost unbelievable about-face from the drastic Hoosac decision to the tolerant TVA decision.

Nevertheless, the abyss between the two decisions can be bridged, although the span that is thrown across is not a strictly constitutional span but one that depends chiefly on the logic of social realities. Quite aside from the fact that the Wilson Dam had been built through powers specifically granted to Congress, whereas the AAA involved more indefinite, implied powers; and aside also from the fact that the court saw it might look foolish seeking to undo what had already become a part of nature, there is the more elusive question of the social role of the

court. When it invalidated the AAA program, which, whatever the benefits to the farmers themselves, was generally regarded as a plowing under of material resources and a form of social waste, it could pose as being on the side of the angels. But there was no social waste involved in the TVA program. On the contrary, its chief danger to the vested interests lay in the fact that it was a planned development and use of natural resources at the lowest cost for the consumer. If the court had dared decree against it, the judges would have found themselves this time on the side of social waste.

Thus even in the erratic course of the court's decisions some sort of logic can be traced, although it is not the logic that the judges give so much as the one that gives them away. In the light of such a non-constitutional logic how do the future decisions on the New Deal loom up? Failing a drastic change in the composition of the court, we may count upon the continued hostility of the majority of the judges to the social purposes, the economic premises, and the political personnel of the New Deal. That means that unless they are forced into a tolerant attitude by a growing popular feeling against the court or by some compulsion of the facts themselves, as in the TVA case, they are likely to construe every possible constitutional doubt against the government.

The constitutional doubts will turn on three questions which have thus far only partially been settled by the court. Two of them—the commerce power of Congress and its taxing and spending power—I have already discussed in the second article of this series. The commerce power, while it took a serious setback from the court in the Railroad Retirement and Schechter cases, is not yet beyond redemption. Moreover, the taxing power under the general-welfare clause, and the Congressional power of making appropriations are—given a favorable court—in a better position than the commerce power. Even the Hoosac decision did not actually decide the general-welfare clause out of existence. One of the impressive things about Justice Stone's dissent was the way in which he underscored the fact that the majority had made no actual *decision* about the taxing power. There was to be no doubt about that going on the record. The taxing power may still be rescued—given willing rescuers.

The third important constitutional issue, which might have been discussed in the Hoosac decision but was not, is that of the delegation of powers. To what extent can Congress delegate its powers to the Executive and to the administrative agencies working with the Executive? Although it cropped up sporadically, this did not become a basic judicial issue until the New Deal. In the Panama Hot Oil case the court for the first time in its history, with Justice Cardozo as the sole dissenter, decided that Congress had gone beyond its proper scope in delegating its powers to Secretary Ickes as oil administrator, and accordingly it threw that portion of the National Recovery Act out of the window. The court unanimously threw out the rest of the act after it in the Schechter decision, on the same issue of delegation as applied to the code authorities. A good part of the briefs in the Hoosac case were devoted to the issue of the delegation of arbitrary power

to the Secretary of Agriculture, but the court did not consider the issue. It will crop up again prominently in passing on the power given to the Securities Exchange Commission in the administration of the Public Utility Holding Company Act. The basic questions that are always raised about delegation of power are whether Congress has given the agency so broad a discretion as to amount to legislative powers in itself and whether it has set up standards clear enough so that the agency can carry out the legislative will without making arbitrary decisions.

It is an interesting query as to why the Supreme Court has seen fit to revive the slumbering doctrine of delegation of powers just in this period of crisis. Perhaps the justices had grown to identify a concentration of power in the Executive with the threat of fascism. Perhaps some of them were more sharply influenced by a jealous concern for their own right to apportion powers among the departments of the government. Or perhaps both reasons operated to rationalize a deeper antipathy to the legislation in question. The convenience of the doctrine from the standpoint of the judicial veto is that thereby an act can be invalidated because of its administrative features even when the power exercised is within the scope of Congress.

The important legislation soon to come before the court falls roughly into four or five groups. The first deals with the remaining cases that concern the generation and marketing of power. Undoubtedly new cases will be brought to the court involving aspects of the TVA that have not yet been settled, but there is every reason to believe that the court will apply to the other dams the logic of the TVA. The only point at which the court is likely to limit the TVA program would be when the government sought to extend its activities in serious competition with the existing utilities. Since the attempts of the rural-electricification program to bring electric power to rural communities would not seriously damage the existing vested interests, there is a chance of their validation. The right of the Federal Power Commission to supervise the accounts and rates of companies leasing government dam-sites seems clearly constitutional as a consequence of the government's right to dispose of its property. There remains the problem of whether the PWA can constitutionally make loans to the municipalities for building their own power plants. The Circuit Court decision in favor of the government in the Duke Power Company case seems clear enough for the Supreme Court to follow.

In an uncertain world nothing seems more certain than that the Guffey Coal Act will be declared unconstitutional. This case will bring to judicial attention the attempt to cartelize a chaotic industry in which the interests of operators, workers, and consumers have been jeopardized by the maddest sort of cutthroat competition. The constitutional issues involved are those of the commerce power and the taxing power. There is no need for the court to rule that the mining of coal like the selling of chickens is not an interstate concern, but there is considerable likelihood that it will do so. For if the crucial character of the coal industry in the national economy and the consequent need for industrial peace in it gives the industry an inter-

state character the same might be held to apply later to steel, oil, rubber, automobiles, and other mining industries. And the court has in the past shown itself extremely sensitive to fears about the ultimate consequences of its decisions—what Professor Powell has termed “the parade of the imaginary horrors.” But an even more serious defect in the Guffey Act relates to its rather crude use of the device of the prohibitive tax as in the child-labor tax case.

The fate of the Wagner-Connery Act will concern labor. That also turns upon the commerce power. Despite the great solicitude with which the act limits the scope of the National Labor Relations Board to those problems of collective bargaining which concern industries engaged in interstate commerce, and despite the Congressional finding that strikes resulting from lack of collective bargaining “have the intent or the necessary effect of burdening or obstructing commerce,” it is doubtful whether the court will pay much heed either to a Congressional declaration of intention or to a Congressional finding of fact. This case would turn upon the “odd man” in the court, and there is little reason to believe that Justice Roberts, in the light of his recent record with respect to the federal power, would see fit to validate its power to establish collective bargaining. Of equally great moment to labor throughout the country is the fate of the Social Security Act. Two devices are used here—that of federal aid to states and that of the tax-credit scheme in the pay-roll tax for those states which provide adequate plans for unemployment insurance. The first would seem to be clearly constitutional under the federal power of appropriation. The second is more doubtful, and while it is a much more ingenious device than the tax scheme in the Guffey Act, it is not beyond the possibility of judicial veto. Its great strength is its similarity to the tax-credit feature of the federal estates tax: in form at least it may be construed as a method for avoiding double taxation rather than as a false-face for federal regulation. The chances are that the widespread labor unrest which would follow a veto of the social-security measures might be a consideration helping to turn the court toward a favorable attitude.

Finally, there is the problem of the Public Utility Holding Company Act. This involves both the commerce power and the delegation of powers. The struggle over it, as well as over the Securities Exchange Commission as a whole, will undoubtedly evoke the deepest tensions in our economic life. In these cases the known abuses of the holding-company device may be so flagrant and so persuasive as to cause the court to follow the more liberal tradition of interpreting the commerce act. This depends, however, entirely on the temper of the court. Whether it will hold that financial organization is something that transcends state lines will probably depend not so much on constitutional doctrine as on whether the judges are more responsive to the interests of the holding companies themselves or to the popular feeling against such a concentration of financial power. As regards the issue of delegation of powers, the court will have to settle whether arbitrary power has been delegated by Congress to the Securities Exchange Commission. Even the holding-company executives agree privately that immense talent was shown in the

legislative drafting of the act. Moreover, the government contends that, given the amazing intricacy and refinements of holding-company finance, the standards Congress has set up for the commission are almost over-rigid.

Beyond the question of whether the New Deal is constitutional is the more far-reaching question: Is a controlled economy constitutional? I think it is clear that any system of genuine economic control would have to give Congress power over transportation and communications, the basic heavy industries, giant power, agriculture, corporation and holding-company finance, and finally currency and banking. This is a good deal to ask but thus far there is no indication that anything less drastic has a chance of success. Such control can be accomplished through a variety of procedures and expedients, including the government-owned corporation, the mixed corporation with government members, the device of federal incorporation, and commission control. Whatever the form, control has to extend to the important sectors along the economic battle-front, and it has to involve basic decisions on prices, wages, production, and social security. The very statement of the problem is a sufficient answer in the light of our analysis of the pending legislation.

In addition to the inherent difficulties of planning in a capitalist system, the court is the final obstacle. Thus far the forces which have sought to obstruct the shaping of adequate controls over our economy have worked largely through the medium of so-called constitutional law. Thus all our talk about an economy of abundance is futile in the face of the *cordon sanitaire* which the court has flung around us. For the immediate future at least we must conclude that a controlled economy is not constitutional.

The court has often been defended even by those who admit its economic bias as a guardian of civil liberties and a bulwark against fascism. This is the liberal counterpart of the conservative view which sees the court as the most stable force in our political system—something tough and enduring, something to oppose to the frivolous and the temporary and the passionate, something that is in the deepest sense part of our traditional pattern. But if the problem is one of finding social stability, it should be pointed out that the judicial power introduces a reckless and incalculable element into our governmental system and leaves the entire economic structure at the mercy of the judges' will. If the question is one not of stability but of freedom, the case is just as clear against the judicial power. If fascism ever dangerously threatens America, it will be not because of too strong an Executive but because of the economic chaos due to lack of planning, and because of a conviction on the part of the owning groups that they can hold on only by fascist techniques to a power that is slipping from them. A court that has been responsive throughout its history to the needs of business enterprise would scarcely cease to be so in a fascist crisis. If fascism ever comes that close, then heaven help us if we have to depend upon the court to ward it off.

[This is the third article in Mr. Lerner's series. The first two appeared in the issues of January 29 and February 19. The last article will appear two weeks hence.]

A Note on Literary Criticism

BY JAMES T. FARRELL

LITERATURE is to be viewed both as a branch of the fine arts and as an instrument of social influence. As a consequence there arises a duality which produces unresolved problems in literary criticism. For purposes of understanding and convenience we may divide human experience into two general categories, the aesthetic and the functional. The aesthetic aspect of human experience is revealed in the pleasure or the elation which we derive from things, from qualities, and from intellectual, emotional, or physiological states for their own sake. Experience in its functional aspect is concerned with objects and actions in terms of their use values. I use the phrase "aspects of experience" because I do not wish to establish a polarization of categories. Any complete divorcement of categories leads to over-simplification—and both in the practice and the theory of aesthetics and of literary criticism we have seen all too clearly the confusion growing out of such divisions and simplifications.

Generally speaking, aesthetic experience is a by-product of functional activity. Thus happiness and pleasure are the by-products of action and living. Pure aestheticism, however, reverses this relationship, and by making aesthetic satisfaction a primary consideration tends to detach it from the functional activities which generate it. Because of the sterility of this view and the extremism with which it has been advocated, the theory of art for art's sake has merited most of its present disrepute. Nevertheless, criticism of this point of view has also been carried to unnecessary extremes. The result has been a slurring over or an ignoring of the genuine problems of aesthetics; and at the same time criticism has developed a tendency to derogate aesthetic sensibilities.

One form of functional extremism is that of the Catholics who demand that literature and aesthetics become the handmaiden of Catholic theology, Catholic moral codes, and, recently, of Catholic Action. On the opposite side of the political fence is a group which indulges in a functional extremism of another but equally grievous sort. In this group are to be found the revolutionary critics who may be described as "leftist."

The Marxist approach to literature is largely genetic. Basically, it is a highly revealing method of probing into backgrounds, and of indicating the social origins and ideological relationships between the content and material of a literary work and the society which it springs from. Various Marxists, however, in pushing forward and interpreting the meaning of such slogans as "Literature is a weapon in the class struggle," and "All art is propaganda," have been guilty of the type of functional extremism to which I have referred. One of the results has been to give substance to the notion that such slogans

exhaustively describe the role and define the functions of literature. As for the obstacles which invariably present themselves once this attitude is assumed in literary criticism, our revolutionary critics have for the most part overcome them by ignoring them or by minimizing their importance.

The nature of these obstacles can best be indicated by the manner in which the literature of the past is dealt with by the exponents of this brand of criticism. One young revolutionary writer declared in a speech that Shakespeare was a propagandist, citing as "proof" of this statement that Shakespeare defended British imperialism. Are we to understand from this that plays like "Macbeth" and "Hamlet" are, like the Singapore naval base, part of the defenses of the British Empire? And must we therefore discard the idea, deeply held through many centuries, that "Macbeth" continues to be relevant and "useful" because it is a profound dramatization of the phenomenon of the human ambition for power and glory, or that, similarly, "Hamlet" has value for us because it is a moving dramatic representation of man's disillusionment and indecision?

At this point it might even be worth while to consider a phenomenon which is well known except perhaps to the young revolutionary writer who discovered that Shakespeare was a propagandist. This is the phenomenon of recurrence in human experience. Even our critic of Shakespeare would admit that there is a recurrence in the experience of Occidental man. There are men among us today, glutted with the power characteristic of this stage of the world's development, who have felt as Macbeth felt when his cards were trumped; men of the present generation have experienced emotions similar to those to which Hamlet gave perhaps the most superb expression. Surely one of the values of these two plays is that they manage to express in dramatic and timeless language emotional experience which is recurrent in the life of Western man. And these values would still persist even if it could be proved that Shakespeare was an imperial propagandist.

In the same way Dickens has been cited as an illustration of the formula that all art is propaganda. Yet the truth is that the propagandist aspect of Dickens is not the aspect which interests us most. To discover Dickens the propagandist is not to exhaust the value of Dickens the artist. Today much of his propaganda is stale; we read him because we obtain from his books a sense of the life of his time. He created characters who exist in their own right; his work possesses also a pictorial quality, the result of his extraordinary talent for describing scenes and objects so vividly that we are aware of their contours and of their actual "feel." It is such qualities as these, which are

indubitably aesthetic, that explain why Dickens still survives as a living imaginative force.

If these contentions be granted, a conclusion is suggested. Certain works of literature possess a value over and above their significance in relation to the material conditions and the actual society out of which they were created, a value which persists in time and in human experience. In other words, a work of art may have a relative objective validity.

How do these conclusions square with Marx and Marxism? We have explicit evidence that Marx recognized this aspect of art. In the final notes in his "A Critique of Political Economy" he wrote: "It is well known that certain periods of highest development in art stand in no direct connection with the general development of society, nor with the material basis and the skeleton structure of its organization." Marx then asks the question: Does Greek art not exert an eternal charm on us? And the mere fact that he asked this question indicates that Marx recognized that an objective validity may reside in a work of art. He goes on, in his note, to offer the suggestion that the Greeks were "normal children," that they represent the most nearly perfect development of the social childhood of mankind, and that just as individuals look back on a normal childhood with pleasure, so as a race we look back with enjoyment on the social childhood of the human race and the art that it produced. Yet it is apparent that our enjoyment of that art has no important direct and immediate value to us in the solution of the issues with which Marx, for instance, was primarily concerned. We, like Marx, derive an experience from the consideration and contemplation of Greek art and culture which is at least in part aesthetic. Greek art, in other words, has an objective validity which persists to the present day.

A further suggestion presents itself. There is a noticeable tendency for works of philosophy which are also works of art to retain only their aesthetic value in a succeeding era. Plato is a case in point. In previous periods Plato was a stronger intellectual force than he is today. He was a primary thinker who set the problems and tone of philosophical thought. Today he exerts influence not as a thinker and philosopher but as a poet and dramatist who used ideas rather than characters. The value of his work is largely aesthetic rather than functional; the dialogues are dramas of ideas rather than a body of working tools for the organization of knowledge and the changing of the world.

Proceeding, there are certain statements consistent with a Marxian hypothesis which can be usefully applied to artistic creation. The creation of art and literature is not an independent process taking place in a vacuum. This is a truism. It is another matter, however, to attempt to specify in any particular case the manner in which objective situations control and delimit thought. The relationship between end products in a society, such as art and thought, and the basic material relationships is not equal and even. It cannot be graphed in a straight line or expressed in a simple equation. To make such an attempt is to practice determinism of the sort which Engels dras-

tically criticized in Feuerbach. For a writer to insist that economic factors have a direct, equal, and coordinate effect, and are an evenly casual factor in all situations, is to reduce the world to a most unrealistic simplicity. Neither Marx nor Engels permitted himself this easy intellectual luxury. When they stressed economic factors, it was not to exclude other factors that influence social ideals, culture, and art. Their writings must be taken in relation to their purposes and their times. German philosophers were concerned with such questions as "What is the basis of the universe?" Their answer was "spirit." Spirit meant an extra-experiential force; it was a new word for an old God, and by implication spirit was the motive force in the universe. Marx's materialism was a revolt from this doctrine; instead of indulging in metaphysical speculations or supernatural conclusions, he investigated the forces that operate in the material world. He discovered that a basic and preponderant force was economic relationships. Since he was writing at a time when philosophical dualism prevailed, it was necessary for him to underline his emphasis on economics. But this does not mean that he considered economics to be the sole factor. He conceived society as in the making, and he perceived that there is always present in social relationships the factor of change. The effects of one set of relationships therefore may well become the causes of the next set, and there is an ever-evolving network of influences. Hence cultural manifestations, such as formal thought, art, and literature, which are directly related to the basic material relationships upon which a society is founded in one era, depart from that set of relationships as the process unfolds in the passage of time, and in turn become causal factors in the general stream of social tendencies. Thus, for instance, the philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas is today a social influence. So, too, is that of Spinoza. And just as the creative literature of past epochs has survived into the present, at least some of the art of the present may be expected to retain validity after the processes of history have washed aside or solved the problems created by the needs and the conditions of capitalist democracy.

What then becomes of the terms "bourgeois" and "proletarian" in their application to art and thought? With some critics and reviewers it has been sufficient to apply either of these terms to a work of literature in order to arrive at a judgment upon it. Others have attempted to analyze the differences between "bourgeois" literature and "proletarian" literature, and have predicted what proletarian literature would be, how some day it would develop proletarian Prousts greater than Proust.

And then shortly afterward they have treated their prophecies as if they were fact, and compared the "bourgeois" literature that has been produced with the "proletarian" literature that they hoped to see produced, as if both were actually existent. A more important task of critics and commentators is, it seems to me, to study proletarian literature in the present, to evaluate it, to perceive the manner in which it is influenced by bourgeois literature.

[A continuation of this discussion by Mr. Farrell will appear next week.]

No Soap-Boxes in Hollywood

BY MORRIE RYSKIND

Hollywood, February 21]

THERE are two fair indictments to be brought against Hollywood: one is, to use the industry's favorite adjective, its colossal ignorance of current political happenings; the other is the shocking cowardice to be found in high places. What I hope to do in this article is explain the first of these, for which there is a reason; and to argue against the second, for which there is no reason at all.

Let me start by telling you there are no soap-boxes in Hollywood. That is a significant and dismaying fact to a born New Yorker, whose first wails do not interrupt the political argument between the doctor who is delivering him and the attending nurse; who grows up watching the crowd heckling the Socialist speaker at the corner; who, in his maturer years, can get a hot discussion on the merits of Tammany from his lawyer, his broker, his barber, and his wife. I do not contend, mind you, that any of this talk has any intrinsic merit, but I do contend that it is better than no talk at all.

Not—heaven knows!—that you can't get talk in Hollywood. Everybody can tell you what "Mutiny on the Bounty" did in its third week in New York; and anybody can tell you who is to be the new head of Paramount now that Lubitsch is out; further, if you're interested, everybody has a good tip on the races. Well, not a good tip exactly, but a tip. But, very definitely, Hollywood is not politically minded. Of current events it knows practically nothing. It knows that the Prince of Wales is now Edward VIII, and that Italy and Ethiopia are at war; that, however, about sums it up. Mention the California criminal-syndicalism act, the pending Tydings-McCormack disaffection bill, or the Kramer sedition bill (the latter introduced by California's own contribution to Washington), and you will get nothing but a blank look. Not even a dirty look—just plain blank. Once—this was before I had learned—I mentioned the Scottsboro case to my hostess, and she wanted to know who was playing in it.

Now there's an explanation for this, and it isn't the old, convenient bromide that Hollywood is made up of morons. I have met directors, writers, stars, supervisors, producers, and even song writers whose intelligence is not to be questioned. But they're in Hollywood. And Hollywood is essentially a summer resort—an all-year summer resort.

You know what happens in a summer resort. People check their thinking caps and go in for some fun. They relax. Everybody relaxes—even strict Marxians, I am reliably informed, relax at summer resorts. Walter Lippmann relaxes. The editors of *The Nation* relax—and a pretty sight it is, too, they tell me. Even Morris Ernst relaxes. If

such people can't help relaxing, how can Hollywood avoid succumbing to its climate? Especially when it is compelled, against nature, to produce an enormous number of pictures for the public? From nine to five writers write against time, directors direct against time, producers produce against budgets. If you're a writer under contract to turn out six scripts a year, or a director who gets on the set at eight in the morning, or an actor who has to be made up by the same time, or a producer who has to worry about six pictures at once, you do not at the end of the working day rush to find out how the ship of state is faring. You go home and take a shower, you have a cocktail and eat your dinner, and you are ready for an evening of intensive relaxation.

The only chance you would have to get any news would be from the newspapers. But the newspapers here are small-time, summer-resort newspapers. There are three that are important—the two Hearst papers and the *Los Angeles Times*. I can describe their editorial policies only by telling you that, compared to them, the *New York Herald Tribune* is edited by Mike Gold, and the *New York Sun* by John Strachey. I find them invaluable when I decide to look at the stock market. For my daily news I get, three days late, the *New York Times* and *Herald Tribune*.

So, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, I hope I have made it clear to you why Hollywood is not politically minded.

I had another point. About the people who do read the news and therefore know what's going on. Ever so many of them will discuss things with you and then add, "Of course, you won't quote me." If you ask them to serve on a committee for a cause they profess to be devoutly interested in, they hastily beg off. They are afraid.

I am constantly amazed that people earning between \$25,000 and \$100,000 yearly can be afraid. I can understand the poor devil with just enough each day to pay for his meals and his roof being afraid for his job. The thing I cannot understand is cringing and cowardice from people who have enough and more than enough; but if ever I met a wage slave, it was not in the lodging-houses of the poorly paid but in the luxurious palaces of Beverly Hills.

And the pity of it is that their fear is so unnecessary. They are not only cowardly but stupid in their fear of a fascism that doesn't exist. Hollywood is so unpolitically minded that the boss doesn't give a damn what you think as long as you do your work. If Irving Thalberg ever fires Groucho Marx, it won't be because Groucho subscribes to *The Nation*, but because that next picture isn't a money-maker.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THE latest news from Germany proves that there is to be no let-up in the torture of the Jews, whatever the soft-pedaling of their persecutors for the moment because of the Olympic games. Fortunately, the killing of the Nazi propaganda chief in Switzerland, Wilhelm Gustloff, by a young Jew has not as yet had the serious effects at first feared; these may come later. But if this incident is not exploited to the full, other things will be; it is the easiest thing in the world to stage an "atrocious." Meanwhile the mental and spiritual and physical degradation of the Jews goes on. The publication of the vile and obscene *Stürmer* and its posting in the most conspicuous places offer positive proof of the willingness of Hitler to have his government identified with a persecution which for calculated brutality and fiendishness surpasses anything in modern history—the pogroms of the Czar were more merciful since they usually killed outright or maimed and then passed by.

The cowardice of the Hitler policy is beyond words. I have already pointed out that the whole persecution is a confession of the superior ability of the German Jews. There were never more than 625,000 Jews in Germany, and if from these the sick, the paupers, the imprisoned, the aged, and the children are excluded, there certainly cannot remain more than 450,000 able-bodied adults, men and women; yet Hitler would have us believe that these 450,000 led his "great and heroic" people by the nose, degraded their literature, befouled their public life, made the World War, made the treaty of peace, stabbed the army in the back, and were responsible for every ill which Germany has encountered. That all this is the gravest reflection on the German nation Hitler and his associates cannot see. And now he declares that the last Jew must be driven out of Germany because the Germans are so susceptible to the poisoned virus of the Jew that Germany will not be safe from cultural and moral degradation as long as one of the race remains on German soil! Was there ever anything so preposterous? Hitler and his associates declare that they are the reincarnation of the legendary German heroes. If they were they would certainly never take advantage of their overwhelming power to abuse and maltreat and degrade a small minority group among 62,000,000 people, a group which cannot strike back, cannot defend itself, and is gradually being reduced to the point where its members cannot even earn a decent living as they are excluded from all the professions, from the trades, and from the labor unions.

To me this is so dreadful a happening that if all the rest of the Hitler regime commended itself to sane and liberal men, I should never for a moment forgive it. The poisoning of the lives of the Jewish children is not the

gravest count in the indictment. Even worse is the poisoning of the souls of the rest of the German youth by the inculcation of hatred, prejudice, and sadistic cruelty. What is the use of having Hitler youth movements to teach the German youth manliness, consideration for others, kindliness, and nobility of mind and conduct? All that is offset by telling these children that there is at least one group in the community upon which they can wreak their wills as sadistically as they please, to be applauded therefor by everybody from the *Führer* down. Of course the Jews are not the only group that is beyond the pale. The Communists, too, are fair game for anybody who wishes to denounce them or attack them. Only they are not so clearly marked a group. It isn't so easy to single them out and to stick barbs into their souls and bodies. One can't get from them the same exquisite pleasure as from watching a child wince while one makes him acquainted with the fact that he is the scum of the earth, that his blood is tainted, and that his touch defiles everybody with whom he comes in contact.

Well, I hear it asked, what is the use of rehearsing this horror? The use is that as long as these things go on there must be protests against them if we are to keep our self-respect. If there is no criticism, these horrors will spread; they are already well under way in Poland. More than that, we are getting reflexes in the United States. I know that Archibald MacLeish has written encouragingly in *Fortune* about the American situation; still there are plenty of signs of underhand and insidious propaganda. I have on my desk a pamphlet, widely circulated here, which solemnly asserts that the blood of the Jew turns yellow when it is spilled—curious that that phenomenon wasn't noticed in the World War. I confess my dismay that there is so little indignant reaction to the growing anti-Semitism here. It makes me want to get out on the street corner on a soap-box and beg my fellow-countrymen to realize that to go on with this sort of thing will pollute and befoul their souls.

Perhaps when I use such words as "pollute" and "befoul" I shall be charged with writing immoderately. I had an ancestor who was denounced for using violent language about human slavery and advised to be less severe. He replied: "On this subject I do not wish to think, or speak, or write with moderation. No! no! Tell a man whose house is on fire to give a moderate alarm; tell him to moderately rescue his wife from the hands of the ravisher; tell the mother to gradually extricate her babe from the fire into which it has fallen; but urge me not to use moderation in a cause like the present." I echo these words when it comes to the persecution of any group and today, especially, the Jews.

BROUN'S PAGE

THEY held a Congress of Artists in New York a few days ago and it started with a lot of speeches in Town Hall. I made one of them. Of course, I got into an Artists' Congress merely as a fellow-traveler. They told me to talk about the possibility of painters coming together along trade-union lines.

Now the detail of that might present many difficulties, and yet it seems to me that art in America must go left or continue to stand and dwindle resolutely in the same spot. This is said all the more sincerely because it is in part an apology. I wrote a column in a newspaper announcing in that dogmatic way which newspaper columnists assume that there had never been a painter of any consequence in America, and that in all probability there never would be.

It just doesn't seem to be a natural form of expression north of the Rio Grande. But once you get into Mexico you see some old Indian who never took a lesson in his life or read a single article by Royal Cortissoz hammering away at silver and sticking in turquoise at appropriate places in a most magnificent manner. Even when the blanket he wants to sell you is a fake, he had at least the artistic sense to buy the best the chain store had to offer. And once you get to a Mexican public building which has a blank wall to offer, you will find a dozen masters struggling to express themselves in color. There are at least three Mexican painters who do not need to doff their hats to any of the dead.

But I am informed, and probably correctly, that this surge of form and color across the border is not justly attributed to native genius alone. It is a response, an artistic liberation, which comes out of the very economic fermentation of Mexico. The worker has begun to get some sense of his own world beneath his feet. And so it would be here, once the ice jam broke. One log leaps free and the rest begin to dance.

Yes, I think that's true because painting has been fed in America upon a wine which is rare and also watery. The vintage is called taste. It has been accepted as valuable merely because there has been so little of it. Sometimes it is accompanied by emotion, but mostly not. Mr. Morgan the elder used to buy old masters in wholesale lots. The younger head of the house seemed to have aesthetic yearnings when he was investigated in Washington. But they may have been lightly rooted. The reigning Mr. Morgan does not necessarily become a poet because he spoke of the color of the heather in Scotland. Nor should he be elevated to the ranks of critics on the mere strength of the fact that he has from time to time bought a picture.

It would be silly, I'll admit, to contend that all the products of what Upton Sinclair called "Mammon Art" are necessarily bad. Under the patronage of the church there did emerge some men of genius. But even the church had a much broader base than a little group of pri-

vate collectors. The successful sculptor or painter today must land one or two big fish or perish. And if he does land them he will probably perish spiritually in any case. Nobody can do a good job if he carries constantly with him the idea, "This must be the sort of picture that Mrs. Beamish likes or Junior won't be able to get to college next year."

I am aware that there are portrait painters who pretend a great arrogance to their prospective sitters. They will boast of the manner in which they turned down a commission or left a job in the middle because the lady of the house endeavored to get hoity-toity. Such things have happened, but they are not the rule. When a successful painter takes up his kit of tools and goes home in a high dudgeon it is not the tallest tower which he quits but one of the lesser mansions standing well below the great white house on the hill.

If we are to have better painters we must have better audiences and much bigger ones. There will have to be a contact between those capable of feeling excitement and those capable of creating it. To be specific, I think it would be an excellent idea if the United Mine Workers of America gave a prize at their convention two years hence for the best painting of a mine or miners. The prize could be any kind of laurel you please. I honestly think that sort of award might well be the proudest possession a painter could win.

It may be argued that as a rule trade-union members have not had the chance to study art forms, and that they wouldn't be interested. The study of art forms does not seem to me a necessary background, and whenever you get seventeen hundred up-and-coming men gathered together you have a reservoir of emotion which makes the taste of one or two connoisseurs seem pretty fragile. A roar of welcome from seventeen hundred workers ought to put more energy back into the marrow of any painter than a well-modulated "interesting color" dropped over his right shoulder.

Painting must be about something. It must be done by people who are hot and burning and very much bothered. You can't get art from contented cows, and you can't even give it to an equally bovine audience. Of course the same thing is true of writing and acting. No theater of any consequence can be built upon audiences which don't care much one way or the other about anything. Naturally I am not contending that everything which goes under the name of "proletarian art" is good. Some of it is terrible. But it is the beginning of wisdom. Even in the lesser crafts this is true. I'm getting a little bit tired of having people say to me, "You do your best columns when you're mad." The answer is, "Who doesn't?" In a burning world anybody who has any pretensions to any kind of artistic expression must make his choice. He can be either a fireman or a fiddler.

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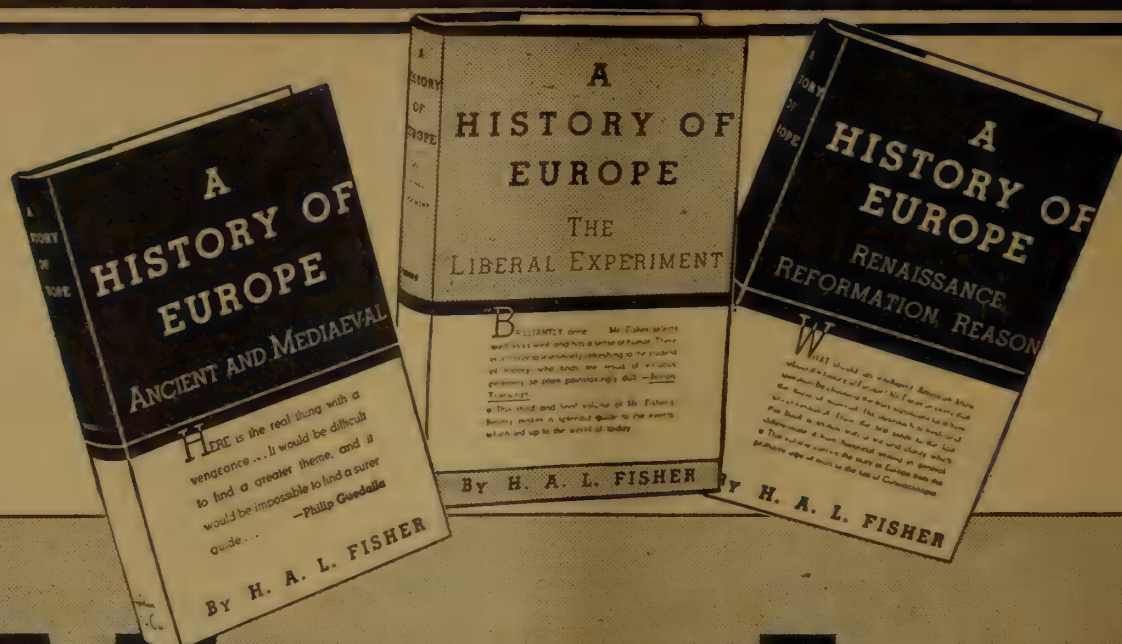
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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

ON THE DIFFICULTY OF MODERN POETRY

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

MODERN poetry is difficult. The fact is sometimes denied by our poets themselves and by critics or readers who have specialized in the idioms and methods of contemporary verse, but it is pretty generally accepted by the vast majority of those who devour novels and plays, so that the audience of many poets well known to their fellows is limited to a group too small to exhaust an edition of five hundred copies.

It is true that several notable exceptions spring immediately to mind. Mrs. Wylie, Miss Millay, Mr. Robinson, and Mr. Frost are not, in any special sense, difficult poets. If they must sometimes be read with an intensity of attention greater than is ordinarily required by either narrative or expository prose, they are not different in this respect from at least a considerable number of the poets of the past who were commonly called great. On the other hand, there certainly is a very special sense in which many of their contemporaries are difficult, and anyone who doubts the fact may read the critical reviews published, for example, in *The Nation* itself.

By way of illustration I will choose almost at random "Theory of Flight" by Muriel Rukeyser, which Philip Blair Rice reviewed in our issue for January 29. There he called the work "one of those rare first volumes which impress by their achievement more than by their promise," and after complaining that not all of the author's metaphors were "chromium clear," he cited as "about as pure and as poetical as any lines being written today":

Never forget in legendary darkness
the ways of the hands' turning and the mouth's ways,
wander in the fields of change and not remember
a voice and many voices and the evening's burning.

If anyone be inclined to remark that to find any difficulty in this strophe—deliberately chosen as conspicuously well realized—is to confess illiteracy, let him turn to another review by the same critic in the issue for February 19. In this, after praising Robert Fitzgerald for "a technique that is not equaled in subtlety and polish by any other of our younger poets," he remarks that "it was not until about the twelfth reading that I thought I was able to understand the poem beginning 'Death under the fingernails is unreal,'" and adds—with what may seem to some excessive mildness—"the false scents which I followed still interfere with my enjoyment of the poem."

For the moment I am not concerned with the possible justification for difficulties of this sort, but only with two facts—first, that the difficulties exist; and, second, that in many quarters they are taken for granted as inevitable from the very nature of poetry itself. Yet if this attitude is

justifiable, it must at least be admitted that the inevitability is one which has developed within a generation, since the whole corpus of English poetry does not contain 1 per cent of lines anything like so difficult in any comparable manner. It is true that Donne and his fellow "metaphysical poets" afford the closest parallel. It is also true that some of the Jacobean dramatists have their crabbed passages. But even they are seldom so involved or so elliptic; and it is hardly necessary to insist that what was once accepted as the major tradition of English poetry from Chaucer to Swinburne is almost continuously and easily comprehensible on at least *one level of its meaning*. Shakespeare wrote one "difficult" poem, "The Phoenix and the Turtle," which, I seem to remember, Mr. Eliot called his best work. But whatever perplexities Shakespeare's sonnets may afford are usually due simply to personal references which we have lost, and nine-tenths of what he wrote is, like nine-tenths of what the other great English poets wrote, very easily comprehensible so far as *the surface aspects* of what he is saying are concerned.

It may be perfectly true that these surface aspects have little to do with his real greatness. Both the soul of his meaning and the soul of his poetic feeling may be quite as difficult to reach as those in the lines which Mr. Rice was compelled to read twelve times. But if this is true, then the fact certainly reveals a fundamental difference between his method and the method of the modern poets. His esoteric meaning is derived in conjunction with an exoteric one and runs parallel with it. From the very beginning and with the greatest ease one understands *something*; and from this easy beginning one is led on to penetrate as deeply as one can into the hidden beauties of thought or to appreciate as fully as one is able the subtleties of the expression.

And what is true of Shakespeare is true of most of the great English poets. When one fails to comprehend them, it is for a reason exactly opposite to the reason why one often fails to comprehend certain modern poets. In the latter case one simply fails to penetrate the tangled web of words, which produce no effect beyond that of an incantation; in the former one fails to understand because one has understood too readily a surface statement—understood, that is to say, only what the grammar-school pupil understands when he translates Keats's "Ode to a Nightingale" into prose for purposes of an examination paper. Yet the fact remains that, fortunately or unfortunately, the vast majority of great English poems are built upon a framework of clear statement which can be reduced to prose, while many of the most characteristic modern poems are so written that only after the greatest effort would it be possible to say in this simple sense "what they are about."

And it is for this reason that the failure of many modern readers to "understand" modern poetry is different from and more absolute than the failure of many persons in the past to "understand" their poets. It is perfectly true that Wordsworth was long unappreciated and in some sense not understood by the majority of readers. But that does not mean that they did not understand, on the surface, what he was saying. It means that they failed to understand why he was saying it, or that they failed to understand the nature of the emotion with which the saying was invested. Yet the bitterest of Wordsworth's detractors understood him in a sense in which even Mr. Rice found it difficult to understand certain of Mr. Fitzgerald's lines, and in which many, many readers fail to understand a whole conspicuous school of modern poets. For one thing, the syntax was simple. So also were his descriptions of the local habitations and names which he was giving to his ideas and emotions.

I am not unaware that the tendency to avoid what I have called a prose framework is both deliberate and based upon certain aesthetic convictions. The modern poet has set himself desperately against the palpably erroneous idea that a poem can be translated into prose, or even that what it is, in the truest sense, "about" can be stated in any form other than that of the poem itself. "Rose is a rose is a rose." A poem means the poem. To state that meaning in any other way is to violate it. And recognizing this fact, he is loath to employ as a framework anything which could be stated with even illusory clarity in prose. He wants his poetry to be pure in the sense that it is nothing but poetry, and he would, I suppose, insist that, let me say, the "Ode to a Grecian Urn" is impure just to the extent that a prose statement apparently stating the subject matter can easily be extracted from it.

Certainly I should not want to deny his fundamental premise. When one has said that the "Ode to a Grecian Urn" is about a man who saw an ancient urn carved with certain figures and who was led to feel that these carved figures were more enviable than human beings because they would always exist in this moment of grace and ecstasy, one has said little which gives a clue to the significance of the poem so far as the qualities which made it a poem are concerned. And yet I am not entirely convinced that the presence of the easily comprehensible prose framework serves no useful purpose, or that most of the great poets of the past were unwise to write their poetry around a prose core to which the reader could cling and about which he could orient himself. It is easier, as it were, to "take off" with him if one knows to begin with what he is "taking off" from.

The situation is not unlike that in which many modern painters have found themselves. Looking at a Renaissance painting they have no difficulty in pointing out that its beauty lies not in the realistic representation of the Holy Family, but in the fact that certain masses and certain colors are placed in certain two-dimensional patterns and certain plastic arrangements. By this discovery they are tempted to create pictures which are merely abstract arrangements of color and form. But the question is at least open whether or not these abstract arrangements are really

as readily comprehensible and richly satisfying as the work of the Renaissance master; whether or not the greatest painter is not one who succeeds in achieving a representation while, at the same time, he manages to achieve also, within the limitations which representation sets, the abstract pattern.

I realize of course that there are other reasons for the difficulty of modern poetry. It is sometimes said, for example, that our sensibility is of a sort which demands more intricate expression. It may also be true that our poets, like our abstract painters, are struggling with problems of meaning so difficult to express that they do not dare complicate the problem by any effort to meet two different demands. But I cannot but suspect that when specifically modern poetry—if there is such a thing—actually achieves classical expression, it will be in forms which are difficult only in the sense that most poetry has always been difficult.

Speech to the Detractors

BY ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

What should a man do but love excellence
Whether of earth or art
Whether the hare's leap or the heart's recklessness?

What honor has any man but with eagerness
Valuing wasteless things
To praise the great and speak the unpraise meagerly?

Because the heroes with the swords have vanished
Leaving us nearer by
Actual life and the more human manhood—

Because the common face: the anonymous figure:
The nameless and mortal man:
Is our time's birth to bear and to be big with—

Because the captains and the kings are dust—
Need we deny our hearts
Their natural duty and the thing they *must* do?

Not to the wearers of wreaths but those who bring
them
Coming with heaped-up arms
Is fame the noble and ennobling thing.

Bequeathers of praise the unnamed numberless peoples
Leave on the lasting earth
Not fame but their hearts' love of fame for keeping

They raise not alone memorial monuments:
Outlasting these
They raise their need to give the great-one honor.

The ignorant and rabble rain erasing
Dates and the dead man's kind
Still leaves the blindness of the stones that praised him.

Why then must this time of ours be envious?
 Why must the great man now
 Sealed from the mouths of worms be sucked by men's
 mouths?

Refusing ribbons that the rest have clowned for—
 Dying and wishing peace—
 The best are eaten by the envy round them.

When Lawrence died the hate was at his bier.
 Fearing there might have lived
 A man really noble; really superior—

Fearing that worth had lived and had been modest—
 Men of envious minds
 Ate with venom his new buried body.

We cheat ourselves in cheating worth of wonder.
 Not the unwitting dead
 But we who leave their praise unsaid are plundered.

BOOKS

Europe as Portraiture

INSIDE EUROPE. By John Gunther. Harper and Brothers.
 \$3.50.

THIS is the day of the foreign correspondents. Not alone as experts in an infinitely complex subject but as interesting persons in their own right they now occupy a special row of seats on the literary platform. Vincent Sheean, Walter Duranty, and Negley Farson win acclaim with autobiographies, and Edgar Mowrer, H. R. Knickerbocker, Dorothy Thompson, Paul Scott Mowrer (though since he became editor, without title, of the *Chicago Daily News* he has slipped into the background), and John Gunther have national status. It is one of the minor signs that the United States is growing up. I remember back to 1913 and 1914 when Paul Mowrer in Paris and I in Berlin kept writing mail articles for the *Chicago Daily News* predicting the coming war—judgments of this nature could not be cabled in those days—and Charles H. Dennis, our editor, threw them into the wastebasket in the belief that his "young men" in Europe had lost their balance and were converted to foolishness. Knickerbocker and Dorothy Thompson were in the now defunct foreign service of the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*; the Mowrer brothers, Gunther, and Farson were with the *Chicago Daily News*. With the exception of Duranty, none of those mentioned became nationally known through their daily journalism. They had to make their reputations through magazine writing or books.

The richness of the experience of the foreign correspondent is revealed in John Gunther's closely packed volume, as is also his tingling talent. There is not a dull patch in it, because he himself detests the dull considerations. His approach to events is excited. What captures his interest is people, and the incidents that throw light on prominent men. By all odds this is the best way to make Europe come alive in an account of it. Here is a comprehensive, highly instructive work about contemporary Europe, made vivid and breath-taking by John Gunther's predilection for explaining events in terms of per-

sonalities. To be sure it is not quite satisfactory as history. Certain dramas in Europe, like the overthrow of Sir Samuel Hoare—which occurred too late, I assume, to be handled adequately—and even the Nazi revolution in Germany, are not to be understood in the language of political leadership alone. Particularly the Nazi revolution is a deeper movement than the bizarre and revolting incidents it throws up would indicate. But Mr. Gunther acknowledges in his preface that he is content to limit himself.

Mr. Gunther is a novelist. His "Red Pavilion," written before he became a foreign correspondent, showed his clear perception of characteristic externals and his felicity of direct communication, which now have come into full use in this volume. For this book is first of all a superb piece of communication. Mr. Gunther's vocabulary is rich, but he never throws the choice words around. He enters the mind of his reader using the direct, colloquial gusto of conversation. (Duranty, Dorothy Thompson, Knickerbocker, Gunther, and Farson are all great conversationalists, though the art is supposed to be dead.) Now and again Mr. Gunther's treatment carries him too far, as when he writes that Hitler has "an Oedipus complex as big as a house." Probably he doesn't care; he would rather be electric whatever the price in prosaic respectability.

The first value of this book is that persons who feel that they would like to catch up in their reading about Europe can inform themselves while experiencing rare delight. In other words, it is the best flower of journalism, what reporting ought to be, absorbing, revealing, alive. Furthermore, it is authentic. Mr. Gunther knows most of his people and situations at first hand and about the others he has assiduously informed himself. He writes without inhibitions, and tells what would be said in private conversation. He is anecdotal; he makes a point of including the little stories that go the rounds in Europe. The pattern of the book is a number of full-length portraits of the outstanding figures supplemented with thumbnail sketches of the lesser men. Between these are interspersed much germane material, such as admirable accounts of the June purge in Germany, the Reichstag fire, the death of Dollfuss. The best portraits are of Mussolini, Stalin, and Baldwin. I thought the portrait of Hitler, indeed of most of the Nazi leaders, less convincing. The material is there, every scrap of knowledge about Hitler is assembled; but the details do not fit into a whole. Gunther does not quite understand Hitler, not even with the help of psychoanalysis, and perhaps no one can. (He is mistaken in saying that Göring reintroduced the use of the ax in German executions; that ancient instrument has been used for many years and was not even abolished under the Weimar constitution.)

I was surprised by his roster of the "inner circle" of Britain. He lists Lord Dawson of Penn, a physician with more influence than is commonly known but hardly enough to warrant his inclusion. He also names Sir Maurice Hankey, who of course is there and invaluable, though not as a senior statesman, and he omits Lord Hailsham and Lord Salisbury, who certainly are more frequently consulted on grave matters of state than the other two. I should not have included Geoffrey Dawson, editor of the *Times*, and should have nominated Sir Josiah Stamp. His sketch of MacDonald is cruel, judging an entire life and contribution by the folly and failure of its last years, which no doubt reflects the current opinion in London. But even in such cruelty, and in the distinctly malicious sketches of the Nazis, he is both accurate and entertaining, while the more balanced portraits are convincingly creative. The vigor and almost impudent candor of this book mark it as distinctly American; that is, I cannot imagine a man of any other nationality writing it. It deserves a wide public.

RAYMOND GRAM SWING

Necropolis

PREFACE TO THE PAST. By James Branch Cabell. Robert M. McBride and Company. \$2.50.

CABELL'S name today calls back, rather than any particular books, a period in time and an attitude in thinking. For better or worse, we have arbitrarily set an end to the age preceding our own, which died equally of the depression and the rise to assertiveness of a new literary generation; and we cannot help regarding certain figures of the '20's as historically as we regard the Romantic poets or the Restoration dramatists. In expression and outlook these people seem set apart by a kind of "period" uniqueness, and their personalities seem no less dated than their philosophy. It is no more than a truism to assert that the generation of Cabell, Hergesheimer, Mencken, Rascoe, Boyd, Van Vechten, and Frances Newman, whatever its former importance may have been, is lacking now in influence and weight.

That generation had in one sense a difficult, but in another sense a miraculously easy, rise to success. In so far as it was "advanced," as it cut across the bias of orthodox American puritanism and provincialism, shocking the genteel, insulting the stupid, exposing the mediocre, it met with opposition from its elders and its inferiors. On the other hand, it was born into an era extremely favorable toward any talent at all. We were without good writers, hence unprejudiced as to what constituted good writing; we were liberated from the worst of our bondage to Mrs. Grundy by the war; were at the stage of wooing culture but of still having trouble with our French. The moment was ripe for self-conscious barbarians to go to school to self-conscious sophisticates. Cabell and his contemporaries came upon the scene, rapidly dominated it, and preached a flattering gospel—the gospel, in brief, of the civilized minority. We were invited to be, above everything else, mellow, aloof, urbane, and to believe in nothing but the comic senselessness of existence.

No group ever went harder to work to demonstrate, by a priori methods, that life was a pointless comedy. They were deeply pained, I think, every time they discovered dignity, merit, or reasonableness existing among their fellow-creatures. It upset their theory, it assaulted their ego; they wanted to show man up as foolish, pretentious, and incurably adolescent—someone who might be pitied but never admired except as he too imitated the laughter of the gods.

In their hands all this failed to be nourishing because it became less and less honestly skeptical and more and more gaudily cynical. In the end, far from showing the tender laughter of the eyes, they simply sneered, they simply cast out responsibility. ("I burn with generous indignation over this world's pig-headedness and injustice," said Cabell, "at no time whatever.") It was much less the nature of their philosophy than the frivolous way in which they practiced it that dated and disfigured their attitude. But it had also its ironical side, for while they were registering amusement over the pretensions of man, proud man, one got the feeling that Cabell came at one, willy-nilly, wearing the mantle of Montaigne, Boyd wearing the mantle of Dr. Bentley, Hergesheimer wearing the mantle of Pater, Mencken wearing the mantle of Juvenal. They all became intolerably uppish. Cant, which can hide behind laughter as well as tears, crept into their sophistication and urbanity. Their aloofness grew snobbish, their snobbishness smug. They seemed to exclaim, "I have a vast comic vision!" with all the naive rapture of Emma Bovary exclaiming, "J'ai un amant!"

They had their merits, of course; even if they now seem superficial and a little bogus, we must remember that they re-

placed far worse writers and knew how, on occasion, to be amusing and fluent and polished. Further, they protested against the stuffiness and philistinism that still dominated American culture. But once they had opened our eyes to what was wrong, not only had they served their purpose, but they had also opened our eyes to what was wrong with them. They were slain in their own crusade.

The present book, which the publishers intimate is a kind of literary autobiography, is actually no more than a series of papers describing the gestation and birth of Cabell's many books. The work of a man who is interested in and talks about nobody but himself, it is tedious and garrulous to the point of absurdity. The only interest I can find in these solemn footnotes to Cabell's novels is a clue to the misconception through which Cabell overreached himself as a writer. For it is not that he was originally without taste or talent. But he had the taste and talent of the dilettante along with the aspirations and pretensions of a great genius, and so nothing would satisfy him short of creating, like Balzac, a vast and many-volumed cosmos. The courage this required was admirable, but it might better have been traded for an equal amount of artistic self-knowledge. For Cabell as a major artist has been plainly a failure, and the Biography of Manuel—scattered though it may be with brief felicities—is already a necropolis. LOUIS KRONENBERGER

Beauty and the Beast

THE WHITE HORSES OF VIENNA AND OTHER STORIES. By Kay Boyle. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

ACTOR'S BLOOD. By Ben Hecht. Covici-Friede. \$2.

LIKE most volumes of short stories, these two miss the particular literary virtues which we are in the habit of calling, for lack of better terms, reality and solidity. In their different ways they succeed in being almost completely insubstantial. They can be read more easily than they can be believed, and if they can be believed they are scarcely to be remembered. In each case the matter is very much modified by a manner—in the first case, modulated to a point just this side of death, and in the second case, exaggerated until contact is lost with any life we know. The only resemblance, indeed, between two books which sound and look so little like each other grows out of their common preoccupation with style. But in the long run that resemblance will seem of more consequence than the differences which it is so fascinating at the moment to define.

By style I mean here not so much a way of handling words as a way of telling stories. Miss Boyle's admirers will insist upon the importance and indeed the preciousness of her words, but there is more to her than that—or, if it is true that her triumph is of the negative sort I have indicated, there is less. Considered verbally, her style is far from perfect; it is sometimes obscure, it can be needlessly infantile, and here and there it is bad.

She stood very close, casting sharp looks at Dr. Heine, watching his slender, delicate hands at work, seeing the dark, silky hairs that grew on the backs of them and the black hair brushed smooth on his head. Even the joints of his tall, elegant frame seemed to be oiled with some special, suave lubricant that was evil as the Orient to their clean, Nordic hearts.

In six lines she has written, if my count is right, five pairs of adjectives. No, the significant item here is her mention of the hairs that grew on the back of Dr. Heine's hand. Miss Boyle never lets a hero go without a description of the hairs on the back of his hand, or on his forearm, or on the side of his face

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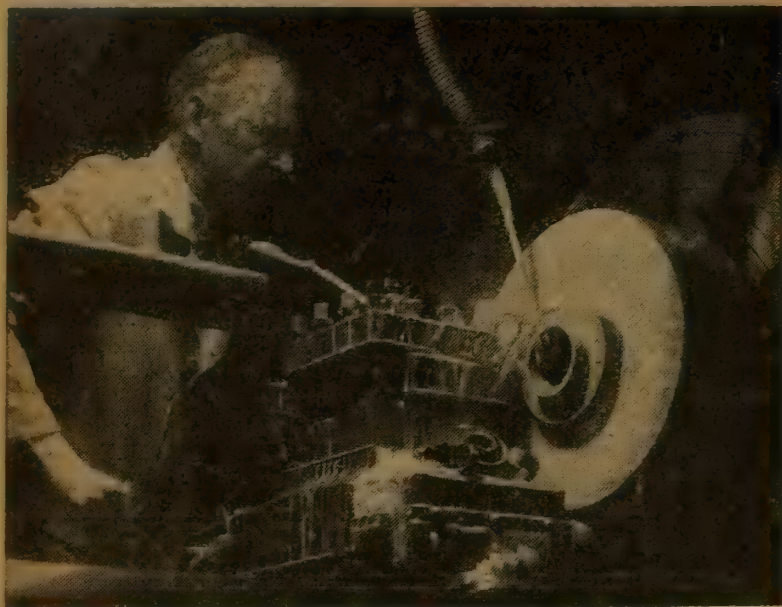
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which happens to be turned into the narrow, brilliant beam of her style. Sometimes they are golden, sometimes they are silver-white; but they are always noted, and often they are the biggest thing we are allowed to know concerning the man in question. Not his ideas, his motives, his character, the whole outline of his flesh and spirit; merely this or some other image which flies from him as we look and which Miss Boyle plays with through twenty or thirty skilful pages. She is willing to work out such an image to the stage of exhaustion—and to let an emotion go undetermined. It was "insolence, or gentleness, or love," she says; it was "whiskey, or madness, or love," she says a hundred and fifty pages later. She is being a poet, I suppose. But poetry is a cruder, a plainer, a more important thing than this. And if that is true, Miss Boyle is altogether too fine for her job. I like to read her; I like the foxes and swans, the horses and wild birds she relies on to fill her pages with the motion she cannot find in man. But just because her people are motionless, like frost-people on a pane of glass, I deny that they are interesting in the way that men and women in stories can be interesting.

Using what seems at first blush to be a director and more virile method, the method of the newspaper reporter, Mr. Hecht gets in the end an even less credible result. Certainly he cannot be accused of the delicate touch. He is so far from being obsessed by swans and foxes that he can say of the murdered actress's room in his first story: "All in all it looked as if Marcia had been done to death by a herd of bison." Another actress is "a vest-pocket edition of Duse"; somebody's house is now his "roost" and now his "bailiwick"; a simple departure is of course a "hegira"; and the disposal of evidence after a crime becomes "post crime evidence disposal." That is how fine Mr. Hecht's style is, considered verbally. Considered in terms of narrative art it is still less fine. The people are not permitted to show themselves in action until several pages of fireworks—debased Menckenesque—have been set off in the attempt to place them for us, morally and socially. Then the action begins; and it is always so swollen with overemphasis, so chromo in its coloring, so bearlike in its morality, so smoky with the cigars of imagination, so obviously forced, so grossly felt, that we do not believe a word we have heard. Mr. Hecht is sometimes witty, and I really rather like the elephantine way in which he steams up; but at best his stories are feature stories which will be forgotten on Monday. Coming to him after Miss Boyle's diet of the thinnest and crispest Continental wafers I thought I would eat good plain American bread. But it was baker's bread, less nourishing than advertised.

MARK VAN DOREN

Revolutionary Mythology

INTRODUCTION TO DIALECTICAL MATERIALISM.

By August Thalheimer. Translated by Simpson and Weltner. Covici-Friede. \$2.

THE philosophy of dialectical materialism has always been the great doctrinal mystery of Marxism. It has received more varied interpretation, in an extensive foreign literature, than any other aspect of Marx's thought. The present account is an elementary but creditable version of the "orthodox" brand, and although he was repudiated by the Communist International for trivial political differences, the author easily outranks the official philosophical spokesmen. The translators have done, on the whole, a good job.

The very simplicity and fidelity of Thalheimer's exposition throw into glaring focus the weaknesses of this monistic ortho-

dox world view which holds that since everything is "dialectically interrelated" every theory of being entails a theory of politics and vice versa. Applied to the history of philosophy, this leads to some shocking over-simplifications; applied to problems of philosophy, it produces multiple ambiguities and basic errors.

Practically the sole methodical principle that Thalheimer brings to the study of philosophy is the view that every system is to be "explained" in terms of the mode of production prevalent in its time, and that no problem of philosophy is so recalcitrant that it cannot be "ultimately" traced to some issue in the class struggle. This involves a systematic neglect of proximate causes and a failure to distinguish between two questions: what determines the genesis of an idea, and what determines the social acceptance of an idea. The result of this confusion leads to the attempt to explain the differences between philosophers in terms of the social conditions they share in common, and encourages the use of grandiose formulas as a substitute for analysis. For example, in discussing ancient philosophy Thalheimer writes: "All the fundamental ideas in Heraclitus are determined, are conditioned [which is it? Or do these terms mean the same?] by the characteristic class relations of his time." More particularly, he adds, Heraclitus was a member of the Ephesian aristocracy. Well, Thales and Parmenides, Anaxagoras and Democritus, like practically all Greek philosophers, were members of their municipal aristocracies, and the class relations were the same for all of them. How, then, account for the differences between them, even for the simple division which Thalheimer draws between the materialists and idealists?

Nor does the author fare more happily when he comes to modern philosophy. With no great regard for consistency he admits that other factors besides class relations enter into play, but asserts that "in spite of great temporal and local differences between particular schools the universal counter-revolutionary and reactionary class character of the modern American and European bourgeoisie expresses itself in a host of characteristics which are common to all schools of bourgeois philosophy." The only two common characteristics listed are opposition to materialism and irrationalism. To assert that these two features characterize all schools of "bourgeois" philosophy is to reveal scandalous ignorance. Simplistic formulas enable one to economize not only on thought but on knowledge.

The analytic difficulties of orthodox monistic dialectical materialism are, if anything, even graver. For it is questionable whether the basic notions with which it operates—the unity and penetration of opposites, development by contradiction—are meaningful, especially when applied to natural phenomena. To begin with, the terms contradiction, opposition, and antagonism, which Thalheimer lumps together, are sharply distinguished by most modern philosophers. *Things* cannot contradict each other; only *propositions* (or *judgments*) can be contradictory, and these are not natural facts in the sense in which things in space and time are. Nor do things struggle with one another except in an obviously metaphorical sense. Struggle is an attribute of living behavior. Hegel, believing that nature is an objective expression of consciousness, consistently asserted that all natural development can be conceived as a struggle of opposites, but it is logically impossible for a materialist to subscribe to this. Yet not only is Thalheimer committed to this view; like his orthodox brethren he affirms that the universe is dialectically interrelated and that its changes are necessarily progressive, particularly in the social realm. The upshot is a cosmic evolutionary optimism according to which the dialectic processes in nature and society make the

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SEX HABITS

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F. Jacobsohn, M.D.

Foreword by
Gerard L. Moench, M.D.

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MARRIAGE (Sex Aspects, Instruction)
VALUE OF REGULAR SEX INTER-
COURSE
SEX HYGIENE (Precautions, Direc-
tions)
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Men, In Women)
SEX VARIATION (Physical, Psycho-
logical)
VARYING SEX PRACTICES
SEXUAL SHORTCOMINGS (Impotence,
Frigidity, Sterility, etc.)
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Reservatus, etc.)
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MENT (1 plate,* 2 illustrations)
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PRESS COMMENTS

"Most individuals will profit im-
mensely by reading every word in this
book, because it is based on a thorough
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University Publication.*

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a correct understanding of sex and a
very accurate and scientific account
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being illustrated."—*Medical Times
(London).*

*The membership of the A. M. A.
consists of approximately 100,000 phy-
sicians.

realization of communism inevitable. Oddly enough, such a philosophy reveals the two characteristics which, according to Thalheimer, all forms of bourgeois philosophy possess today, namely, idealism, in the assumption that the universe is friendly, and irrationalism, in the assumption that uncon-
scious processes are purposive. Such a variety of antithetical ele-
ments enter into this philosophy that it is possible for Thal-
heimer to defend three mutually incompatible theories of truth
at once—the Hegelian coherence theory, a crude form of the
correspondence theory, and a still cruder form of the predic-
tive theory.

Properly understood, dialectical materialism is a form of
historical, experimental naturalism which stresses the role of
human activity, under determinate conditions, in transforming
the social world. The fatal weakness of orthodox dialectical
materialism is that although it recognizes the important, even
if limited, function of human intelligence and activity in trans-
forming the world, it stresses metaphysical dogmas according
to which intelligence is either unnecessary or impossible.

SIDNEY HOOK

Shorter Notices

THE IRON LAND. By Stanley Burnshaw. Philadelphia: The
Centaur Press. \$2.

What reputation Stanley Burnshaw has as a poet he has ob-
tained by writing unpretentious lyrics which are authentic and
effective. As a lyric poet Burnshaw has been chiefly concerned
up to this time with creating a mood out of quick impulses and
fragile decorations, of which love, evening flowers, and bird-
inhabited landscapes were the essential materials. In this new
book, however, he has attempted poetry of a very different
genre, more direct and realistic. "The Iron Land" is made up
of groupings of poems which work into a narrative of a sort
that gives the reactions of a white-collar worker to life within
a "typical steel mill." Here and there throughout the book are
poems which according to Mr. Burnshaw's note to the reader
are not an integral part of his story, but which convey his "per-
sonal doubts, deliberations, escapes into a New World direc-
tive." Whatever the function of these particular poems, they
are the best in the book, and probably will be remembered some
time after the sequence is forgotten.

BELOMOR. By Maxim Gorki. Harrison Smith and Robert
Haas. \$3.

First of the links to be built in Russia's new system of inland
waterways was the Baltic-White Sea Canal. It was built in
twenty months between 1931-33. It is over 140 miles long and
was constructed by thousands of prisoners, male and female,
political and criminal, under the supervision of the G.P.U.
Because the prisoners had to learn the building trades necessary
to accomplish the work and because the construction was part
of the Five-Year Plan, the enterprise was officially launched as
a rehabilitation scheme; the prisoners were not doing forced
labor, they were being "reforged." They also received com-
muted sentences and decorations. So praiseworthy and unique
was the venture considered that some thirty of the most promi-
nent Russian writers were sent from Moscow to write it up
conjointly. The result is a startlingly uniform series of naively
inflated sales talks to launch required occupational therapy, a
book that for all its recomposed case-histories, technical re-
ports, and wall-newspaper columns, leaves much unanswered.
Namely, why should an American reader who condemns the
method by which roadbuilders are trained on Georgia chain
gangs be expected to admire the method that built Belomor?

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DRAMA

Symposium

THERE are always those who rise to remark that the best of talk cannot make a play. I have, indeed, known certain persons so fanatically devoted to this particular dogma that they would doubtless invoke it even in the case of "The End of Summer," now happily current at the Guild Theater. To such as they I will, however, not deign a reply for the simple reason that the excellence of Mr. Behrman's talk has the effect which any particular excellence always has—provided, of course, that it is really excellent. It makes one forget, for the moment at least, whatever other kinds the universe may afford and becomes for the time all anyone could ask. Listening to such talking as his characters achieve, one is inclined to exclaim, as Anthony once did on a quite different occasion and apropos a quite different activity:

The nobleness of life
Is to do thus: when such a mutual pair
And such a twain can do 't.

In the new play, as in the last two before it, Mr. Behrman has lifted his talkers and their themes straight out of the world around him. Once more Miss Ina Claire, sparkling as ever, is cast in the role of an indulged and indulgent woman, and once more she is surrounded by a group of passionate men whose verbal bombs—often hurled at one another with the most vicious intent—somehow burst harmlessly over her head like so much fireworks. Anxious only to be loved, she is equally willing to endow a hospital for the sinister psychoanalyst—played with diabolical suavity by Osgood Perkins—or to finance a radical magazine for the two nice college boys determined to put an end to her and her kind. And while the world rocks around her—or at least while the other characters assure her that it does—her only contribution to the solution of world problems is the brilliant suggestion that calamities are on twice the scale they used to be simply because the women (who make up one-half of the population, remember) insist on taking part in them now instead of staying quietly at home as they used to do.

What these personages talk about is precisely what everybody talks about today: the blessing or the curse of wealth, the problem of unemployment, the brave new world which either is or isn't about to emerge. And the conclusions they reach are no more conclusive than those being achieved in a thousand drawing-rooms at precisely the same moment. Indeed, the conclusion of the play finds everybody very much as they were found at the beginning. There was never much doubt that the daughter of wealth would end by taking the young radical suitor and hoping for the best. If the Machiavellian psychoanalyst does make one serious mistake, he is merely convinced that he will not make it again; and Miss Claire, of course, is beyond the reach of argument or fact. Whatever fate—and it is all still dark—the others may meet, one is certain that her invincible triviality will carry her through. Hers is the last word; for at the end of the play she is developing a lively personal interest in the second of the young radicals. It is true that, for the moment, she doubts the propriety of financing an enterprise whose chief aim is the destruction of her and her world. But the eager editor explains that to do so would only be, after all, to "anticipate the inevi-

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PURITANS IN THE SOUTH SEAS

table," and upon her bright exclamation, "Now wouldn't that be clever of me," the curtain goes down.

Among other things "The End of Summer" is a brilliant example of the way in which Mr. Behrman has solved the problem of writing pure comedy in an atmosphere which so many are ready to say makes pure comedy either impossible or at least impertinent. After his first play, "The Second Man," he obviously concluded that he did not wish to continue to deal merely with the timeless themes which have served for the whole tradition of artificial comedy, and there was the period to which "Meteor" belongs, during which it seemed possible that he might sacrifice his particular gift to the conviction that he must be "important" in a way that comedy of his sort cannot possibly be. A less sure instinct than his would either have followed this false lead or in some other way perverted his genius for a kind of wit which is essentially a pure and disinterested illumination. He might, for example, have turned to tendentious satire, for which he is temperamentally too skeptical and too balanced; or he might, on the other hand, have fallen into a merely cynical nihilism equally foreign to his urbane and generous spirit. Instead, however, he happily invented a novel kind of comedy which deals in no merely trivial fashion with controversial issues and yet affords full play to his essentially critical and skeptical mind. It is, that is to say, a kind of comedy in which the protagonists of various points of view, each equally endowed with eloquence and intelligence and wit, state their cases and expose the weakness of their adversaries while the spectator stands by, not so much cynically enjoying the discomfiture of each as delighting in the insights which are afforded into both the problems themselves and the characters of those who are trying to solve them. Such comedies are neither tendentious on the one hand nor trivial on the other. They are comedies of illumination. They turn to the uses of the moment the most valuable of comedy's gifts—the gift of disinterested insight. In "The End of Summer" the conversation is infinitely varied. Sometimes it bubbles, sometimes it rises to eloquence, sometimes it explodes into sky-rockets of wit. But it is always delightful and always illuminating.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

FILMS

The Misunderstood

NO STORY can be more interesting than the story of a person who is underestimated or misunderstood. There is no anxiety like that which we feel as we watch a victim of human error—a virtuous victim, preferably, though our sympathies can be touched in a cause not noble. All we need to know about the hero is something which his enemies do not know; or his friends, or his superiors, or the world in general. Then we are ready for the tale of how he is scorned, despised, and wrongfully accused; then we are ready to sit in a theater and behold the slow stages by which he attains to recognition. The sense of justice is probably the most dramatic sense we have, and by the same token the recognition scene is the most powerful scene of which drama is capable. It can be, in fact, almost intolerable. It is then that we weep.

Perhaps any good story has somewhere in it a touch of the Cinderella theme, but two current films have more than

that; they build themselves entirely around it, they depend for their whole success upon our known inability to resist it. The first of them, "The Prisoner of Shark Island" (Center Theater), comes perilously near to overusing it, with the result that an hour of the film is painful; but the pleasure which comes with the hero's vindication at last is enough to save what has gone before, and enough to prove that there is no such thing as excess in the drama of misunderstanding. The hero, Dr. Samuel Mudd (Warner Baxter), is taken, as it happens, from history, for he is the Dr. Mudd of Maryland who set John Wilkes Booth's broken leg after the assassination of Lincoln and who served four years on Shark Island in the Gulf of Mexico for the "crime."

I put the word in quotation marks because we of the audience know that Dr. Mudd was innocent. We know it because we see him on the fatal evening of 1865 when Booth knocked at his door and begged for relief from pain. We know how innocent he was of any knowledge concerning his patient's identity, and we approve of him as the charitable and reasonable man we are made to see. But the soldiers who came down from Washington did not know of his innocence, nor when they found Booth's boot in the house could they believe Dr. Mudd to be anything but a conniving villain; nor would the American public be satisfied with anything less than the conviction of every last person connected even by accusation with the "conspiracy"; nor did the military court mind in the least committing judicial murder. What we are treated to then is a series of tortures, beginning with the trial at Washington and ending with the antics of a sadist sergeant on Shark Island, which we alone know to be unjustified by any fact. The historian who studies the case may have his reasons for supposing Dr. Mudd innocent. But we *know*. And it is on that knowledge that the story-teller builds his case, keeping us in suspense for as long as he thinks we can bear it, and rewarding us at the end with a glimpse of the good doctor returning to his front door. The film takes every advantage of its theme, and takes advantage also of the fact that the Civil War is still the richest background available to America story. I have seen few pictures, this year or any other, more completely interesting than "The Prisoner of Shark Island."

"The Story of Louis Pasteur" (Strand) is less interesting only because the elements from which it extracts its irony are less simple and visible. They are not a leg, a boot, a knock at the door in the night; they are the bacilli of anthrax and hydrophobia. The hero, in other words, is a Scientist, and so there is a good deal of hocus-pocus intended to give us the illusion that we know what Pasteur (Paul Muni) saw when he looked into his microscope; and there is the usual romancing about Science with which we are already too familiar. But it does not matter much in a story which has such a man for its hero. Here again we have the drama of the underrated; we have the ignorant scorn of academic doctors, we have the struggling genius in his laboratory and his home, and better yet we have the famous incidents of the Arbois sheep and the hydrophobia cases from Russia. The director, William Dieterle, has wisely placed his emphasis upon these incidents—particularly upon the one at Arbois, where Pasteur's recognition by the great Lister provides the first and best of a series of climaxes culminating in the ovation at the Academy. And the scornful doctors, Charbonnet, Rossignol, Radisse, are skilfully used as lighting for the triumphs when they come. A series of triumphs is doubtless less dramatic than a single big one toward which everything has tended; but that is merely another way of saying that "The Story of Louis Pasteur" is not quite so sustained a success-story as "The Prisoner of Shark Island."

MARK VAN DOREN

THEATERS—DEBATES

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With this issue the Labor section is dropped because the subject-matter, more than ever before, is too closely integrated with the whole content of *The Nation* to be dealt with separately. We shall devote more and not less space to labor and related subjects. Forthcoming issues will contain articles by Louis Adamic, Benjamin Stolberg, Carleton Beals, Lillian Symes, and others.

EDITORIAL CONTEST

For College Students

The Foreign Policy Association and The Nation, joint sponsors of the contest announced in The Nation of February 5, present this list of

SUGGESTED READING

BOOKS

- Bradley, Phillips. *Can We Stay Out of War?* Norton. \$2.75.
 Dulles, A. W., and Armstrong, H. F. *Can We Be Neutral?* Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.
 Jessup, P. C., and Deak, Francis. *Neutrality: Its History, Economics and Law*, 4 vol., Columbia University Press. \$3.75 each.
 Millis, Walter. *The Road to War*, Houghton Mifflin. \$3.
 Seymour, Charles. *American Neutrality, 1914-1917*. New Haven, Yale University Press, 1935. \$2.
 Young, Eugene J. *Powerful America*, Frederick Stokes. \$3.

PAMPHLETS

- Goslin, R. A., Editor. *War Tomorrow—Will We Keep Out?* Foreign Policy Association (Headline Books) 35c; paper 25c.
 Wright, Quincy. *The United States and Neutrality*, University of Chicago Press. (Public Policy Pamphlet) 25c.

MAGAZINES

- Beard, C. A. *Keeping America Out of War*, Current History, Dec. 1935.
 Briggs, H. W. and Buell, R. L. *American Neutrality in a Future War*, *Foreign Policy Report, April 10, 1935, 25c.
 Buell, R. L. *American Neutrality and Collective Security*, *Geneva Special Studies, No. 6, 1935, 35c.
The Dangerous Year, *Foreign Policy Pamphlet, No. 2.
The New American Neutrality, *Foreign Policy Report, Jan. 15, 1936, 25c.
Can We Be Neutral? The Nation, Feb. 12, 1936.
 Dean, V. M. *The Case for Collective Action*, The Nation, Feb. 26, 1936.
 Millis, Walter. *Morgan, Money and War*, The Nation, Jan. 22, 1936.
What Does Neutrality Mean? The Nation, Jan. 29, 1936.
Sanctions or War? The Nation, September 4, 1935.
Sanctions Under Neutrality, The Nation, Nov. 13, 1935.
 Sims, W. S. *Freedom of the Seas*, Forum, Jan. 1936.
 Stimson, H. L. *Neutrality and War Prevention*, International Conciliation, Sept. 1935.
The Illusion of Neutrality, Forum, Nov. 1935.
 Stone, W. T. *Neutrality by Statute*, New Republic, Aug. 7, 1935.
Strengthening the Neutrality Act, The Nation, Jan. 8, 1936.
 Swing, R. G. and Detzer, Dorothy. *Sanctions vs. Neutrality*, The Nation, Dec. 4, 1935.
 Warren, Charles. *Prepare for Neutrality*, Yale Review, Mar. 1935.
Safeguards to Neutrality, Foreign Affairs, Jan. 1936.
Troubles of a Neutral, Foreign Affairs, April 1934.
 de Wilde, J. C. *Testing League Sanctions*, *Foreign Policy Report, Dec. 4, 1935, 25c.

*Published by the Foreign Policy Association, 11 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y.

CONTEST CLOSING MARCH 15

Joseph Wood Krutch says:

BOY MEETS GIRL. Cort Theater. Rough and ready satire on Hollywood, but probably the funniest thing of its kind since "Once in a Lifetime."

DEAD END. Belasco Theater. A play about gangsters in the making on an East River waterfront. More a good show than a great drama, but a very good show indeed.

ETHAN FROME. National Theater. The apparently impossible task of dramatization of Edith Wharton's novel achieved with conspicuous success. Outstanding performances by Pauline Lord, Ruth Gordon, and Raymond Massey.

JUMBO. Hippodrome. Paul Whiteman, Jimmy Durante, and a remarkable clown named A. Robbins surrounded by acrobats and animals. Literally better than a circus.

LIBEL. Henry Miller Theater. Exciting English courtroom play. Surprisingly probable for this sort of thing and superbly acted.

PARADISE LOST. Longacre Theater. Clifford Odets's complicated picture of a family composed exclusively of pathological futilitarians. He calls it a picture of the middle class but it strikes me as somewhat less than typical.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE. Plymouth Theater. Amazingly successful adaptation, brilliantly staged and acted. A thoroughly delightful evening in the theater.

VICTORIA REGINA. Broadhurst Theater. Delightful series of scenes from Laurence Housman's drama stunningly acted by Helen Hayes and others. Fairer to the matron queen than Strachey but funny nevertheless and charming besides.

Mark Van Doren says:

AH, WILDERNESS. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Eugene O'Neill's touching and searching comedy of high-school days translated into a film which charms by its own right. Full of recognitions for the middle-aged.

A NIGHT AT THE OPERA. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. The Marx Brothers in their best picture to date. Hilarious and brilliant.

ANNIE OAKLEY. R.K.O. A minor American masterpiece based on the life of Buffalo Bill's best-loved sharpshooter. Barbara Stanwyck as Annie Oakley divides the honors with Sitting Bull.

MODERN TIMES. Charles Chaplin. Charlie Chaplin returns to the screen disguised as his old self and fulfils every expectation. Should be seen by everyone—and heard, for he has sound effects.

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. A long and noisy film, elaborated tirelessly from the famous books by Nordhoff and Hall; but distinguished by the great acting of Charles Laughton as Captain Bligh.

THE GHOST GOES WEST. Alexander Korda. René Clair's first film in English, with scenes in Scotland and the United States. Clever, satirical, and fanciful, but without the master touch.

WAY DOWN EAST. Fox. D. W. Griffith told the story better and more simply, but it remains a good story for movie purposes, and pictorially this version is very fine.

Letters to the Editors

THE LOS ANGELES BORDER PATROL

Dear Sirs: The border patrol which has been carrying on in California is still important news to the public. My husband and I have just returned from a trip to Blythe, California, from there to Quartzsite, Arizona, then to Yuma, Arizona. We have observed and analyzed this move on the part of the Los Angeles police, and it seems to us one more very serious stab at our civil liberties.

We were in Blythe four years ago and met a number of the citizens there. At that time there was an active Socialist local. The merchants were tolerant, approachable people. This time we found almost no independent merchants. All liberal groups had disintegrated. The chain stores have moved in and the local Chamber of Commerce is now the dominant organization. The day before we arrived that group had entertained a speaker from the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, under whose influence they had sent a letter heartily indorsing Chief of Police Davis of Los Angeles for protecting their town from those criminals who are trying to enter California. Blythe has no railroad and is about three miles from the state line. Los Angeles has eight fully armed policemen at every entrance of a highway into the state.

One family from Oklahoma had put all their possessions into a Ford car and started for California, where they had relatives and sought a milder winter climate. They were found with only ten dollars and were turned back with this small amount of money facing two hundred miles of desert highway before reaching a town of any size where they could expect to get aid.

In Yuma we went to see the sheriff, who seemed rather disinterested. He said that before Los Angeles took it upon itself the town was driving the hobos out of the "jungle," but now it let them alone. He suggested we go to the "jungle" and see what we could find. The inhabitants were very bitter, had no feeling of hope or responsibility toward society; they could plainly see there was little chance of justice for them. They told us of several persons who, trying to pass the border, had been beaten and badly abused, but this we were not able to verify. One man was making coffee in

a large tin can. That morning he had done a family washing for which he was paid fifteen cents and had spent it for coffee for the crowd.

We took two young men, twenty-two and twenty-five years of age, to dinner. They had not eaten for three days. Both had had a high-school education and one could boast of two years of college. He wanted very much to study law. They were both staunch Republicans, well mannered and evidently from good homes. They believed that the NRA was a great infringement on people's rights. On their arrival at the state line they were met with the questions, "Any money? any work? Well, this is as far west as you go, young man."

We had an interview with the Los Angeles officer on the highway bridge, who was also patrolling the railroad bridge by flashing a light down between the cars as the freight train passed slowly by. He first denied that his instructions were to finger-print the travelers. When Mr. Packard took the instructions out of his pocket, the officer's eyes grew large with amazement. He said that they were only finger-printing the ones who looked like criminals. When I asked him if he did not know that these people had a constitutional right to travel where they pleased, he answered me with, "What do you mean? We are down here at the orders of the chief of police of Los Angeles."

These policemen at the border are drawing pay for full time but are given ten days out of the month to go home in police cars to see their families. This shows what a great cost it is to the taxpayer.

ROSE MARIE PACKARD

Pasadena, February 10

EMANCIPATOR

Dear Sirs: It is hard to believe that what I have always looked upon as one of America's outstanding clean magazines, presenting and discussing correctly matters of nation-wide importance and of interest to all readers who can afford the purchase price, would stoop so low as to publish such a slanderous, disgusting full-page cartoon of Dr. Francis E. Townsend as that appearing on page 36 of the issue of January 8.

Gentlemen, you should be ashamed of

yourselves, one and all, for you must know that you have slandered one of America's outstanding citizens, one of the most widely discussed men in public life today, a man who has kindled a ray of hope in the hearts of millions of America's aged, downtrodden, and neglected citizens. He has a clear vision of the nation's needs which, up to the present time, no one has disputed except a few crooked politicians, high-salaried brain-trusters, Congressmen and Senators, and some nit-wit editors and specialty writers who should be confined in some institution for the feeble-minded.

Dr. Francis E. Townsend is an outstanding humanitarian, also a Christian, a believer in the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule. He is a man whose name will be venerated and honored in the pages of American history as another great emancipator.

G. H. YOUNG

Walhalla, Mich., February 18

HUNGARIAN PRISON

Dear Sirs: After my eight and a half years' confinement in Hungarian prisons, allow me to call your attention to the crime of the Hungarian juridical authorities who, disregarding all dictates of humanity and acting contrary to legal requirements, are trying finally to break down and even to kill Mathias Rakosi, the former People's Commissar of the Hungarian Soviet Republic.

Solitary confinement means that the prisoner is locked in a cell never exceeding eighteen cubic meters in size, where even in summer not a ray of sunlight ever enters. The damp walls of this cell are white and yellow from saltpeter, and the prisoner must wear winter clothing even in summer owing to the cold. With the exception of the guard, conversation with whom is forbidden, the prisoner never sees anybody. Food, in any case scanty, is reduced by a third. Better food at one's own expense, visits by relatives, books, paper, and writing materials are not allowed.

According to the law, solitary confinement can extend only for one-third of the sentence, not exceeding one year for sentences of up to five years, two years for sentences of up to ten years, and three years as the absolute limit in case of higher sentences. In addition the law

provides that strict solitary confinement may be carried out only where the health of the prisoner permits. After the prisoner has served the first half of his sentence or after ten years in the case of prisoners serving life sentences, strict solitary confinement is forbidden.

How then do the fascist juridical despots of Hungary deal with Mathias Rakosi? Rakosi was arrested for his political activity in 1925 and sentenced to eight and a half years' imprisonment. During these eight and a half years he was held more than seven years in solitary confinement, not to mention the many disciplinary punishments which he had to suffer on account of his desperate struggles against the inhuman prison regime.

At the end of his sentence, that is, in 1934, Rakosi was not released; a charge was brought against him connected with his participation in the government of the Soviet Republic in Hungary in 1919, a charge for which the bill of indictment had been prepared fifteen years before but which, despite the request of Rakosi's defending counsel, had not been dealt with. On the termination of his first sentence the court sentenced Rakosi for the second time—this time to life imprisonment.

Rakosi's counsel requested that the two sentences should run concurrently, since the charges in the second trial referred to an earlier time (1919) than those of the first trial (1925). The court did not grant this request, but vindictively brought a charge against Rakosi's counsel because he accused the public prosecutor of breaking the law. Rakosi was brought to the Szeged Prison and despite his ten years' previous imprisonment without a break, is now treated as a "new prisoner." He is condemned to three years' solitary confinement; all the privileges allowed by law are withdrawn from him. The fascist juridical bureaucrats refuse to recognize the fact that Rakosi has been in strict solitary confinement almost without a break ever since 1925, not only in defiance of the law, but in spite of the fact that he is broken in health.

The fascist rulers of Hungary do this because they want to get rid of Rakosi, they want to kill him, in order to rob the Hungarian proletariat of one of its best front-rank fighters. All cultured people, all who have a spark of human feeling in them, must unanimously protest against this new barbarism of the fascist regime in Hungary.

LETTAU SANTO

Moscow, January 15

WRITE A LETTER TO CALIFORNIA!

Dear Sirs: Herbert Solow mentioned in his letter in your issue of February 5 that the California Board of Prison Terms and Paroles would not be meeting again for four months. Technically this is correct; actually the board meets this month. There is nothing to hinder it from reviewing the cases of the criminal-syndicalism prisoners now serving indeterminate sentences of from one to fourteen years in California state prisons, and setting their sentences. In the absence of widespread expressions of opinion, the board is the more likely to take a definite step now, and the sentences may be expected to be the maximum.

The agricultural interests in California feel that their terroristic methods, labor camps, vigilante action, and anti-union propaganda have effectively put a stop to further protests from the migratory workers or their representatives. It is extremely important, therefore, that those who wish to see these young fighters for the rights of labor and of free expression of opinion in America freed from prison should write without delay asking that their sentences be set at the minimum. Address letters to the Honorable Frank C. Sykes, California Board of Prison Terms and Paroles, Kohl Building, San Francisco.

ELLA WINTER

Carmel, Cal., February 16

Contributors

BENJAMIN STOLBERG, author with Warren Vinton of "The Economic Consequences of the New Deal," is perhaps America's leading controversial journalist. His analysis of the Socialist Party let loose in the columns of *The Nation* a deluge of correspondence, mostly denunciatory. His estimate of Huey Long was no less lively, though its subject had fewer champions among the letter-writers. Within a few weeks Mr. Stolberg will contribute a definitive appraisal of John L. Lewis, particularly in his role as the leader of the coming American labor movement.

HAROLD J. LASKI, who spent four years teaching politics in American universities, mainly Harvard, has been since 1926 professor of political science at the University of London. The list of his works is impressive both for length and content: among them are "The Founda-

tions of Sovereignty," "Democracy in Crisis," and "The State in Theory and Practice." Mr. Laski will shortly arrive in the United States and will lecture on the European situation at the New School for Social Research in New York.

MORRIE RYSKIND has for some time been earnestly occupied in exposing the follies of politics in such works as "Of Thee I Sing" and "Let 'Em Eat Cake," of which, with George S. Kaufman, he was coauthor. He is now in Hollywood, where he will act as *The Nation's* spy and correspondent.

JAMES T. FARRELL is the author of the "Studs Lonigan" trilogy, that devastating account of a boy's life on the Chicago streets. His projects for the future comprise twenty-four more volumes dealing with various of the "Studs Lonigan" characters.

RAYMOND GRAM SWING has been Berlin correspondent of the Chicago *Daily News* and London correspondent of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* and the New York *Evening Post*. He was an editor and the Washington correspondent of *The Nation* during 1934 and 1935. He is now devoting a large part of his time to radio broadcasting on politics from Washington.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER has been for some time a regular reviewer for the New York *Times* and *The Nation*. He is the editor of "An Anthology of Light Verse" and "An Eighteenth Century Miscellany," which covers English literature from Swift to Blake.

MARK VAN DOREN is the author of several volumes of poetry, the latest being "A Winter Diary and Other Poems," of one novel, "The Transients," and of many critical articles in *The Nation* and elsewhere. His official occupation is associate professor of English at Columbia University.

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH is another poet who makes his living by doing something else. Perhaps Mr. MacLeish's best-known volumes are "The Hamlet of A. MacLeish" and "Conquistador." When he is not writing poetry he is being an editor of *Fortune*—and vice versa.

SIDNEY HOOK is chairman of the Department of Philosophy at New York University. He has written "The Meaning of Marx" and "Towards the Understanding of Karl Marx."

THE *Nation*

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CONTENTS

THE SHAPE OF THINGS

297

EDITORIALS:

THREE YEARS OF ROOSEVELT	300
JAPANESE FASCISM MISSES FIRE	301
TOWARD NEGRO UNITY	302
WASHINGTON WEEKLY by Paul W. Ward	303
NOT NOW, MAYBE LATER by Maury Maverick	305
BEWARE OF INFLATION! by Maxwell S. Stewart	306
DEATH RATTLE IN AKRON by Frank Robertson	309
GERMANY PREPARES FOR WAR by Louis Fischer	311
A NOTE ON LITERARY CRITICISM. II by James T. Farrell	314
BUZZ WINDRIP—GOVERNOR OF GEORGIA. II by Benjamin Stolberg	316
ISSUES AND MEN by Oswald Garrison Villard	319
BROUN'S PAGE	320
BOOKS AND THE ARTS	
GATEWAY TO VEBLEN'S WORLD by Max Lerner	321
ACTORS, APOLOGISTS, AND A CRITIC by Lindsay Rogers	322
GOD WOT by Mark Van Doren	324
"CREATURE OF AIR AND FLAME" by J. Salwyn Schapiro	325
MINORITY REPORT by Mary McCarthy	326
SHORTER NOTICES	327
DRAMA: EMPIRE GOODS by Joseph Wood Krutch	329
RECORDS: by Henry Simon	330
DRAWINGS: by George Schreiber and George Grosz	

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The Shape of Things

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THE DECISION OF THE SANCTIONS COMMITTEE of the League to impose an oil embargo on Italy if Mussolini does not agree to discuss peace terms within a week is the type of statesmanship for which the world has been waiting. For weeks it has looked as if Italy would be allowed to obtain the full fruits of its aggression while the United States and the League were engaged in passing the buck. One of the most frequently quoted excuses for America's failure to impose an embargo on the shipment of raw materials to belligerents has been that the League has not held up its share of the burden by imposing effective sanctions. At Geneva, on the other hand, the postponement of oil sanctions has been justified on the ground that no action could be successful as long as the United States refused to cooperate. The President's renewed appeal to American business interests not to profit from war, issued when he signed the new Neutrality Act, showed that the Administration is willing to go much farther than Congress in collective action against war. If the League acts, the burden of responsibility for the continuation of the war will be placed directly at the door of the United States. Some action will then become imperative. Pious appeals to business to forgo profits will no longer have even political significance. The Administration will be forced to exercise some of the same leadership and statesmanship which the British government has shown or go into the election with the stigma of an accomplice in one of the gravest crimes of recent years. After the experiences of 1917 it is difficult to believe that the American people will allow today's war profiteers to determine the national policy.

*

ON THE SAME DAY THAT THE PRESS CARRIED the cheerful news that the stock market had advanced for the eleventh consecutive month, the American Federation of Labor reported that unemployment had increased by 1,229,000 during January, bringing the total to 12,626,000. A seasonal decline in employment is to be expected after the holidays, but this year's drop is the largest in the past five years. The United States Bureau of Labor Statistics had previously indicated a decline of more than 5 per cent from December in the aggregate weekly pay rolls. Industrial production was somewhat less than in the previous month, but the contraction was by no means as great as the drop in employment and pay rolls. At least part of labor's loss appears to be due, as the A. F. of L.

suggests, to a lengthening of the hours of labor. According to a recent report by the Federal Contract Division of the NRA, approximately two-fifths of the firms engaged on government contracts increased hours and a similar number reduced wages after the invalidation of the NRA. The average work week in industry was lengthened approximately three hours during the last half of 1935. Spurred by profits which in several instances exceed those of 1929, a number of business establishments have announced extensive plans for reconditioning and expanding their plants. As far as the immediate future is concerned, this optimism may be well founded, but the 20's have shown the danger of rapid expansion as long as labor income fails to keep pace with production.

★

IN AN EFFORT TO SAVE THE RAILROADS IN spite of themselves, and against the stubborn resistance of some of the Eastern roads, the Interstate Commerce Commission has ordered a reduction of passenger fares to a two-cents-a-mile maximum (three cents in the case of Pullman travel). The ground of the decision was that rates must be lowered if revenues are to increase. In its report the commission points to the steady decline in passenger traffic and revenue from a peak of 47,000,000 passenger miles in 1920 to 16,000,000 in 1933. It points also to the experience of the Western and Southern roads, which, operating respectively on a two-cent and one-and-a-half-cent basis have increased traffic and revenue. There can of course be no complete certainty that rate reduction will have the results intended. The uncalculable elements are the extent to which the reduced rates will lure traffic from the autobuses and privately owned automobiles. Nevertheless, the decision seems to be based on an excellent factual survey made by the commission's examiner, and to proceed by sound economic reasoning from actual experience. Unlike the decisions of the Supreme Court, those of the commission are made on factual economic grounds by men chosen for their expertness in railroad economics. The contention of several of the minority commissioners that through the decision the commission is "invading the field of management" seems beside the point. By its inherent nature railroad regulation must be comprehensive and must involve the making of most of the crucial decisions by the commission. That is the best argument for government operation of railroads.

★

AT PRESENT WRITING THE ELEVATOR STRIKE in New York City is giving a foretaste of the full extent of labor's power. Although the men are only partially organized and were called out gradually, the city wore the aspect of a state of siege and Mayor LaGuardia proclaimed an emergency. The basic issues of the strike were uniform wage scales and recognition of the union. The employers' organization, calling itself the Realty Advisory Board on Labor Relations, has mustered the usual resources of strike-breakers, even stooping so far as to employ Pearl Bergoff's notorious and nauseating services. Still more sinister was the request made of the Bureau of Appoint-

ments at Columbia for students as strike-breakers, and happily refused. This is too reminiscent of the use of student vigilantes in breaking strikes on the Pacific Coast to be merely disturbing. No better education in the making of fascists could be imagined. Mayor LaGuardia's action in using the health ordinances to proclaim a state of emergency, and offering to send the operatives of the fire and health departments where it was necessary to maintain the essential services, cannot yet be estimated. It is calculated to forestall a sense of public panic, and thus avert the anti-strike hysteria which that might lead to. It can, however, also be used to break the strike. All depends on the execution of the order.

★

A WEEK AFTER HIS STATEMENT TO POLICE Commissioner Valentine that nine out of ten of New York relief protestants were "outside agitators," Victor F. Ridder, WPA Administrator, urges the formation of "anti-red" unions to counteract "Communist leadership" in the relief organization. Mr. Ridder appeals to the WPA workers who believe "in God, the family, and our government" to organize as peace-loving workers in combating those elements whose "only interest is to pull down the WPA." He would especially like to see the members of the American Legion and the Catholic and Methodist churches in this new union movement. What the Baptists and Presbyterians will say to this we do not know, but the position of the American Legion has on more than one occasion been made excessively clear. Shortly before Mr. Ridder's announcement, indeed, representatives of the Legion had already organized themselves to stamp out communism in the WPA. Somehow this does not sound quite like union organization; on the other hand, Mr. Ridder's proposal for the New York WPA smacks of a company union. He seems to be employing the time-honored formula of the big-business executive: if you are having trouble with the help, encourage them to form a club and make them think they are helping to run the shop. It should be established once for all that relief workers, like any other employees, have the right to form labor unions of their own choosing, to bargain collectively, and if necessary to protest, picket, and strike. Finally, Mr. Ridder should realize that a worker who wishes to occupy himself in any of these ways may be a church member, a good family man, and a member of the Democratic Party. There is no natural law which identifies union pickets with anti-Christ.

★

CIVIL LIBERTIES ARE BEING FRESHLY ATTACKED on several fronts. The Post Office Department is sponsoring the Dobbins bill, which would try the sender of unmailable matter at the point of receipt or deposit instead of merely at the point of mailing, as is done at present. This is a simple device to obtain convictions in the mailing of allegedly obscene or seditious matter. Owing to the temper of the New York courts and to the state of public opinion in this part of the country, convictions are hard to get. It is obvious that they would be

obtained more readily in, say, the South or the far West. In Massachusetts, following hard on the suppression of "The Children's Hour," Representative Dorgan introduced a bill "prohibiting theatrical productions of low moral standard or employing subversive propaganda." This is an old trick to mix censorship of obscenity—the bill specifically bans "subject matter pertaining to homosexuality, incest, the portrayal of a moral pervert or sex degenerate"—with an attack on freedom of political opinion. Finally, the New Jersey Assembly has been edified by the introduction of three bills of which one declares any child who refuses to salute the flag to be a juvenile delinquent, another compels teachers and school administrators to lead the flag salute at stated intervals, and a third calls it a misdemeanor for any person or society to attempt "to influence any pupil against the salute to the flag."

*

SENATOR GUFFEY HAS INTRODUCED A BILL designed to carry out the ship-subsidy proposals of President Roosevelt as set forth in a special message to Congress on March 4 of last year. At that time the President asked for direct subsidies in place of the present mail contracts, and for restrictive measures to put an end to the swindling of the government unearthed by the Black committee. If one accepts the theory that the shipping interests deserve direct subsidies—that is, cash hand-outs—the Guffey bill is by and large a good one. It represents the inevitable New Deal "compromise" in that it seeks to resolve the deadlocked under-cover fight on shipping legislation that since Congress convened has been going on between Senator Copeland and the Department of Commerce on the one hand and Senator Black and the Post Office Department on the other. But it leans a good deal farther toward the position of Senator Black than it does toward that of Copeland and Secretary Roper. The bill would limit profits of subsidized lines to 10 per cent, with half of any profits above that amount "recaptured" by the government (Black asked a straight 6 per cent limitation with full recapture of additional profits); it would limit the profits of shipbuilders to 10 per cent on each vessel whose construction the government has subsidized; and would limit the salaries of officials of subsidized lines to \$25,000. For shipbuilding the subsidies are an outright gift of one-third the cost of the vessel and a loan of one-third; for operation they are an outright gift to balance the vague differential between foreign and domestic operating costs. The worst feature of the bill is that the mail contracts would not be canceled until the end of this year, and the contractors would have the right to sue the government in the Court of Claims if their new subsidies did not please them.

*

HAVING TOLD THE WORLD'S BEST SKIERS AND skaters that there was no anti-Semitism at Garmisch-Partenkirchen during the Winter Olympics, the Third Reich is now pressing its cultural campaign elsewhere. No greater insult could have been administered to the "non-Aryans" who make up by far the largest and most devoted

section of the audiences of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Society concerts than the appointment of Wilhelm Furtwängler, cultural ambassador of Hitler, as conductor. The fact that the new conductor succeeds Arturo Toscanini, who denounced the fascist dictatorship in Italy some years ago and has since then indicated his opinion of the Jewish persecutions by agreeing to conduct the Palestine Symphony Orchestra at Tel-Aviv, makes the contrast all the sharper. Mr. Furtwängler, unlike his fellow-conductors of similar rank, including Bruno Walter, has not only found it possible to live and work in Nazi Germany, aside from a brief eclipse when he defended the works of Hindemith; when he lifts the baton at Carnegie Hall he will bear also the official title of director-general and chief conductor of the Berlin State Operas and of the Berlin Philharmonic. The other outstanding Nazi project is a fete at Heidelberg University to celebrate the 550th anniversary of that ancient institution. The date set, June 30, coincides with another historic date in Nazi culture, the purge of June 30, 1934. Columbia University, Vassar, Harvard, and Cornell have shown the bad taste of accepting the invitation to send representatives. The British universities, on the other hand, have refused with such unanimity that the rector of Heidelberg has now withdrawn the invitations sent to Great Britain. Add Nazi cultural notes: The population of the German concentration camps, according to a recent estimate, is now 119,000.

*

AS LATE AS 1934 FOOD PACKAGES WERE BEING mailed into the Soviet Union. Now the Russians take pride in the fact that they are sending parcels to foreign countries. This applies especially to private shipments of butter and fats from various cities of the U.S.S.R. and from the German Volga district to the German Reich. Such shipments have increased appreciably in the last few months. The Soviet authorities allow them since the supply of these commodities is plentiful and continually rising. Moreover, it is the best kind of anti-fascist propaganda. When Soviet citizens were pulling in their belts in 1931, 1932, and 1933, they knew they were doing it to build basic industries which would soon bear fruit in the shape of the "good life"; the "good life" has now arrived. But the Germans are being asked to forgo necessities in order to produce cannons and submarines and military aeroplanes, which mean not prosperity but war.

*

THE CONVENTION OF THE DEPARTMENT OF Superintendence of the National Education Association, held in St. Louis during the last week of February, was a historic educational meeting. From the curtain-raising session of the John Dewey Society for the Study of Education and Culture, which preceded the convention proper, through to the end there was refreshing eagerness to face realities and to act on them. Invasions of academic freedom were condemned in unmistakable language. The executive committee indorsed the Sisson bill to repeal the ridiculous ban against the teaching of communism in the schools of Washington, D. C. The convention denounced

political rule in education following a thorough airing of what amounted to the dismissal by Governor Curley of Dr. Payson Smith from the post of Commissioner of Education in Massachusetts. It applauded Norman Thomas when he completely outdid Senator Barkley of Kentucky and former Governor Henry J. Allen of Kansas in a three-cornered debate on current national issues from the standpoints of their respective parties. Charles A. Beard, between sessions, took time to send a telegram to Governor Alf M. Landon to ask if he was "proud to be sponsored by William Randolph Hearst." Dr. George S. Counts of Columbia University bracketed Hearst, former American Legion Commander Belgrano, Father Coughlin, Alfred E. Smith, the American Liberty League, and the D.A.R. as the leading subversive forces in the United States. All in all, it was a meeting which indicates that school teachers will not take fascism lying down.

Three Years of Roosevelt

THE Roosevelt wheel has now come three-quarters turn. If political campaigns were ever genuinely fought on the record instead of through slogans and distortion, this would be a good time for scanning the ledger of the national achievement and striking a trial balance.

Looking backward over the three years we are struck again by the amazing capacity of the President to be several people at once. We know that he is master of the technique of the split personality—a technique always invaluable in the repertory of a politician, and especially so at a time when class differences are too acute to be glossed over but not so sharp that the political struggle can be frankly fought in terms of them. Much of the present confusion is best explained in terms of the successive unfolding of Mr. Roosevelt's policies. The history of the New Deal falls into six discernible although overlapping stages—and added all together they make a rather meager total.

The first stage was marked by the appearance of the "man of action" in a great emergency. In the banking crisis Mr. Roosevelt was able to transform the country's hysteria from actionless panic into a hysterical emphasis on action for action's sake. The second stage gave promise of a sustained policy and a new administrative structure, both of which, somewhat prematurely, came to be called the New Deal. Ideas seemed to pour into Washington on every incoming train, and from every idea—as from the teeth that Cadmus once sowed—there sprang up a full-grown administrative agency. Zeal and pep abounded, and phrases reminiscent at once of a holy crusade and a high-pressure salesmanship campaign shot like lightning through the sky. The next stage saw the crack-up of this entire emotional and administrative structure. The class interests which had banded themselves together into partnership for the public interest now dissolved again in a struggle for supremacy in which the business groups won out with a terrifying certainty. The best administrators found themselves baffled as to what they were meant to

do and blocked whenever they sought to do it. Given this collapse, the fourth stage in Mr. Roosevelt's tenure of office was his heroic attempt to substitute his own political adroitness for a program that no longer existed. The country was treated to the somewhat indecent spectacle of a seductive figure who was using all the lightning shifts of his personality to conceal the fact that he had no sustained plan. The fifth stage was the constitutional fiasco—the coup de grâce administered to Mr. Roosevelt's immediate efforts in the name of the eternal legalities. Now finally we are in the sixth stage—that of the New Deal in the midst of a campaign, when "practical politics" dictates that every surviving principle be subordinated to the struggle for votes.

What of the actual record of accomplishment? In the most important area, that of industrial control, the record is far from a heartening one. The most vigorous approach has been in the field of public utilities. The Wheeler-Rayburn Holding Company Act stands out as a measure the President has fought for with the sustained power of a great leader. The achievement in the Tennessee Valley and in the construction or projected construction of other dams is a considerable one. But the corporate profits which furnish the drive toward the creation of holding companies continue undiminished at a pre-depression level. In the control of the stock market we are plagued by half-hearted measures, the result of which may only be to intensify the fabricated boom and leave investors lapped in a false belief that the government, like some sedulous god, is really watching over them. In agriculture, the Administration has done something a little short of its best to repair the fences torn up by the Supreme Court cyclone. In manufacturing, the unlamented NRA with its cartelization has been replaced by nothing except the Guffey Coal Act. The Administration's tax policy, as we have often pointed out, has been on the whole regressive rather than progressive. The housing and public-works programs have been in a sense the most tragic failures of all, since in both cases precious and unparalleled opportunities were lost for meeting the depression in a socially constructive way. To labor itself the Administration has under pressure given an equivocal support, which in some cases degenerated into the run-around; in the diminished form of the Wagner-Connery act this policy is still hanging constitutional fire. The administration of relief and the social-security program have at least the merit of a recognition of two basic duties on the part of the government. But in execution the story has been different. Relief amounts have been cut to a minimum, and relief policy has been treacherous in its vacillations. And in its scope, its tax provisions, and the amount of its benefit payments the security program is woefully inadequate.

This is not a perfectionist appraisal. No one expected the Roosevelt Administration to strike twelve all at once. But the distressing thing is that this record of fragmentary achievement is not restricted to the area of industrial control. In his evasion of the clear issue of the power of the Supreme Court and his abandonment of the chance to achieve a vigorous peace policy, the President has traced the same pattern. That pattern is emerging ever more

clearly. The President generally gets off to a brave and vigorous start, with the impulsiveness of a man who has a genius for making starts and who acts on every fresh accession of energy. He continues with a series of dramatic and Promethean confrontings—chiefly oral—of the massed forces of reaction. But he seems to have no stamina for the long continuity or the sustained attack. Eventually, under the pressure of business and political interests, bureaucratic rivalries, and sheer fatigue, he gives way with a "compromise" that scraps most of what was intended.

So often has this pattern been repeated that we must ask ourselves what there is in Mr. Roosevelt's life and personality that dictates it. He is, first of all, a patrician squire torn from his Dutchess County estate to wrestle with the problems of an urban industrial economy in collapse. Intrinsicly he has no taste for such problems and little grasp of them. He has undoubtedly a better mastery of practical politics than anyone else on the Democratic or Republican horizon. But he has been visited by the drastic fate of having to spend his entire term of office in the shadow of capitalist crisis. And he seems to have learned relatively little from his experience.

Under other conditions Mr. Roosevelt might have been a great and not merely an astute President. But given our present economic agony his shortcomings stand out. To say he is better than any Republican candidate now on the horizon is not to say very much. If, as Mr. Farley predicts, it is likely to be a dirty campaign, then it will be dirty without being exciting. There is a real decay of political faith noticeable in both parties, very much like the decay of religious authority that Marx noted in Europe during the Crimean War. We have the curious spectacle of a country grown tired of Mr. Roosevelt but too well taught by six years of depression to place much stock in even the most expert build-up of the new Republican Presidential striplings. There can be no doubt that the twilight of the two old parties has set in. And there can be no doubt also that the economic situation is shaping eventually toward a new party alignment in which a labor party will be a genuine force. It is toward such an event that our efforts must be directed.

Japanese Fascism Misses Fire

THE dramatic reappearance of Premier Okada three days after his reported assassination symbolizes the almost complete failure of Tokyo's military revolt. While it is still too early to estimate with any certainty the effect of the uprising on Japanese foreign and domestic policy, the indications are that it will be relatively small. That the young reactionaries should flounder with success almost in their grasp is highly significant. A year or two ago everyone was convinced that the military clique could stage a successful coup d'état whenever it pleased. From almost every angle the situation seemed ripe for a fascist dictatorship. There was widespread discontent with the

civilian government, chiefly because of its failure to cope with the agricultural crisis. The middle-class business groups were suffering under the heel of the big trusts and combines. Salaried employees in both business and government had experienced drastic reductions in income. Despite the industrial boom following the Manchurian adventure, working-class living standards remained considerably below the pre-depression level. Corruption had seeped into every sector of political life. As in the Italy of 1922 and the Germany of 1933, the youth of the country found the doors of opportunity closed. Led by the young officers of the army—who were mostly of middle-class or farm origin—a powerful movement had developed which demanded a "strong hand in control" of governmental policies and a purification of the Japanese state from liberal or Western influence.

Although the roots of Japan's military-fascist movement are primarily domestic, its activity has been greatest in the sphere of foreign policy. As in other countries, the fascist leaders have been unscrupulous in their exploitation of patriotic sentiment and have repeatedly instigated war scares in order to bolster their prestige. The Mukden incident of September 18, 1931, which precipitated the Japanese invasion of China, was planned by a small group of military leaders for the apparent purpose of creating a domestic crisis that would permit the army to dictate governmental policy. The Japanese people have been kept in a state bordering on hysteria by the military's constant stress on a coming national crisis—which presumably meant a war with the United States, the Soviet Union, or both. By resorting to the ancient slogan—used in every successful Japanese insurrection since the dawn of time—of "restoring the power of the Emperor," the fascist groups have been able to obtain the support of the influential feudal remnants who have never wholly accepted constitutional government.

Yet despite their great strength the military-fascist clique had never before made an open bid for power. Their failure to do so was partially due to a feeling that they were not ready for the responsibilities of office, and partially to the fact that their wrath had been cooled by the concessions granted by the Saito and Okada governments. At the suggestion of Prince Saionji, the last of the Elder Statesmen, both of these governments had been carefully chosen to represent a balance of power between the military and civilian elements. By common consent the military had been given virtually a free hand in foreign affairs, and the budgets for the defense forces, while trimmed slightly, had gone through practically unchallenged. In domestic affairs, on the other hand, the army has had comparatively little to say. The agricultural crisis has remained unsolved, and the position of the lower middle class has shown little improvement. This meant that fascism must either move forward to power or lose its hold on the masses.

It is difficult from this distance to learn why the revolt collapsed so ignominiously. The election returns indicate rather clearly, however, that public sympathy for the extremists has dwindled in recent months. The government has been aided by a slight improvement in general economic conditions. The military adventure on the

Asiatic continent no longer inspires the same enthusiasm ■ existed three and four years ago. And above all, the various military, patriotic, and reactionary societies, despite agreement in policy, have been unable to form a united movement. The Tokyo insurgents do not appear to have had active support from any of the hundreds of organizations whose sympathies lay in the same direction.

Success of the revolt would undoubtedly have caused Japan to become even more intransigent in foreign policy. One can almost take it for granted that it would have been followed by a more aggressive policy in North China and Mongolia, culminating in an attack on Soviet Siberia. In most countries the failure of an attempted uprising against the government would lead public sentiment to turn against the rebels. If past experience is any criterion, however, this will not be the case in Japan. The series of political assassinations in 1932, which were inspired by considerations similar to those operating in the recent affair, only served to arouse public sympathy for the assassins and to force the government to accept much of the program which they advocated. It is quite possible that the same will be true now, although the crest of fascist popularity seems definitely to have passed. The activity of Prince Saionji in the selection of the new Cabinet suggests the probability of another of his typical compromises, giving the fascists certain concessions but leaving civilian elements in control of at least some of the strategic posts in the government. While it was just such a compromise which laid the basis for Hitler's rise to power in Germany, the disunity in the ranks of Japanese fascists gives reason to hope that the extremists will be checked before they plunge the entire world into chaos.

Toward Negro Unity

IT is heartening to record that about a thousand delegates of all varieties of political opinion attended the National Negro Congress at Chicago and presented ■ united front against a reactionary world. But it is also relevant, in a period in which formulas for future action are being discussed and decided, to examine in the cold light of the real world inhabited by the Negro masses the exact significance of the unity which the widely divergent groups managed to achieve. If one is to judge by the resolutions it produced, the Negro congress came dangerously close to being an adventure in confusion and loud cheers.

It is incontrovertible that the salvation of the Negro lies along the working-class road. His labor power is his greatest strength; once organized, and integrated with labor's power as a whole, it will eventually win for him that genuine equality which laws and resolutions can only describe. Any movement, therefore, undertaken in the name of Negro welfare must be judged in the light of this general principle. The fact that the Communist Party promoted, supported, and at least tried to direct the proceedings of the Chicago congress would imply the recognition of this primary premise. Yet the text of the resolutions, particularly in two cases, indicates either that the

party influence was unavailing or that the united front has been stretched so far that it no longer snaps back to its working-class base.

In Chicago A. Philip Randolph of the Sleeping Car Porters delivered, by proxy since he himself was ill, a strong appeal for industrial unionism. This might well have been the theme of the entire congress. Instead, it was one note among many ranging from whole-hearted indorsement of the Negro churches to support of trade unionism—just as its delegates ranged from "high church dignitaries" to plain workers.

The Congress passed some excellent resolutions. It indorsed trade unionism and the struggle of the share-croppers; it declared itself against lynching, Jim Crowism, exploitation of women, and war and fascism; it resolved to defend civil liberties, to protect the interests of youth, and to fight for old-age pensions. At the same time, however, it passed two resolutions which can only add to the general confusion already existing among Negroes and may even offset the effect of its other pronouncements.

It is notorious that one of the bulwarks of white supremacy in the South is the Negro church manned by "Uncle Tom" ministers. But here is the resolution of the congress in regard to the church:

We still feel that the Negro church is the most potent agency to be used in the further progress and advancement of our people. We therefore recommend that the Negro shall continue to hold faith and confidence in God and the church. . . . The power of the gospel is supremely needed in a time like this.

As for Negro business, which exerts a highly reactionary influence in Negro life, in strictly Negro questions as well as in relation to the white world, the congress resolution runs as follows:

Whereas the development of sound and thriving Negro business is *most indispensable to the general elevation of the Negro's social and economic security* [italics ours], therefore be it resolved that all Negroes consider it their inescapable duty to support Negro business.

The resolution ended with a plea to Negro business to employ only union labor; in view of the small units of which Negro business is composed, this turns out to be a pious wish.

The left supporters of the congress maintain that the Negro masses must be reached. We agree and we should be the last to deny that the rank-and-file Negro can be reached only in terms of his own tradition and background. For that very reason the indorsement of the Negro church and Negro business is, to say the least, unfortunate. In that average representative of the Negro masses to whose welfare the congress was presumably addressed, the admonition "Fight war and fascism" may arouse a salutary but generalized emotion. "Support the church and Negro business" on the other hand carries a specific, immediate force. It will certainly be used by the "high church dignitaries" to bind the Negro worker more firmly to the most reactionary institutions in his heritage, and tend to cut him off even more completely from his natural allies—the working class.

WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

Washington, March 1

THE New Deal's Forgotten Woman has just edged herself into a seat at the table where Administration leaders are playing madly at the game of election-year politics. Madam Secretary has practically put out of business the major agency set up under the New Deal to safeguard the consumers' interest.

It was called the Consumers' Division, Department of Labor, when Miss Perkins first got her hands upon it a few weeks ago. Now it is the "Consumers' Project" and has some sort of indefinite status under the WPA. Its journal, the *Consumer*, has been suppressed—"suspended" is the official term—and its single weapon, publicity, has been further dulled by having its press officer forbidden henceforth to issue statements describing the results of its researches.

In addition, publication of the price studies ordered two years ago by President Roosevelt and conducted by Dr. Walton Hale Hamilton and a staff under the guidance of an interdepartmental committee have also been "suspended," although the committee a few months ago voted to have them printed forthwith. That vote was taken before the price studies were transferred to the Consumers' Division and before the division was put under Miss Perkins's twitchy thumb. Dr. Hamilton's preface to the studies, sent to the printers in the interim, has turned up mysteriously in the Secretary's office, where it has undergone heavy censorship by one of her aides to remove what the aide calls "politically injurious" phrases and passages.

Among the things found objectionable by the censor was a reference by Dr. Hamilton to the fact that the men employed under the NRA to safeguard the consumers' interest in the formulation of codes were, perforce, "amateurs" in comparison with the industrialists opposite them when it came to dealing with the intricacies of manufacturing and merchandising in fact rather than theory. The censor suggested that for this reference to "amateurs" there be substituted a reference to "experts" retained by the NRA. He also deleted a critical reference to the Supreme Court.

These and the other happenings noted have been brought about in the few weeks since Dr. Hamilton left the division to become director of the Social Security Board's bureau of research and statistics. His successor as



Madam Secretary

director of the consumers' agency, Clarence Ayres, a Texas economist, is new to Washington and the ways of the New Deal. He has the will to fight but has not yet made up his mind to do so. He still thinks more can be accomplished through "cooperation." He has yet to learn that in Washington he who "cooperates" instead of fighting soon finds himself out on the street for all practical purposes. That's where Fannie herself is now—for all practical purposes.

She too is a "cooperator," but one without a will to fight. What she has done to the Consumers' Division she has done out of fear that the division might get her into a fight. She has done it also out of a desperate anxiety to avoid having under her wing any agency that might say or do something embarrassing to the Administration's current efforts to woo its way back into the favor of the rich tradesmen whose dough is badly needed to help finance the 1936 campaign. She may have been motivated, too, by Hearst's broadsides against the Consumers' Division and its works. Benjamin de Casseres, who wrote those broadsides, made a nasty crack in one of them about Fanny's expertness in the matter of hats and how to talk through them. She had the piece on her desk recently while evisceration of the Consumers' Division was getting under way.

ONE can overlook most of the smearing done at the WPA's expense by politicians, whether they be Democrats like Senator Holt or Republicans like Senator Hastings. But one cannot escape a feeling of nausea when the WPA smears itself as it has just done. It has allowed itself to be caught in the role of sweatshopper's "angel," financing erection in the state of Mississippi of a series of textile and garment factories disguised as "vocational-training schools" but designed by the local communities for private occupancy and use. The buildings represent an investment of WPA funds ranging from \$22,000 to \$45,000 per plant. There are at least four, probably six, and possibly more of these projects. The local communities have been contributing only a few thousand dollars to their cost and meanwhile entering into contracts with union-labor-dodging mills in the North to operate the "schools" as productive enterprises rent free. In one town, Philadelphia, arrangements had been made to sell the "school," a \$65,000 property, to a knitting concern for \$20,000.

Finding Hopkins's lieutenants acquainted with the situation but unwilling to promise corrective action, John Edelman, research director for the American Federation of Hosiery Workers, threatened to make the facts public. The threats reached Hopkins's ears, and with them the facts, and Hopkins promptly ordered work stopped on four projects. His aides then indulged themselves in a painful effort to convince inquirers that they had known nothing of the Mississippi situation until Edelman brought them the facts. A little research in newspaper files makes fluff of their protestations. It shows that the true nature of the projects had been amply and proudly publicized in the press of Mississippi and that some of these dispatches had reached at least the trade papers in New York weeks ago. The *New York Journal of Commerce*, for example, carried a February 10 dispatch from Ellisville, Mississippi, telling of the "vocational-school" project there and quoting local authorities on the private use to which the project would be put.

Furthermore, according to Edelman, the state WPA director, Wayne Alliston, a Hopkins appointee, confessed familiarity with the true nature of the projects but asserted he had learned it only after he had approved them. There has been no explanation from Mr. Alliston or anybody else in authority as to why the projects were not submitted to the state Board of Education for approval, as Mississippi law requires on school-construction work.

Edelman's researches also unearthed evidence that in order to provide "adequate female labor" for a garment plant newly moved to Columbus, Mississippi, the local authorities prevailed upon Oklahoma authorities to parole a hundred inmates of the state reformatory for women and ship them to Columbus. Contracts provided that the garment plant could deduct from the women's weekly wages sums to cover the expense of transporting them and to reimburse their employers for the plant investment.

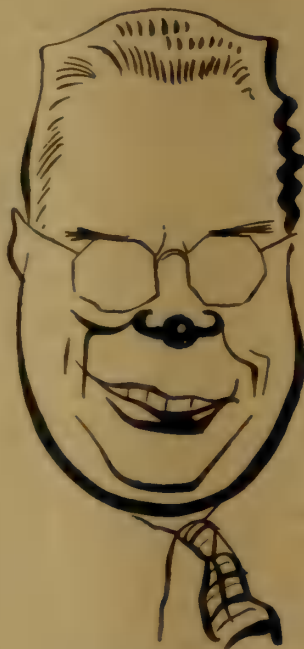
MAURY MAVERICK'S ebullient, slapstick humors have proved detrimental to a project on which he has his heart set. The Texas Congressman wants to take away the ROTC's sex appeal, but his colleagues on the House Military Affairs Committee refuse to believe he is serious. As a result, if the bill he has introduced to achieve his objective is ever to obtain a hearing in committee, it will be only when and if a few hundred persons who see eye to eye with Maury have written commanding letters to their Congressmen.

Working on the theory that if we must train our children for killing other people's children we ought to prepare them to face the realities of international butchery, Maverick has drafted a bill to eliminate "sex appeal and false glory, the emotional by-products of militarism, from military training." It would ban the use of girls as "sponsors" or honorary officers of cadet corps and prohibit their

participation in drills or military ceremonies of any kind under the ROTC. In a corollary measure Maverick proposes to make seven books required reading in the ROTC. The books are Zweig's "The Case of Sergeant Grischa," Dos Passos's "Three Soldiers," Crane's "The Red Badge of Courage," Millis's "The Road to War" and "The Martial Spirit," Remarque's "All Quiet on the Western Front," and Stallings's "The First World War."

BRIEFER MENTION. Camel's nose out: George Creel has announced severance of his official relation with the WPA as chairman of its "advisory" committee, a non-salaried post held since last August, the purpose of which was to help the WPA sell itself to the public in an election year without changing its brand. . . . Camel's nose in: Donald Richberg, publicly denounced by John Lewis *et al.* during the NRA for his anti-labor shenanigans, is worming his way back into the councils of his old clients, the railroad brotherhoods, with the help of a small clique of their leaders, who like the Bourbons never learn. He has been given a trial assignment, drafting an extension of the railway act's Section 7-b further to guard against road consolidations at the expense of labor. . . . Unforeseen result of Guffey Coal Act: the consumer for the first time is to have a voice in fixing rail freight rates. The Guffey board and its consumers' counsel,

Thomas M. Woodward (too honest to keep his Shipping Board job), have intervened in pending ICC hearings on the continuance of emergency freight surcharges on soft coal, which is partly responsible for the fact that miners get less than carriers do out of the consumers' coal dollar. Heretofore these rate hearings have been merely private litigation between roads and producers, with the interlocking financial interests of litigants blocking the real fight to lower rates and leaving the battle merely one over regional differentials. Woodward calls the resulting rates an "economic absurdity." . . . In eight weeks of desultory work Congress has handled only three major pieces of legislation, passing two—the bonus and the farm bill—and dodging the third, permanent neutrality legislation. In the remaining weeks of the session it faces only four other measures of comparable importance—relief, taxes, housing, and ship subsidies. The stage is set for sloppy, anti-social handling of all four in the rush to go home and rebuild political fences. . . . The last chance of the Supreme Court's prodding Congress to constructive legislative action passes with the TVA decision, and Justice McReynolds, already recognized as the most repugnant personality on the bench, emerges as the most admirable, too. . . . The Brain Trust triumphs at last: the Appellate Court's decision in the Buzzards Roost-PWA power-loan case was a victory for Jerome Frank, "purged" from the AAA last year, over Newton D. Baker, batting for the widows and orphans who own the power trust.



Maverick of Texas

Not Now, Maybe Later

CHAOS AND COWARDICE IN WASHINGTON

BY MAURY MAVERICK

NOT now. Maybe later. That seems to be the general idea around Washington. People should be told the truth about the constitutional issue. We ought to stay out of war. Something should be done about relief. Civil liberties must be defended. But not now. This is an election year. After the election, maybe. But not now.

Washington has been completely paralyzed by the fear of doing anything that might lose votes. It has become intellectually and spiritually aimless. Neither the Administration nor its opponents have any program whatever. Not even the Progressives show much sign of life. The American people are considered a set of prize boobs who are too ignorant to be told anything. And the nation's leaders turn to shadow-boxing or simply shirk their duty, fleeing ghosts that don't exist.

The neutrality fight is the most dismal instance of this legislative paralysis. Senators Borah and Johnson, as usual, are for nothing and against everything. Senator Pittman blandly proclaims a one-man war against Japan. John Bassett Moore, three-score-and-tenner, rises from the grave claiming to know everything, offers half a dozen authorities—all being himself—to prove himself right, and rants at any collective action for peace or even any single action for peace. He asks that we do nothing except repeat the errors we made in the World War. And he does all this in a rigmarole of scholastic and cabalistic terminology which would drive any sensible person to distraction. A few leaders of Italian-Americans, speaking darkly of "five million votes"—which don't exist—denounce neutrality. Oil and steel and cotton and shipping groups put the screws on Senators and Representatives and the Administration. The President backs out. The State Department, after weeks of testimony, tapers off into nothingness. And thus we have the stalemate of the neutrality legislation—easily the most dishonest betrayal, spiritually and intellectually, that the Administration and the State Department and Congress have thus far combined to effect. And those who should be leaders and who should know better go running away like a pack of scrub coyotes.

It is hard not to feel hopeless about the whole national political situation. Large numbers of bills curtailing civil liberties and otherwise blocking progress are being seriously considered, while some very good bills suggesting constitutional amendments receive no consideration. The American mind, reeling from an on-again, off-again, Democrat-Republican bombardment, is so punch drunk that it can no longer think about any real problems. No "movement" or philosophy seems to offer relief. Oh, yes. They do talk a good deal about a third-party movement.

I remember a friend who said to me, "Why have a third party when you haven't even got the first two?"

In such a time of confusion it may be worth while to get down to a few simple facts and to draw from them a few simple conclusions. Whether my conclusions form even the basis for a program, I do not know. But until such times as the broken parts of our national economy can be pieced together they contain at least some principles that seem to me essential. I want to list four of them.

First, civil liberties must be preserved and any effort to curtail them must be desperately fought by every group that wants to maintain even the appearance of democratic government.

The sniping at freedom of speech and freedom of the press is now greater than in any previous peace-time period in our history. We have before us in Congress the McCormack military-disaffection bill—Senator Tydings has now disavowed it—which includes search-and-seizure provisions and gives you a nice two-year rest in the federal penitentiary for "disaffecting" the soldiers. Then we have the Kramer sedition bill, offering you a five-year rest at the same penitentiary for what might be considered sedition. These bills and others like them represent the worst hysteria of the times. All this is accompanied by a sickening bilge about "communism," which flows from the desperate desire of holding to the status quo. The spearhead of the movement for the suppression of civil liberties is furnished by the "patriotic" societies, the United States Chamber of Commerce, the United States navy—the War Department seems for the time to have withdrawn from this activity—and the heavy industries operating in steel and war materials.

Second, the Constitution is a document written by human beings, and the Supreme Court is a body composed of human beings.

Many Americans have a hazy idea that the Supreme Court is a sort of Ark of the Covenant—a repository of divine wisdom. The first essential is that we should recognize that the Constitution was written by human beings and Americans, and that the Supreme Court is also composed of nine human beings. Next we must understand that nowhere in the Constitution is the court expressly given the power to declare acts of Congress unconstitutional. And despite this the court goes on denying powers to Congress because they are not to be found expressly granted in the Constitution. Thus the unwritten right of the Supreme Court to exercise judicial review is used to blot out the unwritten implications of the written right of Congress to provide for the general welfare. We must, moreover, recognize that all this talk about written and

unwritten constitutions obscures the basic issue. The English constitution is unwritten, yet that has not removed the difficulties that block the path of constitutional change. But when there has been a unified demand from the English people, backed by leadership in the House of Commons, that change has always taken place. The same thing can be done in the United States. The Constitution *as written* should not stand in the way of proper social and economic legislation. If it does, the massed pressure of the people must bring about its change.

Third, we must conserve our natural resources, using public ownership when that is necessary and practical to effect this purpose.

Unless we conserve the natural resources of the country we shall have nothing left to conserve. The country will be so washed away and blown away that the soil will not be able to support the population. And how can we achieve conservation? One of the best ways is shown by the TVA. It has a program for preventing soil erosion, for reforestation, for flood control, and for the generation and sale of cheap power. It embodies a recognition of the fact that the fight for conservation must be carried on not only against the natural enemies of flood and wind but against such man-made enemies as the private ownership of public resources. Surely we have as much right to own our resources as we have to own and operate the Post Office, the Panama Canal, roads, and bridges.

Fourth, we must stay out of war, even at great temporary sacrifice, and we must observe strict neutrality.

The world has not learned from the last war. All the

promising efforts toward collective action for peace have been defeated, and the world is back where it started—except that it is in a worse condition than before. Now, when 90 per cent of the American people favor neutrality and peace and are willing to make many sacrifices to stay out of war, the same "leaders" who brought us into the last war are getting ready to bring us into the next. Senators who have blocked every effort at peace still want political isolation. But they are anxious for economic participation in world affairs. The two combined mean a dangerous treading of the road to war. Professors, not personally evil, are none the less writing about "freedom of the seas" and "the rights of neutrality," with vicious consequences. The Administration has run a disgusting shell game of international legalities and cheap precinct politics. As a result of all this America is left with no policies of any kind on neutrality.

I may be accused of talking like a prophet of despair, but it seems to me that the country is existing on wishful thinking. We know that there are at least 11,000,000 unemployed. We know that civil liberties must be maintained. We know that the members of the Supreme Court are subject to human frailties like everyone else. We know that we must conserve our national resources, and that we must adopt a definite and stringent neutrality policy. Yet we do something else. Not now, we are told. Maybe later. I can only say that if we cannot recognize the need for attacking these perfectly obvious national problems, we might just as well pack our government up, put it in cold storage, and let the country go to pieces.

Beware of Inflation!

BY MAXWELL S. STEWART

TALK of inflation is once more in the air. The passage of the bonus, the threatened enactment of the Frazier-Lemke farm-mortgage bill, and renewed agitation for a direct issuance of currency to cover emergency appropriations have sent chills of fear up the spines of conservatives, comparable only to the fright engendered by the alleged threat to the Constitution. Among the specific factors usually cited by those who foresee the country's ruin unless the Administration returns to orthodox financing are the probability that governmental expenditures for 1936-37 will greatly exceed those of any other peace-time year in American history, and the prospect of another budget deficit of more than three billion dollars. Such governmental generosity, critics of the Administration rightly maintain, cannot continue without a day of reckoning.

That a certain amount of inflation has already occurred cannot be denied. Any rapid and prolonged increase in prices—assuming that there has been no breakdown in production—may be considered a definite sign of inflation, regardless of the euphemisms applied to it. Such a

rise in prices indicates that the volume of effective purchasing medium, as represented by money and credit, has increased more rapidly than the supply of available goods. Unquestionably this has been true in the past three years, when wholesale commodity prices have advanced by one-third and the cost of living by 18 per cent. In terms of commodities the dollar of today has a purchasing power of only seventy-five cents as compared with that of January, 1933.

What disturbs most economists, however, is not the increase in prices which has already taken place. They will admit that a certain readjustment was normal and healthy after four years of continuous deflation. But they ask whether this process can be checked before it turns into a runaway inflation of the type experienced by Germany and Russia after the World War.

Discussion of this danger usually turns on the possibility that large amounts of fiat money may be issued to cover the increasing governmental deficits. Some ten billion dollars in the gold reserve presents a temptation difficult to resist. Yet despite the activity of currency fanatics

in Congress, there seems little real danger of a printing-press inflation. Even the most harebrained of the inflationists recognize the undesirability of unlimited currency expansion, and there appear to be enough orthodox-minded Congressmen to prevent the enactment of a crude inflationary measure. As long as the government is able

actively parallel to that of 1929. The danger is latent rather than immediate. Nevertheless, the banks' excess reserves of more than three billion dollars on deposit with the Federal Reserve are more disquieting than the Treasury deficit. Excess reserves of member banks are not, it must be noted, under the direct control of the Federal Reserve authorities. For the most part they represent deposits of wealthy individuals or business establishments which are being held for subsequent investment. During the depression profitable business opportunities have been few, and men of wealth have not unnaturally refrained from investment until new openings should appear. The commercial banks, having no need for large currency holdings, have deposited these surplus funds with the Federal Reserve banks, where they have accumulated in excess of legal requirements. This excess is not only subject to withdrawal on demand, but may—at the discretion of the banks—be made the basis for an expansion of credit of at least ten times its amount. Thus if business conditions continue to improve, the banks could, by ordinary loans, increase the volume of effective purchasing power by more than thirty billion dollars without the issuance of a single greenback. Since present-day bank deposits and currency total approximately fifty billion, this would represent an increase of approximately 60 per cent in the existing medium of payment—enough to make the boom of 1929 look like a piker's affair. If greenbacks were issued to pay the bonus, or for any other purpose, this additional currency would likewise flow back to the banks and become the basis of a potential expansion of credit ten times as large as the issue. With a continued rise in business activity, aided by government expenditures, there is every reason to expect that these reserves will be used.

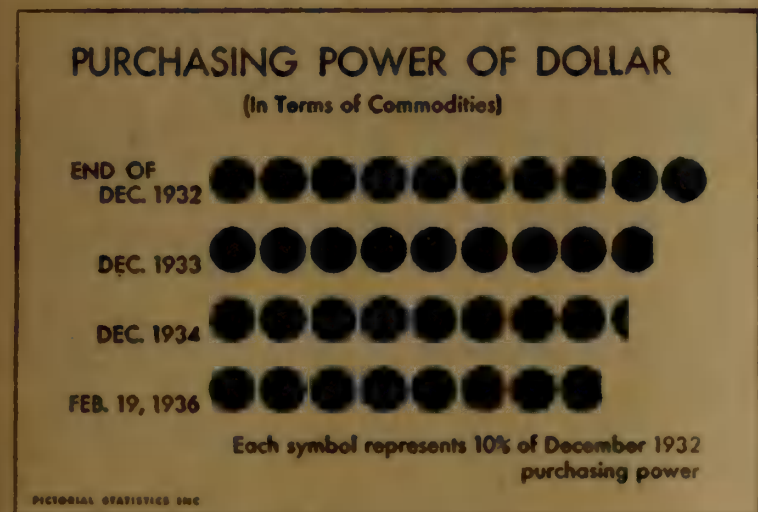
The gravity of this menace becomes apparent when one recalls that prior to the depression excess reserves of \$100,000,000 were considered abnormally high. In 1930 the Federal Reserve authorities began to buy government

to sell its short-term bills at less than 1 per cent interest, the urge to start the presses should be easily held within bounds.

If the danger of an unbridled inflation exists, as it doubtless does, it is in a wholly different quarter. Neither the bonus nor the huge governmental expenditures for relief are likely to have much effect on the situation. It is generally admitted that the United States could, if necessary, support a federal debt double the size of the present debt. In terms of relative national wealth both the British and the Italian debt burdens are more than twice as heavy as that of the United States. The fact that Treasury bonds are selling at close to their all-time peak indicates that the government's credit is as strong as at any period in American history. And why not? Despite huge deficits the Treasury has accumulated approximately 45 per cent of the world's supply of monetary gold, together with some two billion dollars' worth of silver. Despite inflationary rumors, the dollar has consistently remained above par—except for a brief and unimportant lapse in the last few weeks. It is doubtful whether foreign pressure on the dollar could reduce our huge gold hoard to manageable size, much less cause a serious threat to our monetary stability. With exports running consistently above imports, the probabilities are in favor of further additions to our unwieldy monetary reserves.

This seeming impregnability merely conceals what is undoubtedly a serious weakness. While there is little danger of currency inflation, there is a real threat of an uncontrolled expansion of credit, which would be equally disastrous. Only 5 to 10 per cent of American business transactions involve an exchange of cash; the remainder are financed by some form of credit, chiefly through the medium of checking accounts. The boom of 1928-29 was essentially a credit inflation, and was finally terminated by a contraction of credit initiated by the Federal Reserve authorities.

No one would suggest that the present situation is ex-



securities in the open market for the purpose of easing credit. By the beginning of 1934, when the United States altered the gold value of the dollar, the Federal Reserve banks had paid out approximately \$2,400,000,000 in purchase of such securities. Most of this money was used by the hard-pressed banks to pay off existing indebtedness or to meet the public demand for cash for hoarding purposes, but \$800,000,000 which was not so needed was deposited with the Federal Reserve banks over and

above reserve requirements. Although this brought excess reserves to an unprecedented height, no anxiety was felt since they could be absorbed at any moment by the sale of the Federal Reserve's newly acquired securities.

Revaluation of the dollar changed this picture fundamentally. In the first place, it presented the Treasury with a profit of \$2,800,000,000 on its existing gold stocks, which, if spent, would be added to the reserves. Approximately \$800,000,000 of this has been disposed of in such a way as to have only a slight effect on reserves, but the remaining \$2,000,000,000, at present assigned to the exchange-equalization fund, hangs over the American economy like a sword of Damocles. Secondly, the undervaluation of the dollar has led to a marked increase in the country's gold stocks, which in turn has swelled excess reserves. In 1934 approximately \$1,400,000,000 was added to the nation's gold supply, and in 1935 an



additional \$1,900,000,000 was accumulated. When the price of gold was raised from \$20.67 to \$35 an ounce the producers and holders of gold were in effect subsidized to the extent of nearly \$15 an ounce. Domestic hoarders were penalized by not being permitted to cash in on this profit, but gold miners and foreign speculators were able to take full advantage of the change, which inevitably increased the number of dollars of available purchasing power. This purchasing power remains in circulation even though the gold itself is stored in the vaults of the Treasury.

The Administration's silver program has been almost equally inflationary in its effect. In the final analysis there is very little difference between fiat paper currency and fiat silver money. The bounty paid domestic silver producers and foreign holders of the metal involves the creation of new money, which, since it is not needed at the prevailing level of business activity, returns to the banks and is added to reserves. The increase in idle funds resulting from the Administration's monetary policy has been offset only partially by the floating of large-scale government loans. Ultimately the money borrowed is distributed as wages or relief payments and finds its way back into the banking system. The rise in business activity associated with recovery has caused a small increase in the use of currency and credit, but not to the extent to which new purchasing power has been created.

The existence of surplus reserves was of little importance as long as the Federal Reserve authorities possessed

the power to smother any embryonic inflationary tendencies. But it is doubtful whether their authority is adequate to cope with the present situation. As reorganized by the Banking Act of 1935 the Federal Reserve Board has three specific devices for curbing an abnormal expansion of credit: (1) it can raise the rediscount rate; (2) it can increase the reserve requirements of member banks; and (3) it can raise or lower margin requirements on stock purchases. The first of these is certain to be wholly ineffective in the face of an over-supply of idle funds. The second has been definitely recommended by the Federal Advisory Council, but is such a drastic measure that it probably cannot be used effectively without adversely influencing earnings and driving banks out of the Federal Reserve system. Under any circumstances, all that is permitted is a doubling of reserve requirements, which would not absorb existing excess reserves. The third affects the demand for credit but has no influence on its supply.

One other important weapon remains at the disposal of the banking authorities—to sell the \$2,400,000,000 in government securities now held by the Federal Reserve banks. Under the 1935 act the power of directing Federal Reserve policy in this connection was taken out of the hands of the board and intrusted to a special Federal Open Market Committee composed of seven board members and five representatives of the Reserve banks. No one will question the effectiveness of this weapon under reasonably normal conditions. The purchase of government bonds from 1930 to 1933 laid the basis for the present recovery, and disposal of these holdings would check the present incipient inflation if devaluation had not created excess reserves far in excess of security holdings. At the end of 1933 the Federal Reserve system held \$2,400,000,000 in bonds as against excess reserves of less than \$800,000,000; today the holdings are the same, while reserves are in excess of \$3,000,000,000, not taking into account the unspent profits of revaluation which may any day be added to the present reserves. Should there be a general revival of business, these powers would obviously be inadequate to prevent a substantial credit expansion. The only effective weapon would be a steeply graduated tax program which would prevent the accumulation of idle funds.

For whether we are dealing with inflation or deflation it is evident that the fundamental problem faced by the American people is the maldistribution of wealth. The recent studies of the Brookings Institution indicate that at the present stage of economic development the concentration of income in the hands of a few must inevitably result in an inadequate consumer buying power, followed by economic stagnation or collapse. The large-scale government spending of the New Deal is an attempt to offset this tendency. The government has replaced private enterprise in a considerable sector of the national economy, but governmental expenditures have never fully made up for the contraction in private business. Moreover, there has been no fundamental redistribution of income during the depression. A privileged few have continued to obtain incomes greatly in excess of their expenditures. Lacking adequate investment opportunities, much of this excess has accumulated, useless, in the vaults of our banks—to

the detriment of consumer buying power—or has been invested in the stock market, where it has contributed to the existing abnormal prices. Faced by a continued deficit in mass consuming power, the Administration has found it necessary to administer repeated doses of inflation. So far the effect has not been drastic, owing to lack of business confidence, but once capital begins to move into private enterprise, it will be difficult to put on the brakes.

But why seek to apply the brakes if credit inflation is synonymous with business recovery? Is this not what the Administration has been seeking to achieve for the past three years? The Advisory Council of the Federal Reserve system has supplied at least part of the answer when it declares that the "very large excess reserves of the member banks, creating a plethora of . . . bank credit, has a . . . tendency to foster and encourage speculative activity, increase prices, and raise the cost of living of the population." After its initial stages the benefits of an inflationary rise in prices are restricted to entrepreneurs, shareholders, and speculators. And experience has shown that with drastic inflation only the largest business establishments are able to maintain their position. Speculators are the one group certain to profit from the chaos which would result. Whatever gains these few might obtain would be at the expense of all other portions of society. Retail prices are

more sensitive than wages or salaries, and in an inflationary period the cost of living almost invariably increases more rapidly than incomes. White-collar and professional groups would be particularly affected since their incomes are usually fixed in terms of dollars. Farmers might profit during the early stages of inflation, but would suffer more than any other group in the collapse that inevitably follows a boom.

Despite the losses which inflation would inflict on the majority of the population, a program of "sound money" has distinct political limitations. If the Republicans were again to come into power they would find it extremely difficult to take the necessary preventive steps. It would be possible, for example, by revaluing the dollar upward to reverse the forces that were set under way by the Roosevelt monetary policy. But this would almost certainly lead to a sharp collapse in prices and a renewal of the deflationary cycle. For all their talk about economy, it is doubtful whether the Republicans really yearn for this type of political suicide. A second possibility would be a vigorous program of social taxation, so as to relieve the wealthy of their troublesome surpluses. This seems even less likely under a Republican Administration. Equally remote are possibilities of a general increase in real wages or a wholesale reduction of prices. But unless one of these steps is taken there can be no escape from another 1929.

Death Rattle in Akron

BY FRANK ROBERTSON

Akron, Ohio, March 3

AKRON is an industrial boom town with the death rattle in its throat. The desperate strike at the plants of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company is a symptomatic spasm. The fatal affliction is capitalistic competition. The townsfolk suspect the full truth but prefer to shut their eyes. The workers in the rubber shops, however, realize what is happening and they are panicky.

Akron is experiencing its most serious labor trouble since 1923, when "Big Bill" Haywood and the I. W. W. tied the city in a knot for weeks. Now another city-wide general strike impends. The 1913 strike, which scared the rubber companies so badly that they have spent millions since then on labor-spy systems and black lists, came when the sensational Akron boom was just beginning. The automobile was coming to be an essential instrument of transportation. The World War was in the offing. Both of these factors meant a constantly expanding tire production regardless of cost. Labor commanded its own price. Wages for workers in Akron's boom shops ran from \$50 to \$90 a week and sometimes more. Meanwhile Akron's older industries—her cereal mills, farm-equipment factories, a truck-manufacturing plant, heavy-machinery shops, and many others in which wages were

governed by the cutthroat competition of "settled business"—withered and died. Akron quickly became and has remained a one-industry town.

Today the tire industry admits to a production capacity of 75,000,000 tires a year, with a market for not more than 50,000,000. That means vicious price-cutting, ruinous selling, and a relentless drive from the top for reductions in cost. Above all it means a greater and greater speed-up for workers at smaller and smaller wages.

The banker was finding it difficult to get the unpleasantness over with, even if he was speaking for one of those financial institutions claiming to be the world's largest. The man before him was the head of the world's largest rubber company. The heavy fingers tapped the polished surface of the desk at which he sat. At last he spoke.

"Mr. Litchfield, we may as well get down to cases. Speaking for interests holding enough stock to bring about a change of management, I find it my duty to tell you that in our opinion a better showing must be made in Goodyear earnings, or we will place men in charge who are capable of getting the desired results. Putting the matter quite frankly, we want to know if you will co-operate with us in effecting certain changes of policy or if it will be necessary to install new management."

A conversation something like the above, I am told, was primarily responsible for the strike which ten days ago closed down the sprawling Goodyear manufacturing plants here, throwing 16,000 people, one-fourth of the working population of the community, out of work. For P. W. Litchfield, who draws \$81,000 a year in salary exclusive of bonuses, according to the federal income-tax reports, chose to remain and institute "certain changes."

The changes involved longer hours, lower pay, and dismissal of from 20 to 25 per cent of the employees, whose work would be done through the speed-up of those surviving. The changes also involved getting rid of men who had been with the company five, ten, and even fifteen years, replacements to be made with youths able to stand eight grueling hours at the pace set by the hated Bedaux system. The twenty-year men were to be kept as evidence that Goodyear takes care of its veterans.

In the engineering departments of Akron's enormous tire plants are built the casings and tubes on which the automobiles of the whole world ride. Machines have been devised which would eliminate two-thirds of the present number of workers and double the output, but the managements have not dared to set them up out of hand. The easier way is to slough off as many workers as possible with the machines now in operation. The ultra-modern new machinery can be set up later when the industry quits this city, as it is in gradual process of doing.

The New York bankers who laid down the law to the head of the world's greatest tire company made it plain that they had taken the trouble to whip other rubber concerns—big competitors—into line on labor policy. No matter how bitter the competition between the rubber kings, they have always been able to get together on labor problems since 1913; and any lowering of labor standards by one company is immediately imitated by all the others. But the master-minds revealed their customary stupidity when they handed Goodyear the "short straw."

It so happens that it was Goodyear, back in 1930, that began preaching the virtues of the six-hour day, having found that four men working in six-hour shifts could maintain a faster pace and earn more money for the owners than three men working eight hours each. Goodyear, too, had pioneered the company-union idea when most managements considered it suicide to discuss any problems with employees. As company unions go, so even the members of the A. F. of L. United Rubber Workers' Union tell me, the Goodyear "industrial assembly" had a good record with the men. When unionization became possible, under Section 7-a of the NRA, Goodyear was the toughest nut for the A. F. of L. boys to crack. No real success attended their efforts until Akron rubber workers, seeing the writing on the wall, began last fall to indorse enthusiastically John L. Lewis and the industrial-union idea. President Litchfield, ever since 1930, had been widely publicized throughout the United States for his advocacy, first, of the six-hour day and, later, of the thirty-hour week. He wrote a book. He gave many interviews. He signed imposing articles, with convincing statistics, in the company's own weekly paper.

When, to save his own job, he was forced to lengthen

hours, cut hourly and piece-rate pay, and replace middle-aged workers who were slowing down, he couldn't take that up with his company union. Instead he had his statisticians work out a lot of phony figures about living costs and "real wages." They discovered that a man who was working six hours a day now and getting \$122 a month for it could by working eight hours get more pay. To be exact, he could get \$3 more a month. In a word, the proposed "readjustment" amounted to a wage cut of nearly 25 per cent, since men had to work one-third more hours for almost the same pay. And the extra hours meant that 20 to 25 per cent of the workers would lose their jobs.

This elaborate essay in misrepresentation was printed in the company house organ early last fall. Not only was a strike threatened at Goodyear; the rubber workers promised to close down Goodrich, Firestone, General, Seiberling, India, and the rest of the Akron companies.

Factory-wide application of the new schedules was called off at Goodyear. A few weeks later, however, a new device was tried. Workers were summoned individually and notified of their assignment to eight-hour shifts. Evidence collected by union leaders shows that occasionally an entire operation was put on the new schedule. This produced "sitdowns," which meant that men sat at their machines without working, but such protests failed to halt the ruthless progress of factory-wide "readjustment." According to officials of the United Rubber Workers' Union, it was the wholesale replacement of five- and ten-year men by young lads just out of school that set off the accumulated resentment and brought on the strike. It started as an "outlaw" strike, but it is "outlaw" no longer. The Goodyear local of the United Rubber Workers of America stepped into the breach, supplying leaders and a program. President William Green of the American Federation of Labor and President Lewis of the United Mine Workers temporarily have shelved their dispute over industrial and craft unions to send aid. Assistant Secretary of Labor Edward F. McGrady, back in Akron today for a second try at mediation, terms the Goodyear situation "the most critical in America." Litchfield, believing that the future of unionization not only in the rubber but in the automobile industry as well is at stake, has lost even the sympathy of Akron merchants by a flat refusal to discuss issues with representatives of the men on strike. The Akron Central Labor Union, in a rousing mass-meeting yesterday, authorized a general strike if any effort is made to reopen the strike-bound Goodyear plant. The general strike may be an actuality before this gets into print.

If Goodyear succeeds in forcing the longer day with lessened pay, the other rubber barons will "be forced to make similar adjustments." The rubber industry has seen this struggle coming. Branch factories have been built in the Southern states, where labor is cheap and the TVA promises lower power costs. Others are going to be built there just as rapidly as the rubber companies can write down their Akron plant investments. Akron is on its way to becoming like those tragic New England towns which once constituted the textile center of the world. But labor does not propose to accept its fate without fighting.

Germany Prepares for War

BY LOUIS FISCHER

THE most important question I wanted my Berlin stay to answer was this: Will Germany's food and financial troubles seriously impair its ability to complete its armament program? I think the answer is in the negative.

German industrial production has reached a post-war high. But much of it can neither be eaten nor worn. Germany is freezing huge quantities of its capital in war materials. Experts estimate that 3,000,000 more persons are employed now than in January, 1933—there are 750,000 more office-holders, 750,000 more soldiers and sailors, and 1,500,000 more factory hands. But the volume of consumers' commodities remains relatively low. The period between January, 1933, and October, 1934, therefore saw a 25 per cent reduction in real wages for industrial and clerical workers, and the total fall in Germany's standard of living under the Hitler regime is put at 30 to 35 per cent. If the inferior quality of manufactured articles is included, the decline is greater still. Hitler and the papers predict further sacrifices and hardships in 1936. "The wage level," Joseph Winschuh, writing in the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* of December 31, warns, "will scarcely tolerate further price rises." Goebbels has announced that wages cannot be increased. Yet shortage pushes prices up. Indeed, Winschuh himself says that exports must be stimulated and that "the standard of living should be subordinated to this purpose." The year 1936 promises no relief and no improvement. Nevertheless, the best observers, foreign as well as German, expect that the production of German military equipment will actually be intensified during the first six months of 1936, only to taper off after June on account of money stringency. The technical apparatus of the German army—aeroplanes, guns, tanks, and so on—will reach its high point in 1936, when the army will be fully prepared for war.

In other respects, however, 1936 will not find Germany ready for war. Nation-wide military conscription has just commenced, and the Reichswehr's *cadres* are not sufficiently trained for a conflict with major powers. Nor have the enlarged officers' corps and staff had time to acquire the efficiency and knowledge demanded by modern warfare. The World War veterans are old, physically below par, and technically backward. Germany must wait till the new millions are molded into soldiers fit for long and trying battles. When will that be? Some specialists say 1937, most say 1938, some say 1939. The Reichswehr today probably numbers 800,000 commanders and men. In 1939 it will count 1,000,000 men under arms and 2,500,000 freshly drilled reserves. This is about the right amount of cannon fodder for a beginning.

The chief problem is raw materials. The government will endeavor to purchase some fats abroad on its clearing

agreements but it will devote its foreign currency as far as possible to imports of raw materials. Nevertheless, in the event of a blockade or effective League of Nations sanctions Germany might lose a prolonged war by reason of its limited natural resources. Germany uses 3,500,000 tons of petroleum a year. Very little is mined at home. Borings have been made in numerous places, deposits have been discovered, and the wells have been sealed for future exploitation. Astounding progress has been registered by the synthetic-petroleum industry. Germany already produces one-third of its annual motor-fuel requirements. In 1938 this will have been raised to two-thirds, and in 1939 to 100 per cent. If private automobiles were taken off the streets, the volume of home-made oil would eliminate the necessity of oil imports in 1938. Germany is also creating huge reserves of petroleum. Foreign countries obligingly aid. The air force needs very high-grade lubricants. Germany lacks the experience and technique to refine them. The American Socony-Vacuum Company, therefore, is building a refinery in Hamburg which will convert inferior oil into aviation lubricants. The plant will be finished this year.

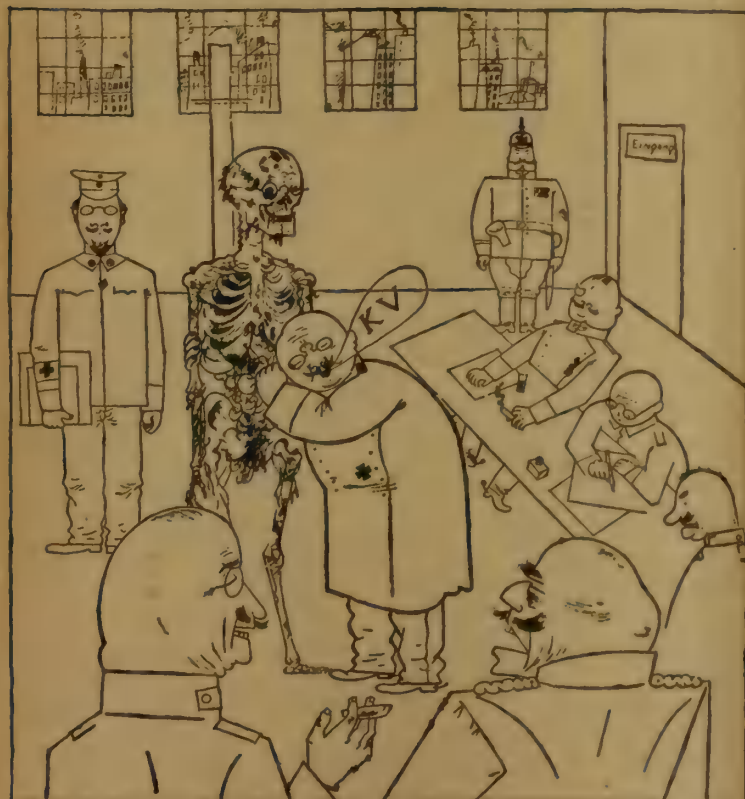
Research laboratories are working on substitutes for steel, iron, copper, cotton, and sulphur. The authorities have a scientific record of all non-ferrous metals in private and industrial use. In time of war these reserves—underground telephone cables, for instance—would be requisitioned. Germany, moreover, is financing the production of soya beans in Hungary, bauxite in Yugoslavia, and tobacco in Bulgaria; the German Vereinigte Stahlwerke own 1,700,000 of the 3,000,000 shares of the Alpine-Montan Company, the largest metallurgical firm in Austria. Germany hopes to draw supplies from these sources when war breaks out.

The army's orders are the chief food of German heavy industry, and industry in turn subordinates its activities to military considerations. The army is supervising the erection of a big Opel automobile plant at Brandenburg. There are General Motors and International Telegraph and Telephone Company factories in Germany which, though American-owned, cannot be entered by any American; they are turning out war equipment.

All Germany is an armed camp. One who like myself returns to Germany after irregular absences notices the marked increase in the number of Reichswehr cars and uniforms. The ordinary army trucks which now pass through the streets of Berlin are painted with camouflage. This is a part of the practical preparation for war. But it is also part of the psychological preparation which goes on with unrelenting intensity every hour of every day in the press, radio, and schools.

Germany's mental mobilization is of supreme impor-

tance. Every nation is frantically increasing its armaments. This phenomenon has become so normal that few ever stop to think how many shoes, shirts, loaves of bread, pounds of meat and butter, medicines, comforts, and pleasures it steals from hundreds of millions of human beings every morning, afternoon, and evening. Sometimes one comes to the conclusion that a humanity which submits to such madness really deserves a war which will exterminate most of it. Mental mobilization is largely to blame for the supineness with which populations accept the privations resulting from armaments. Every government tells its citizens that arms are necessary either for defense or to maintain national dignity and honor. German papers regularly pay homage to Adolf Hitler because his conscription declaration of March 16, 1935, restored to Germany pride and self-esteem. It is for this, it is said, that Germany is concentrating its industrial efforts on war preparations. I do not underestimate the significance of nationalism and patriotism in politics. But I do not believe that the primary purpose of the Nazis' rearmament program is to feed these sentiments. There must be another object. Is it territorial aggression? German statesmen deny this, but could they do otherwise? They must deny or stand condemned and exposed. Germany, in fact, charges that Bolshevik Russia harbors aggressive designs, just as Rome



Passed Fit for Service

George Grosz

charged that Abyssinia was the aggressor. The Germans contend that they are pacific, and Hitler has made several speeches which are quoted in Berlin as evidence of Germany's deep desire for peace. Can an objective truth be lifted out of this polemic?

The Germans, notoriously, have always been bad diplomats, and the reason is that they put little trust in diplomacy and therefore little effort into it. They respect force; they are cynical about words. Hitler came to power in January, 1933. Poland grew frightened. In the previous year equality in armaments had been conceded to

Germany by the League, and Warsaw feared that a re-armed Germany ruled by super-nationalistic Nazis would seriously menace Danzig and the Corridor. In March, 1933, accordingly, the late Marshal Pilsudski concentrated five army corps near the German frontier and sounded France and England on the desirability of a preventive war against Fascist Germany. Rumor has it that General Weygand, then French Chief of Staff, lent an ear to the idea. In April Polish troops occupied the Westerplatte, a strip of Danzig territory. It looked like the beginning of war. On May 16, 1933, President Hindenburg wrote to his assistant, State Secretary Meissner, a note the facsimile of which was published in the Berlin *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* of August 12, 1934. It said: "These days you can of course get in touch with me at any time of the day or night." The very next day Hitler summoned the Reichstag to listen to a long pacifist speech. "No new European war," the Chancellor declared wisely, "could create conditions better than the unsatisfactory conditions of today. . . . Germany is always ready to assume further security obligations of an international character. . . . Germany would be prepared to abolish its entire military establishment." The world at large did not know that these promises were designed to ward off an imminent war. The Western powers, however, were glad to take Hitler at his word because they did not want to fight. Paris vetoed Pilsudski's preventive war.

Chancellor Hitler made another pacifist speech on May 21, 1935. Every German with whom I have spoken recently quoted this address as the cornerstone of German foreign policy. The address had two motifs, one of which was friendship for England. Three weeks later the Anglo-German naval agreement was signed. Hitler wanted it very much. The speech of May 21 was a bid for it. The second motif was hostility to Bolshevik Russia. Hitler outdid himself in fiercely, wildly attacking Moscow. On the next day the German government offered the Soviet government a billion-mark long-term credit. Germany needs Soviet raw materials—oil, manganese, timber, and so on—and wants to put her unemployed plant to work. Even though Moscow must distinguish between business advantages and political sympathies, it has not accepted the proposal.

That speech would reward fuller analysis than it can receive here. Berlin will hark back to it more than once. Its fundamental thesis was National Socialism's rejection of collective security. A catastrophe like the first World War, Hitler said, "can arise all the more easily when the possibility of localizing smaller conflicts has been rendered less and less by an international network of intersecting obligations, and the danger of numerous nations being dragged into the struggle becomes all the greater." How could a war be localized? Very simple. "The other nations," Hitler suggests, should "withdraw at once from both sides at the outbreak of such a conflict rather than allow themselves to be involved in this conflict from the outset by treaty obligations." Concretely, this means that if Germany attacks Czecho-Slovakia or Austria or Lithuania, the other nations, the nations bound by treaties to aid the invaded country, are to withdraw at

once and let Germany and Lithuania or Germany and Czecho-Slovakia fight it out between themselves. Then, let us assume, Germany, having gobbled up the first victim, moves on Hungary or Yugoslavia. Again the other nations refrain from interfering and try to keep the struggle localized between Germany and its single antagonist. If one accepts Hitler's contention that Germany will never become an aggressor, this idea becomes ludicrous. The Soviet Union, let us say, violates Poland. The result would probably be the subjugation of Poland. Being bent on aggression Moscow would probably next attack Germany. Would it not be in Germany's interest if, the moment Russia struck at Poland, all neighbors should fall upon Russia collectively and nip aggression in the bud? What is this adamant objection to collective security, then, if not an attempt to prevent the formation of a united front against Germany in case it precipitates war? I was unable to get an answer from any German with whom I argued this point. I think there is no answer. Indeed, Hitler's presentation of May 21, 1935, warrants the fear that Germany has reserved for itself certain spheres of future conflict. One is Austria. Hitler stated that he wanted "self-determination" for Austria. A high German official said to me the other day that Germany wanted a plebiscite in Austria to determine whether or not Austria wished to adhere to Germany. Germany has been asked and has refused to guarantee Austria's territorial integrity. The second is Lithuania. "We are ready," Hitler declared on May 25, "to conclude pacts of non-aggression with all our neighbors except Lithuania." This may sound innocent, especially as Hitler added that if Lithuania adhered to the Memel statute which guarantees the rights of the German minority the exception could be removed. But this problem is a complicated one. It may remain open for a long time. And Lithuania is a step toward the Soviet frontier.

Anti-Sovietism is now most popular in Germany. In his recent interview with François-Poncet, the French Ambassador, Hitler devoted a great deal of time to an attack on the U. S. S. R. In his three-hour talk on December 13 with Sir Eric Phipps, the British Ambassador, Hitler spent even more time arguing against the U. S. S. R. Some weeks ago Hitler gave an audience to the staff of the S. S. His main theme was anti-Sovietism. No item favorable to Russia may appear in the German press. The intellectual and ideological barrage for aggression against the Soviet Union is in full swing. The persons who think it dangerous, those who recall that Germany lost the war of 1914-18 when the Kaiser scrapped Bismarck's policy of friendship with Russia, are ignored. But the preparations are not only intellectual. A judicious American to whose judgment many defer informed me in London some time ago that "while he had no proof, he was convinced that a German-Japanese alliance existed and that it was aimed against Russia." Germany is training Japanese military aviators. In December twenty-six German aircraft specialists went to Japan via Italy. Japanese delegates to the naval conference stayed with General Göring for two days en route to London. Other evidence is not wanting.

But perhaps, since Germany will not be ready for war



Workmen's Quarter

George Grosz

until about 1938, there is no cause for immediate alarm. This would be a false and dangerous attitude. Until 1937 or 1938 or 1939 Germany will not be in a position to cope single-handed with a group of powers which includes France. But if Germany finds an ally in Japan or Poland or Hungary, the date may be advanced. Moreover, the weaker the probable coalition against Germany, the nearer the catastrophe. Innumerable Germans are convinced that Britain's preoccupation with Italy and the Far East and its dread of air attacks upon London will keep England out of the next war unless it is directly menaced. Would England be as ready to give battle for Austria, Czecho-Slovakia or Lithuania as it was for Abyssinia? The fate of European civilization may depend on the answer.

Everything, accordingly, depends on how many friends Germany can win and on the extent to which it can undermine the potential enemy. The outstanding and rather transparent purpose of German diplomacy at present is to separate France from Russia, France from England, and Russia from England. Simultaneously it strives to weave closer ties with London as a preliminary to neutralization. But even this last all-important goal is subordinated to Germany's policy vis-a-vis Italy. A weakened Italy makes Germany's task in Austria easier. On the other hand a revisionist and embittered, because thwarted, Italy might be an ally in a world war. Yet Italy could also side with France against Germany. Italy's defeat in Abyssinia might end in Mussolini's fall, which would react to the detriment of German fascism, both at home and abroad. That defeat, if hastened by League collective action, would be a terrifying precedent for the next aggressor. Germany, therefore, watches the Ethiopian affair with hope, trepidation, and indecision. It does not wish to offend England by word or gesture, but it also does not want to alienate Italy. Hence the "neutrality" to which Germans point as proof of their pacifism. They are waiting to see how the wind blows.

Europe's great good fortune is that the period of highest tension in Italy, which produced the Abyssinian adventure, did not coincide with the same period in Germany. If the two periods had coincided, the two countries would be allies and Europe would be a shambles. European statesmen feel obliged to settle the Anglo-Italian-Ethiopian conflict before the German problem grows much riper. This is wisdom. It is also difficult.

A Note on Literary Criticism

BY JAMES T. FARRELL

II

THERE are three acceptable definitions of proletarian literature. It may be defined as creative literature written by a member of the industrial proletariat without regard to his political orientation, as creative writing that deals with some phase of the life of the industrial proletariat, or as creative writing that by reason of the author's point of view or his actual use of the material is concerned with the life, the problems, or the attitudes of that segment of the proletariat which is class conscious.

No matter which of these definitions one utilizes, the fact remains that they do not become categories of value, and that they do not constitute an a priori basis for the critical destruction of works that will not fit easily into these categories. Further, whichever one of these definitions is used, it does not follow that work fitting snugly into it will be uninfluenced by "non-proletarian" writing.

The terms "bourgeois" and "proletarian," as used in literary criticism, are then merely descriptive. Within the category of bourgeois will be found progressive as well as regressive elements; and surely one of the tasks of the critic is to further the understanding and efficacy of the progressive elements wherever they may be found. Only in this way can he hope to release and not dam up the stream of cultural continuity.

A generalized description of one function of literature is that it provides a record of how people live and feel in different epochs. John Strachey, in "The Coming Struggle for Power," writes:

"Literature" is perhaps the most remarkable of all the ideal constructions which the human mind has begotten. It is a great sea into which for centuries have been poured all those thoughts, dreams, fantasies, concepts, ascertained facts, and emotions which did not fit into any of the other categories of human thought. Into literature have gone philosophical ideas too tenuous for the philosophers, dreams too literal for plastic expression, ascertained facts too uncorrelated for science, and emotions too intertwined with the particular instance to find expression in the glorious and precise abstractions of music.

It is characteristic of life that it constantly tends to overflow the intellectual categories which are set up as the basis for apprehending, organizing, understanding, and controlling it. Strachey's definition is a description of the role that literature plays in acting as a reservoir for this overflow. Continuing, Strachey writes:

Literature, for the most part, attempts to illuminate some particular predicament of a particular man or a particular woman at a given time and place.

This would seem to suggest that there can be in literature a considerable degree of diversity in method, in procedure,

in content. But the "leftist" enthusiasts often allow it no such latitude. Consider, for example, the false bifurcation they have established between the "individualistic" and the "collective" novel. Individualism, in the context of classical economy, reflects the belief that the individual is the best judge of his own needs and wants, and that he has a right to satisfy them in his own way with a minimum of legal restraint. But the term has been taken out of its context and as a result has attained a justly merited unpopularity; finally, used in its most derogatory sense, it has been smuggled into "leftist" literary criticism. A work describing the particular predicament of a particular man or woman at a particular period of time has been criticized as individualistic, and therefore as a "bourgeois" hangover representing a false psychology.

John Dos Passos's novel, "The 42nd Parallel," on the other hand, has been praised as a collective novel. Yet there is no important or noticeable difference between the manner in which Dos Passos seeks to establish character and the manner in which many so-called "individualistic" novels establish it. The characters in "The 42nd Parallel" have thoughts and feelings. They say things. They participate in various actions. They make, or they fail to make, relevant analyses of the meanings of what they say, do, think, and see. Where is the essential difference? What Dos Passos does is to rely on size, extent, and number rather than on intensified evocation of a few characters.

A novelist in developing characters is or should be aware that they belong to a group or a class, and that that group or class is a conditioning factor; he knows also that human beings resemble one another and are subject, moreover, to the working of a whole series of natural laws and of social processes. But he is also concerned with his characters as unique human beings. Yet in so far as a novelist deals not only with the similarities but also with the dissimilarities in human beings, his work must be tainted with the individualistic psychology which the "leftists" profess to abhor. What is the precise meaning of "individualistic psychology," and what is the precise meaning of "collective psychology"? What have critics been talking about when they have indulged in this particular kind of distinction?

The truth is that it is a false distinction; and the confused use of the categories of bourgeois and proletarian in critical writing is the result of a crass and oversimplified utilization of the Marxian concept of the class struggle. It is true that the Marxian concept of this struggle posits the existence, objectively, of social classes. But how does the class struggle impinge upon the life of an individual? It impinges upon him in his role as a breadwinner. It dictates his relationships to other men; it de-

limits the kind of life he may live. It builds up habits of response and thinking of which he may or may not be aware. But the class struggle does not in any sense produce so complete and total a differentiation between human beings as to wipe out all similarities between those who, objectively, belong to different classes. Neither does it mean that at every minute of a man's life the class struggle is a direct, potent, and conscious factor in his life.

One of the mistakes of "leftist" criticism is that it has hypostatized the class struggle and made it an article of faith. This has been damaging in two ways. In the first place, it has led writers to build their characters from this concept instead of from life, with the result that these characters have been merely obvious and unrewarding illustrations of a thesis. In the second place, critics who praise such works go one bad step farther and use them to diminish the reputation and the understanding of works that have not conformed to their false standard. Yet the works they have celebrated are merely the restatements of ideas that have been developed in books and articles and pamphlets, to which no understanding or life has been given. The so-called characters who people them are merely abstractions walking in the wrong place.

Closely connected with such a utilization of the Marxian concept of the class struggle has been the confusing use of the slogan, "All art is propaganda." When one makes the attempt to propagandize large masses of people, it is necessary, of course, to find common denominators. This means that ideas must be conventionalized into slogans or stereotypes. Lenin's slogans were effective propaganda in this sense, but do those who defend and advocate the formula that all art is propaganda mean it in this sense? If so, they seem to be confusing the tactics and the role of the politician with literary practice and the function of literature. Politics is obviously concerned with government. It must find answers which can be embodied in action. Literature is not and cannot be so directly concerned with finding immediate answers in terms of action.

When the attempt has been made to press it into such service, the result has often been mere ineptitude. An instance of such ineptitude is to be found in a number of the so-called proletarian "poems" written in America a few years ago and published in various little magazines. In those days any number of poets constructed verses which had no evocative power but were merely statements. Such poems did not add anything to the readers' awareness or understanding, but appealed only to convictions already imbedded in the minds of a very limited audience. These poems would make statements about the conditions of American workers in various industries, and then suddenly in bold-faced type would leap to the slogan, "All power to the Soviets." Besides being bad poetry, such efforts were also bad politics, because they lacked intelligent reference to the problems, the needs, and the psychological state of the American worker. They were examples of that extremism which Lenin castigated in one of the genuine classics of revolutionary thought, "'Left Communism'; an Infantile Disorder."

Sometimes propaganda is given a different meaning. It is now taken to mean the expression of any idea, attitude,

emotion, or sentiment. But when it is given this meaning, when literary history is combed to show that one writer preached despair, another wrote to prove the world was pessimistic, another to make people believe that man was good, and another to show the lift in the eternal spirit of man, the meaning of the term is broadened to meaninglessness. For if propaganda is used in this broad sense, the work of almost any writer can be shown to mean almost anything. What happens generally is that left extremists use "propaganda" in its larger sense when they are referring to the literature of the past, and in its narrower sense when they are referring to the literature of the present—and then establish a conclusion based on the false notion that they have used the word in the same sense in both references.

Propaganda, then, must be given a more definite meaning. And I believe that in America it should mean a method of conventionalizing and epitomizing thought and policy. Given such a meaning, it is not applicable to literature, and if it is applied it will retard the development of literature, prevent it from producing what it can produce and from serving the function in society which it is equipped to serve. One of the aims of literature, as of all art, is to present fresh insights and new interpretations, to render qualities and surfaces in such a way as to increase awareness and extend sensibility. Another of the aims of literature, aptly defined above by Strachey, is to provide a reservoir for the overflow of experience. And if this be one of its functions, some other content must be given to the formula, "Literature is propaganda."

It is for this reason that I have chosen the phrase, "Literature is an instrument of social control." As such it serves various functions. It increases understanding. It makes readers more intensely conscious of the problems of life, the predicaments of people, the possibilities and limitations of living, the diversity of human experience. It makes implicit or explicit judgments on the value of conditions, actions, thoughts, situations, environments, hopes, despairs, ideals, dreams, fantasies. It also provides its readers with additional equipment for proceeding with their own lives. It points their emotions, their impulses, their wishes, and their thoughts toward or away from certain goals. It creates in an ideal and formal sense the consciousness of an epoch.

My objection to "leftist" revolutionary criticism is that it ignores the proper tasks which criticism must perform. Literature is created out of a complex in which the preponderantly causal factor is material relationships. But it in turn has an effect on the future. It both reflects the past and organizes the future. But its functions are not exhausted or even well performed if it seeks to limit itself to the usurping of functions better served by direct political agitation, by political slogans, and by political pamphlets. Its main effect, and also its more lasting effect, as literature, is the result of making men understand their world more clearly, of making them feel life more keenly, more quickly, more sensitively, more imaginatively. In this way it plays its role in changing the world.

[Part I of Mr. Farrell's article appeared last week. It is concluded in this issue.]

Buzz Windrip—Governor of Georgia

BY BENJAMIN STOLBERG

II

ABOUT a century and a half ago Gene Talmadge's great-grandfather came from New Jersey and settled on a small farm in Monroe County in central Georgia. Ever since the Talmadges have been small owning farmers. In 1934 Our Gene bought the original homestead, largely for sentimental reasons, and added it to the extensive landed possessions which his wife had inherited from her first husband. On week-ends he usually drives down to this old Talmadge farm, plows, feeds the hogs, and gets his shoes full of manure. He is a *dirt* farmer! Unlike those dudes, Wallace and Tugwell, he *knows* what the farmer needs. The farmer must get *higher* prices while he raises *all* he can! "But how can he do both?" I asked. "He can do both," was the answer, "by hard work if he is unintimidated, unmolested, and not taxed to death.

His Excellency was born on September 23, 1884, in Forsyth, Monroe County. In 1907 he graduated from the law school of the University of Georgia. After a brief and sorry attempt to practice law in Atlanta, he went back to central Georgia. He settled in Telfair County, five miles from the county seat, McRae. Rapidly he went native again. He was a good Baptist, a sound Democrat, a Sigma Nu, and strong for fertilizer without sand. Above all, he was a pillar of White Supremacy, not loudly but with the assured bigotry of the cracker born and bred. From 1912 on he mainly farmed. He helped his neighbors with legal counsel. He dabbled in parochial politics more and more. In 1918 he achieved the solicitorship of the McRae City Court. From 1920 to 1923 he was attorney for Telfair County. Eugene Talmadge was slowly rising in the Georgia veldt. All he needed was an issue and a public enemy. The issue, of course, was the perennial plight of the farmer. The enemy was J. J. Brown.

J. J. Brown had been Commissioner of Agriculture almost since Oglethorpe. He was so much of a fixture that nobody thought of challenging his power. His department was corrupt, smug, and inefficient. He had over two hundred "oil inspectors" alone, whose only apparent function was to keep his machine well greased. In 1927 Talmadge decided to run against Brown, and to everybody's surprise he was elected.

For three terms, from 1927 to 1933, Talmadge was Commissioner of Agriculture. All he accomplished during that period was to reduce the number of oil inspectors to six, to slash other really essential services, to cut wages by about 25 per cent, to enforce with far more noise than vigor the law which specifies the content of fertilizer, and above all to give full scope to his gifts of demagoguery. He filled every issue of his *Market Bulletin* with political harangues. He made a big show—and a big flop—of find-

ing new markets for Georgia farm products and hogs, and of boosting farm prices. He also was almost impeached for taking a flier in hogs in Chicago, losing illegally \$12,000 of the state's money. "I stole it for you," he told an assembly of farmers later on. He saved himself by the Huey Long technique of fixing enough Senators to sign a round robin not to impeach him.

During his commissionership of agriculture Talmadge intrenched himself in the affections of Georgia's crack-erdom. He did not rise by building a powerful machine. He does not have one now. He is singularly impotent in inspiring loyalty in able men, good or bad. The gang around him is a collection of a dozen dreary heels—shabby, inept, corrupt, and Ku Klux-minded. They are outspoken Negrophobes, Jew-haters, labor-baiters. In short, Talmadge consolidated his power psychologically rather than structurally. He is a congenital night-rider with an irresistible appeal to the vigilante spirit, the recrudescence of which in the black belt can be measured by the depth of the depression. As Commissioner of Agriculture he was in covert intimacy with the Black Shirts, the "American Fascisti." Their program was "to protect the chastity of White Womanhood," "to maintain and forever secure White Supremacy," to place white men in black men's jobs, and primarily to terrorize both white and black labor in town and country. Their chief sport, especially through 1930, was night-riding among the colored share-croppers. The leading spirits in this organization, all enthusiastic Talmadge men, were John A. Boykin, who as Solicitor General of Fulton County secured the conviction of Angelo Herndon; Judge James Davis of the Stone Mountain Circuit Court, a sort of modern Simon Legree on the bench, and Kenneth Murrell and Al Henson of the American Legion. All through the state local judges, small-town lawyers and prosecutors, chiefs of police, sheriffs and their deputies were enrolled Black Shirts, whose official sheet was a monthly incitement to lynching and terrorism. Today this same crowd call themselves Men of Justice. The leading personnel is the same. These Men of Justice are the shock troops of Talmadge's campaigns. Not so very long ago they framed a number of colored bell hops with white prostitutes in several Atlanta hotels and then forced the managers to hire white bell hops in their stead. Talmadge is even closer to the Women's National Association for the Preservation of the White Race. The "national president" of this society is a Mrs. J. E. Andrews. Her anthropological views are strictly Nazi. In the monthly organ of her society, the *Georgia Woman's World*, she writes essays in defense of the "Gentiles," arguing that Lincoln was assassinated by the international Jewry, that Jews and Negroes are descended from the more villainous characters in the Bible,

and that the Roosevelt family spends all its time with Negroes. The printing bill of this lynch sheet, of which thousands of copies were recently distributed by Talmadge's game wardens, is paid in cash by the office of Hugh Howell, the state Democratic chairman.

In short, Talmadge rose to power entirely on the ground swell of bigotry and ignorance. And he keeps in power by exploiting the lowest passions engendered by the pauper misery of the rural sections. In 1934 the average gross income—cash and produce—per family of even the owning farmers in Georgia was only a little more than \$500 a year; that of the average tenant farmer was around \$250 a year; and the total income of the average share-cropper of either race, when he was not thrown off the land, was about \$150 a year. Such incomes breed Talmadges.

By 1932 Talmadge felt himself strong enough to run for governor, and in looking around for "radical" issues he found three. His main plank was a flat three-dollar automobile-license tag. He also came out for a reduction in taxes and public-utility rates. The moment he was elected he cut the essential personnel and the pay rolls of the various state services to the bone, some 25 per cent. Through his control of the Senate he reduced school appropriations drastically—in a state which leads in illiteracy. With questionable legality, though he was later upheld in the courts, he evicted the old and corrupt highway board and put in his own gang. Two of the three highway commissioners are under the thumb of John A. Whitley, a highway contractor, known as "the slave driver" for paying as low as ten cents an hour to free labor. Talmadge also fired the old Public Service Commission, which he had a legal right to do, and appointed as chairman of the new Public Service Commission Jud P. Wilhoit, the only competent and efficient appointment of his career. He immediately suspended the collection of all automobile-license taxes except the flat three-dollar tax. When the time came for assessing ad valorem taxes he reduced them from five mills to four, thus cutting the state's income for social services by one million dollars a year.

The three-dollar automobile tax is, of course, a boomerang to the cheap-car owner. A real reform would have graduated the tax from three dollars up, thus allowing cheap tags without robbing the state of a \$3,000,000 income from taxes on expensive cars, trucks, and buses.

In his fight against the public utilities Talmadge first threatened to equalize their valuation for tax purposes with their valuation for rate-making purposes. The Georgia Power Company, the leading public utility in the state, is allowed to evaluate itself at \$45,757,000 for tax purposes, while the same company is allowed to charge electric rates on its own property valuation in excess of \$230,000,000. Talmadge of course never even attempted to carry out his threat of equalization. But he did reduce rates. Yet the same public utilities which had fought him bitterly during his first campaign subsidized heavily his campaign for reelection. What really happened was that the general tax reduction from five to four mills cost the Georgia Power Company only some \$50,000 in tax increases, while the rate reduction actually

increased its earnings, as Mr. Wilhoit said it would and as the company stupidly refused to believe. The increase in the use of electricity due to an 18 per cent reduction has netted the company \$120,000 a year. The same thing happened in all the other public utilities. The 17 per cent reduction in telephone rates has installed in one year 14,300 more telephones in Atlanta alone. In other words, the public utilities gained in income and in liberal reputation. "Of course," Mr. Wilhoit admitted, "cheaper utility rates make little difference in the rural communities. These reductions are helpful in the larger cities and to people in least need of relief." Through the state only about one out of seven owning farmers uses electricity; tenants and share-croppers almost never do. Outside of Atlanta only about one family in twelve has a telephone.

Talmadge's state-tax reduction of one mill penalizes mainly the rural counties which have always received more from the state treasury than they put into it. It has forced these counties to raise more in local taxes for their social services, especially for schools. Greene County, a typical one, has had to raise a special school tax. But even after this increase in local taxation the public schools had less money than in pre-Talmadge days. The real effect of Talmadge's reduced-taxation plan can be seen in the allocation of \$1,600,000 by the federal Administration in the spring of 1934 to keep the rural schools of Georgia from closing. As in everything else Talmadge ever did, he thundered from the left and showered upon the right.

It was during his first administration that Talmadge began to fight the national government. At first he cooperated willingly enough with the FERA and the WPA. The federal government allocated the funds and Talmadge appointed the jobholders who administered them. When it became too crassly obvious that the Talmadge machine was converting federal relief and public works into a local racket, the Administration took the whole thing out of the Governor's hands. This is the real source of his bitterness against Roosevelt's "killing religion in the hah'ts of the American people."

By the time Talmadge was running for his second term he had become the darling of all the big business interests. And he completely solidified his position with the industrialists, especially the cotton manufacturers, during the great textile strike of September, 1934. The primary election was to be held on Wednesday, September 12. On the preceding Friday he met at the Hotel Ansley in Atlanta with about twenty of the leading textile manufacturers of the state and with Theodore M. Forbes, secretary of the Cotton Manufacturers' Association of Georgia. At this meeting it was arranged that immediately after election day Talmadge was to call out the National Guard and break the strike. For this service the manufacturers raised a purse of approximately \$20,000, which was given in cash to John A. Whitley, the highway contractor, for campaign purposes. For such purposes, the textile workers pointed out, this gift seemed quite unnecessary, for Talmadge's reelection was never in doubt. He carried 156 out of the 159 counties in the state.

Immediately after election Talmadge declared martial law, called out 3,700 national guardsmen, and put hun-

dreds of workers into an open concentration camp near Fort McPherson. The only mills which received no "protection" were the Calloway mills. Mr. Calloway refused to contribute to the campaign fund. But during a strike in February, 1935, the Calloway mills did get troops by "putting the heat" on the Governor. The most amusing incident in Talmadge's strike-breaking tactics occurred when he shipped Pearl Bergoff's gunmen out of the state. The newsreels publicized this fact as a liberal gesture. Talmadge, of course, chased Bergoff's outfit away because they threatened to compete with his own activities. "Talmadge is the best Governor this state ever had," Mr. Forbes confided. "He broke the strike for us."

Toward the end of 1935 Talmadge had the upper house, which he controls, force the adjournment of the Legislature without an appropriation bill for 1936. At this moment the state of Georgia is ruled financially without legislative appropriation. On January 31, 1935, the state had \$2,500,412 left. Of this \$1,395,582.74 was allocated. The rest of it the Governor can use as he pleases—if he can get away with it. The state also has some seven and a half million dollars of unexpended money, a good deal of it in the highway department. With this amount Talmadge figured he could run the state until June, 1936, and he stated that when the time came for collecting new taxes he would do so through martial law. The whole procedure is raucously unconstitutional, for all the Governor has to do is to call a special session of the Legislature. But this Talmadge does not care to do, partly because he prefers to juggle the funds and partly because of the growing sentiment for his impeachment.

This whole procedure was as stupid as it was brazenly illegal. Talmadge is by no means intrenched in his dictatorship as was Huey Long. And he has by no means planned out his campaign of financial thuggery. At this moment it looks as though Mr. Talmadge is going to be far too busy in his own state, at least for a while, to play much of a part in the national campaign.

But the publicity which all these dictatorial antics brought him before he got into this jam made him feel that he was enough of a national figure to issue a call for a "Grass Roots Democratic Convention" in Macon, Georgia, for January 29, 1936. Talmadge's co-signer of this call was John Thomas Kirby, a millionaire Texas oil and lumber man, a nominal Democrat, for years a high-pressure tariff lobbyist, thick with the National Republican Committee, and devout disciple of the Liberty League.

Talmadge's contact man with Northern Republican and reactionary forces is Barry Wright, who was Hoover's Georgia campaign manager in 1932 and Talmadge's go-between with the textile manufacturers in the 1934 strike. The more reactionary Republican forces have promised Talmadge that in case of a Republican victory he will be the "Jeffersonian Democrat" in the Cabinet as Secretary of Agriculture. And the Liberty League helped finance the Macon convention with a subsidy of \$5,000.

Now who were some of the "dirt farmers" invited to this Grass Roots Convention? One of the leading delegates was W. C. Bradley of Columbus, Georgia, known as Mr. Columbus, chairman of the board of that bulwark of

Jeffersonian freedom, the Coco-Cola Company. Mr. Columbus is also president of three-quarters of the banks and half the cotton mills, and is on the boards of all the others in Columbus. Another Jeffersonian Democrat invited was George Lanier of West Point, Georgia, president of the West Point Manufacturing Company, the third largest textile chain in the South. Among the leading "dirt farmers" was also John Barry of Rome, Georgia, the largest hosiery manufacturer in the state, owner of two stove foundries and a notorious open-shopper. Another delegate was H. D. Pollard of Savannah, Georgia, president of the Central of Georgia Railroad Company and the Ocean Steamship Company. Also present was Thomas L. Dixon, author of "The Clansman" and professional Negro-baiter, who addressed the convention in the best spirit of the Klan. And finally there was the Reverend Gerald L. K. Smith, organizer of the practically defunct Share Our Wealth movement, who soon after Huey Long's death was sidetracked by the Louisiana machine because of his fantastic notion that he was the inheritor of Huey's mantle. For the rest there were Men of Justice, sheriffs and their deputies, county attorneys, all sorts of small political fry, and a crowd of gaping cracker yokels. Of the 2,500 "delegates" present about 2,350 were Georgians. Talmadge had expected around 10,000 from all over the South.

On every seat of this "convention" lay a copy of the *Woman's World*. The editor of this rag is a Mrs. James Rogers Wakefield. I called on Mrs. Wakefield. I found her incredibly common, ignorant, and half-tight. From people who know her past I gathered that journalism has not always been Mrs. Wakefield's profession. Much of the filth which appears in this lynch sheet is written in the office of Hugh Howell, the state Democratic chairman and Talmadge's man Friday, whose legal practice is almost entirely confined to what is known throughout the state as the "pardon racket." William Schley Howard, for many years a progressive Congressman and one of the leading criminal lawyers in the South, has some amazing evidence on the pardon ring, of which the two leaders are Hugh Howell and a lawyer named Charles Stewart. Mr. Howell drove me out one Sunday morning to Stone Mountain. On the way we got on the race question. "Do you really mean to say," asked Mr. Howell, "that you don't believe in lynching at any time?"

The "convention" was a total failure. It did not even pretend to organize itself. It cussed out the New Deal, spewed forth race hatred, warned the American people against the "communism" of President Roosevelt, and called the amalgam a "platform." It probably finished Talmadge as a national gadfly. It was significant only as a Northern-financed effort to create regional fascism in the darkest South.

The Liberty League bought a pig in a poke. It will have to wait for a bigger and better demagogue. Huey was right. Talmadge is "too dumb for his ambition." He is, however, a political symptom of the social lesions of our time, especially south of the Mason and Dixon Line.

[This is the second of two articles on Governor Talmadge by Mr. Stolberg. The first appeared last week.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

UNDER the heading *The Fallacy of Conquest*, Nathaniel Peffer recently contributed an admirable article to *Harper's Magazine*. Dealing with the stupidity of those who believe that a nation can add to its wealth by subjugating native peoples or robbing them of part of their territory, it brings the discussion up to date by taking up directly the case of Italy, Germany, and Japan. Especially valuable is his demolition of the current humbug that we must deal gently with these nations because they must have their "place in the sun," because they are without sufficient colonies, or because their overflowing populations cannot be adequately maintained on the territory they have. Mr. Peffer confirms what some of us have been saying right along—that colonies do not today relieve congested populations. England, the largest colonial power, would gladly export two million workers if it could. The dominions have put up immigration bars against the mother country, and the tropical colonies take only Englishmen of the ruling class. British labor cannot compete with tropical labor.

The biggest humbug of all is the demand of Germany for the return of its colonies, which Hitler recently made a prerequisite for limitation of air armaments in his talks with the British Ambassador at Berlin. Ever since the war, whenever I have visited Germany, I have been assailed by people who asked me why my demand for justice for the Germans did not include the return of their colonies. My first answer was my opposition to any country's governing subject races. My second objection was to the harsh militaristic character of Germany's colonial administration. My third was that Germany did not get anything out of her colonies and that they were not population outlets.

This always brings a roar of dissent, but I have never found that one of my interrogators knew how many Germans were living in German colonies before the World War. The guesses ranged up to 500,000. Actually, as Mr. Peffer points out, there were only 24,000 Germans in the colonies, 22,000 of them in the 900,000 square miles of their African territory. Mr. Peffer also shows conclusively that possession of colonies no longer guarantees enjoyment of the economic perquisites thereof, for trade no longer follows the flag—Japan, as he points out, is getting the trade of England in India, the Malay Peninsula, and elsewhere. Again, he rightly stresses that "possession of a colony grants prior right but not monopoly. . . . Great Britain controls the rubber of Malaya, but it had to come to terms with American manufacturers." He does concede that expansion to secure access to raw materials "still has a certain validity. . . . Possession of a colony does give prior rights to such natural resources and at least yields a

profit from their exploitation." But that is all the profit that the whole colonial business gives to conquerors and exploiters; "it does not solve the fundamental economic problems of a country." Even that profit can quickly disappear if there is charged against the colony the cost of administering and policing it and its share of the cost and maintenance of the cruisers and battleships needed to "protect" it in war time.

In the case of Italy and Ethiopia the situation is clear. There are no great supplies of raw materials in Ethiopia. There are indications of diamonds and gold, but not sufficient to warrant any serious exploration in search of them. There is no coal, no genuine sign of oil. Even if there were raw materials, the cost of getting them out would be prohibitive. The current jest that if there had been wealth in Ethiopia, England would have stolen it years ago is altogether justified. As to the boast of an Italian general on taking Adowa that there would be a million Italians settled there within ten years, that is absolutely absurd; there are only 4,283 Europeans in Eritrea, which has been Italian territory for fifty years. Japan stole Formosa, Korea, half of Sakhalin, and all southern Manchuria, but its overflowing population will not go to those territories, and despite all our alarmists they have gone to the Philippines in far smaller numbers than the Chinese, though there has been no bar to their entrance. People accustomed to one kind of climate are not eager to go to a different one, and farmers who would emigrate need capital, which farmers today do not have.

There is a bait for dictators in the man-power of colonies. Is not that one of the major objectives of Mussolini in Abyssinia? France would cling to its colonies for that reason even if they all put it deeply in the red. Press reports say that there are more French colonial troops garrisoned in France than ever before. The French armies would probably have collapsed early in 1917, or sooner, if it had not been for the colored troops and the Indo-Chinese work battalions. Today, with its falling man-power, France needs those colored troops more than ever, and I have seen apparently reliable statements that the government is steadily building up black reserves in Africa. Mussolini, as everyone knows, dreams of other than African conquests. What a help it would be if he could throw, in addition to his Askaris, let us say 300,000 well-trained Ethiopians on to a European battlefield! They could no more protest than can the French colonial troops, or could the hapless Indian troops in 1914 when England threw them into the holocaust that concerned them not at all. As long as war continues I fear we shall have the imperialist powers clinging to their colonies in order to squeeze out every black soldier that they can.

BROUN'S PAGE

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN. A picket line of twelve hundred men and women swung round the plant of Hearst's *Wisconsin News*, and a visiting guildsman from New York rubbed his eyes and said, "By golly, how we've grown!" He remembered little meetings of ten or twelve in New York less than three years ago, and as the marchers shouted, "Don't read the *Wisconsin News*!" he was reminded of the fact that in the beginning everybody had said, "Of course, we won't ever be able to strike. The best we can do is to persuade the publishers."

To be sure, the answer to that state of mind has already been given in Newark and in Harlem. But this time the struggle is on against a Hearst paper. Nobody can accuse the newspaper men and women any more of picking out the weaklings. Naturally only a small percentage of the encircling regiment around the *Wisconsin News* was made up of reporters, copy readers, or photographers. This was the voice of labor making common cause with a group somewhat inappropriately known as "white-collar" workers.

Mr. Hearst has said frequently that the essential quality in reporters is initiative. Certainly the newspaper men and women of the *Wisconsin News* have taken him at his word. Never before have reporters shown the same enterprise that they are displaying now in Milwaukee. Courage is an essential quality in any finder of facts. The boys and girls of the staff have displayed that in abundance. It was twenty below zero a few days ago, but the picket line was maintained. They had to do it in fifteen-minute shifts because the strikers are going to need their fingers and their ears when they get back on their jobs. Indeed, they need them now. In this fight for recognition the strikers are probably working as hard as they ever did in their lives. They have a world to gain, not only for themselves and other newspaper men and women, but for the craft itself. It would not be surprising if twenty years from now the *Wisconsin News* strike should be recognized as one of labor's truly decisive battles.

Of course it would be extremely useful to have that recognized right now. This is no private fight. This is a struggle for the right to organize and bargain collectively. It is being waged against William Randolph Hearst. Here is a chance for those who oppose Hearst labor policies to enlist for duration. I don't see how anybody can be neutral. Either you believe in the union movement or you think that hours and wages should be left wholly to the discretion and the bounty of the employer. Which side are you on? If you want to help the cause of organization—and I honestly think the guild has a right to say that it is battling for the labor movement in general—write to the American Newspaper Guild, 49 West Forty-fifth Street, New York. If this isn't Armageddon, it will do for the season of 1936 at any rate.

Nobody can or will make greater sacrifices than the strikers themselves. The seven o'clock picket shift came into headquarters an hour later. One of the girls was making the coffee. "You know," she said, "I think next week I'm going to ask for a few days on a later shift. Bobby's old enough now to dress himself, but I sort of hate to have him going off to school without his breakfast."

It seems to me that among other faults William Randolph Hearst isn't a very good business man. If you were running a paper what kind of staff would you want to have? Would you choose men and women who had the courage and the intelligence to organize as the Milwaukee Guild has done, or would you prefer a terrified staff afraid to speak its mind? Let's assume that this is one of those twenty-below-zero mornings. Which fellow seems to you the better material for newspaper work—the reporter with the sign "Join the Guild" who is going up stream against the wind, or the strike-breaker self-consciously darting into the nice warm office? A staff of courage and of confidence is essential to any successful paper. You can't put out anything of interest from a city room whose every inmate shudders at the sight of rat poison.

And as for the romance and glamor of the newspaper business, a guildsman from New York who has been familiar with other beverages tells me that undoubtedly the best drink of all is the coffee that you get at eight a. m. in strike headquarters after your spell on the picket line. And I saw another guildsman from New York who to my certain knowledge has not walked two hundred yards in the last twenty years marching one mile in the strike parade because at the end of the journey he would have "an opportunity to hear distinguished speakers." And it did thrill him to hear Mrs. Victor Berger call for a united front of all workers in Milwaukee in the struggle against the *News*.

I think it is a battle deserving the attention of the country. The newspapers print very little. Perhaps they feel it isn't news. Of course it isn't news if a Hearst executive cleans out a staff just to show that he has authority. It isn't news when Hearst or any other publisher fires a man or woman with scant notice or none at all after twenty years. It isn't news when the hard-won forty-hour, five-day week goes back to six days and an indefinite number of hours. But isn't it news when the guild says, "Hold on, Hearst, we don't like your salaries or your hours on this paper in Milwaukee?"

There stands a great castle at San Simeon and in it dwells a potentate, and when he speaks whoever is within the sound of his voice says, "Yes," or "Quite so," or "How right you are," or "I'll do it immediately." This has gone on for fifty years, and so it is news, and good news, too, that the men and women of the *Wisconsin News* have lifted up their voices and answered, "No. Not on your life. Not till our picket line freezes over."

HEYWOOD BROWN

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

GATEWAY TO VEBLEN'S WORLD

BY MAX LERNER

WESLEY MITCHELL'S anthology of Veblen's writings* reminds us, if we needed to be reminded, that Veblen has already become a classic. In this Norskie farm boy who grew up to be a college professor America has produced its most considerable and most acid intelligence in the realm of social thought. In these lumbering six-syllabled sentences, with their devastating understatement and their poisonous indirections, America has produced a unique literary manner. In this man at once fierce and desperately shy, rooted in the soil like a giant in the earth and yet wandering nomadically from one university to another, turning his "swift wit and slow irony" on you so that you recoiled in fear, mumbling his lectures incoherently yet gathering disciples wherever he went—in this curious personality America has produced one of its complex and legendary figures. The five hundred pages selected from his twelve books and the definitive essay on Veblen by the editor constitute a gateway to Veblen's world.

What sort of world is it? Its outlines have the essential unity of any great theoretical system. It is a fluid unity however—not, like that of Marx or Kant or Herbert Spencer, one in which all the pieces fit, or can be made to fit, together, but rather a *Gestalt* that comes into being after you have soaked yourself in Veblen's writing and approached with him, by roughly the same paths, one problem after another. For there can be no doubt that Veblen is repetitious to the point of despair. He traverses and retraverses the same ground, from the "Theory of the Leisure Class" in 1899 to "Absentee Ownership" in 1923. In a sense the core of his entire body of thought can be found in his early essays and his first book. The rest was elaboration, sharpening, strengthening.

Partly this is to be accounted for by the fact that Veblen waited until he was forty before he wrote his first book. When he first flashed through the American heavens he was a meteor already fully formed, with all his strength and brilliance gathered and tightly knit. Partly also it is to be accounted for by the fact that Veblen lived so secluded a life that he was able to create an intellectual world with unmistakable features of its own. It has its own landscape, its own heaven and earth, its own seasonal moods, its own mythology and demonology. He buried himself in his reading and his brooding. He read the economists, the anthropologists, the socialists—and the nineteen-volume Report of the Industrial Commission. While Veblen knew America and seemed able to breathe a sense of America into his pores, he lived insulated against

its passing fashions and follies. His greatest generalizations were brilliant intuitions or uncompromising deductions from daring premises. The unity that his thought has is a unity not so much of structure as of mood and method.

Since Veblen does not have a "system," the body of his thought defies any easy analysis. The key idea is generally held to be the antithesis Veblen finds between industry and business—the one concerned with satisfying human needs, the other with creating artificial pecuniary values. Industry is with Veblen a continuing evolutionary process, starting with the savage state of the industrial arts and coming to its present climax in the modern machine technology. Business is the art of getting something for nothing—also an evolutionary process, starting with the predatory barbarism that followed the peaceful savage state and ending with present-day corporation finance and the techniques of the holding company. Industry and business are the economic forces operating in a psychological medium—in a world of instinct and habit. The deep unrests in our life now arise from the fact that the habituations of the industrial process, based on the instinct of workmanship and the parental bent, are moving ever farther away from the "idiot" institutions of our society maintained by the vested interests. When the gap has become so great that it has strained the limits of tolerance of the engineers and the workers, we may expect a change. Meanwhile there is still a considerable social lag which limits "the prospects of an overturn."

Thus, despite Veblen's delvings into neolithic times and his wanderings in the morass of instinct psychology, there is a Veblen who has meaning for today. To vary somewhat the title of one of Joseph Wood Krutch's essays: he belongs to the present. And he belongs to the present for the reason that he has so searchingly explored the past and analyzed the economic and psychological roots of our modern being. I have pointed out elsewhere that there are two Veblens rather than one. There is Veblen the liberal, with his fetish of disinterestedness, his awareness of his own preconceptions, his lingering irony, his Olympian detachment from the real struggles of a real America. This is the Veblen who offered, and still offers, consolation to those unwilling to take sides in the planetary turmoil of an era of finance capitalism, yet anxious to liberate themselves from the values of a leisure-class society. There is also the second and more revolutionary Veblen, implicit in the first from the very beginning, yet emerging with ever greater clarity after the outbreak of the war and the coming of peace. This was the Veblen who began to think in terms of the collapse of a decaying world and the seizure of a power. My only quarrel, if I have one, with Mr.

*"What Veblen Taught." Edited by Wesley C. Mitchell. The Viking Press. \$3.

Mitchell's anthology is that he overvalues the interest that the earlier Veblen—especially Veblen the destroyer of the idols of classical and hedonist economics—has for us, and undervalues the real interest of our generation in Veblen the revolutionary thinker.

Apply Veblen to the issues that confront us today and you get some notion of his continuing vitality even for a world that is no longer agitated by Darwin and Spencer. In a sense Veblen was part of the movement of populist thought in the first decade of this century and therefore part of the progressive tradition in America. Yet in a curious way he seems completely out of place amid the writings of the progressive era, at once strident and indecisive. By the same token his approach to the problems of this generation would be quite different from that of the other progressives and radicals. He would not so much rail at the patrioteers and the Liberty League as calmly destroy them by detached analysis of how closely their mental temper corresponds to that of dementia praecox. He would seek the roots of fascism not only in the immediate struggle for power but more searchingly in the entire history of the predatory barbarian tradition. He would understand why it is that middle-class patterns of ideas still linger sufficiently in the minds even of our workmen to make a united labor party a thing of long-run rather than of immediate concern, and he would stress the peculiar need for an alliance between the workers and the technicians. On the issue of neutrality and the war he would get away from the Nye hearings sufficiently to analyze the character of the dynastic state under capitalism and its compelling urge toward war. And when he came to the Supreme Court he would probably analyze it not so much as a judicial agency as in terms of its economic utility or wastefulness, much as he did in his unparalleled economic evaluation of the churches, which may be found in a long footnote in "Absentee Ownership." I am sorry that Mr. Mitchell did not find a place for this passage, which represents Veblen at his maddest and best.

None the less, most of the famous Veblen passages are in this book, and one comes upon them with a delight that can be explained only by the fact that Veblen is stylist as well as thinker. You will often have someone come up to you in an exasperated sort of way and ask why it is that Veblen is so unintelligible. The answer is that he is not. The manner of his writing is one that was beautifully calculated to achieve the purpose of his thought. He has, to be sure, a vocabulary of his own, but it is not merely an erratic vocabulary. Such phrases as "conspicuous waste," "absentee ownership," "vested interests," "leisure class," "invidious distinction," "calculable future," have worked themselves into the texture of our own vocabulary in a way that shows the enduring appeal of Veblen's writing. He had to create a new style because he was dealing with a range of ideas which completely cut under the prevailing range of ideas in America. The important thing about his style is that his entire intellectual method, with its satire and its detachment and its indirection, is implicit in it. Any anthology of American prose in the future and any history of American literature will ignore Veblen at its peril.

BOOKS

Actors, Apologists, and a Critic

THE HOOVER ADMINISTRATION: A DOCUMENTED NARRATIVE. By William Starr Myers and Walter H. Newton. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.50.

LIBERALISM FIGHTS ON. By Odgen L. Mills. The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

THE RAINBOW. By Donald R. Richberg. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

INTERPRETATIONS: 1933-1935. By Walter Lippmann. Edited by Allan Nevins. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

IN A famous passage Lord Macaulay declared that "almost every intellectual employment has a tendency to produce some intellectual malady. Biographers, translators, editors—all, in short, who employ themselves in illustrating the lives or the writings of others—are peculiarly exposed to the *Lucretian* or *Boswellian*, or disease of admiration." Macaulay was talking about a biographer whose subject was dead. Apparently the disease can be more virulent when the apologist has known a public man and has been spoken to kindly by him. This may explain but it certainly does not excuse the volume which bears the names of Mr. Myers (Princeton professor of politics) and Mr. Newton (former member of Congress and secretary to President Hoover).

So far as content and contentment go, the volume could bear the imprint of Mr. Hoover's pre-convention campaign committee. The thesis is that "almost wholly through the battles fought by President Hoover and his associates" the country successfully weathered five economic crises. The first was the result of the stock-market crash of the autumn of 1929 (not, be it noted, that the stock-market crash was rather itself a "result"). The second crisis was caused by the central European banking situation of June, 1931; the third was England's abandonment of the gold standard in September of that year; the fourth was the withdrawal of gold from the United States in February, 1932; and the fifth was "the breakdown of public confidence due to obstruction in Congress in June, 1932." The country was "five times turned back from" these crises. Recovery was under way, but it stopped with the election of November, 1932, because of fears of "a prospective change in politics and especially of a prospective devaluation of the dollar." Then came "the actual panic in February, 1933, brought about by the collapse of the banks, which certainly was caused in large part by the approach of the New Deal." Since the authors stop with Mr. Hoover's departure from the White House, they are not compelled to explain the remarkable rehabilitation of public confidence which synchronized with the measures that the new Administration took to implement its "new deal," and they apparently are not aware of or decided to ignore the resulting havoc to their logic.

Such an argument is not worth traversing. Hence the book will be useful chiefly as an accessible repository of certain documents and as furnishing a running account of Mr. Hoover's activities during his Administration. But what can one think of a work which purports to deal with this Administration and which contains only two references to the Hawley-Smoot tariff, both in Presidential speeches that are reprinted? Another example of omission is the account of the President-elect's unwillingness to cooperate with Mr. Hoover on war

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debts during the interregnum between election and inauguration. That is criticized, but there is no suggestion that President Hoover invited coolness by publishing his *motivé* telegram of invitation. The jittery feeling with which Mr. Roosevelt and his advisers approached the conference may have been unjustified—there was no possible way that the repudiated President could put them at a political disadvantage—but the fact nevertheless is that the then occupant of the White House was as much to blame for the failure to collaborate as the then occupant of the Executive Mansion at Albany.

The past concerns Ogden Mills much less than does the future. In titling his book he labels himself a "liberal" and thus will make readers who have similarly thought of themselves wonder whether they must not move to the left. Although he may be a new convert, Mr. Mills is faithful to one liberal tenet—he is always vague. His "liberalism" makes him a believer in "free government, free enterprise, and free men." The people and not the state must be sovereign. Free enterprise means that "the government lays down the rules and acts as umpire" for the competitive capitalist system, "but does not enter the game or direct the play." Mr. Mills does not quarrel "with the professed aims of the New Dealers." Everyone would "like to do away with injustice . . . and to provide a more abundant life for all." Rarely does Mr. Mills become concrete. He believes that "a wide distribution of property is the greatest safeguard of a free society," but he does not hint at a tax program or any other device to realize his ideal. "Liberalism fights on" but doesn't know where it is going.

A liberal of long standing is probably the way Mr. Richberg thinks of himself. He has been the principal office-holder of the present Administration, and he has written a *pièce justificative* which does little more than prove, unnecessarily, that Mr. Richberg is a pleasant gentleman. Urbanity has its uses. But in this book urbanity becomes namby-pambyness. Mr. Richberg, who has had wider experience than anyone else in this Administration, is so polite and reticent that he tells no story. The colors of his book are as faint as they are in most rainbows. He is most detailed in his discussion of the labor section—7-a—of the Recovery Act, but even here, though Mr. Richberg was its principal draftsman, there is still some doubt as to what the provision was intended to mean. The most clear-cut opinion of the book is that unless the government is prepared to empower its labor boards to go the whole distance, it had better confine their powers to those of mediation and conciliation. Mr. Richberg accepts some of the responsibility for the decision to delay a test of the constitutionality of the statute, but ignores its tragic unwisdom. The "problem of building up the legal division" of the National Recovery Administration is described as "a secondary obligation." That, clearly, was one of the reasons why the National Recovery Administration came the cropper that it did, and the reason was unrelieved by the fact that while Mr. Richberg devoted his energies to non-legal matters, the second in command and some of his associates were able lawyers.

It is probably no longer true that Walter Lippmann is the indispensable matutinal companion of the clubwoman's coffee, but he is still our most widely read journalistic expositor of public questions. In three years he wrote five hundred pieces. Allan Nevins has selected, abbreviated, and topically arranged one hundred and fifty of them. The result is an absence of the tergiversations sometimes commented on by his daily readers and further evidence of Mr. Lippmann's flair for the calm and felicitous explanation of the issues underlying public questions. Not the least interesting aspect of the collection

is the index which it offers of the tremendous range of the Roosevelt experiments. They have come so thick and fast that the trees have obscured the woods. That, it would appear, has been the case for some of those who in the Administration have excogitated and implemented policy. For those outside the Administration the sweep has been so rapid that before critics have had time adequately to consider a matter in relation to what has preceded or is likely to follow it, some new and seemingly more important problem clamors for attention. These "interpretations" will be useful for those who wish to reorientate themselves.

LINDSAY ROGERS

God Wot

NO VILLAIN NEED BE. By Vardis Fisher. Doubleday, Doran and Company and The Caxton Printers, Caldwell, Idaho. \$2.50.

THIS is the end of Mr. Fisher's tetralogy, all four members of which bear titles taken from five lines by George Meredith:

'Tis morning: but no morning can restore
What we have forfeited. I see no sin:
The wrong is mixed. In tragic life, God wot,
No villain need be! Passions spin the plot:
We are betrayed by what is false within.

"In Tragic Life" started the hero, Vridar Hunter, on his highly neurotic career as a boy in primitive Idaho; "Passions Spin the Plot" took him part way through college and through his marriage to Nelo Doole; "We Are Betrayed" carried the painful tale of their relationship to its logical conclusion in her suicide at Chicago; and now "No Villain Need Be" shows Vridar trying to understand himself in Chicago, in Baltimore, in New York, in Europe, and finally in Idaho again. We are left with implications that Vridar has succeeded in understanding himself and that he is therefore equipped to write the one "honest" novel ever written. That novel, presumably, is "In Tragic Life"; for Vridar Hunter is none other than Vardis Fisher, who like Proust has told in a series of volumes how he got ready to write the first one, and who like no one but himself is haunted by the notion that novels are good in proportion as they respond to his personal cries for the truth—the whole truth, and nothing more.

The whole truth, judging by the way Mr. Fisher's tetralogy has run steadily and disastrously downhill, is not enough, and perhaps it is not what we want at all. Mr. Fisher, if he is as much like Mr. Hunter as I take him to be, would snort at this and demand who "we" are; whether, for instance, we aren't the whole caboodle of festering hypocrites who poison earth's air with our pitiful, evasive lies. But it is very simple. We are the people who want the novels we read to be as good as possible, and who have discovered how much truth there is in the almost forgotten definition of a good story-teller as a good liar. He is at any rate, we think, an artist of some kind, and as an artist he must long ago have learned a certain lesson, namely, that the depths he would explore lie neither in himself nor in his story but in the two of them together—each respectful of the other because neither can live alone. Mr. Fisher has obviously thought a great deal about himself, but he has thought too little about himself as an artist. He has been too proud to study the distinction between veracity and verity, between honesty and truth; or, in technical language, between autobiography and fiction.

The autobiographical novel is never good when it signs

itself as such. As soon as we perceive that its reference is to something outside itself, something which, whether confessed or unconfessed, cannot be explained because it is the author's own mind and life, we cease to credit what we read. Someone is speaking who has no right to speak, and he is so far from telling the story's truth as merely to be expressing himself. His private voice, however honest it may be, sounds thin and false after those tones which art manages at its best or even at its second best to utter. Art is the voice of life; which is another way of saying that Mr. Fisher has had less to tell us as he has staggered nearer to the present stage of his existence. Vridar's stout consciousness that the book he is to write will speak the whole truth about Vridar is a warning of the literary weakness to come. The old saying that an author writes best about himself needs to be accompanied by one important qualification: he had better not know that he does, or if he knows, he had better try not to. Somerset Maugham, who in "Of Human Bondage" wrote an autobiographical novel without letting it be felt as such, has suffered in his later books from a too great success at self-suppression. His stories now need him as badly as Mr. Fisher needs a story. Mr. Fisher like Thomas Wolfe has been falling headlong ever since he got away from that portion of his childhood which makes the best because the most imaginative portion of any autobiography. The tragic fact about both authors is that they have only themselves to blame. No villain need be, God wot; but there he stands anyway, and he is dressed in self-pity.

I have neglected to say how beautiful and powerful "In Tragic Life" was and is, and how terrible in its unremitting analysis of a boy's most secret agonies. The next two novels, though they lost something as we realized their narrower nature, still held up because of Nelo's presence in them. Not only was she interesting in herself; by her resistance to Vridar she objectified him and lent him outline. Without her in this fourth book, and with a successor, Athene, who is unable to preserve the outline, he goes quite literally to pieces. Mr. Fisher believes that Vridar finds himself because he arrives at certain conclusions which are in agreement with his own. The fact that these must be stated, however, in letters to friends, in long New York conversations, and in a European travel journal is the clearest sign that the character for whom they might have been true has ceased to exist. He was lost in Mr. Fisher.

MARK VAN DOREN

"Creature of Air and Flame"

VOLTAIRE. By Henry Noel Brailsford. Henry Holt and Company. \$1.25.

THIS latest study of Voltaire, from the pen of Henry Noel Brailsford, is a sketch of the life of the *philosophe* written in Mr. Brailsford's best manner: it has charm of style, critical insight, and, above all, a full understanding of the liberal temper that was Voltaire. Though brief, the book gives a fairly adequate idea of Voltaire as "an event" in human history, and admirably fulfils the purpose of the Home University Library.

Voltaire's numerous works, so widely read in his day, now gather dust in library shelves, always excepting that inimitable satire "Candide." Indeed, it may be truthfully said that Voltaire is often quoted but seldom read. Yet who touches French prose today touches Voltaire. If he created no masterpiece he did succeed in creating a literary style the influence of which has been far greater than many a masterpiece of literature. But Vol-

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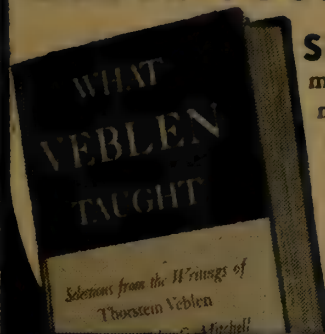
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taire was no mere literary man. To the great problems of his day he brought, not a philosophic system of formulas and doctrines, but an attitude of mind which, he believed, would ultimately solve the problems of mankind. And this attitude may be best described by the word "toleration." However, like Voltaire's "simple" style, his simple solution was the outcome of a sophistication that plumbed the very depth of worldly wisdom, and of a passionate love of mankind that overflowed the boundaries of race, of faith, of opinion, of class, and of sex.

What was "toleration"? Behind that word was an interpretation of society and a philosophy of human nature that was distinctively Voltairean. Despite his frequent cynicism Voltaire was convinced that human nature was essentially good and kind. He declared that nature gave to man "no more weapons than she gave to pigeons and to rabbits"; and that man becomes wicked only "as he becomes sick." His explanation of the glaring contradiction between an evil society and the essential goodness of human nature was that, from the very dawn of history, man has been bewitched by an evil spirit, revealed religion. As a consequence man's natural goodness and common sense were atrophied, and he became a helpless tool of designing men who profited from the evil system. As long as people believed in absurdities, Voltaire maintained, they would always be moved to commit outrages.

Toleration alone would destroy such absurdities. In the religious field it would permit competing sects and faiths. It would permit free-thinkers to make successful raids on the faithful, thereby lessening the numbers and influence of the latter. In the secular field toleration would establish freedom of speech, from which would flow the countless blessings of increase of knowledge and greater enlightenment. Toleration would destroy political tyranny either through parliamentary opposition or through an enlightened monarch. It would promote prosperity by abolishing restrictions on labor and capital imposed by monopolies.

In the war for toleration Voltaire devised a new weapon which he wielded with such terrific effect that his opponents were left mute and helpless. And this new weapon was "satire of sincerity." The troubles of the world are due not only to the wicked but even more to those sincere, honest people who are so fanatical in their beliefs that they are willing to go to any length to carry them out. Hypocrites are not nearly so dangerous as fanatics. The former may be brought over to the "side of the angels" by appeals to self-interest, but fanatics are beyond reason, beyond fear, beyond self-interest, beyond mercy. From time immemorial satirists had used ridicule to expose hypocrisy, implying that if people were only sincere in their professions and honest in their conduct all would be well. This was the method of the two great satirists who preceded Voltaire, Molière and Erasmus. Voltaire's method was to admit fully the sincerity and good faith of his opponents, and then pour ridicule on what they believed. The atrocities related by *Candide* are committed by sincere men acting from secular as well as from religious motives, by Bulgarian patriots and English admirals no less than by Portuguese Inquisitors and Turkish Mohammedans.

The style of Voltaire was marvelously fashioned to suit its chief function of being a weapon of attack against the social order. The reader smiles his way through pages of airy, sparkling narrative and cynical comment, quite unaware that the author has any object other than to amuse him. Then he becomes aware that something is burning inside of him, and before long he is aflame with indignation at the senseless cruelty of man's inhumanity to man. A sentence, a phrase cunningly inserted in a smiling paragraph, or a home thrust given

at the end of a tale insinuates the terrible implication that the real trouble is not that this man is a fool and that one a knave, but that the entire social order is a conspiracy against reason and humanity. The tale in "*Candide*" of a Negro slave in Surinam is a good illustration of Voltaire's method. The slave lacked a left leg and right hand. He explains to *Candide* how he came to be crippled in this manner. "If we should chance to have one of our fingers caught in the machinery of the sugar factory in which we work they cut off our hand; if we attempt to escape, they cut off one of our legs; and I was unlucky enough to be guilty of both of these offenses." And then comes the home thrust. "This is the price at which you eat sugar in Europe."

This "creature of air and flame," as Taine characterized Voltaire, captured the imagination of Europe as no literary man had done before him or has since. However, once the battle for religious toleration and intellectual freedom was won, Voltaire became a tradition instead of a battle cry.

The appearance of Mr. Brailsford's book is no accident. It is one of a number of books which have recently appeared on the *philosophes* of the eighteenth century, indicating a revival of interest in the origins of liberalism. And the reason is not far to seek. Many are listening intently to the maddening beat of the tom-tom of political fanaticism, which in some lands has already drowned out the silvery laughter of the mind.

J. SALWYN SCHAPIRO

Minority Report

IN DUBIOUS BATTLE. By John Steinbeck. Covici-Friede. \$2.50.

THE surface action of John Steinbeck's new book, which has already been acclaimed as a topnotch proletarian novel, moves about a strike in the California apple-picking country. A group of itinerant workers, dispirited and disorganized, are bullied, cajoled, and harangued by two Communist organizers into a sort of solidarity which enables them to fight a bitter battle for better wages and better conditions. The incidents of the strike are, of course, dramatic: murder, kidnapping, and arson scar its progress. Nevertheless, the novel which Mr. Steinbeck has woven about the events in Torgas Valley is, in an odd way, academic, wooden, inert. Mr. Steinbeck's novel is no strike drama but a kind of interior monologue on the part of the author about the technique of strikes in general. This interior monologue is not presented brazenly as such; rather, it is couched in the form of a Socratic dialogue between the two organizers—Mac, the elder, seasoned in party work, and Jim, the green recruit to the Communist Party, who is being initiated into its methods. Other characters join the conversation with occasional observations of their own; of these, London, the itinerant worker, the natural leader of men, and Dr. Burton, the philosophic, disillusioned observer of men, have the most to say. Almost the whole novel is in dialogue form. The dramatic events, the small, separate climaxes of the strike, take place for the most part off stage, and are reported to the conversationalists, as in the Greek drama, by a breathless observer.

It is quite possible that a successful proletarian novel could be written according to this classic scheme; but I submit, in this minority report, that Mr. Steinbeck was not the man to write it. If a revolutionary general with a talent for prose—say Trotsky—had cast his reflections upon the technique of class warfare into the form of a novel, though they would fall more

naturally, as did Caesar's, into the form of a memoir, the results might have been exciting. Caesar—and doubtless Trotsky—had something to say about the curious and wonderful behavior of embattled human beings; Mr. Steinbeck, for all his long and frequently pompous verbal exchanges, offers only a few, rather childish, often reiterated generalizations.

Mr. Steinbeck may be a natural story-teller; but he is certainly no philosopher, sociologist, or strike tactician. Mr. Steinbeck, for instance, is interested in crowds. Men in a crowd, he declares over and over again, behave differently from men by themselves. How a crowd is different, why a crowd is different, he cannot say; he is content to assert at great length that a crowd likes the sight of a little blood, that a crowd is certainly different, and no more. That the legitimately dramatic incidents of the strike should be subordinated to such infantile verbalizations is unfortunate. The reader who is not allowed to see the vigilantes burning a barn or the kidnapping of Doc Burton, and who is not given adequate, intellectual compensation for the loss, has every right to be annoyed. In several unpretentious scenes Mr. Steinbeck shows how well he can report the behavior of men dealing with simple, material things. His picture of two men eating hamburgers, for example, gives a suggestion of what this strike novel might have been like had he confined himself to the facts and restrained himself from ponderous comment upon them. For the most part, however, the author and his characters remind one of those tedious persons who in the theater indefatigably chat through the climaxes of the play, and whose vocal efforts have nothing to recommend them but their loudness. MARY MC CARTHY

Shorter Notices

THE BALCONY. By Adrian Bell. Simon and Schuster. \$2.50.

A certain similarity of purpose has helped to link the name of Proust with this bemused little memoir, but Mr. Bell is not likely to benefit by such a comparison. It is clear that Mr. Bell has derived from Proust something more palpable than delight alone, and that, after a fashion, he too is concerned with the mystery that follows in the path of the dipped madeleine. However, it becomes a little absurd to impose Proustian touchstones upon a chronicle dedicated so obviously to trance and nostalgia rather than an integrated analysis of "things past." "The Balcony" is poeticized autobiography, with perhaps equal parts of poetry and autobiography. The fact that it confines itself to childhood alone may in itself be sufficient to suggest the mood of unhurried retrospect in which it is conceived and the andante temper of the writing as a whole. Mr. Bell leaves little to be desired in the way of stylistic ingratiation; but he hews to the turn of a phrase rather than the line of an idea, and in so doing is as likely as not to substitute rhapsody for experience. It is often difficult to trace the growing human lineaments beneath the façade of rhetoric. Moreover, his similes are at times touched by a preciousness not only enfeebling in itself but false to the child mind as well. When, for example, we find the young child likening the movement of a swan to a "melody through the vibrations of music," we are inclined to suspect Mr. Bell of a confusion of focus here. With less sophistication of ornament, he would have achieved a more credible compromise: his first snowfall, with the countryside "iced like a party-cake," and his grown-ups, "all stiff with clothes," are exactly as they should be, and instantaneously clear. Their rightness derives from the fact that they are literal transcriptions of phenomena—and this is not an unktion to be laid to the book as a whole.

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BLACK MAN'S VERSE. By Frank Marshall Davis. Chicago: The Black Cat Press. \$3.

Kansas born, Mr. Davis brings a Western note to Negro expression in his first volume of verse. With little of the melancholy of his race, little influenced by the mood or style of the spiritual, Mr. Davis accepts the raw vigor of his environment and responds to its casual aspects of beauty in a free-running verse that has something of the hard brightness of Sandberg. Yet a more complicated feeling enters as the book progresses, and the last poem is ironically aware of the many pitfalls awaiting a Negro poet in a white civilization. It tells the history of one Roosevelt Smith, "the only dusky child born and bred in Pine City, Nebraska."

At college they worshiped the novelty of ■ black poet and predicted fame

But Roosevelt listened too conscientiously to the critics as his successive books appeared. Told that he wasn't using his racial material, he took up darky dialect. Told then that he sentimentalized the Negro, he went sophisticated. Told that sophistication was inappropriate to ■ Negro, he tried for classic simplicity. Told again that he was being only a black-faced white, he went to Africa. When the critics could make nothing of the resulting book, "since it followed nothing done by any white poet," Roosevelt

traded conscience and critics for the leather pouch and bunions of a mail carrier and read in the papers until his death how little the American Negro had contributed to his nation's literature . . .

This book suggests a different fate for Mr. Davis.

COSMOPOLITANS. By W. Somerset Maugham. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

There was nothing to prevent Mr. Maugham from publishing these ten-cent tales in the *Cosmopolitan* between 1924 and 1929, but his better judgment might have told him not to bother with them now. Far from adding to a reputation already endangered by the existence of so many trifles, this volume sinks it to a new low. Mr. Maugham begins with a preface in which he defends his right to be merely "entertaining," and snaps rather suspiciously at those of his contemporaries who are so thick-witted as to think before they write. The stories which follow are the perfect answer, for they are not even entertaining. Mr. Maugham should remember that there is nothing so entertaining as the use of the mind, and that there is no such thing as a "mere" story.

THE BEDSIDE BOOK OF FAMOUS AMERICAN STORIES. Edited by Angus Burrell and Bennett A. Cerf. Random House. \$3.

More than half of the stories in this very handsome volume were written in the present century, and all but seven of them since the Civil War. This makes Hemingway equal to Hawthorne and gives the whole picture a brightly modern hue, as is perhaps proper. At any rate it is the editors' business to preserve what proportions they please, and they have been candid about their reasons in a preface which declares for "truth" and "tempo" in the short story. What truth is another generation may decide in its own jesting way; and as for tempo, one can imagine posterity complaining that the narratives of Conrad Aiken and William Saroyan stand absolutely still. At present, however, they do move, as do the contents of the volume as a whole. It is one of the most interesting collections of its kind, and incidentally an admirable introduction to the contemporary American short story.

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"**LOVE ON THE DOLE**" (Shubert Theater) has been extremely popular in its native England, but unless I am a much worse prophet than I think I am it will not find equal favor in American eyes. Upon such matters as these we generally agree with London much better than we used to. Masterpieces are transported without great danger, and "Call It a Day" is a striking example of the popular play which is just as acceptable on one side of the Atlantic as on the other. But just as the English still find a certain variety of American exuberance rather more than they can bear, so we still wonder that they can be as patient as they are with a kind of mild, musty sentiment which seems dull and fatuous to us.

I have not, goodness knows, been oversympathetic to the more obstreperously revolutionary of our native dramas. But though it is a bitter choice to make, fairness compels me to say that I can find more excuse for even the lesser of our Marxian melodramas than for the tepid brew being served at the Shubert. The title is topical. Obviously the intention is to suggest a sociological study of some kind, and it is true that there are various references to the dole as well as to other aspects of life as it is led close to the edge of starvation. But the whole mood of the piece is hardly more than the mood of conventional sentiment. The principal characters are romantically prettified and the subsidiary ones treated as quaint after the manner of the nineteenth-century local-colorists. Even the machinery of the play does not turn about its true center, and the catastrophe, instead of being brought about by any factor in the situation supposedly under discussion, is precipitated by one of the stalest of melodramatic devices: our hero loses his job because the girl whom he loves has spurned the dishonorable advances of a fat man with influence. Wendy Hiller, the girl in question, is extremely pretty and extremely engaging. I suspect that she is also a very capable actress, but she fits the kind of play the authors have written rather better than the situation with which they are supposed to deal. Despite a very satisfactory accent, she suggests a young girl in fancy dress rather more than she suggests the slums of Manchester. Even the fetching disarray of her hair is such as only a skilful coiffeur could achieve.

"**Mainly for Lovers**" (Forty-eighth Street Theater) is no less conventional in its own far more frivolous way, but at least there is nothing offensive about an artificial comedy which is rather more than usually artificial and familiar. Besides, the second act at least is made genuinely funny by the delightful performance of Dorothy Gish as a wife who generally bites her husband during a thunder storm. Miss Gish has a certain delightful style of outrageous humor all her own. She can descend from decorous comedy into a special sort of slapstick with amazingly graceful abandon, and it is a great pity that she has never really had a play exactly suited to her talents.

As to the present one, it is concerned with a divorced wife who is anxious to prevent her sister from entering upon a trial marriage with a gentleman of not too robust an intelligence. Since she is convinced that the said sister is merely frightened by the spectacle of her own disastrous marriage, she forces the ex-husband to pretend that all has been made up between them. Naturally the husband falls in love—but stop me if you have heard this one before.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH



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RECORDS

THE recent release by Columbia of Beethoven's Emperor concerto played by Walter Gieseking and the Vienna Philharmonic under Bruno Walter (five records—\$7.50) affords pianists an opportunity for comparative study. Arthur Schnabel and the London Symphony under Malcom Sargent (five records—\$10) and, less recently, Wilhelm Bachaus and the Royal Albert Hall Orchestra (four records—\$8) have recorded the same concerto for Victor. A choice between the Gieseking and Schnabel recordings must be largely a matter of personal taste. The former takes one less side than the Schnabel, a fact partly accounted for by Schnabel's slower tempi in the adagio and in part of the first movement. The melodic line, as a result, tends to come out more clearly with Gieseking, for the percussive quality of the piano is usually more obvious on records than it is in the concert hall. Furthermore, the orchestra under Bruno Walter, especially the string section, plays with greater precision of attack. On the side of the Victor publication it must be noted on the other hand that Schnabel phrases with more deliberate clarity—notice, for example, the opening arpeggio passages—and that both piano and orchestra are reproduced with greater faithfulness.

Together with Beethoven's Emperor concerto, Columbia lists Haydn's Emperor quartet played by the popular Lener String Quartet (four records—\$6.50). The Leners' freshness and vigor of attack are well represented in this performance, especially in the first and last movements. The hackneyed variations of the old Austrian national anthem that constitute the second movement are set forth with a beautiful balance not always present in the playing of this movement by the Elman String Quartet, released by Victor some years ago (one record—\$2). Do not overlook the last side, which is the Andante from Haydn's Opus 76, No. 2, the "Fifths" quartet. It is both the best-played and the best-recorded part of the set.

For brilliant string-quartet playing and recording, listen to Victor's recent release of Villa-Lobos's Brazilian quartet No. 5 played by the Carioca String Quartet (two records—\$3). It is particularly recommended if you are one of those to whom the modern idiom is incomprehensible or if you have friends to educate. In it you will find such characteristic devices of the idiom as bitonality, two meters used simultaneously, abrupt rhythmical changes, dissonances, jazzy syncopations, and blatant parallel fifths. Yet it is all easy to understand, especially as the movements end on comfortable tonics, and there are even such familiar sentimentalities as tunes played in tenths. Señor Villa-Lobos, himself an experienced quartet player, knows the potentialities of strings and makes liberal use of eccentric effects—natural and artificial harmonics, pizzicato, spiccato, glissando, sul punto. The result is vastly entertaining—a performance that requires the services of four virtuosi, music that explores the borders of modern compositional and technical developments, and withal music familiar enough for you to feel at home in it.

And while we are on chamber music, let me recommend to your attention Columbia's release of Montclair's music from "Les Plaisirs Champêtres" played by the Société Henri Casadesus des Instruments Anciens (two records—\$3). Two records of this archaic sweetness and grace are probably all you will want to hear; but some day these fine artists may let us have the music of Jean-Baptiste Locilliet, a later composer who wrote not only with charm but also with deep musical feeling.

HENRY SIMON

Joseph Wood Krutch says:

BOY MEETS GIRL. *Cort Theater.* Rough and ready satire on Hollywood, but probably the funniest thing of its kind since "Once in a Lifetime."

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END OF SUMMER. *Guild Theater.* The wittiest of American playwrights sets a group of interesting people to talking about the world as we find it. Ina Claire and Osgood Perkins help make a very happy evening.

ETHAN FROME. *National Theater.* The apparently impossible task of dramatization of Edith Wharton's novel achieved with conspicuous success. Outstanding performances by Pauline Lord, Ruth Gordon, and Raymond Massey.

LIBEL. *Henry Miller Theater.* Exciting English courtroom play. Surprisingly probable for this sort of thing and superbly acted.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE. *Plymouth Theater.* Amazingly successful adaptation, brilliantly staged and acted. A thoroughly delightful evening in the theater.

VICTORIA REGINA. *Broadhurst Theater.* Delightful series of scenes from Laurence Housman's drama stunningly acted by Helen Hayes and others. Fairer to the matron queen than Strachey but funny nevertheless and charming besides.

Mark Van Doren says:

AH, WILDERNESS. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Eugene O'Neill's touching and searching comedy of high-school days translated into a film which charms by its own right. Full of recognitions for the middle-aged.

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MODERN TIMES. *Charles Chaplin.* Charlie Chaplin returns to the screen disguised as his old self and fulfils every expectation. Should be seen by everyone—and heard, for he has sound effects.

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* A long and noisy film, elaborated tirelessly from the famous books by Nordhoff and Hall; but distinguished by the great acting of Charles Laughton as Captain Bligh.

THE GHOST GOES WEST. *Alexander Korda.* René Clair's first film in English, with scenes in Scotland and the United States. Clever, satirical, and fanciful, but without the master touch.

WAY DOWN EAST. *Fox.* D. W. Griffith told the story better and more simply, but it remains a good story for movie purposes, and pictorially this version is very fine.

THE *Nation*

ANNOUNCES FOR EARLY
PUBLICATION . . .

The Supreme Court

In a forthcoming article Charles A. Beard who has been in the thick of the constitutional fight since 1912 admits he is "a hard-boiled old sinner" on constitutional matters and differs from most of the attitudes on the court expressed thus far. He views the court and the problem of constitutional amendment from the long perspective of history and makes a plea "for all parties to the dispute to wait a while." On the other hand Max Lerner, in the last article of his series on The Riddle of the Supreme Court, reviews the various proposals that have been advanced for dealing with the court and concludes that the drastic curbing of the judicial power is the most important issue before the country.

Can LaGuardia Be Re-Elected?

Politically, New York votes Democratic. To say that free-lance Mayor LaGuardia can be re-elected in 1937 means that he will poll enough Democratic votes to defeat the Democratic candidate. But none of New York's four previous reform Mayors has defeated Tammany the second time. *Can LaGuardia?* George Britt believes he can and tells why in an informative article which involves Tammany, Farley, the Governorship of New York and the Presidential election.

Murder and Karl Marx

The mystery story has traveled a long way since the early 1920's when a wealthy English gentleman was found dead in his study, all the doors and windows locked, and the fatal weapon missing! Mary MacCarthy, who collaborated with Margaret Marshall in the controversial series on Our Literary Critics, traces trends to the currently popular class-conscious mystery story and discusses implications.

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Letters to the Editors

A CASE FOR TEARS

Dear Sirs: What of Germany today? True to her ancient disposition she squabbles, squabbles, squabbles. With a million enemies thundering at the gates she must perforce exercise her time-honored prerogative—and squabble! The dregs of forty-six parties suppressed by Hitler are splitting hairs in 10,000 beer cellars. Horn in on three Germans talking, gesticulating wildly, and you may hear four arguments. Of course, we have the underground movement which *The Nation* dotes on with the sublime regard of a baboon for its offspring. In Germany there is always an underground movement. Let the Messiah and all his angels reign in Potsdam and there would still be an underground movement; millions of rats scuttling in their holes. Should the Nazis go under and the rats come out of their holes and take charge, do you think for a moment that the essential grievances of Germany—lack of colonies, of money and markets, of resources, of ground, of a thousand things—would be liquidated by the whimsical fiat of Marxism?

Then, too, we have the ironic spectacle of Catholics uniting with Communists in a solid front against the civilizing efforts of Hitler. The Catholics, by the way, esteem the most ghastly rot as eternal truth. They are against birth control; their ideal is a dozen bawling brats around every garbage can in Christendom. They are against sterilization of the unfit—a bumper crop of idiots they interpret as the will of God. Whatever is right in the name of common sense and common decency, you may rest assured the Catholics will be against it; and they are a clarion voice in the Fatherland.

For many years the Fatherland, thanks to Jews and Marxists, was in a terrible state—every Czech, Polack, frog, kike, intellectual, wop, Communist, Socialist, Mason, Catholic, and what not spewed his guts out and wiped his feet on the bound and recumbent Gulliver. Hitler soon put a stop to that. He has made Germany the most powerful nation on earth. There's no nation that can defeat her single-handed. And, having power, she is respected and no longer a punching-bag as under the Marxists. Why be intellectual, why be cultural, why be liberal, democratic, fair, when it brings

65,000,000 people nothing but grief, nothing but vassalage to fifth-rate powers, weakness, corruption, and a rot that spreads like wildfire? To us officers of the Reichswehr it is a heartrending spectacle that England, whom we can whip before breakfast, should own and control three-fifths of the globe while we, who have ten times the power, can't even call land we have lived on for thousands of years our own.

There has been a measure of brutality in Germany but not nearly enough to meet the demands of the situation. If anything Adolf has been far, far too lenient. Göring is more my man. I would equip each one of the S. A. with a bungstarter and turn them loose upon the kraut-heads, with instructions to use bungstarters with unprecedented gusto upon their imbecile pates—especially the Catholics. In that way it is barely feasible a soupçon of sense might be drubbed into them. If Adolf sometimes weeps, as they say, it is not to be wondered at, for surely 'tis a case for tears.

SIEGFRIED HETZLER,
German Reichswehr

Milwaukee, Wis., February 25

STRAW VOTES IN A FREE STATE

Dear Sirs: Students of the University of California at Los Angeles held a poll recently to decide whether they favored compulsory military training. On the day scheduled for the vote, February 19, the Los Angeles *Times* carried an editorial on the subject of "Wasting Students' Time." Said the *Times*:

A singularly useless straw vote on the question of "compulsory military training" in American universities is scheduled to be held today among the students of the University of California at Los Angeles. . . . In no case is it within the province of beneficiaries of free state education to attempt to dictate what shall be included in the curriculum. If the malcontents don't like it they are at complete liberty to go somewhere else. The university would no doubt be glad to be rid of them.

In spite of the fulmination of the *Times* the university students voted decisively against compulsory military training, 2,131 to 951.

It would seem unnecessary to add that the result of the poll was not published in the *Times*.

LOUISE DAVIES

Ventura, Cal., February 25

CONTRIBUTORS

MAURY MAVERICK, fighting Congressman from Texas, lawyer, and business man, is one of the few exponents of liberal opinion in the House. A veteran of the World War, his first-hand knowledge of international conflict undoubtedly added vigor to the courageous battle he made for a strict neutrality program.

LOUIS FISCHER, *The Nation's* Moscow correspondent, has just completed a trip around Europe. His series of articles, *Arms Over Europe*, of which this is the seventh, has presented the political scene with emphasis on Italy and Germany.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG'S article on Governor Talmadge of Georgia began in last week's *Nation*. Having characterized the South's Barzelius Windrip, he will start work on his study of John L. Lewis.

JAMES T. FARRELL'S most famous work is the "Studs Lonigan" trilogy. His two articles discussing proletarian criticism are part of a book on criticism which is shortly to appear.

FRANK ROBERTSON is the pseudonym of an Akron newspaperman.

LINDSAY ROGERS, lawyer, labor expert, author, editor, has been Burgess Professor of Public Law at Columbia University since 1929.

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MARY McCARTHY was coauthor with Margaret Marshall of the highly controversial series in *The Nation* last fall which criticized the critics.

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CONTENTS

THE SHAPE OF THINGS

333

EDITORIALS:

A NEW WATCH ON THE RHINE	335
WHO ARE THE TYRANTS?	336
A SOUND TAX	337
"ALT HEIDELBERG"	338
AN OPEN LETTER TO F. C. BELLINGER	338
WASHINGTON WEEKLY by Paul W. Ward	339
WILL FARLEY REELECT LAGUARDIA? by George Britt	341
POLAND: BETWEEN POVERTY AND WAR by Louis Fischer	343
FEDERAL RELIEF—SOLD DOWN THE RIVER by Edith Abbott	346
THE DECLINE OF FRENCH FASCISM by M. E. Ravage	347
THE CONSUMER FRONT by Ruth Brindze	349
ISSUES AND MEN by Oswald Garrison Villard	350
BROUN'S PAGE	351
BOOKS AND THE ARTS	
THE POLITICAL SUBJECT by Joseph Wood Krutch	352
APPRAISING THE DICTATORS by Peter H. Odegard	353
RACES, NATIONS, AND FATHERS-IN-LAW by E. C. MacDowell	354
BRILLIANT TAXIDERMY by Katharine Simonds	354
THE USES OF PLAUSIBILITY by Ben Belitt	355
MORE BOOKS FOR GUINEA PIGS by Ruth Brindze	356
THE MIDDLE WAY by Norman Thomas	358
DRAMA: MR. COHAN PRESENTS by Joseph Wood Krutch	359
FILMS: THE HIGHER JINGOISM By Mark Van Doren	360
DRAWINGS: by George Schreiber, Peggy Bacon and Godal	

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The Shape of Things

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THE ATTITUDE OF THE AVERAGE TENANT in New York has been an important factor in making the building-service strike one of the most orderly lessons in class consciousness New York has ever seen. There were other elements even more important. There was first of all a strong union with efficient leadership making reasonable demands for overburdened, underpaid workers; there was a city administration which declared an emergency under the health regulations but kept clear of any strike-breaking moves in the name of law and order; there was finally the Realty Advisory Board, which assumed the black role of villain. The board refused to arbitrate, called in the notorious Bergoff band at nine or ten dollars a day, and in general put on such a demonstration of high-handedness that many of its owner members deserted and capitulated to the enemy. Meanwhile with a few exceptions the tenants, who as the "outraged public" might have broken the strike forthwith, remained passive or took up the defense of "the boys" who make life easier in a thousand ways for \$70 or \$80 a month. In the agreements signed so far the union has in some cases won the closed shop; in general it has obtained the raise demanded, the preferential shop, a board of arbitration to adjust differences, and a promise of non-discrimination. The owners have given the public a fine example of refusal to arbitrate; they have also provided a nice exhibit of strike-breakers, complete with mugs, police records, and lengths of iron pipe. There is even the story of one landlord who hastily accepted the closed shop when he saw the gentlemen sent to "protect" his property. "My God," he said, "I'm afraid of 'em myself."

*

EARL BROWDER AND JOSEPH STALIN EACH discussed communism last week. Stalin talked to Roy Howard about Russian preparedness for a Japanese or German attack, about the capitalist roots of war, and about the much-discussed non-propaganda provisions of the Litvinov agreement with Roosevelt. Unfortunately, on the absorbing topic of Russian democracy whole passages quoted in the stenographic report were omitted from Mr. Howard's account. While some of it savored of official Communist apologetics, the interview as a whole was vigorous and forthright, and would bear comparison with the recent radio address of the new English king. Mr. Browder's speech was undoubtedly a disappointment to those who expect a Communist leader to have a hundred

heads like Cerberus, each of them spitting fire. Eugene Paley, of the Columbia Broadcasting Company, must be commended for his courage in withstanding the hysterical protests of red-baiters who shuddered at the thought that through a national hook-up Browder's speech would reach millions. The incident was not without its humor. Outside the broadcasting office pickets from the Americanization League marched with sartorial splendor, wearing spats and silk mufflers to show how the well-dressed picket should be turned out, and carrying banners that read starkly, "Smash Communism." But inside, in a voice as soft-spoken and "fireside" as Roosevelt's, Browder was saying that "every great crisis in American history has required a new party to solve it," and calling for the formation of a Farmer-Labor Party with an immediate program of gradualism—trade unionism, social security, Negro rights, a Supreme Court curb. Ultimately of course the impetus toward a Farmer-Labor Party must come from the farmers and workers rather than from any existing party. Meanwhile support must be welcomed from any group that is genuinely willing to explore the possibilities of economic change through electoral processes.

*

THE PRESIDENT OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY was a member of a delegation which appeared before the legislative committee on education on March 5 and urged the repeal of the Massachusetts teachers' oath law. Dr. Conant was accompanied by Presidents Neilson of Smith College, Cousens of Tufts, and Marsh of Boston University, and they brought representations from the heads of Radcliffe, Wheaton, Amherst, Williams, and Mount Holyoke. The temper of the legislative committee, especially that of Representative Frederick T. McDermott of Medford, was uniformly hostile. Dr. Conant was commanded to answer yes or no to the question, "Are there any Communists at Harvard?" Mr. Neilson, amid laughter and cheers from the audience, among whom there were many college students, was forced to deny that he was connected with the University of Moscow. A "Patriots' Handbook of Who's Who Among American Radicals" was frequently consulted by Representative McDermott in an attempt to fix the "Communist" status of the protesting educators. Most significant, however, was the frank admission by J. Raymond Walsh, professor of economics at Harvard, and John D. Connors of New Bedford that the teacher's oath had already forced teachers to pull their punches in presenting to their students material dealing with labor unions and politics. The college presidents were joined by representatives of the Teachers' Union, the A. F. of L., the State Federation of Labor, and various parents' and teachers' organizations.

*

THE QUALITY OF MERCY, AND THAT OF justice as well, was decidedly strained last week in the decision of the highest New York court—the Court of Appeals—declaring the minimum-wage law for women unconstitutional. We have grown hardened to catastrophic decisions, but this was flagrant and mechanical. It hap-

pened to involve the laundry industry, which is notoriously ill-paid, long-houred, exploited. The workers are principally Negro women. Their work is unskilled; cut-throat competition abounds in the industry; the firms are small and many; union organization is weak. It was no utopian whim but sheer pressing social necessity that led to the enactment of the minimum-wage law three years ago in the depth of the depression. The framers of the statute remembered that the Supreme Court had declared a minimum-wage law valid in 1917, in *Muller vs. Oregon*, but held against another in 1923 in *Adkins vs. Children's Hospital*. They remembered also that the latter case had left a loophole. They drew their statute accordingly, prefacing it by an elaborate finding of fact as to the nature of women's employment in industry and providing that wage boards be set up in each industry to study its peculiar conditions. Six states followed suit with similar statutes. Now the Court of Appeals in a four-to-three decision, speaking through Chief Judge Frederick Crane, bases itself flatly on the *Adkins* case, fails to see any substantial difference between the two statutes, and undoes the entire work of the legislature. Speaking for the minority, Judge Lehman makes out an impressive case for the statute. The "liberty of contract" that Judge Crane seeks to protect is of course the liberty to exploit and be exploited. It is the liberty of the workers to return to sweatshop conditions and starvation wages—to ten dollars a week instead of the thirteen dollars which had been achieved for them.

*

RAILWAY LABOR, WHICH HAS SEEN ITS RANKS diminished by more than a million since 1920, faces further displacement as a result of the mergers of railroad facilities, particularly terminals, ordered by the coordinator of transportation. The order has been temporarily deferred. Meanwhile representatives of railway management and the heads of twenty-one unions are trying to reach an agreement on the protection of workers who may be eliminated by such mergers. Section 7 of the Emergency Transportation Act bars railroad economies which would result in less employment than existed in 1933, but that act expires on June 16. On March 4 there was introduced in Congress the Wheeler-Crosser bill, which stipulates that the carrier must provide for those displaced "comparable employment under no less favorable conditions" or adequate compensation. On March 8 President Roosevelt addressed to both sides a letter in which he strongly urged settlement by negotiation rather than by legislation, implying his disapproval of the pending bill. The history of labor and industry demonstrates the folly of seeking to combat the forces that operate in a declining industry. The railways differ from the ordinary industry, however, in that they are under public control. This places a special responsibility on the government to see that any workers who are eliminated in the interest of efficiency receive adequate compensation. We are glad to note that Joseph B. Eastman, the coordinator, seems prepared to use his influence toward this end. The President assuredly should back him up.

THE FIRST REACTION IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES to the choice of Koki Hirota as the new Premier of Japan has been one of relief. Although closely associated with the reactionary Black Dragon Society, Hirota at least appreciates the need for conciliating world opinion. He has not occupied a position of leadership in the fascist movement as has General Araki or Baron Hiranuma, both of whom were mentioned as possible candidates for the Premiership. Yet if there was any doubt that Japan would adopt a more aggressive foreign policy as a result of the Tokyo revolt, that doubt has been laid at rest by recent developments in China. Hachiro Arita, the new Japanese Ambassador, has informed Nanking that the sending of government troops into Shansi to combat the growing red "menace" will be permitted only in accordance with the third of Hirota's "three points." Since this point calls for Sino-Japanese "cooperation" against the Communists, the statement implies that Japan is planning to send its own troops into the interior on the pretext of combating bolshevism. On this occasion the pretext is a fairly convincing one. The appearance of a considerable red force in the North along the borders of Inner Mongolia has given Japan real cause for concern. From their new base the Chinese soviet troops could easily cut the Japanese lines of communication at Kalgan, the gateway to Outer Mongolia, and could probably establish communications with the sovietized Mongolian People's Republic. But the pressure that is being brought on Nanking and the report of a Japanese-fomented separatist movement in Fukien indicate that Japan is moving forward irrespective of the Red Army. Militarism appears to be more firmly than ever in the saddle at Tokyo.

*

THE FIG LEAF HAS NOW COME TO THE university campus. From an exhibition of American painting at the University of Wyoming, five nude studies—the work of Emil Ganso, Bernard Karfiol, Kuniyishi, David Morrison, and Jules Pascin—were removed by order of the president, Dr. Arthur Griswold Crane. The art studios where the exhibit was held are used by training-school classes of grade and high-school pupils, and Dr. Crane at first justified his action on the ground that he had received "numerous complaints" from parents who did not wish their children to see the paintings. Temporarily the pictures were placed in a room open to adult students only, but later they were removed from view altogether, Dr. Crane then explaining that his objection to them "was not because they were nude but because they were ugly and out of taste for an educational exhibit." In so doing the president based his decision on a question of taste, although he has confessed, even boasted, that he is out of his depth in matters pertaining to the fine arts. One might commend him for his honesty were it not that his position in the present instance has permitted him to translate his own aesthetic prejudices into a moral mandate and impose it upon 1,200 students and a community of 10,000. This is significant not as an isolated phenomenon but as it reflects the acts of dozens of other President Cranes in the seats of power in American higher education.

A New Watch on the Rhine

BY moving troops into the Rhineland in violation of the Locarno pact, Hitler has precipitated a crisis far graver in its implications than that which followed his rearmament announcement of a year ago. Rearmament had been under way for several years, and its announcement merely brought into the open a fact which had overshadowed European diplomacy ever since the Nazis' seizure of power. But the present step, timed to forestall any possibility of further sanctions against Italy, appears to be a deliberate attempt to destroy the foundations of international organization. The reasons for it are clearly set forth in Hitler's dramatic Reichstag address. There is the old question of German prestige, the passion for equality which has characterized every official utterance since the war. But even more marked is the implacable hatred of Soviet communism. Rightly or wrongly, Hitler has taken the position that Europe is not large enough for both bolshevism and fascism, and in the supreme task of uprooting communism he has come to look upon the Franco-Soviet pact, the League, and Germany's international obligations merely as so many obstacles to success.

The crisis is gravely complicated by the fact that Mussolini and Hitler are now in a position where they can play the powers against one another. While it may seem somewhat cynical to assume that both Germany's offer of a twenty-five-year non-aggression pact with France and Italy's acceptance of the League's peace proposals are wholly insincere, the fact remains that both men have consistently scorned all principle in international relationships. Il Duce very obviously hopes that the preoccupation of the powers with the new Nazi peril will lead them to forget their solemn obligation to see that Italy does not profit from its aggression in Ethiopia. And there is a strong possibility that his hopes will be realized. As the country primarily affected by the militarization of the Rhineland, France has indicated a willingness to make substantial concessions to obtain a guaranty of Italian support. Great Britain, on the other hand, appears to favor giving way to Germany in order to assure a firm stand against Italy in case the latter's promise to discuss peace terms comes to nothing. The danger is that both France and Britain may be forced into concessions which will be tantamount to scrapping the principles of collective organization in favor of a new system of alliances.

From the standpoint of collective security, firmness toward Mussolini would seem the surest way of preventing Hitler from launching his widely heralded drive toward the Soviet Ukraine. Informed observers agree that German rearmament has not yet reached the point where there is immediate threat of Nazi aggression. In the meantime France is amply protected by existing treaties. Final ratification of the Franco-Soviet pact of mutual assistance by the French Senate is a matter of days. The Little Entente has already indicated that it will cast its lot with France, and preliminary reports suggest that even Poland can be

counted on to support the League. While Mussolini might carry through his threat to abandon the Stresa front, this loss would be more than offset by the increased certainty of support from a rearmed Britain. Even the United States would probably throw its influence behind a League that took its obligations seriously.

Despite the logic of this position, the chances are against its adoption. In a situation as complex as the present one, statesmen are prone to fall back on traditional methods, even though these measures are bound to lead to war. But this does not mean that we should give way to despair. No one anticipated that the League would meet the challenge of the Italian-Ethiopian conflict as effectively as it did. Its action was due not so much to the League statesmen as to an overwhelming popular sentiment against war. Perhaps it is too much to expect another such spontaneous expression of public opinion as that which rose against the Hoare-Laval peace pact. But something approaching that demonstration is vitally necessary if the principles of collective security are to be preserved in the face of the latest desperate maneuvers of the fascist war-makers.

Who Are the Tyrants?

CHARGES of tyranny are being hurled thick as brickbats at the Roosevelt Administration. Whether they have broken any campaign bones remains to be seen. But they seem thus far to have included in their sweep every form of despotism, intimidation, and vindictiveness known to the mind of man. At present writing the latest incident is the turmoil over Senator Black's methods of tracking down lobby activities by seizing the records of telegrams and long-distance phone calls sent by various firms and organizations. In a diapason formed by the combined voices of Representative Wadsworth, Senator Steiwer, Silas Strawn, Jouett Shouse, Mark Sullivan, Walter Lippmann, Arthur Krock, the Hearst papers, and sundry corporation lawyers and utility executives, we are told that the Senator is a "Peeping Tom of public life," a bounder, an inquisitor into the private affairs of peaceful and liberty-loving citizens, an engine of the Star Chamber, a Torquemada.

These are grim charges. But they are only part of a long succession. Before the Black incident there was the incident of General Hagood. Earlier there was the lively dispute about the so-called Democratic tyranny over the radio waves. Still earlier there was the pother over the Morgan investigation. What charge will follow the Black incident must be left on the lap of the gods, but in our mortal way we may be certain that it will have to be pretty "hot" in order to avoid an anti-climax. It is undoubtedly the hope of Republican campaign strategists that these charges of tyranny will find lodgment in the minds of the voters as part of a pattern the other elements of which are the charges of communism, of designs against the Constitution, of a corrupt use of relief funds, and finally of reckless expenditures and bureaucratic waste.

Since Woodrow Wilson's "new freedom," publicity has been the principal instrument relied upon for the control of corporate activities. We do not ourselves subscribe to Mr. Wilson's faith in the unaided force of publicity—a faith that seems to be shared by Senator Black, the Federal Trade Commission, and the Securities Exchange Commission. In the bewildering barrage of events today the public's memory is a short one, and publicity is useful mainly in so far as it leads to more drastic regulatory measures. But even publicity seems to our industrialists a veritable nightmare of control. For example, the proposal to extend the publicity powers of the Federal Trade Commission has evoked from Elisha Hanson the charge that we are witnessing the formation of an American OGPU.

Behind the opposing campaign strategies of the two parties there are certain issues of constitutional freedom that cannot be neglected. The Fourth Amendment guarantees the American people freedom from unreasonable searches and seizures on the part of the federal government. There is undoubtedly a point at which the powers of inquiry become arbitrary. Walter Lippmann is greatly agitated as to what will happen if we surrender to Senatorial investigating committees the right to subpoena telegrams and business records in a general way, and to rake witnesses over the coals in committee hearings. Adopting the long historical perspective for which he has become so notable, he sees a Star Chamber in every committee room. He identifies the cause of the men who by their own admission forged thousands of signatures on telegrams protesting against the Wheeler-Rayburn holding-company bill with the battles that have been fought in the past and will be fought in the future for freedom of speech and press. He points out that it is not only holding-company lobbyists but also liberals and trade unionists who must fear the tyranny of the legislative inquisition.

In his solicitude to lump together all kinds of freedoms and tyrannies Mr. Lippmann fails to see that the real connecting or dividing principle is their economic base. The anti-radical campaigns of 1919 and 1935-36 have not been accidents of history. The authors of the red-baiting investigations—Lusk and Fish, Kramer and McCormack, Ives and Dorgan—are merely the spearhead of a movement for which the real momentum is furnished by the men in corporations who stand to gain by a return to power. It is the Liberty Leagues and the Sentinels of America, the Chambers of Commerce and the Manufacturers' Associations—the very groups now being investigated—which furnish the economic base for the anti-radical campaigns. Without them those campaigns would have little sinister in them, and would be merely the fantastic exercises of the imagination of cranks and fools. What Senator Black is doing, therefore, constitutes not an arbitrary violation of liberty but one of the indispensable paths to liberty. There are still a few men in Congress who are taking seriously the task of economic control, who know that the only thing that will have effectiveness as against the massed force of wealth is the massed power of the federal government.

Who are the tyrants? They are not these few Congressmen, supported sporadically by the Administration. They are rather the industrialists who talk about privacy and

freedom from tyranny but who utter their Olympian words from seats of power to which they have risen by oppression and monopoly. We wish we could understand the mentality of people like Mr. Lippmann and Mr. Krock. Do they really think men like Mr. Strawn and Mr. Raskob are champions of the dear and cherished liberties of our Western heritage? Do they prefer to listen to the words rather than to observe the behavior of the bankers and lawyers and munitions makers they are defending? Men who have for decades controlled the political as well as the economic fortunes of our country; men who are accustomed to the vocabulary of command; men who breathe the atmosphere of dominance and expect thousands in mines and factories and laboratories to jump to their bidding—these men are of course likely to sniff despotism on every breeze of government control. They ought to know about despotism, having had experience with their own.

But it is the function of the commentator not to be taken in. He ought not to confuse the struggles for freedom of speech with the attempts of big business to avoid regulation. He ought not to be so confused by historical analogy as to believe that like the Englishman's home every Western Union office is a Liberty League castle.

A Sound Tax

BOTH from a political and an economic standpoint, the President's proposed tax on undivided corporation profits represents masterly strategy. By advocating a substantial increase in taxation at this time Mr. Roosevelt has shrewdly cut the ground from under his opponents. He can go into the election with the prospect of a budget more clearly in balance than that of the Hoover Administration during its last two years in office and at the same time enjoy the political prestige that comes from having spent billions on unemployment and farm relief. Moreover, he has saved Congress from the painful necessity of imposing an income or sales impost on the eve of a national election. No tax could be devised which would be less likely to alienate the voters. Even the shareholders, if the stock market may be taken as a criterion, are so cheered by the prospect of increased disbursements that they are willing to overlook the fact that dividends are to be subject to the normal income tax.

That such a happy political choice should also be extraordinarily well adapted to correct one of the gravest defects in our economic structure is perhaps accidental but none the less fortunate. Recent studies have shown that one of the primary causes of the depression is to be found in the tendency toward oversaving on the part of wealthy individuals and corporations. In the case of individuals this tendency can be combated by progressive income, inheritance, and gift levies. The attempt to apply the principle of graduated taxation to corporations, however, has led to the preposterous plan of taxing them in accordance with size, which bears no relation either to a corporation's capacity to pay or to the soundness of its financial policies. The exemption of dividends from the normal tax on in-

dividual incomes has been an inducement to directors to retain as large a share of corporation earnings as possible in surplus accounts. During 1928 and 1929 these surpluses were deposited with the commercial banks, where they were used to swell brokers' loans, or were invested directly in the money market, where they served to intensify the speculative frenzy of the period. In recent years they have stagnated as excess bank reserves and thus constituted a serious threat to economic stability.

The proposed tax would not deprive corporations of ordinary working capital. Reserves would be allowed, as at present, for depreciation, obsolescence, and bad debt. Beyond that the corporations would be permitted and expected to accumulate as large surpluses as they required, but the tax should counterbalance the pressure from large shareholders to prevent the distribution of earnings because of a desire to hold down their personal taxes. Yet despite its adequate protection for legitimate business, the Administration's plan has been attacked by conservative banking interests on the ground that the maintenance of dividend payments out of corporation surpluses tends to cushion the shock of a depression. They point out, for example, that the existence of a large surplus enabled the American Telephone and Telegraph Company to maintain full dividend payments of \$9 a share throughout the depression, and argue that the cessation of such payments would have aggravated the crisis. From the standpoint of the individual corporation there would seem to be some justification for this contention. Obviously corporations which possessed a large undivided surplus in 1929 came through the depression with less difficulty than those which did not. But to assert that the country as a whole is better off because of the cautious policies of a few large concerns is to ignore the fact that the purchasing power withheld through excessive corporation reserves was one of the prime causes of the depression. It can scarcely be argued that a few stockholders are more important for maintaining consumer purchasing power than the recipients of government relief.

Back of the bankers' argument lies the old fallacy that a nation can lay aside money in good times for use in time of depression. Actually, of course, this is impossible. It is possible to store up such commodities as cotton, wheat, steel, and petroleum, but the attempt to hoard money, if generally practiced, can only result in disaster. Sound economic policy dictates a full distribution and use of current production as the only means of maintaining economic stability. In so far as the Administration's tax proposal will aid in that purpose, it has elements of real value.

This is not to suggest that we approve of the whole of the President's tax program. The reimposition of the processing taxes, even at a lower rate, imposes a burden on the masses which violates the first principle of sound taxation policy. Fortunately, however, these levies are to be temporary, while the tax on undivided profits is to be incorporated as a permanent portion of the tax structure. Although it does not eliminate the need for a drastic increase in the inheritance and income levies, it ranks as one of the few "reform" measures of the New Deal which bear the earmarks of forethought and careful preparation.

"Alt Heidelberg"

IN what should be the serenity and confidence of advanced age, the University of Heidelberg is the center of a furious academic controversy. Invitations have been issued by the Rector to a celebration of Heidelberg's 550th birthday on June 30 next. In a wave of apparently spontaneous protest against Nazi stifling of academic freedom, British universities began politely but firmly to decline, among them being Oxford and Cambridge, which can if they like boast of approximately 775 and 725 birthdays respectively. In retaliation Heidelberg merely made the belated and ineffectual gesture of withdrawing all British invitations.

So far American universities have shown no disposition to imitate the example of their British cousins. Cornell, Columbia, Vassar, and Harvard have already accepted. The latter based its acceptance on the following grounds: "The president and fellows . . . recognize the ancient ties by which the universities of the world are united and which are independent of the political conditions existing in any country at any particular time." History has shown and is showing today that there is no such independence as this promises. During the Reformation Heidelberg itself was a stronghold of Protestant learning; the Thirty Years' War inflicted damages on it from which it did not recover for 150 years. In our own time we have seen the Italian universities become the servants of the Fascist state. And today at Heidelberg forty-four professors have been dismissed since the accession of the Nazis to power because of "racial, religious, or political reasons." The ivory tower of learning is all too often painted with the color of the current political faith. Today in Germany it is emblazoned with the swastika.

Denials from Heidelberg that there has been any departure from the old liberal tradition are pitiful and hollow. It is claimed that professors of high standing continue to give the same sort of lectures as they gave before the Hitler putsch—provided they do not attack the Nazi *Weltanschauung*. It is asserted that several Heidelberg professors continue to teach *although they have Jewish wives*: it is declared that expelled Jewish professors who can establish the fact that they are only one-quarter Jewish have actually been invited to attend the celebration. More important even than these unendurable limitations on freedom of teaching, however, is the practical certainty that the Heidelberg anniversary celebration, like the Olympic Games at Garmish-Partenkirchen, will be made the occasion not for a salute to German scholarship and the pursuit of learning, which through the centuries have deserved the highest possible honor, but for a bombastic tribute to the Nazi state.

This is the best answer to Harvard's position. It is difficult to believe that the president and fellows of Harvard mean to imply that they recognize stronger ties with the culture that surrounds Heidelberg than with the culture that surrounds Oxford and Cambridge. Unless they mean that, it is better for free universities today to refrain from celebrating German culture.

An Open Letter to F. C. Bellinger

DEAR Freddie: It seems a bit strange to be calling you Freddie when up to yesterday I didn't even know that you lived at 925 Park Avenue in a twelve-room apartment with three servants' rooms and five baths. But you can't begin to realize the thrill I got out of reading all about you in the papers. There I was, riding home on the subway, when all of a sudden I came upon that piece about you. You know the one I mean—get out your clippings, Freddie—the one in the *World-Telegram* under the headline "Runs Elevator, Shotgun at His Side, Then Forms Tenants' Defense League." Well, sir, it was just as though I had been in the March on Rome or the Munich putsch and were seeing history made.

Of course, I was sorry to read in the *Herald Tribune* that only one of your servants' rooms was occupied and that you had to borrow on your soldier's bonus: that is probably the result of confiscatory taxes and the exorbitant demands of the elevator operators. But I was somewhat reassured to learn that you are able to pay \$250 a month rent for your apartment. Some fellow—a red—was saying that \$250 a month is more than twice as much as the best-paid elevator operators earn in the same time, but I didn't pay any attention to him. But the best news of all was that you are the son of Brigadier General John B. Bellinger, assistant paymaster of the army. That really sold me on you. In times like this, Freddie, we must look to the military mind to solve our problems.

Well, I am certainly crazy about your idea for forming the Tenants' Defense League, only—if you don't mind my saying it—I would change the name. It ought to be called something with real punch, like the Bellinger Storm Troopers or the Park Avenue Heimwehr. Only people who make over \$5,000 a year, who live in twelve-room apartments, who hate elevator operators and other foreigners, and who know how to use a gun will be eligible for membership. Of course I don't want to tell you how to run your business, but I think it would be nice if, after you got going, you could add Jew-baiting, Communist-extermination, and nationalism to your agenda.

I see, according to the latest bulletin from the Park Avenue front, that you say that if the elevator strike is won, New York will be practically sovietized. And you are absolutely right! Why, I know a fellow who works on Fourteenth Street, you know, right down near Union Square, and he was telling me that his boss overheard someone in the subway saying that he knew a fellow who knew a Communist, and this Communist said that the whole strike was being financed by Russia. He said he even saw the check, signed by Stalin. He says what they are trying to do is to get the elevator men's pay raised to twenty-five cents an hour, and then they will make the men kick back half of their raises to help finance the revolution.

Wishing you luck in your wonderful undertaking,

WALK-UP

WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

March 8, 1936

WELL, they're at it again. The nation's economic overlords have launched another desperate offensive to vanquish and kill off a Congressional investigation. This time their target is the Senate's lobby investigation. But the fury of their attack, its careful organization, and the size of the attacking forces encourage belief that the campaign's ultimate objective is to defeat the Black anti-lobby bill and permanently cripple the investigatory powers of Congress. If they attain even their immediate objective, however, it will be only because they first have captured the White House, for Senator Black will keep the lobby investigation going until he is persuaded by Roosevelt that he must surrender or bring defeat to the Administration in November.

If permitted to keep going, he and his colleagues on the investigating committee in a month or so will have demolished the American Liberty League and all the other fake organizations used by big business to cover its grappling-irons with the gauze of patriotic, non-partisan interest. Black will produce evidence indicating that the league is by any reasonable definition a political party, organized in its present form so that the law forbidding corporations to contribute to political parties may be winked at. And he will show that the hand that beats the breast of Jouett Shouse while he intones his litany of the Constitution is the paw of Mellon, Morgan, and Rockefeller as well as of the du Ponts. Indelibly he will impress upon the public that these Samurai have all "lent" thousands to the League; that their loans are repayable immediately after the election in November; and that such loans make a splendid tax-dodging device, since if they are not repaid they may be marked off as "losses," whereas if they had been outright gifts in the first instance, they would have been taxable.

If the fight grows too hot, Black may even destroy one of the haute bourgeoisie's favorite myths by investigating the labor lobby and revealing, perforce, that far from being a lobby able to make Congress jump through its hoop at any time, it is ludicrously moribund and feeble. And yielding to Hearst's clamor that he investigate the peace lobbies—one of their leaders, who supports the Black lobby bill, has already begged him to do so—he may spread out that investigation to include all the "patriotic" societies which maintain lobbies here and sell their services



Roper the Unctuous

to whatever interest has the price.

The campaign against Black's committee began several weeks ago with a series of inspired newspaper stories to the effect that Black and his committee were intent solely upon digging up ammunition for the Administration to use in the election campaign. Meanwhile, the opposition was preparing its batteries to commence firing as soon as the committee resumed hearings on March 2. The first shot, fired on that day, came in the form of an injunction suit instituted here by Andrew Mellon's lawyer, Frank J. Hogan. To help build up the picture that the committee's aim was purely political, a Republican plaintiff had been selected; Hogan acted for the Chicago law firm headed by Silas H. Strawn, vigorous critic of the New

Deal, member of the Republican Finance Committee, and partner of a member of the Liberty League's Lawyers' Committee. Hogan alleged that in subpoenaing copies of all telegrams that passed between Washington and the Strawn firm's Chicago offices in a ten-month period last year, the Black committee was attempting an illegal scrutiny of confidential communications between lawyers and their clients.

As soon as the suit was filed, mimeographed copies of Hogan's petition and a five-page "Note to Washington Correspondents" were distributed to all newspaper offices here. Simultaneously there burst forth in the press a series of denunciations of Black's committee. Quickly the impression was created that the committee's investigators had been examining not only messages dealing with legislation but also billets doux passing between "husband and wife," and sundry other matters with which it had no proper concern. Then came stories that, having no authority to examine the telegraph companies' files, the committee had borrowed the Federal Communications Commission's powers and by that devious route had read five million telegrams.

In dignified editorials the press deplored this desecration of the constitutional guaranty against "unreasonable searches and seizures." It was suggested that the committee, if decent, would have specified exactly what telegrams it wanted. The journalistic torch singers did not explain how that could be done. They suggested, however, that the task of selection be intrusted to the courts. One got the impression that federal judges may scrutinize what may not be seen by members of the Congress. One also got the impression that missives which are perfectly safe in the hands

of telegraph operators, clerks, and messenger boys will be defiled if gazed upon by Senators.

Now here is what actually happened. Black started out by sending questionnaires to interests that campaigned against the holding-company bill. The answers were too innocent. He went after their files—and found them empty. Outfit after outfit had destroyed all records of the campaign. So Black turned to the telegraph companies. He served upon them subpoenas naming certain firms and persons, and calling for all telegrams within the scope of the Senate resolution which were charged to or signed by those firms or persons. The resolution was incorporated in the subpoenas. The companies balked, saying that it would be a tremendously expensive task for them to comply with the subpoena and that, besides, they did not want to take responsibility for construing it in the selection of telegrams. It was then agreed that the committee's agents, subpoena in hand, should make the selection.

Meanwhile, the Communications Commission, interested in the Black committee's disclosure last summer that thousands of forged telegrams had rained upon Congress during the fight over the Wheeler-Rayburn bill, publicly had announced an investigation of its own to see whether the telegraph companies had been violating federal regulations in accepting fictitious messages, soliciting business, permitting addresses to be faked, and slashing rates on messages in bulk. While ten to a dozen of the Black committee's investigators combed the telegraph files, one or two agents of the commission sat in and took notes on messages pertinent to their own investigation. Black's investigators were equipped with a list of known lobbyists. They leafed through the telegraph files, examining only those messages signed by lobbyists or charged to their accounts.

They copied, it is estimated, less than one-half of 1 per cent of the messages so examined.

One witness after another has been compelled to admit on the basis of documentary evidence from the telegraph files that his replies to the committee's questionnaire were false. The testimony thus far taken has also disproved several other accusations and insinuations against the committee, and one of the accusations has been disproved by the conduct of a committee member, Senator Gibson, a Vermont Republican. Looked upon as an old dodo too inept to impede the committee's work, he has surprised all observers by turning out to be one of its most aggressive members. With dryly humorous questions, he strips away the hypocrisies of high-paid lawyer-witnesses and lays bare the actual significance of their testimony so that even a Liberty Leaguer cannot ignore its meaning.

Gibson is quick to deny the charge that the committee is bent solely upon smearing the Administration's foes, and there is no support for the charge in the record. It will show that Roosevelt's friends who are running the International Mercantile Marine are caught in the committee's net; if there is any doubt that they are his friends, it should be dispelled by the knowledge that Roper, the unctuous, has just granted them another reprieve from having to forfeit \$1,000,000 for not fulfilling their part of the Leviathan lay-up contract. The record already shows a large smear representing the testimony pried from agents of Henry L. Doherty, a frequent White House visitor and arranger of the President's birthday balls. Doherty spent at least \$100,000 fighting the Wheeler-Rayburn bill and gave \$25,000 of it to Arthur Mullen, one of Roosevelt's brigade commanders in his war on "intrenched greed."

Finally, there is the insinuation that the committee will do nothing personally embarrassing to members of Congress and that it will keep its hands off the powerful farm and veterans' lobbies. Yet the committee has just shown that Senator Nye got one of his friends, an ex-Congressman, on the pay roll of one of the power lobbies. In addition, it has shown that George K. Brobeck made use of his prestige as "legislative agent" for the Veterans of Foreign Wars to do \$400 worth of lobbying against the Wheeler-Rayburn bill for the Standard Gas and Electric group. So far he is the only member of the veterans' lobby whom the committee has caught doubling in brass. The lobby business, of course, is a peculiar one and makes friends in all kinds of places. But so far no two-timers have been discovered in the farm and labor lobbies.



Black of Alabama—Gibson of Vermont

Will Farley Reelect LaGuardia?

BY GEORGE BRITT

NEW YORK CITY is overstuffed with Democrats. The official 1935 enrolment showed 1,546,322 of them and only 290,621 Republicans; so that, precisely as in the Solid South, the winner in any election must carry on his side a large slice of the Democratic vote. The elements of this huge local Democracy today are scattered as sheep, having no shepherd. The sight would arouse scorn and unbelief and perhaps an itch to take them in hand in those positive characters who once bossed the territory—Murphy, Croker, and Honest John Kelly. A similar itch is patently agitating James A. Farley, spiritual heir to the old-time Tammany leaders, but his efforts have been far from completely successful.

For this reason it is not fantastic, in spite of the wistful pessimism of the reformers, to fly in the face of a record which says that no reform mayor has ever been elected twice and to declare boldly that Mayor LaGuardia has quite a good chance to be reelected in 1937.

Tammany as a phrase has come to mean the Democratic party machine in New York City. But Tammany as a fact today means the Manhattan organization only, a skeleton of its old self. The treasury in 1934 was so hard up that for the first time in mortal memory Tammany had to ask the state committee for money with which to do its part in the gubernatorial campaign. And this year the chairman of the New York delegation to the Democratic national convention will not be the leader of Tammany Hall; he will probably be the Brooklyn boss, Frank V. Kelly.

In place of the hard-fisted, bearish men who once kept the outlying boroughs in line as vassal dukedoms, Tammany now has upon the throne James J. Dooling, its youngest leader, a college graduate and impeccable citizen, unproved, unfearful, and uneasy. Many of his district leaders are plotting revolt, and in the next borough on either hand is a dangerous rival jealous of Tammany's pretensions and alert for a chance to strip it of power.

While the old bosses were dying off, Tammany's votes were escaping across the bridges, eventually creating the hard issue of "reapportionment," which hinges upon the rivalry between leaders for jobs to give their followers. Manhattan today is the Number One rotten borough of the United States. Stubbornly holding out on its neighbors, Manhattan continues to elect the same number of Assemblymen as Brooklyn, one more state Senator, and several more Representatives in Congress. Yet Brooklyn passed Manhattan in population a dozen years ago. Moreover, the Bronx is almost ready to step ahead, and Queens is pressing hard. These boroughs have a common cause against Tammany in their demands for redistricting.

Both Tammany Hall and the general outlook for har-

mony are weakened also by Farley's federal patronage, which in theory should build up the machine but in practice has created discord. Chairman Farley personally may claim only three of the city's five boroughs. One is the Bronx, over which rules Edward J. Flynn, an original Roosevelt-for-President man, the city's ranking leader, a boss of finesse and ambition. Farley also has made Queens and Richmond his own provinces, having kicked out the old stubborn Tammany-allied war lords there and set up his own leaders, maintaining them with federal support. In Brooklyn the machinery is in the hands of Frank Kelly, a rising power unlikely to yield precedence to Flynn. A delegate to the Chicago convention of 1932 who voted for Al Smith, he seized Brooklyn in defiance of Farley, owes Farley nothing, and has flourished without his help. Dooling himself, though he promised to support President Roosevelt, is no Farley henchman. While the good federal jobs were being distributed, he was kept on a starvation diet. He heard all the storm raised by Al Smith's Liberty League speech and then placed Smith on the official slate as a Tammany delegate to the national convention.

The borough leaders all have different ideas as to New York's next mayor and are perfectly capable of sulking if their own choice is rejected. The most available possibility seems to be Grover Whalen, now in affluent retirement in the liquor business, a resident of Manhattan, a friend of Kelly's, on warm terms with Farley, for years Tammany's best item of window-trimming although not so loyal now. Whalen shakes hands all around. But in time he must commit himself, and he can't choose the whole field.

Such is LaGuardia's opposition. The prestige belongs to Flynn, spokesman for the President himself. The votes are in Kelly's pocket. Tammany is being squeezed between them. The interests of the three are, in practical terms, irreconcilable.

Jim Farley, busy with national problems, has also kept an eye upon the confusion at home and has a solution for it. It is to move in upon Tammany, attaching district leaders to himself one at a time until he can boss the Hall. Then, with Brooklyn brought into a community of interest, Farley would be dictator of the party not only in the nation and state but in the city.

Farley's ambition is said to run not merely to power but to office as well. Does it satisfy him to be Postmaster General? Not at all. He would prefer to be Governor of New York. And since that extraordinary vote-getter, Governor Lehman, is a desirable running mate on the state ticket with President Roosevelt this year, Farley's chance will come in 1938.

So the program takes shape. If the chairman captures the city he may immediately impose a Tammany peace to



Mayor La Guardia - 1934 -

Courtesy of the Downtown Gallery

implement his own career. But suppose Tammany holds out against him. Is he likely to mix at all in the local brawl of 1937, alienating votes he would need a year later? Wouldn't he prefer to let the mayoralty fight settle itself?

The Farley problem is complicated here, as at every other turn, by the Smith problem. New York's chief political phenomenon, the Honorable Alfred E. Smith, is first of all a local issue and after that a national problem. He represents a vast uncertainty, but the most conservative forecaster must be prepared for him to trace still another dividing line through the city Democracy. The Jim Farley Democrats will line up on one side and the Al Smith Democrats on the other. The local candidates that Farley backs, Smith will fight. With all his strength Smith will block Farley from Tammany Hall. And with the wounds of 1936 still fresh, how likely are the Democrats in 1937 to patch up an effective combination against LaGuardia?

At first glance it looks as if the national campaign management, desperately needing New York next fall, would sell LaGuardia out—accept his support and then double-cross him in 1937. But even supposing that Farley should wish to betray him, could he sell him out to Tammany without intrenching the principal opposition on his own road to the governorship? It would be a maneuver of the most delicate strategy, with many chances of mishap.

LaGuardia's main strength last time was the City Fusion Party composed of anti-Tammany Democrats and progressive Republicans, a group symbolized by its emblem of the four-leaf clover. Hundreds of these workers

expected jobs but got none; the leaders found themselves not consulted, not even received with politeness. "I will not," said LaGuardia amid their victory jubilations, "turn out one set of politicians just for the sake of putting in another set." The regular Republican machine workers who supported him have been left to starve, without enough patronage to support their clubhouses. Certainly they will not want him for mayor again. But LaGuardia will be able to carry the Republican primary because of the lack of any comparable opponent.

The friends of good government in all parties should support LaGuardia because he has realized so many of their dreams for them. On the whole he has given New York a much better return for its tax money than it has had in a long time, a higher standard of official conduct, a more intelligent conception of what the city government can do. His commissioners actually are administrators of departments, chosen and directed to get work done, not district leaders supported for party activity. LaGuardia has reestablished the city's broken credit. His law department has saved millions of dollars by defeating all sorts of phony claims. An open-air campaign rally for LaGuardia in some new city park, on the clean grass, beside the children's swings and slides installed by his Park Commissioner, Robert Moses, would be a matchless object lesson and the despair of hecklers. The Mayor unquestionably has the knack, difficult and special, of making the rusty wheels of the city government turn around.

But that, of course, has little or nothing to do with chances for reelection. LaGuardia's votes must be expected principally from the large extra-political, class-conscious groups with which he has conducted an unwavering courtship, notably labor, the Jews, and the Italians. By this time hundreds of thousands of these should be in a mood to turn out loyally for him whenever he rings the alarm bell. In this wooing at times he has unblushingly played the demagogue. It would be hard otherwise to explain his refusal to license an alien German masseur upon the pretext that the government in Germany was persecuting the Jews. He also lent his presence to the Italian Red Cross mass-meeting at which other speakers furiously praised Mussolini. Such incidents may depress his followers, but as bids for a mass vote they cannot be discounted. LaGuardia also may count upon a heavy labor vote. The last reform Mayor, John Purroy Mitchel, was accused of being "too much Fifth Avenue." LaGuardia is not. The president of the Central Trades and Labor Council admits publicly that "labor has got a better break since LaGuardia has taken office than ever before."

The Mayor may benefit also from two promising potential scandals which indicate political connections—the Drukman murder case in Brooklyn, which is being investigated by Special Prosecutor Hiram C. Todd, and the racket inquiry of Special Prosecutor Thomas E. Dewey. Each of these, fully developed and with luck in the timing, might arouse a brief flare-up of the indignant-citizen vote.

Still another possibility is the issue shot from under the Mayor by the courts last year but still susceptible to resurrection, his proposal for a municipally owned power plant. Under the initial threat of it he won a reduction of some

\$2,000,000 a year in the city's own electric-light bill. If another swing of this club should scare out a rate cut for the small householder, that would be indeed heaven's blessing, in every way as good as Tammany's overworked device of saving the five-cent fare.

At the next election, furthermore, the police will be under LaGuardia's own command. No political machine is going to use against him the force which Tammany has often relied on in the past for an additional 50,000 or 100,000 votes.

LaGuardia personally is the most important item aiding his chances to win. New York City never had a mayor like him. To honesty and an encyclopedic grasp of public business he adds the dramatics of a born campaigner, a long-range view of political strategy, and a touch of the audacity and madness which often before have spelled luck for him. He has defects, which are exasperating, but also the strength of his defects. Years ago as president of the Board of Aldermen he lived in the vortex of a perpetual squabble, and the late Comptroller Charles L. Craig once implored Mayor Hylan in open meeting to "hit him over the head with your gavel." The same sentiment has been breathed since by hundreds of colleagues and associates. He can be petty under criticism, overbearing, unfair, stubborn toward his enemies and often more stubborn toward his friends.

He has appeared at his raucous and irritable worst toward protestants over relief. He has bullied them when they persisted, and he put an entirely unconvincing face upon the recent police interference with the relief parade,

when Representative Marcantonio was placed in "protective custody." For months he has kept alive a juvenile warfare with Room 9, the City Hall press room, as if taking pains to insure a worse record of his administration in the newspapers than any hostile editor would dictate.

But the heat generated by this erupting volcano radiates personal magnetism. If he is dogged enough to hang on to an indefensible position, he is equally keen to attack an impregnable opponent. He gives visitors a lift of the spirit. He has charm and knows how to turn it on. When he starts after votes again—no doubt of it—he will be able to call back into the ranks and put diligently to work many a disgruntled veteran who swore never again to lift a finger in his behalf. From 1916 on, failing only once to be a candidate, he was never defeated for Congress until 1932, although he was almost always rated a sure loser at the start and was only twice in that time *persona grata* to the political respectables and the organization of a major party. The untimely deaths of two colleagues now have demoted him to a minority position on the Board of Estimate, but it is as a minority fighter that he always has been most effective.

The great weakness of his opponents appears to be the want of united dynamic leadership, exactly that element which LaGuardia contributes most inspiringly to his side of a fight. His prospect of reelection may be slight, but as the beneficiary of the Democratic feuds and selfish rivalries of Jim Farley and Tammany Hall, better government in New York has at least as rosy a chance today as it seemed to have just before LaGuardia was first elected. Its friends are blind if they don't fight for it.

Poland: Between Poverty and War

BY LOUIS FISCHER

Warsaw, February 15

ENGLAND and Poland can determine whether or not there will be another European war—England by its strength and prestige, Poland by its geographical location. If England and Poland declared in advance that they would march against an aggressor, the likelihood of war would be considerably diminished. Germany would never attack the U. S. S. R. if it knew positively that England, France, Poland, and Czecho-Slovakia would unite against it. Under the same circumstances, it would keep out of Austria. London, however, consistently refuses to participate in an Eastern Locarno. There are many who believe that a clear declaration of purpose by Sir Edward Grey in the summer of 1914 would have prevented war. There are many who believe that England's responsibility is equally great in the crisis now developing.

Poland's role in European peace is also an important one. The difference is that whereas all England knows it has nothing to gain from another war, many Poles are not

so sure. Poland, in my opinion, is playing a doubtful diplomatic game based on the idea that since war is inevitable it might as well get something out of it.

In Europe at present it is difficult to know where any government will stand tomorrow. But it is relatively simple to ascertain what are its objectives today. Poland's foreign policy, however, is the most unintelligible in Europe. During the past week here I have talked at length with Foreign Minister Beck; Finance Minister Kviatkovsky, the economic dictator of the country; General Burhart-Bukachi, of the Inspector General's office; Colonel Ignace Matushevski, editor of the *Gazetta Polska*, a government organ; and various Foreign Office officials, foreign diplomats, foreign and Polish journalists, business men, and "men on the street." I cannot write what they told me. What I write is my reaction to what they said.

The Poles are convinced that sooner or later Germany will go to war. They believe that in the beginning they can stay out and sell their neutrality dearly. Their present

"unprejudiced" attitude, moreover, would subsequently make it possible for them to side with the strongest battalions. In any event, the war is not yet here. So why choose between one combination and another? Better let both camps court and pay. This is or was the Polish foreign policy. But a weak country experiences difficulties in following such a course.

The present phase opened in 1933 when Hitler offered to respect the Polish Corridor for ten years. It would have been insane to reject this welcome proposal. Poland thought it could accept and still retain the old friendship with its allies, France and Rumania. But there was much resentment in Poland against France, part of it justified. France had often offended Poland's exaggerated *amour propre*. Pilsudski and Beck had never been warm lovers of France. Warsaw's new and improved connections with Germany gave Poland an eagerly desired opportunity of showing Paris a more independent front. Poles talked volubly about being a "great power."

Fence-sitting, however, requires skill, and after a while Poland lost its balance and fell over into the German camp. The press of each country no longer knew anything bad about the other, and wrongs to minorities were squeezed into small type. German statesmen made visits, some of them unsolicited, to Warsaw and to Polish hunting grounds—on one such occasion, incidentally, Göring tried to sound Pilsudski on the question of an anti-Soviet war, but the wily Marshal refused to be drawn out. Poland began to echo Germany's objection to the eastern pact and collective security, preferring, like Hitler, bilateral treaties which are ineffective because they carry no element of compulsion. Polish delegates at Geneva appeared to be speaking on behalf of the Wilhelmstrasse; or was it that they had so identified themselves with Nazi foreign policy that no difference could be discerned between the two? Amicable Polish-German relations next drew Poland closer to revisionist Hungary. Inevitably Poland's relations with France, Rumania, and Russia grew worse. Moreover, the corollary of the German-Polish honeymoon seemed to be a superfluous quarrel with Czecho-Slovakia about the treatment of Polish minorities in the rich border province of Teschen, where the munitions industry flourishes.

The Polish attitude to Germany consists of equal parts of fear and respect. Poles take it for granted that these sentiments are shared by other powers. They believe, consequently, that if Germany goes to war, enough nations will remain aloof to enable Germany to win. Poland's benevolent neutrality might then be handsomely rewarded. Poland would undoubtedly prefer German expansion in the direction of Austria and Czecho-Slovakia. The Poles would presumably receive Teschen and the Hungarians Slovakia; thus a common Polish-Hungarian frontier would be created, which appeals to some minds.

For selfish considerations Poland could hardly welcome a German attack on the U. S. S. R. The German army would reach Soviet territory either through Poland, a development Poland would not relish yet might not be strong enough to prevent, or through Lithuania and Latvia, with Finland perhaps cooperating in the North, in

which case half of Poland would be uncomfortably surrounded by Germans. Germany today respects the Corridor. A victorious and aggrandized Germany might decide to eliminate it. This may be the logic of Polish disinclination to see an anti-Soviet military move. But in actual fact Polish friendship with Germany enhances its likelihood. Were Japan and Germany ready to invade Russia, the Poles, even if they did not see the apparent advantage of joining the anti-Bolshevik front, could be compelled to do so. The Poles know too well the nature of Germany's and Japan's designs. The Japanese use Warsaw as a coordinating point for much of their military intelligence and diplomatic activity in Europe. Poland's foreign policy is dangerous because it encourages the enemies of the status quo and threatens to draw the country into a conflict which can bring only harm.

Powerful elements in Poland are fortunately beginning to see this simple truth. One learns that General Ridz-Smigly favors a more pro-French orientation. Ridz-Smigly is the real head of the Polish army, the biggest factor in Polish politics. In a very direct sense he is Pilsudski's successor and political heir. Since the great marshal's death he has kept out of the limelight and devoted his time to solidifying his influence with the armed forces. Now there are signs that he proposes to counteract the excessively pro-German line of Poland's policy. The army has a French tradition. General Sossenkovsky, second only to Ridz-Smigly, is known to be Francophile. But if the Polish army's pro-French leanings will merely offset without eradicating the pro-German sympathies of other powerful elements, uncertainty will rule in Warsaw, and suspicion and grave concern abroad. Moreover, it is not enough to be pro-French. If the army's aim is to replace the Soviet Union in the French security system, the total will be a minus quantity. There ought to be room in the councils of peace for France, Russia, and Poland. These countries, with the Baltic states, Czecho-Slovakia, and Rumania, and with Germany should it decide to adhere, can guarantee peace in Eastern Europe. Unfortunately, most authorities in Warsaw would like to think of the eastern mutual-assistance pact as dead. (If it is, many hopes for Europe's tranquillity die with it.) England's collaboration, however, could reconcile them to the pact. British prestige is very high in those parts of Europe.

The trouble with Polish foreign policy is its refusal to be guided by principle. It rejects the long view and attacks each objective as it presents itself. Some years ago a foreign diplomat, in the presence of Joseph Beck, asked Marshal Pilsudski why, since he possessed absolute power, he did not introduce the constitutional reforms at one stroke. Pilsudski answered in the words of Goethe: "In der Selbstbeschränkung zeigt sich der Meister." ("Genius reveals itself through self-limitation.") This rule may work very well when one controls all the factors, but in diplomacy it breeds the worst kind of opportunism. Poland must decide whether it stands with the violent revisionists or with those who want collective security.

How any sane Pole can contemplate the outbreak of war baffles the intelligence. Poland least of any country can afford a war. Its people are poverty-stricken. Arma-

ment expenditures are breaking its back. Neutral or not, Poland might easily be the battlefield of a European war, and be ruined. No one denies Poland's terrible material plight. Joseph Poniatovsky, an accepted authority, estimates that of a total population of 33,400,000, some 9,000,000 in the villages alone are "surplus." One hears this repeated on all sides in Warsaw. A country which has many sparsely settled agricultural areas is rated "over-populated" because of its low living standards. The restriction of emigration to America and elsewhere has been a serious blow for the Polish economy.

Poland counts 540,000 employed workers and 330,000 unemployed. The nominal wages of the employed are 45 per cent lower than in 1928-29; their living standard is 35 per cent lower. The 330,000 government employees and 300,000 private-office employees are living at a level 10 to 15 per cent above the 1928-29 level. The armed forces, according to government figures, number 271,510. All this in itself reflects a rotten state of affairs.

About 63 per cent of Poland's population is rural. In the Sejm, on December 5, 1935, Minister Kviatkovsky said: "Poland has 3,300,000 farms. Of these, 34 per cent are smaller than dwarf households, and an additional 31 per cent are small households of two to five hectares. In the southern provinces the number of dwarf households exceeds 54 per cent. In this great stratum of population are 10,000,000 persons who stand completely outside the realm of economic life and activity." They neither buy nor sell. One can imagine the lot of these 10,000,000 Polish citizens when one learns that, as Kviatkovsky went on to say, the peasants who have ten hectares of land—millionaires compared to the dwarfs—spend on the average 40 gold zloty or \$8 per year per person. This means eleven groshen or about two gold cents a day. In 1929, Kviatkovsky declared, they spent \$22.40 a year. Such a nation is not a great power. Poland imports less per capita than any other European country except Albania. Poland has weak industries, and although the metallurgical, chemical, and electrical industry has expanded in the last decade, the

army is poorly mechanized, the roads are bad, and real military strength is therefore limited.

Of late the peasants have been reacting violently against their poverty. In May, 1935, a serious insurrection in the Volhynia district lasted several months and had to be suppressed with armed force. A similar event occurred in central Poland in December, 1935. Bloody revolts grow more and more common. The oppositionist National Democrats sometimes inspire them and often try to lead them. Usually they are accompanied by pogroms against Jews. Anti-Semitism has spread since 1933. Bombs are thrown into synagogues, Jewish houses burned, and Jews beaten and killed. The government either cannot or will not stop these excesses.

The only real solution of the peasant problem is land reform. Radicals sometimes believe that the redistribution of land to benefit the peasantry requires only a will to undertake it on the part of the government or the ruling class. This is not true in Poland. Many owners would be glad to get rid of their estates in exchange for some money. If the state expropriated them, the national economy would be ruined, for most landlords are heavily in debt. Moreover, there is no point in giving land alone to the peasantry. Money is also needed for animals, equipment, and seed. The government does not possess such funds. For a time the Polish authorities implemented a mild land reform and divided approximately 2,200,000 hectares among land-hungry peasants—half of it the former property of Germans. But financial stringency has interrupted even this insufficient measure.

Mr. Kviatkovsky, the Minister of Finance, is an enlightened liberal economist—originally a physicist—and he is striving valiantly to cope with a most distressing situation. His panacea is deflation, which brings him enemies. His hope is a foreign loan and bigger foreign markets; neither prospect is bright.

With all these economic, social, and political problems to solve, Poland ought to be the most pacifist nation of Europe. It is not.



Polka, 1936

Federal Relief—Sold Down the River

BY EDITH ABBOTT

THE collapse of the FERA has brought great suffering over wide areas of the country, not only for the unfortunate, mislabeled "unemployables"—the old, the sick, the handicapped, the widowed mothers with dependent children—but for large numbers of the able-bodied unemployed, as clearly "employable" as any men and women can ever be. These are the unemployed who came on the relief rolls after the arbitrary dead line of November 1, 1935, set up by the Federal Works Progress Administrator as the date after which no more "employables" would be accepted for the new WPA program. Among the employables who are still on relief are also large numbers of able-bodied women, for whom street work and the other WPA jobs have not been exactly suitable. There are also the employables in areas where WPA projects could not be set up to provide for the numbers available for the new made work. These later groups of the unemployed, as well as the so-called unemployables, have been turned back to the bankrupt treasuries of the local taxpayers and to the well-meaning but incapable overseers of the poor, county commissioners, poor boards, and county supervisors, whose announced object is to save money for the taxpayers who elected them and will in due course be called upon to reelect them.

The old challenging messages to the country which once issued from the press conferences of the Federal Relief Administrator, whose office has now been abolished with the FERA—the statements that "hunger is not debatable," and "no one shall starve"—are no longer repeated to an appreciative group of newspaper men and women. There is an ominous silence in Washington about the misery that is reported from one section after another. Even the liberal Senators who were early supporters of federal relief seem to take no notice of the destitute men, women, and children who have been left not only hungry but without fuel, and with eviction notices almost as terrifying as they were in the days before Mr. Hopkins began to set things right. "This business of relief" has ended as far as the federal government is concerned, and hunger is once more abroad in the land as it was in those three winters of bitter memory from 1930 to 1933.

For months the FERA struggled along, like Eliza crossing the ice. One major crisis after another was faced or dodged by the various state emergency relief administrations; one hope after another rose and then died away. But Eliza, clinging to the ice floes, was unable to escape and finally was sold down the river.

A year ago, when the President announced that he intended to "end this business of relief," no one knew exactly what he had in mind. There were many states, notably those south of Mason and Dixon's line, where

the federal government had been providing from 95 to 98 per cent of all the relief given; and certainly this meant that the federal government had been giving help to the "unemployables" as well as to the able-bodied unemployed. According to the statistics recently placed in the *Congressional Record* by a Republican Senator, whose figures are probably right even if his politics are wrong, there were only twelve states in which the federal government had been carrying less than 70 per cent of the relief burden. Did Washington think that it was possible for the local relief authorities to take back any such burden as this? Do the liberal Senators know what is happening in their own states? Mayor LaGuardia's relief commission showed last year how inadequate relief had been even with federal help and even in the wealthy city of New York. What did the President's relief advisers think relief would be like without federal help—and in the really destitute and bankrupt areas?

The bitter truth has gradually dawned upon social workers that we are doomed to drift back to the old days of pauper relief, that we must turn the unemployables and many of the country's unemployed back to the tender mercies of the petty local officials, who give inadequate doles to the "worthy poor" and do not worry about what happens to the "unworthy"; who order the non-residents out of town or, like California, stop them at the border. Transients, many of whom are really unemployed seasonal laborers, are once more sleeping in the police stations and being told to "move on" and "get out of town."

The new social-security program will, in states where an acceptable plan has been worked out in conformity with the federal law, ultimately bring some help to the old people and the dependent children. But the wheels of this great machine have been turning very slowly for many a long and weary month, and in the meantime heart-breaking tragedies are reported in one state after another. Just why the federal "business of relief" was ended before this major part of the new program was ready to function has never been explained. Just why the great investment in the Federal Emergency Relief Administration was destroyed before any permanent, modern public-welfare substitute could be put in its place can never be understood. The one thing that is clear is that intense suffering has followed in the wake of the latest experiment at Washington, and that prolonged misery will accompany the revival of the old, discredited system of pauper relief.

The end of the FERA has been one of the tragedies of the Administration program. Our most promising experiment in public welfare has been destroyed in the house of its friends.

The Decline of French Fascism

BY M. E. RAVAGE

Paris, February 28

EVENTS move rapidly in France these days. I had been away a bare six months, and during my absence I had kept in touch—or thought I had—through newspapers and correspondence, with developments here. Yet it needed but a few days for me to realize how different was the France I found from the one I had quit late in August. In a country where revolution and counter-revolution are at mortal grips, one must, it seems, be on the spot, in hourly contact with men and movements, if one is not to drop hopelessly out of line.

The day of my departure the counter-revolution was apparently master of the situation, the bulk of the nation apparently cowed. I say apparently because beneath the surface the tide was even then turning toward the left. The fascist grip had, indeed, begun to slip as long ago as November, 1934, when Doumergue, deflated and outmaneuvered, had gone back to his country seat in Tournefeuille, and the reactionary scheme of casting him for the role of Hindenburg had revealed itself as an idle dream. Yet outwardly the rise of Laval to power, after the Flandin interlude, looked dangerously like a reinforcement of the right. Laval was younger, subtler, more agile, and less scrupulous than the former President of the republic, and he was closer both to the financial-industrial oligarchy and to their militant tools, the De la Rocques, Taittingers, and other civil-war mongers. A complaisant Chamber abdicated its mandate over the purse, granting Laval at the banks' behest the deflationary decree-laws it had refused Flandin. He carried on for a time like a sort of dictator *pro tem*. He openly favored the fascists and their chiefs. When on July 14 the democratic parties marched to the Bastille to reaffirm their faith in the republic, he invited De la Rocque to lead his Croix de Feu in a counter-demonstration up the Champs-Élysées to the tomb of the Unknown Soldier. Flandin, too, had deemed it a gesture of reconciliation for the head of the republican government to attend the service at Notre Dame commemorating the heroes who on February 6 of the year before had fallen in a patriotic attempt to overthrow the republic. But whereas Flandin, who had acted from weakness, had been properly rewarded for his trouble by the fascists' spitting upon him in the cathedral, his successor, knowing exactly what he was doing and why, was hailed by the entire right for his broad hint that law and order—meaning the effective dictatorship of two hundred huge fortunes—were not defenseless.

Thus encouraged, De la Rocque was conducting himself one day like the heir-apparent of the seemingly dying republic and the next like *Reichsführer* Hitler. He bullied the Premier as a mere regent who was keeping the throne warm for his legitimate successor. Failing compli-

ance by the republican authorities, he mobilized his *dispos* (shock troops) and shot up a Paris suburb, a northern industrial town, or the city of Limoges. The Croix de Feu was growing in numbers and arrogance, clashes with workers and left partisans became regular occurrences, public men were assaulted nearly every day, civil war was in the air. Superficial observers with a taste for analogy declared the republic doomed and fascism inevitable.

Laval knew better. He did his utmost, being himself one of the richest men in France, to prime the upstart for his role of national strike-breaker à la Hitler, as the two hundred wealthy families desired. But he early perceived that De la Rocque—army officer, nobleman, clerical, coxcomb—was not of the stuff of which popular dictators are made. He lacked the folk touch. He did not speak the language of the little man of France—the shopkeeper, the civil servant, the peasant, the artisan, the workers of the outlying *faubourgs* and the red-belt suburbs. Moreover, by his strutting and his airs he antagonized the rival fascist groups with their own embryonic Mussolinis.

Laval saw through the rootlessness of the Croix de Feu and the hollowness of its "revered leader." But he used the fascist bluff for his own ends. The abortive putsch of February 6, 1934, had consolidated the demoralized left majority in parliament and in the country into a united front, which, as time went on, recovered its morale and its force. Laval waved the fascist menace before the Front Populaire to keep it in check and himself and his friends in power. Labor, the Socialists, the Communists, the Daladier Radicals, and the small business men organized mass demonstrations to protest against the ruinous deflationary measures. The government, far from heeding the demand for the dissolution of the fascist associations, connived at their arming, at their infiltration into the air service, and encouraged them to stage riotous, often bloody counter-demonstrations. It quietly directed the capital police and the national *gardes mobiles* to hound the left while leaving the extreme-right factions in full command of the street. The *grande presse* needed no orders to do its part; it had gone fascist in February, 1934.

Laval used the fascist bluff, too, in his relations with Italy, Germany, the U. S. S. R., England, and the League. The recovering parliamentary forces in Parliament and outside pressed him hard on the left. He reluctantly went to Moscow to conclude the negotiations initiated there by Herriot and carried forward by Barthou. He was obliged to take Paul-Boncour to Geneva, vote Italy the aggressor, and verbally assent to sanctions. But he looked with a friendly eye upon the right opposition to the ratification of the Soviet pact. He hoped to escape swallowing the bitter Russian medicine by pretending to carry on conversations with Hitler.

Such was the French scene in August and the months that followed. True, the left forces, aroused by the common danger and pressed by the rank and file, had mobilized ninety-odd groups—running all the way from the Radical Socialists to the Communists and from the powerful trade unions to the tenants' association and the committee of anti-fascist intellectuals—into a single bloc. This heterogeneous union had come together on a negative issue and it continued on the defensive. Its very range—and diversity—promised ill for its permanence; there were too many interests, traditions, prejudices to conciliate. For six months a program commission deliberated and dickered before it could agree on a platform acceptable to them all. Nor was the enemy idle. The right, after driving the Radical Socialists into the arms of the Marxists, now sought, by fair means and foul, to wean them away again in the hope of disrupting the coalition. There were times, notably after the riots attending the strikes in Toulon and other naval ports last summer, when it seemed as if they might succeed.

Now, six months later, the atmosphere is completely changed. It is not so much that Laval is gone and that a new Cabinet predominantly left governs in his place. The Sarraut Ministry is itself a symbol of the distance French politics have covered in my short absence. A foreigner who knew nothing of the "historic February 6" would scarcely guess that a fascist putsch had ever occurred, and that for two years this country had been ruled by a pre-dictatorship. The Front Populaire now holds the key to the situation. It is the fascist leaguers who are on the defensive and avoid encounters with their foes and cede the sidewalk to them. One had an overwhelming instance of this phenomenon on February 16 during the impressive five-hour parade in protest against the unsuccessful attempt to assassinate Blum. The Croix de Feu? Not a sound from it. The Colonel has, in the French vernacular phrase, disappeared from the traffic.

In addition to the fact that, among a people with the history and character of the French, fascist dictatorship could never have more than a feeble chance, several concrete developments had occurred during my absence which could not but alter the face of things. I list them as they came. The Stavisky trial, which after being held up for two years finally reached the courts late last fall, demonstrated to the most benighted Frenchman that the whole scandal had been deliberately timed and sprung by the opposition to discredit the left majority and to nullify the will of the electorate. By mid-January the program committee at last published its platform. If this mildly socialistic document disappointed the extreme now-or-never, all-or-nothing revolutionaries, they comforted themselves with the thought that a cleaner sweep could not have received the unanimous vote of all the groups, and that insistence could only have resulted in disrupting the bloc. The more moderate elements, for their part, found matter for congratulation in the fact that while the Bank of France and the key industries were to be nationalized, private property was to be left untouched, and also in the fact that the Marxists did

not bolt. Not least, Mussolini contributed his share. The Ethiopian adventure served to break the spell of dictatorship by concretely demonstrating what no amount of agitation could quite prove—that fascism means war. The French, who have everything to lose and nothing to gain by upsetting the international status quo, are resolutely for peace.

The elimination of Laval, as I have said, is symbolic of the recovered strength of the left. In point of fact the Front Populaire could have got rid of him three months earlier if it had chosen to. It preferred to avoid a ministerial crisis before the elections. Two things finally drove it to act. The Communists, and some others as well, seeing that Laval meant to shelve the Franco-Soviet pact, pressed for his downfall. More important still, all the participating group and parties feared that with Laval in office it might not be possible to have fair elections. For though the ex-Premier had bowed sufficiently to left pressure to get a bill to the Chamber for the dissolution of the fascist league, he was in no hurry to execute it. The new government, despite the presence of Flandin, Mandel, and Maurin, depends for its existence on the Socialists, who have voted for it, and on the Communists, who have at least not voted against it. It needed but the encouragement so conveniently offered it by the royalists in their incredibly mad attempt on Blum's life to proceed to the suppression of the civil-war mongers and to turn the country back to the parties whom the voters in 1932 had put in control.

Is the fascist danger quite eliminated in France? It is dangerous to prophesy. Other leaders with other tactics may well arise. But the chances of a successful counter-revolutionary dictatorship are unquestionably slimmer than before.



Drawing by Daumier

From *Actualités*, 1866

European Equilibrium

The Consumer Front

BY RUTH BRINDZE

ONCE again there is a move to pull the teeth of the Federal Trade Commission. This time the offending molar is publicity. Business in general and particularly the advertising moguls object to the FTC including in its news releases information about formal complaints issued by the commission. Such publicity is unfair, they say, because the product or the organization is condemned by the public before the hearing and the adjudication of the case. On its face there appears to be some merit to this argument, but on closer inspection the fallacies become apparent. First of all, the publicity given the news from the FTC is decidedly meager since few publications find it fit to print. Furthermore, before the complaint is issued, the commission advises the party against whom it intends to proceed of the charges and accepts evidence in defense of the alleged violations. As a result (1) the case may be dismissed; (2) the respondents may sign a stipulation to cease and desist; or (3) a formal complaint may be issued which gives the defendant an opportunity to contest the action, first before the commission, and then on appeal to the courts.

Until February, 1934, when a new policy went into effect, the FTC omitted the names of companies which signed stipulations from the official publicity releases as an inducement for a settlement without litigation. From the public's point of view, full publicity for every case is desirable. The trouble is that even today nothing approaching full publicity is achieved. However, no one should be a better judge of the effectiveness of publicity than the advertising men. Their cries for "justice" indicate that even the little news that finds its way into the American press is embarrassing to big business.

Hearings on the Wheeler-Rayburn bill to amend the Federal Trade Commission Act are now being held by the Senate committee. This bill, *Printer's Ink* warns, "changes the Trade Commission Act from an instrument to protect competition to one that also protects consumers," and it also goes on record as believing that "there are other and better ways . . . of accomplishing a real degree of consumer protection." At a time when stop-gaps are the order of the day, the consumer will welcome a strengthening of the commission. This the Wheeler-Rayburn bill attempts by incorporating the FTC's suggestion (see *The Nation* of January 29) that it be given jurisdiction over "unfair or deceptive acts and practices in commerce," a change which would have brought victory instead of defeat in the famous Marmola case. The bill also increases the commission's power to enforce its orders by authorizing it to apply for an injunction when it has reason to believe that the defendant "intends to or is about to disobey" the commission's ruling, and by providing an initial penalty of \$500 and an additional fine of \$25 per day for failure

to comply with the commission's orders. The ridiculously small penalties heretofore attached to disobedience of FTC rulings have long needed correction.

ANOTHER sour note on milk prices has been interjected by the Commissioner of Markets of New York City. In a speech to clubwomen Commissioner Morgan observed that the price of milk was too high and that Mayor LaGuardia intended to break the hold of the "trust" by the establishment of a city-owned pasteurization plant. Plans are, of course, indefinite, and it is not unlikely that the Mayor's spokesman was merely issuing a threat. However, the Commissioner's statement is significant in the light of a report on the milk trust submitted to the Mayor a few months ago by the Marketing Department, in which the need of a change in our present method of milk distribution was emphasized and suggestions were made for public or cooperative distribution.

It is probably too much to ask that city and state officials agree even on such matters as the efficiency and economy of our present system of milk distribution. Still it is ludicrous for the city to be advocating public ownership while the state stands sponsor for an advertisement in New York City newspapers, entitled "A Bargain at Your Door!" which points out that "through producer, transportation, bottling, all the way to delivery of the milk at your door, costs are held down by a system that is without parallel for efficiency. The marvel is that milk can cost so little, that you can buy it so cheap." Certainly, this advertisement, paid for by state funds, does not jibe with the findings of the New York City Marketing Department or with those of the FTC's investigators of the milk trust.

THE fight for the grading of canned goods is narrowing down to a private war between the National Canners' Association, representing nationally advertised brands, and the Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company, 60 per cent of whose canned-goods sales are of their private brands. A year ago, when the code makers were still busy in Washington, A and P broke the solid ranks of the canners by agreeing to grade and label its private-brand canned goods according to United States standards. The code administrator and the consumer agencies in Washington hailed this as a great victory, since the grading of canned goods has long been regarded as a test of the entire movement for honestly labeled consumer goods. The skeptics waited for something more tangible. This A and P has now supplied with fourteen items of food clearly labeled with the government grades, a move which is paying them well in good-will and advertising.

[Miss Brindze's page appears in *The Nation* every other week.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

OUR extraordinary lurch into enormous armament expenses goes on apace, and every day brings additional proposals for military or naval increases. Now comes the news of a proposed five-year program calling for 4,000 army planes at a cost of \$70,000,000. A bill to this effect has been offered by Chairman McSwain of the House Military Affairs Committee. Mr. McSwain's contention is that though the Morrow board fixed the ratio between the navy and army forces at ten to eighteen, the naval aircraft authorized or built total 2,190, while the army authorization still remains at 1,800, when it should be 4,000. The new Chief of Staff, General Malin Craig, has made the usual appeal for increased armaments; in a speech over the radio he declares that he is not in favor of an overwhelming force but only of an army of reasonable size with effective reserves.

The amount of money appropriated continues to stagger the public. The War Department's military expenditures have increased from \$108,382,063 in 1913 to approximately \$375,000,000—the total of the strictly military expenditures in the pending record-breaking army bill of \$543,000,000. The navy bill, if it stays at the limit fixed in the new budget, will bring the total for army and navy to approximately \$950,000,000, to which will be added sums set aside by the WPA and PWA not yet expended which may carry the total as high as \$1,200,000,000, or much more than the entire cost of the United States government in 1916. The President is also asking in an especial bill that the naval reserves be increased by no less than 110,000 men; thus we shall have an additional fixed charge for the maintenance of these reserves as soon as they are established. Last year the Congress authorized the construction of six new air bases to cost \$12,000,000, but that money has not yet been appropriated. The navy has just asked for an additional 221,000 tons of auxiliary ships merely to carry ammunition and supplies, and so it goes. When is it to end?

It is obvious from this that we are engaged in an armament race with the rest of the world. Russia has taken the lead with the largest standing army in the world, 1,300,000 men, costing, with the Russian navy, the huge sum of \$7,000,000,000 a year. To this is added the announcement that they are going to build their navy up to rival the Japanese.

No one knows what the Germans are spending on armaments or how rapidly their plans are going forward, although even conservative observers calculate that by 1939 they will be "ready." Ready, that is, to plunge the world into another period of slaughter. Stanley Baldwin gives as one of the reasons for the great new British arms

program the fact that certain ships now building for the German navy will be completed in two years instead of five. Hoover, when he was President, bewailed the fact that the world was spending \$5,000,000,000 a year for armaments while many countries were on the verge of bankruptcy. I do not know whether he included the Russian figures in this estimate or not, but if he did, the world's army and navy expenditures have gone up at least seven or eight billions a year more because of the German rearmament, our own great increase in expenditures, and the enormous Russian outlay. It would not be surprising if the world were spending today twelve or thirteen billions a year for increasing armaments. Yet Calvin Coolidge spoke the truth when he said that no amount of armament ever kept a country out of war or insured it victory when it got into war.

It is plain that we are rapidly reaching the ideal of all militarists, when the world will be entirely in arms. But will the world be a better and safer place with all the nations armed to the teeth? Wouldn't they be just as well off relatively if none of them armed at all? If it is true, as so many people insist, that armaments lead to war, of course these great equipments and huge armies will sooner or later lead to a terrific explosion. Stanley Baldwin declared only three years ago that if a new armament race began, a number of nations would be bankrupted. Somehow it seems to me perfectly idiotic that human beings should continue to place their faith in weapons and armed men instead of trying to find some other way of settling their international disputes.

So far as we are concerned, it would not be out of place for the American public to ask its government, first, against whom we are arming; secondly, whether we are getting a dollar's worth of defense for every dollar invested, since high army and navy officers declare that this is not the case; thirdly, whether we have a defense program which is meant for defense and not for offense; whether there is any coordination whatsoever between army and navy—which army and navy officers also deny; whether if we are truly on the defensive and have no idea of aggression, as the President has repeatedly said, the last time at the grave of the Unknown Soldier on last Armistice Day, we need 35,000-ton battleships, and so on. One of the highest officers in the navy assured me only a week or ten days ago that it would be impossible for the American and Japanese fleets to wage war against each other. If this is true, ought we not to make a great change in our whole policy? As it is, it is contended that we are ladling out money with little or no reference to any sound policy, just as the President has been pouring out money for public works without a far-reaching program.

BROUN'S PAGE

WHEN and if Frank Knox becomes the President of the United States it is not likely that relief allowances will be particularly generous, for the Chicago editor is rigorous in his ideas of thrift. "The Story of Frank Knox" is running serially in an interesting clip sheet issued by the Frank Knox for President Committee. In the first instalment one may read:

"His first job, at the age of eleven, was carrying newspapers. He got up at three o'clock in the morning to deliver 100 papers to subscribers, pay \$1.25 a week. After school he delivered 100 more for \$1 a week."

So far so good. The work was arduous, but it made a man of the little merchant and gave him his first lessons in the freedom of the press. It is the subsequent sentences which give one pause.

"Frank's mother was thrifty, and she taught him to save part of his wages every week. That became a habit. In life and in business he learned never to spend more than his income. His mother taught him that, and upon that lesson he built his newspapers in later life."

Anybody who has not only lived but saved money on \$2.25 a week is likely to set the unemployed upon singularly short rations. Personally I am more attracted by Frank's father than by his mother. The Colonel seems to have learned thrift by both direct and ricochet fire, for it is recorded of William Edwin Knox that he was "trained as a plumber and steamfitter but when Frank was born he was an oyster-market man near Faneuil Hall." Four years later the family moved to Nova Scotia, where William Edwin went into the lobster-canning business. "That was not a success," records the Colonel's biographer, "and the family moved back to Boston, broke."

Next we find the enterprising William Edwin Knox moving out to Grand Rapids, Michigan, to make a fresh start. Here the head of the house went into marketing, but the biographer is forced to record, "He was too easy in giving credit and the business was never a great success."

It is an extremely interesting study for Freudians, for we find this Presidential candidate conditioned by an ambivalent early life. Probably even today he is torn between the impulse to follow his father's easy credit ways and become a New Dealer and the tendency to be swayed by his mother's example and emulate Governor Landon, the Kansas Coolidge. The stimulating candor of the clip sheet makes all things plain. The split tradition of the family has committed the Colonel to a definite political and economic position. His subconscious plants him precisely in the middle of the road. In fact he's rutted in it.

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST has gone in for a series of articles about the freedom of the press. They are reprinted from an address made by M. Lyle Spencer, Dean of the School of Journalism at Syracuse. Mr. Hearst seems much comforted by the statement of the

Dean that the masses do not like American newspapers very much. When the Sage of San Simeon notices people edging away, he likes to be told that there is nothing personal in it.

The Dean thinks that it was monstrous that anybody should have suggested that Colonel Lindbergh went abroad because he and his family had been plagued by the high-power methods which Hearst executives imposed upon their reporters and camera men. I assume that the good Dean has J. David Stern in mind when he says, "The whole yarn smelled of holier-than-thou newspaper practice, where one paper or one group gets and avails itself of an opportunity to throw stink bombs at a competitor—usually to its own eventual discredit."

But there has been no denial of the New York *Post's* story that Hearst camera men forced the Lindbergh car to the sidewalk so that they could get a picture of the baby. Just why the Dean feels that it is discreditable for one paper to expose such practices in another I do not know. It may be that the Dean's nose for buttered bread is even keener than his nose for news.

The Dean's device for capturing lost confidence is that all publishers should stick together and never peach upon each other. He recommends this unholy alliance as a means of protecting the freedom of the press. The best and the liveliest journalism can be found, in my opinion, only where competing publications keep sharp check upon each other. When all the publishers begin to walk around arm in arm, the reading public suffers. I like to see editors get mad at each other, because in such circumstances they may begin to make interesting revelations.

Of course, there ought to be some regular service which studies news just as advertising has been studied. Such a service might furnish information on how much benzoate of soda the reader is getting with his political dispatches and how much saccharine per column on the editorial page. Certainly when a publisher uses artificial coloring matter the clients have a right to know. And in spite of Dean Spencer's suggestion that any kind of skulduggery can be hushed up by a little friendly cooperation, I have a notion that the truth will pop out. My only worry is that the truth, like the groundhog, is apt to get frightened by its shadow and scurry back into hiding once again.

THE punishment of General Hagood, while wholly in line with precedent, was a stupid political blunder on the part of the Administration. And yet in the long run it may not work against the President. When he does a foolish thing the recollection of it is usually wiped out by the much more stupid things said or done by his opponents. Colonel McCormick of the Chicago *Tribune* is the lifesaver in this case with the statement, "If we do not have a Republican victory next fall, this nation will cease to be a republic."

HEYWOOD BROWN

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

THE POLITICAL SUBJECT

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

A FRIEND of mine who had been a student of Professor John Dewey once had the temerity to ask him an impertinent question. "Why is it," he demanded, "that you express your ideas in a form which the democracy you so much admire cannot possibly understand?" Professor Dewey put his arm about the disciple's shoulder and replied with that mildness so characteristic of him, "I am making a career for you younger men whose business it will be to translate my works."

Not infrequently I have wished that the same question might be put to various imaginative writers—poets in particular—who address the proletariat in a manner which seems to assume that the typical worker is naturally well grounded in the symbolist poets and the work of Mr. Eliot. One such is Stephen Spender, but Mr. Spender has just published a volume of criticism,* which may be later reviewed, one purpose of which seems to be to disentangle him from the embraces of those who over-hastily and over-enthusiastically welcomed him into the ranks of propagandist poets.

He has, he admits, a "political subject," but the phrase implies something a good deal less specific than might at first sight be supposed. It means that he writes about man as part of society, that the world of thoughts and feelings with which he deals is not exclusively either a private or a hypothetical one. But it is far from meaning that his poetry is intended to advocate a specific political program or that its purpose is to serve as a "weapon" in any sense acceptable to those who like to talk of the "artistic front."

He is, to be sure, a "socialist artist." As such he is concerned with "realizing in his own work the ideas of a classless society; that is to say, applying those ideas to the life around him and giving them their reality." But he is not "primarily concerned with ways and means" because—dreadful heresy to those who insist that attitudes are the product of conditions, not conditions the product of attitudes—"if man changes . . . the economic system will change also." What is worse, Mr. Spender also quotes with approval some of the strictures made by Max Eastman in his "Artists in Uniform." The artist must not be subservient to a party because it is his business to criticize in terms of their human value the results produced by any party's activity. "Unless artists insist upon their right to criticize, to be human and even 'humanitarian,' communism will become a frozen era, another ice age."

One does not have to follow left-wing criticism very closely to perceive a certain drift in the direction of the first article of Mr. Spender's creed. I fancy, for example,

that James T. Farrell, whose "A Note on Literary Criticism" appeared in the two last issues of *The Nation*, would agree quite heartily; and even in Russia there seems to be less and less of the tendency to demand that all art shall be directly didactic or hortatory in tone. But unless I am very much mistaken there is far less disposition to recognize the second claim which Mr. Spender puts forth in behalf of the artist—the claim, that is to say, to a certain autonomy by virtue of which the artist himself has a right to decide what approach he shall employ.

Mr. Spender, if I understand him aright, wants the function of the artist to be recognized as coordinate with that of the political philosopher. To him it seems that the independence of the poet's judgment is necessary if criticism from his point of view is to have any value; and it is just this independence of which the Russian state seems to have only a very faint conception. It may, for example, order a revival of the classic, or decide at a given moment that the time has come to encourage the production of works not narrowly political in their implications. But by the very fact that it does so it indicates clearly enough that it still assumes that artistic policy will continue to be imposed upon the artist and from above.

Some months ago, for example, writers were told that they should now concern themselves more actively than they had been accustomed to do with romantic love. There even appeared in one of the leading newspapers an article which urged some form of public rebuke for those citizens who showed themselves incapable of experiencing this noble emotion. But though this change was urged upon me at the time as a striking example of increasing liberalism, I could not but feel that there was more significance in the fact that one was now commanded to love than in the fact that the official disapproval of this activity had been at last removed. "Liberalism" of this sort reminds one of the sort so dictatorially enforced by the Great Catherine in Shaw's play, or even of the little sketch in which Miss Beatrice Lillie appeared as a harassed cockney mother spending the day with her fretful child at a dismal seaside resort. When the child whimpered too much, Miss Lillie put him across her knee and exclaimed to the accompaniment of sundry resounding smacks: "I brought you here to enjoy yourself, and enjoy yourself you will."

Only a week or two ago the famous and much-feted operatic composer Shostakovich was suddenly cast forth into outer darkness. Without warning *Pravda* declared a newly formulated conviction that the true spirit of Soviet music was classical rather than experimental, and denounced Shostakovich's work. Almost immediately it was all but banished from the Moscow theaters. The Union

*"The Destructive Element." By Stephen Spender. Houghton Mifflin and Company. \$2.

of Soviet composers rearranged its program for the coming year to eliminate his operas and ballets. The Bolshoi Theater canceled plans to present his opera "Lady Macbeth of Mtensk"—only recently a great triumph—and two other Moscow theaters stopped rehearsals on his recent ballet "Limpid Stream."

Perhaps all this indicates that the Soviet authorities are to be congratulated upon recognizing the claims of the classical style in the arts. But it certainly does not indicate any tendency to recognize the right and the duty of the artist to explore in his own way and from his own point of view the artistic possibilities of the world in which he finds himself. Neither does it indicate any disposition to permit him to appeal to the suffrage of his audience. On the contrary it reaffirms the conception of him as one whose function it is to follow a party line which is artistic as well as political.

Almost at the moment when this artistic purge was taking place George Soule was publishing in the *New Republic* his opinion that "the Russian theater is as far ahead of ours as our plumbing is ahead of theirs." Perhaps. But Mr. Shostakovich, sitting amid the ruins of his reputation, may be pardoned if he wonders whether it would also be true to say that the playwright in Moscow is that much better off than the plumber in New York.

BOOKS

Appraising the Dictators

DICTATORSHIP IN THE MODERN WORLD. Edited by Guy Stanton Ford. University of Minnesota Press. \$2.50.

THIS book has destroyed another myth, namely, that scholars when they write are ponderous, prolix, and obscure. The essays in this volume are brilliant, brief, and to the point.

Although the authors show little love for dictators or dictatorship, they maintain an objectivity that is refreshing in these propaganda-infested days. Like Veblen in his treatment of the toper, they endeavor to understand rather than to defend or denounce. They are concerned with dictatorships as a system rather than with dictators as individuals. Mussolini may be a "Sawdust Caesar," Hitler a political Savonarola, and Stalin a glorified "Charlie" Murphy, but modern dictatorship is, as Max Lerner says, something more than a madman's dream of power. Nor is it merely a form of crisis government. Dictatorship in the modern world is not to be confused with the exercise of emergency powers under a Defense of the Realm Act, an Article 48, or a National Recovery Act. Max Lerner writes:

It is a complete scheme of life. It seems at first sight to represent a reversal of our whole cultural and political drift during the past three centuries. Actually, however, it is a direct and natural outgrowth of our present society. The dilemmas which fascism [for example] seeks to resolve are our dilemmas, the institutions it wished to conserve are the basic economic institutions of our society, the loyalties it appeals to are the loyalties that attach to the nation-state which we have created. The militarism it exploits is the same militarism that leads to our own wars, the passions it channels to its purposes are the race and class passions that grow out of the competitive struggle inherent in our society.

In short, modern dictatorship of the Italian or German variety finds its institutional roots and its ideological rationalizations in the capitalistic, competitive culture of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. It represents, in a sense, nationalistic capitalism with its democratic mask removed. More precisely, perhaps, in the case of Germany its evolution follows the familiar Aristotelian cycle of democracy degenerating through demagoguery into dictatorship. The skilful mobilization of discontent growing out of social insecurity provides mass support for a class state. National Socialism is not to be regarded as an alien system cruelly imposed upon a bankrupt German democracy. Its roots extend deep into German culture—deeper, indeed, than the roots of the Weimar system. Moreover, it is not a mere imitation of Italian fascism.

Those [says Harold Deutsch] who are disposed to regard the Hitlerite dictatorship as inspired in the main by the example of Mussolini and Italy forget that the National Socialist program was conceived two years before the *fascisti* marched on Rome. This misconception goes hand in hand with the tendency to confine the search for the origins of Hitlerism to the sequelae of the World War, which is to forget that Nietzsche and Houston Stewart Chamberlain ever lived, and to interpret Spenglerism as a post-war phenomenon.

This volume will be disconcerting to those who would fit modern dictatorship into a single rigid mold. The pattern shifts from time to time and place to place, not only in organization but in terms of origins and objectives. J. Fred Rippy's gallery of Spanish-American dictators offers abundant evidence of this. One common element, however, appears to be necessary. All of them—Juarez, Díaz, Santa Cruz, Páez, Flores, Sarmiento, and Castillo—arose out of chaos, confusion, insecurity, and social collapse. It was the absence rather than the presence of a stable hierarchy of wealthy capitalists, churchmen, and landlords that made dictatorship possible, and even necessary. Nor was it altogether evil.

During the age of the dictators [says Professor Rippy] population and wealth increased, and progress was made in art and literature. The expense of the new order was great, but its benefits should not be ignored.

The similarity in method of Fascist and Communist dictatorships has tended to obscure the fundamental contrasts in origin and purpose which they embody. Both, it is true, are for the moment anti-democratic. But the Communist's opposition is based on the identification of contemporary democracy with monopoly capitalism, whereas the Fascist assault is based on the assumption that democracy is but the advance agent of equalitarian socialism. Communism is secular, scientific, and pragmatic; and in theory, at least, represents the logical culmination of the democratic principles of liberty and equality. The recent liberalization of election methods in Russia and the relaxation of repressive measures are cited as evidence of the essentially democratic purpose of the Communist regime. Moreover, communism is internationalist in outlook. Fascist dictatorship is "charismatic, nationalistic, and permanent." It represents a philosophy of regimentation and inequality as the enduring principle of social organization.

Fascism can claim that dictatorship is an essential element of its doctrine and therefore the justified means to achieve an end perfectly in harmony with the means. Communism regards dictatorship only as the necessity of a transitional period; for it, the question remains open how far the way followed will influence the end pursued.

It would be presumptuous to undertake even a partial summary of the contents of this remarkable volume. Henry Spencer's essay on the Mussolini regime is a brilliant account of its origin, methodology, and objectives. Nowhere have I seen so much information packed into so few pages. The same may be

said of Denis Brogan's sober discussion of the Prospects for Democracy. It is surprising, for example, that such militaristic leaders as Hitler and Mussolini should overlook the fact that the last war was won by democratic governments. In the long run any government to survive must meet the minimum expectations of its people. Ultimately the dictator's fate will "depend upon his ability to deal successfully with the foreign and domestic difficulties of his country." How long the masses will "be content with the continuous and reckless drawing of bills upon the future" remains to be seen.

PETER H. ODEGARD

Races, Nations, and Fathers-in-Law

WE EUROPEANS. By Julian S. Huxley and A. C. Haddon.

With a Contribution by A. M. Carr-Saunders. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

HITLER and Madison Grant will not approve of this book; nor will those who, fearing the destruction of their own particular cultural group, are willing to deny their intelligence in their frantic efforts to maintain their prestige. Such people have seized upon heredity and, pointing to its power to maintain differences between pure breeds of domestic animals, have in the name of science developed a mythology of pure human breeds. By ascribing a heroic past to one of these, argument is found for its heroic future, and a continuity of heredity is invoked to combat social discontinuity.

This doctrine has been advertised so vociferously and with so much show of conviction that it has led a modern nation to commit cultural suicide in order, ostensibly, to reestablish its mythical "racial" unity and thereby its legendary preeminence. But Germans include such diverse ancestry that before this fictitious unity can be realized, many besides that cultural group called Jews will have to be eliminated. Even the present leaders, who exalt the Teutonic type as fair, long-headed, tall, and virile, include among themselves the opposite traits: Hitler's darkness, Rosenberg's broad head, Goebbels's shortness, Göring's stoutness, and Streicher's lack of virility. It is high time that the rest of the world should hear from unimpassioned ethnologists before all minds become emotionally blind to ethnological facts.

Read this book and thereafter hesitate to speak of *races* of men! For here is set down for all to read the history of biological differences between European groups. Unanswerable questions cloud many parts of this history, and the necessary qualifications make difficult reading, but one point stands out with great clearness: that different groups of men have wandered back and forth over Europe from earliest times, and whenever two groups have met, interbreeding has occurred. In Europe today all peoples, no matter how uniform their culture, come from mixed ancestry. There are no races comparable to domestic breeds. But animal experimentation does explain the continued variability shown by men of mixed ancestry. The breed is not a unit of heredity; even the purest breed of dog depends on great numbers of hereditary units (genes) which are held in constant assortment by mating within the breed; but after outbreeding these units reappear in all possible combinations and continue to recombine for many generations. The diversity of the geographic distribution of these units gives the impression of dramatic differences when extremes are compared, but between all of these diverse combinations of units occur continuous intergrades. National boundaries do not and cannot separate certain groups of genes. Tribal loyalty has evolved into patriotism, but the biological relationship has dropped out; the *pater* in patriotism is only a father-in-law.

The gist of the book is given by its introductory and con-

cluding chapters and its maps. The independence and repetitiousness of the various chapters on the history, methods, and pitfalls of ethnology, as well as those on specific ethnic groups, give the impression of a collected series of essays. A shorter, better-integrated presentation might have more influence and command greater respect. While pleading for objective study, the authors give much space to frankly conjectural accounts of certain ethnic groups. To go so far into Mendelian heredity as to discuss the recombinations following a cross involving ten independent genes, without mentioning that genes within the same chromosome do not show this independent reassortment (the whole subject of linkage), may seem unfair to hostile critics. And, finally, to show by photographs of sixteen persons (answers at the back) that nations include individuals divergent from the reputed type does not go very far toward proving that nations are not biological units; particularly when it is urged that not averages but frequency distributions are required to describe populations.

But whatever its imperfections, the book stands alone, and Messrs. Huxley, Haddon, and Carr-Saunders are to be thanked for rendering an important service. Here you will find a sane view of the contribution of ethnology to political problems.

E. C. MACDOWELL

Brilliant Taxidermy

THE THINKING REED. By Rebecca West. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

YOUNG, beautiful, rich, and tragically widowed, Isabelle was the daughter of one of those St. Louis families which have never lost their French character. What she dreaded more than anything else was to be betrayed by impulse into an act of violence, and all the effort of her sensitive and humorous mind was bent on imposing order and reason on her life.

It was her perverse fate, therefore, to be constantly in a position from which only violence could save her. In her loneliness after the death of her husband she fled to the "violent frivolity" of André, whose mind was as mediocre as his body was beautiful, and who brought to love "a midwifely sententiousness." From him she rescued herself by an act unreasonable and disorderly in its violence, hoping thus to be free to accept the quiet haven which Laurence Vernon, master of serene Mount Iris, had offered her. But he had been witness to what he conceived to be her madness; from his new coldness she fled to the "violent heat" of Marc Sallafranque, and married him. Though he enjoyed kicking waiters with his yellow shoes, and insulting dowagers, she found peace with him until the moment when from his drunkenness and his insane passion for gambling there was no escape except a new violence on her part, another and still more epoch-making disorderly scene. Thereafter she hated him for the violence to which he had driven her; but in the end, inevitably, she must return to him because, in spite of his violence and irrationality, in spite of the fact that "all his ties were with the strong and not with the weak, he would not have a sparrow fall anywhere in the world."

This is the plot; but the plot does not matter. For though Miss West assembles characters and backgrounds and analyzes them with the understanding and neatness so familiar in her criticism, she cannot be said to be a novelist; she is the most brilliant of taxidermists. On her wide travels in the jungles of Europe she has captured many strange beasts; and she arranges them in her pleasant sunlit museum with an unerring eye for their peculiarities, in attitudes which reveal their essential characteristics, and against backgrounds which she herself has

painted in colors only a little more precise and bright than nature. One looks at them and cries, "For a moment I thought they were alive!"

Miss West writes with the easiest brilliance; the broad river of her style is broken constantly with small waterfalls of epigrams, always unexpected and always delightful. But all this ease and brilliance and humor never conceal the seriousness of Miss West's mind, or her loyalty to her convictions. With the traditionally masculine weapons of logic and irony she combats the limitations which men at their best still impose upon their women; most bitterly of all, the masculine invention of "feminine intuition," that phrase by which men rationalize their determination not to admit that there is such a thing as feminine intelligence. Beneath the fantastic exteriors with which human beings laboriously fortify themselves, she can detect weakness, fatuity, but also decency; and that decency is the chief concern of her main characters, and the chief reason why a real liking, for both characters and author, early imposes itself on the reader.

KATHARINE SIMONDS

The Uses of Plausibility

THE SON OF MARIETTA. By Johan Fabricius. Translated from the Dutch by Irene Clephane and David Hallett. Little, Brown and Company. \$3.

AS a rule the novel of romance prefers plot to plausibility, unless the latter follows gratuitously from the former. It is a matter of small concern with practitioners of this order that a given effect, instead of proceeding from a given cause, is eventually determined by the requirements of pace and suspense. As long as he counts himself amused, the reader, so the theory goes, is prepared to anticipate instead of appraise; and it accordingly becomes the chief task of the romancer—in the opinion of romancers—to invent as complexly as he can.

Johan Fabricius's three-in-one romance is notable for the reason that it attempts a fusion of the two objectives and fails, not through a lack of either plausibility or inventiveness, but through an inadequate distribution of the parts. In general "The Son of Marietta" need make no apologies for the genre to which, by virtue of its eighteenth-century background and general derring-do, it must be assigned. Despite the cavalier vigor with which he has attacked the problem of projecting an age and a country foreign to his own, the author makes it clear that he is moved by something less florid than the picaresque ideal. For the space of at least a book and a half—that portion of the novel which concerns the fortunes of Marietta up to the birth of Benedetto, her son,—the story achieves as rich and sensitive a plausibility as is possible with the devices of the professed realist; and the entire section takes on a distinction in direct proportion to the justness of this portrait.

It is with the young manhood of the hero that the reader first senses the sharp division of emphasis. Fabricius here gathers cloak and sword into an old portmanteau and sends the young Benedetto packing to Venice and a certain "little Gothic palace in the Rio di San Felice." We are permitted a glimpse of the palace, planted into its setting like a slide in a stereopticon:

Pale gray and slender rose the little Gothic palace out of the green-black waters of the Rio di San Felice. It had small rose-windows and a balcony of carved stone tendrils and foliage. . . . Behind a low wall of the same tender gray stood several austere cypresses, black as ink. . . . The garden opened onto a miniature harbor just large enough to contain a gondola, and protected by a gate that autumn had covered with bright red leaves.

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No devotee of the popular operetta will fail to identify at sight the "green-black waters" and the "balcony of carved stone," "the cypresses black as ink," the little "harbor just large enough to contain a gondola," and the postern gate picked out synthetically with "bright red leaves"—and identify them in terms of cardboard. Nor is it probable that the register of chapter heads which follows will call forth in such a reader any but the very homeliest sensations of rapport: The Fair Maid in the Box, A Woman Without a Heart, Music in the Night, In a Garden by the Brenta. For this reader, the subsequent rehearsal of Benedetto's unhappy amours with Gracias, the Spanish seductress, and Leah, the melancholy young Jewess, will recommend itself with the vested authority of the obvious, the shopworn, and the traditional. But it is hardly to be expected that those who found the preceding volume and a half reason for gratulation will share his enthusiasm.

The "problem" here is of course one of proportion, of focus, primarily. It is readily summed up in the query: To what extent may the writer of romance who strives after something more than diversion alone defer the appraisal of character to the simple detailing of events *qua* events? The query is not a "modern" one and has been tellingly prosecuted in the past by such a work as Thackeray's "Henry Esmond." There, at least, it is made sufficiently plain that a mirror held up to one century is still a mirror held up to all of nature.

BEN BELITT

More Books for Guinea Pigs

AMERICAN CHAMBER OF HORRORS. By Ruth de Forest Lamb. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.

GUINEA PIGS NO MORE. By J. B. Matthews. Covici-Friede. \$2.

EAT, DRINK, AND BE WARY. By F. J. Schlink. Covici-Friede, \$2.

THE education of the consumer continues apace, with three more books on the popular practice of fraud. Two are by those prolific friends of the consumer, F. J. Schlink and J. B. Matthews of Consumers' Research; the third is a dignified, well-documented, and effective apologia for the Food and Drug Administration, written by its chief educational officer, Ruth de Forest Lamb.

Her book, "American Chamber of Horrors," is, according to the blurb writer, not "official," but unofficially the administration's chief must surely have blessed its author and wished the book godspeed. For Miss Lamb writes of the courageous war waged by food-and-drug men against adulterators, quacks, and charlatans. To members of Consumers' Research who have been regaled with stories and incidents of the sloth, dishonesty, and big-business bias of the administration, Miss Lamb's presentation of the other side of the picture will be both novel and instructive. Yet the administration's budget for 1936—an increase over previous years—allows only a little more than a cent per person for safeguarding consumers; there are only seventy-eight food-and-drug inspectors for field work, and another handful for laboratory and administrative duties. Equally ridiculous, Miss Lamb points out, is the antiquated and inadequate act governing the administration.

In making her case for the Food and Drug Administration, and for the passage of the Copeland bill, the author repeats the now old but still horrible story of the dye that blinded one young woman and killed another but is still within the law and being sold; and the story of the depilatory made of rat poison against which the administration has no legal authority to

act. She is not interested merely in muckraking or in naming names. Dispassionately, with none of the hysterics which have weakened the later works of Schlink and his school, Miss Lamb conducts her readers through the American Chamber of Horrors and points to the woeful impotency of the present consumer agencies. Thus far Miss Lamb agrees with other critics of the present set-up. She differs, however, in the suggested remedy. "With all its defects," she says, "the Copeland bill is not so bad as opponents on the extreme left would have you believe. Their opinions are naturally colored by their political philosophy, with which no purely remedial legislation can be entirely harmonious. . . . They may, indeed, be entirely right. But we are still living under a capitalist system, and unless we propose to overthrow that system we must, if we are going to correct such abuses as those which flourish in the food, drug, and cosmetic industries, be realistic about them."

This is a book which everyone, even those surfeited by exposés written for the hundred million guinea pigs, should read. Pictures of the Chamber of Horrors exhibits add point to the text and the appendices are in themselves a worth-while contribution to consumer literature, including as they do an outline of the legislative history of the Copeland bill, data on the cost and composition of such well-known cosmetics as Coty's, Elizabeth Arden, Bourjois, and others, and a government report on the grades of 500 advertised items of canned food.

Mr. Matthews's book also has a valuable appendix, a proposed enabling act for a Department of the Consumer, drafted by Oscar S. Cox, assistant corporation counsel of New York City. Unquestionably consumers would be more adequately served if the several government agencies which now devote a part of their activities to safeguarding the public's interest were integrated into such a department and implemented with power to control business practice. For the rest, Mr. Matthews's book, in spite of its philosophic pretensions, has little to offer to sound social theory. In his brave new world the capitalistic system would continue under the dictatorship of the consumer. Problems of quality, standards, and adulteration would be solved; but no attention would be given to production and the distribution of wealth. Mr. Matthews is a rabid anti-Communist. He offers empirical evidence of the failure of Soviet Russia: seven out of eight samples of Soviet toilet soap were ranked by Consumers' Research standards as "C—Not Recommended"; Russian face powder and contraceptives were found equally undesirable.

Mr. Schlink's "Eat, Drink, and Be Wary" is the first of his Consumers' Research crusading books undertaken without the assistance of a collaborator. The experiment is not successful. Lacking a steadying hand, Mr. Schlink flounders hysterically and indulges in shrill outcries against his pet hates. Badly organized, repetitious, and devoid of scientific objectivity, the Schlink invective loses force and meaning. This is unfortunate because there is a real need for a popular exposé of food frauds and faddists and of dangerous practices current in the food industries. While the milk trust, aided by state-supported advertising campaigns, is urging greater consumption of milk, it is instructive—and consoling—to learn that according to respectable medical opinion a quart of milk a day per child and a pint per adult are too much. There are many families who never could afford this quota and others who never would drink it. However, ranting against pasteurization because the expensive equipment required is out of reach of the small distributor and then waxing indignant over two epidemics of septic sore throat is ridiculous. Muddled thinking and bad temper are evident throughout the book. RUTH BRINDZE

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The Middle Way

SWEDEN: THE MIDDLE WAY. By Marquis W. Childs. Yale University Press. \$2.50.

THIS is a book which deserves the attention that it seems to be winning in the United States. It is a story of a people which has made astonishing progress in ordering to its own advantage the economic machinery of the modern world without violence and without confusion. It seems to the author that what the Swedes have done "constitutes a fairly well-defined middle course . . . between the absolute socialization of Russia and the end development of capitalism in America." He finds the wisdom of the Swedes "above all in their willingness to adjust, to compromise, to meet what appears to be reality. They have not been bound by a 'system,' nor have they been committed to a dogma. In a sense they are the ultimate pragmatists, interested only in the workability of the social order."

In chapters written in a livelier style than the foregoing quotation might suggest the author gives a very readable account of the achievement of the Swedish consumers' cooperatives; the admirable work in which the state, cities, and co-operatives have joined forces to provide low-cost and attractive housing; the role of the state in industry, especially in the production of power; the relation of the king, the Socialists, and the capitalists to one another; and what the farmers, following to some degree Danish practice, which the author reviews in considerable detail, have managed to do for themselves. To anyone who from a soap-box or in a social group wants to prove that able men will work effectively from some other motive than profit and that there can be a democracy in economic life which does function, Mr. Childs has presented an invaluable supply of ammunition.

His book is good, but it would be better if it gave an account of the dynamics of the change which he describes. It is fuller and better in its description of the cooperative movement than of the labor unions and the Socialist Party—the leading party in Sweden, although it does not have an absolute majority. Swedish socialism is definitely of the right wing, but it is socialism, and as such not so exclusively pragmatic as Mr. Childs implies. Moreover, as I read his book I remembered some remarks made to me by a representative of the Swedish Socialist press in America a few weeks ago, in which he expressed grave doubts concerning the adequacy of the security provided in the Swedish Utopia.

It is fair to Mr. Childs to say that he himself recognizes the limitations upon the great Swedish achievements to a degree which his hasty readers and reviewers have overlooked. For instance, the country's recovery would have been quite impossible if Sweden had not been able to profit by the friction between Great Britain and Soviet Russia to increase its timber exports to Britain at Russia's expense. Moreover, Sweden's mines and iron and steel industries have been the beneficiary of the European craze for rearmament. However much Socialists and cooperators may admire the excellence of Sweden's internal economy, recovery or prosperity based upon a race in armaments constitutes no Socialist Utopia. Denmark and little Iceland, quite comparable to Sweden in the excellence of their internal arrangements, have lost not gained by the hates, the fears, and the tariff wars of the larger nations.

Clearly it will take more than the pragmatic shrewdness, the innate democracy and good sense which a homogeneous people like the Swedes have displayed, to solve problems of plenty, peace, and freedom in our troubled world. No purely imitative policy is possible in America, whether the model be

on the one hand Russia or on the other Sweden. But when all this is said there is a great deal that is reassuring, suggestive, even inspiring in what not only the Swedes but the other Scandinavian peoples have accomplished through their co-operatives, their labor unions, and their Socialist parties.

NORMAN THOMAS

DRAMA

Mr. Cohan Presents . . .

GEORGE M. COHAN is at it again. This time the play is called "Dear Old Darling" (Alvin Theater), and again the outline is that of the "crook play" which Mr. Cohan has favored more than once before. As usual it will entertain the popular audience of whose limitations he is seldom unaware; but as usual also it is, in addition, part of a private joke the exact nature of which he has never revealed because, perhaps, he does not quite understand it himself.

In the earlier days Mr. Cohan was content merely to build a better cltrap than his neighbor and to let the world beat a path to his door. If "Little Johnny Jones" and "Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway" were anything more than showman's stuff, the fact was too skilfully concealed, and at the period when they were written their author seemed at one with the audience he entertained. But as time went on Mr. Cohan began to see through the shoddiness of his tradition and to write satires on himself. Like the more sophisticated sort of prestidigitator who exposes his own tricks, he took the spectator into his confidence and concentrated attention upon the skill with which the thing could be done. Every moment which the audience could be inveigled into taking with real seriousness was followed by one in which it was invited to laugh at itself, and the motto was always, "It's fun to be fooled."

"Dear Old Darling" follows this method, and as usual it is Mr. Cohan as actor, no less than as playwright, who contributes the almost unanalyzable charm of a personality so blatant, so aggressive, and so cocksure that it would be offensive in anyone who did not have his matchless gift for a disarming blarney. Always the center of any stage, he cavorts with abandon and "mugs" outrageously. He is, indeed, the one triumphant example we have of the kind of actor whose whole success depends upon the fact that no one forgets for more than a moment that he is that particular actor no matter what part he happens to be playing. It is Cohan the showman and Cohan the personality of whom we are always aware. Every scene begins with a "Now watch me take you in!" and ends with a "Didn't I do that well?" But in between, the show is a very good show indeed. Mr. Cohan has the mercurial but irresistible insincerity of the successful scamp. He can bluster or cajole, dazzle or ingratiate. One moment he turns on the tremolo of sentiment and the next looses a wisecrack of abysmal cynicism. He is appealing one instant, cocky the next, and mocking the third. But somehow he is not inconsistent because at bottom one is somehow aware that one reality is always present—the reality of Mr. Cohan himself delighting in his gift for exploiting his own insincerity. It makes little difference that this particular play happens to be about a somewhat self-confident old gentleman who is the victim of a blackmail racket involving an eighteen-year-old girl who pursues him implacably with declarations of love. These matters are merely



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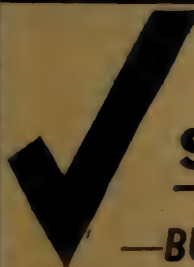
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If Mr. Cohan had enjoyed the advantages or disadvantages of a literary education and of an experience with the sophisticated world, he might have turned out to be a playwright like Ferenc Molnar. His preference for adroitness over sincerity is much the same; but the difference is, of course, that Mr. Cohan belongs to Broadway about as exclusively as anyone could. His idea of an elegant home—as revealed, for example, in the principal set of this play—is the idea of a salesman for a pay-as-you-go furniture establishment. His idea of the elegantly *déagé* includes the audible sucking of his teeth before the delivery of a devastating comeback. Nothing could have produced exactly him except the particular show business in which he grew up, and he is, in his way, as American as Babbitt—the eternal Irish scamp as modified by New York. No one not familiar with him and his tradition could possibly understand why he has been for years the most popular personality of the New York theater both behind the curtain and in front of it. Fifty years hence no historian will be able to understand what he was like or why audiences took him to their hearts in precisely the way they did. The fact remains, nevertheless, that he is irresistible. If the present play had been either written or acted by anyone else it would have been merely another crook play to be forgotten by tomorrow. Actually it will stick in the memory because one will not be able to forget Mr. Cohan doing any one of the dozen vivid, foolish, and essentially insincere things he does.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

FILMS

The Higher Jingoism

VIEWED quite generally "Rhodes" (Roxy) is an inferior motion picture. It moves slowly when it moves at all; each separate episode is allowed to die before the next one is born, so that we miss the magic of elision, the sense of having stepped from one scene into another without knowing that our feet had left the ground; and the South African settings (veritable, I believe) too seldom appear to be taking part in the action, with the result that such figures as Rhodes (Walter Huston) and Jameson (Basil Sydney) are likely to loom up with the effect of accident. Nevertheless, the film possesses the merit, in a fortnight otherwise barren, of raising a discussable and indeed a highly interesting question. Two other films have raised it recently—"Itto," a French work dealing with the conquest of Morocco, and "Frontier," a Russian work dealing with the suppression of a counter-revolutionary minority; but the question asks itself clearly enough in "Rhodes" alone.

The question had better be made to emerge from a description of what goes on. Put briefly, the story is of Rhodes's rise in South Africa from the day he met Dr. Jameson and was told he had six months (or years) to live until the day of his burial among the great stones of his favorite mountain. Between these limits he lived the life we know, and the only thing of interest at the moment is the spirit in which the events of this life are set forth. Doubtless they could have been set forth in any one of a hundred ways; and the information that the film comes from London would perhaps

lead to expectations of something on the jingo side, something empire-minded. But if the film ever took that tone I was worse than deaf to it. What I heard, in fact, was an undertone of reservation so clear and strong that I could not but take it to be the music of the piece—the intended music, the conscious burden. The song it sang said in effect that Rhodes might after all have been terribly mistaken; that the destiny about which he was so eloquent might simply have been tenth-rate; that civilization and colonization may combine at any time to produce something either ineffably absurd or grossly cruel; that progress is an illusion; that empires are built not merely upon blood but upon error. Why otherwise were all our sympathies fixed on Kruger and King Lobengula? Why was Anna Carpenter allowed to be so persuasive in her criticism of Rhodes? Why was Jameson so peculiarly offensive? And why was Rhodes himself, played though he happened to be by Walter Huston, so stuffed with nothingness, so impotent to carry conviction? Oscar Homolka as Kruger and Ndanisa Kumalo as King Lobengula were the stars of the film for reasons other than those having to do with their great native capacities; they were stars, I think, because the rest of the sky was dark, and because the direction had put its heart in them alone. The direction had not believed in Rhodes and empire. It had not believed the story it was presumably telling.

The parallel with "Itto" and "Frontier" is quite exact. Our sympathies, or at any rate mine, were wholly with the Moroccan chieftain who was slain in his castle, so that the splendor of his burial by the magnanimous French failed even for a second to make me stop asking what on earth the French were doing there. So with the wilderness people of "Frontier"; I could not but resent the superior numbers of those who came from Moscow to wipe them out, and their inferior imaginations. But the question still to be asked is this: Was any of the three films thus intended? And if so, where has propaganda got to? The cultivation of ambiguity is something that any art comes to in its prime—or perhaps a bit beyond its prime. Is the art of propaganda, then, ripe to the point of rotteness; ready, in other words, to become "pure" art? I do not know. I merely ask the question, and admit in passing that there may be nothing in it after all. The Moors, the Boers, and the Russian minorities were conquered long enough ago for sentiment to have come full circle. Northern books and films about the Civil War have long been prone to take the Southern, the defeated side. Perhaps it is only time that tells us what to do in such cases—I doubt, for instance, that Haile Selassie can be the hero of any Italian film before 1960.

"The Voice of Bugle Ann" (Center Theater) borrows several actors, including Lionel Barrymore, from "Ah, Wilderness" without making the best use of them; managing, strangely enough, to be at the same time pedestrian and sentimental about the fox hound of Missouri. "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" (Paramount), advertised as "100 per cent natural color," seemed to me to hit 175 per cent, especially in its browns and blues; but its feud was well managed. "Le Bonheur" (Cinéma de Paris), based on the play by Henri Bernstein about an anarchist who fell in love with a wealthy movie actress he had been ordered to assassinate, seemed to me false and trivial in spite of certain fine moments. As for Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, I like them as well as anybody does, but wish that someone would write a tolerable story for them. The story of "Follow the Fleet" is even more tiresome than that of "Top Hat." Such charming persons deserve at least a vehicle that will hold together past the first dance—as "Roberta" did, I seem to remember, until the very end.

MARK VAN DOREN

Joseph Wood Krutch says:

CALL IT A DAY. *Morosco Theater.* Gay and delightful comedy about what almost happened to an English family on the first dangerous day of spring.

DEAD END. *Belasco Theater.* A play about gangsters in the making on an East River waterfront. More a good show than a great drama, but a very good show indeed.

END OF SUMMER. *Guild Theater.* The wittiest of American playwrights sets a group of interesting people to talking about the world as we find it. Ina Claire and Osgood Perkins help make a very happy evening.

ETHAN FROME. *National Theater.* The apparently impossible task of dramatization of Edith Wharton's novel achieved with conspicuous success. Outstanding performances by Pauline Lord, Ruth Gordon, and Raymond Massey.

LIBEL. *Henry Miller Theater.* Exciting English courtroom play. Surprisingly probable for this sort of thing and superbly acted.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE. *Plymouth Theater.* Amazingly successful adaptation, brilliantly staged and acted. A thoroughly delightful evening in the theater.

VICTORIA REGINA. *Broadhurst Theater.* Delightful series of scenes from Laurence Housman's drama stunningly acted by Helen Hayes and others. Fairer to the matron queen than Strachey but funny nevertheless and charming besides.

FEDERAL THEATER PROJECT PLAYS: "American Holiday," *Manhattan Theater*; "Chalk Dust," *Daly's Theater*.

Mark Van Doren says:

AH, WILDERNESS. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Eugene O'Neill's touching and searching comedy of high-school days translated into a film which charms by its own right. Full of recognitions for the middle-aged.

A NIGHT AT THE OPERA. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* The Marx Brothers in their best picture to date. Hilarious and brilliant.

ANNIE OAKLEY. *R.K.O.* A minor American masterpiece based on the life of Buffalo Bill's best-loved sharpshooter. Barbara Stanwyck as Annie Oakley divides the honors with Sitting Bull.

MODERN TIMES. *Charles Chaplin.* Charlie Chaplin returns to the screen disguised as his old self and fulfils every expectation. Should be seen by everyone—and heard, for he has sound effects.

THE 39 STEPS. *Alexander Korda.* Months old, but should be seen wherever possible. A swift and beautiful thriller set in the Highlands, and one of several films which argue British leadership in the immediate future.

THE GHOST GOES WEST. *Alexander Korda.* René Clair's first film in English, with scenes in Scotland and the United States. Clever, satirical, and fanciful, but without the master touch.

THE PRISONER OF SHARK ISLAND. *Fox.* Tells the story of Dr. Mudd, convicted in 1865 of having helped Booth to escape. Somber and powerful; does not spare the spectator.

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Letters to the Editors

A LETTER FROM REXFORD TUGWELL

Dear Sirs: *The Nation* for January 22, 1936, printed an open letter addressed to me and signed by Tom Burke. The case mentioned by Mr. Burke has been investigated and I am glad to present herein an accurate statement of the case of Pierce White of Chambers County, Alabama.

To begin with, we have been unable to establish that Mr. Burke ever interviewed Mrs. Pierce White despite the fact that he opens his letter by boldly asserting, "I have just visited Mrs. Pierce White."

Mr. Burke's accusation that Mrs. White and her four daughters were starving is entirely incorrect. At the request of our own local officials, Miss Elna Carson, director of the Chambers County Welfare Board (not a Resettlement organization), visited Mrs. White's home after her husband had been jailed and found sufficient food to sustain the family.

The assertion that rental and parity checks were collected from the Pierce Whites is not only a falsehood but an impossibility, as the farm on which the Whites were located was not covered by an adjustment contract. The account of Mr. White was given credit for the three bales of cotton mentioned by Mr. Burke. The cotton brought \$120.26, less \$25.40 ginning tax.

Mr. Burke made the following statement: "Pierce White has been in jail for two and one half months now, just for selling about 200 pounds of his own seed cotton." Investigation revealed that Mr. White was sent to prison for six months, plus time to be served in lieu of payment of costs, when he pleaded guilty to trading in farm products (cotton) "between sunset and sunrise" in violation of an Alabama statute.

Mr. White knew he was violating the state statute. He knew further that the cotton involved was covered by a lien and consequently was not his property. He knew still further that he violated, ethically and legally, his agreement with the Resettlement Administration. Mr. White was arrested on a warrant sworn out by L. H. Smith, County Supervisor, who was advised by Vernon E. Jennings, his assistant, of the disposal of the cotton.

As Mr. White had violated the terms of his rehabilitation contract, Mr. Smith

then took steps to drop him from the rehabilitation rolls and to recover property that was pledged as security for his loan. At the same time both Mr. Smith and Mr. Jennings reported to Miss Carson that Mr. White had been arrested and asked that his wife and children be provided with relief, if necessary. Mr. White was unable to secure bail and remained in jail until tried. The law requires that one who signs a bail bond have enough money or property to cover the amount of the bond. This law is not peculiar to Alabama. Mr. Jennings stated that he gave no unsolicited advice in regard to a bond for Mr. White.

I agree that this is an unfortunate case. However, the purpose of the Resettlement Administration is to rehabilitate poverty-stricken farmers by extending them small loans, placing them on good land, and providing them with every possible assistance. Since we deal with almost a half-million farm families, we are forced to operate on a business-like basis in order that we may do the greatest good for the greatest number.

I regret very much that Mr. White brought sorrow to his family by violating both the law of the state of Alabama and his contract with the Resettlement Administration. I regret further that the facts in this case, intentionally or unintentionally, have been misrepresented and distorted.

R. G. TUGWELL, Administrator
Washington, February 12

MR. BURKE REPLIES

Dear Sirs: Mr. Tugwell says he cannot establish the fact that I interviewed Mrs. Pierce White. Two witnesses were present at the interview. At the time I used the name Larry Ward, and Mrs. White wrote to me later under this name. Mr. Tugwell's investigators know, if he does not, why a union organizer finds it necessary to use an assumed name. The Resettlement Investigation office in Birmingham has a copy of Mrs. White's letter. It was, by the way, a plea for aid because she and her children were about to be evicted. Milton McDuff, head of the National Detective Agency, the Birmingham red squad endowed by the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company, took the original of the letter from Rob F. Hall, national-committee member of the Share-Croppers' Union, in a raid last

January. Besides, I was interviewed by Resettlement investigators in Birmingham relative to the Pierce White case and gave them all the facts as I knew them.

Maybe Miss Carson of the Chambers County Welfare Board did not believe the White family was starving, but Mr. Tugwell is accepting the opinion of one who is interested in reducing relief rolls. Mrs. White told me she had only corn and peas and a cow that gave half a gallon of milk a day. This is not even what President Roosevelt called a third-class diet. It is the diet that breeds pellagra, sickness, and death, certainly not a diet for a government official to defend.

Few of the rehabilitation farmers know definitely whether or not they signed AAA contracts. It seems odd that a cotton farmer on the resettlement program did not have such a contract. The practice has been to call the resettlement farmers to meetings where they were told to sign the AAA parity and rental checks over to the resettlement field foreman. Mr. White's case is the first exception, for a resettlement cotton farmer, that I have heard of.

The statement that Pierce White "broke the law" by selling his cotton "between sunset and sunrise," and "broke his resettlement contract" by asserting his right to sell his own cotton when he was desperate for money to help his wife through childbirth, brings us to the heart of the case. The law prohibiting the sale of cotton "between sunset and sunrise" is only one of the many laws inflicted on the enslaved white and Negro share-croppers. Mr. Tugwell has denied the resettlement farmers the right to sell their own crops because Resettlement has a lien on the crop for the total debt of the farmer. The resettlement officials have seized entire crops to satisfy this government debt. The resettlement farmers had nothing when they signed contracts for this program, and the Pierce White case, representative of thousands of resettlement cases, shows that they get nothing from the program. Mr. Tugwell has catered to all the traditions of exploitation and persecution peculiar to the South instead of trying to abolish them.

Mr. Tugwell accepts at face value the word of Vernon E. Jennings that "he gave no unsolicited advice in regard to the bond for Mr. White." Did Mr. Tug-

well think that Jennings would indict himself? Did Mr. Tugwell think Jennings's landlord cronies would betray him?

With this type of investigation, and with a screen of technicalities, Mr. Tugwell sees fit to drop the White case as "unfortunate." It is indeed unfortunate that there has to be a White case, and much more unfortunate that the basic elements of the White case are present in thousands of other rehabilitation cases. Does Mr. Tugwell propose to throw up his hands in despair at the problem confronting the Resettlement Administration? Mr. Tugwell can use his power and influence to get Pierce White off the chain gang immediately. He can provide the White family with a farm and decent relief. He can have Vernon Jennings thrown out of office. He can make this case an example and rectify the miserable conditions on resettlement farms all over the South. He can stop the wholesale eviction of resettlement farmers in Chambers County and many other places. He can make sure that resettlement farmers have the right to their crop and that Resettlement does not use the lien on the crop as a means of taking every last thing from the farmers. The right to live comes before debts, and the government should be the first to recognize this.

I told Mr. Tugwell's investigators that they need not expect a full story from these oppressed people without some definite guaranty of protection from landlord terror. If Mr. Tugwell is interested in facts and their social implications, other than those he gets from the landlords and their cronies in the administration, if Mr. Tugwell wants to see social justice done to these poverty-stricken people who raise the cotton for America, he has the power and influence to act.

Mr. Tugwell, by the stand taken in his letter, has forfeited all the right he ever had to be classed as a liberal.

TOM BURKE

Birmingham, Ala., February 20

"POPULAR" AND "SHALLOW"

Dear Sirs: Mark Van Doren's review (in *The Nation* of February 12) of my contribution to "The Movies on Trial" challenges a retort. He accuses me of "the conviction that no movie is worth mentioning as art unless it represents a technical advance over all previous movies. A corollary is that there have been no movies worth mentioning since D. W. Griffith was in his prime—since, in fact,

"Intolerance." I hardly think that anything in my essay supports this sweeping interpretation; on the contrary, I devoted many pages to enumerating the principal cinematic achievements which followed, in some cases by many years, the production of "Intolerance."

Further, Mr. Van Doren assumes, "with a touch of horror," that I do not want the cinema to remain popular. The contrary is true; I am very much concerned lest it lose its popularity—this conceivably may happen some day—and disappear completely. But I do not want it to remain popular at the cost of also remaining eternally shallow—a word which Mr. Van Doren does not think I use with discretion—or at the risk of

being turned, as in Russia today, from a serious and vital art into a standardized mass-entertainment. If the film is to remain a mass-art—a dubious and dangerous position, by the way—only on the condition that free and unbridled creative experiment be forever barred from it, then perhaps it had better disappear.

Mr. Van Doren is one of the few film critics whose work I find it easy to respect; but I am frankly disappointed at his misunderstanding of the spirit of my chapter. Perhaps he will see light if I suggest, for example, that poetry, literature, and the drama be completely popularized, first by the elimination of all their unpopular accomplishments to date, and, second, by the future suppression of

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SEYMOUR STERN

Hollywood, February 22

Dear Sirs: If Mr. Stern and I agree (a) in our desire that the movies remain popular and (b) in our detestation of any attempt which censorship, whatever its form, may make to set them going in an artificial direction, then we would seem to agree on every essential point, and my review would appear to have misrepresented him. I freely admit that his first paragraph is more accurate as an account of the passage in question than my somewhat humorously exaggerated sentence was. But my impression persists that the adjectives "unpopular" and "shallow" have different values for us. They are deep words and I shall not presume to define them; remarking merely that I think I trust the mass judgment farther than Mr. Stern does—provided, of course, that it expresses itself innocently and is not conscious of being a mass judgment. Operating as the several judgments of seventy million individuals it gives the cinema what any art should be delighted to have, an audience both vast and eager. As for "free and unbridled experiment," I consider it necessary but should like to see it happening naturally—that is, at the centers of production and not in little studios set up to worship Art. It is perhaps unfortunate that the cinema ever discovered itself to be an art, or that the deadly distinction between art and entertainment ever thrust itself in. Perfect entertainment is perfect art, and both are trying to be what only Shakespeare ever succeeded in being: perfectly lifelike. Or, if Mr. Stern insists on the word, perfectly shallow.

MARK VAN DOREN

New York, February 25

"SAWDUST CAESAR"

Dear Sirs: While "Sawdust Caesar" represents an immense amount of industry, and although Professor Salvemini reviewed the volume enthusiastically in *The Nation* for January 22, I think attention ought to be called to two points.

1. Mr. Seldes makes the a priori contention that the church is good and that it alone stands for untrammelled expression. On page 259 he says, "It is quite true, as Fascists contend, that all the liberal, democratic, and intelligent minority in Italy . . . had taken refuge in the Azione Cattolica." But on page 246 Seldes writes that the church supported Mussolini in

the Matteotti murder. "This was the only support Mussolini had at the time. *But it was important* [italics mine]." How does one resolve such a contradiction?

2. Mr. Seldes make the a priori assumption that Masonry is good and that fascism is evil. On page 184 he says, "The order . . . *has remained* [italics mine] the standard-bearer of freedom." And then on page 185 I am astonished to read, "From the time the first *fasci* were formed until after the March on Rome, Masonic lodges cooperated, went so far as to organize Fascist locals and *to join the employers in subsidizing Mussolini* [italics mine]." Where does the old Masonic conception of liberty and the rights of man enter the picture?

If we want to fight fascism we need to have facts presented consistently and accurately. While "Sawdust Caesar" has an imposing array of "facts," nevertheless it presents so many loopholes in the defense against fascism that friends of fascism can ridicule the liberals' efforts to preserve the old rights.

ALFRED KLAUSLER

Glendive, Mont., February 10

A PEOPLE'S THEATER

Dear Sirs: I feel it should be interesting news to readers of *The Nation* in the uptown areas of New York City to learn that a new theater presenting plays of social content has been organized in the Bronx, namely, the People's Theater Associates.

We have two one-act plays now in rehearsal scheduled for early spring production, to be followed by a full-length play with which we expect to open the fall season of 1936. Classes in puppetry, voice culture, technique of acting, and dancing are now being formed, free to those interested in developing such a theater as well as their own native ability.

We shall be glad to interview technicians, give critical readings to plays submitted to us, and give a hearing to experienced or talented amateurs for parts in our forthcoming productions as well as for membership in our classes.

All inquiries should be addressed to me at 1706 Davidson Avenue.

H. HERNE, Executive Director
New York, February 20

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LOUIS FISCHER, *The Nation's* Moscow correspondent, is back in the U. S. S. R. after a European tour. A series of articles, Arms Over Europe, of which the one on Poland in this week's *Nation* is the eighth, has presented the European scene in all its complicated and ominous detail.

EDITH ABBOTT has been a force in social work for many years. She has published books on immigration problems, women in industry, juvenile delinquency, crime and the foreign born. An editor of the *Social Service Review*, she has also since 1924 been dean of the School of Social Service Administration at Chicago.

M. E. RAVAGE is the newest addition to *The Nation's* roster of foreign correspondents. He will contribute an article about political events in that country from time to time.

RUTH BRINDZE will continue, under the title The Consumer Front, her regular bi-monthly page in *The Nation* in the interest of the forgotten consumer. She cannot, however, answer questions respecting the merit of specific products.

PETER ODEGARD has taught government at Columbia University, at Williams College, and at Ohio State University, where he now is. At the convention of the American Political Science Association during the Christmas holidays he led one of the most vital of the discussion groups, that on civil liberties.

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THE *Nation*

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CONTENTS

THE SHAPE OF THINGS 365

EDITORIALS:

WILL EUROPE CALL HITLER'S BLUFF? 368

PROSTITUTION IN NEW YORK CITY 369

WHO WON THE STRIKE? 370

WASHINGTON WEEKLY by Paul W. Ward 371

PROSTITUTION IN THE SOVIET UNION
by Alice Withrow Field 373

OUR JOURNALISTIC NOBLESSE by George Seldes 375

SHALL WE SEND THEM BACK TO HITLER?
by Louis Adamic 377

THE FATE OF THE SUPREME COURT
by Max Lerner 379

MURDER AND KARL MARX by Mary McCarthy 381

ISSUES AND MEN by Oswald Garrison Villard 384

BROUN'S PAGE 385

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

HOMAGE TO HAVELOCK ELLIS
by Joseph Wood Krutch 386

BUT DON'T PAUSE FOR BREATH
by Louis Kronenberger 387

THE MYSTERY OF SIR BASIL by Benjamin Stolberg 388

THE NEAR AND THE FAR by Mark Van Doren 388

FIVE YEARS BEFORE SARAJEVO by Felix E. Hirsch 389

DOLLARS OR CHILDREN by John A. Kingsbury 390

SHORTER NOTICES 391

DRAMA: SHAW'S CLASSIC by Joseph Wood Krutch 392

RECORDS: by Henry Simon 393

DRAWINGS: by Anton Refregier, George Schreiber,
William Steig, and Stuyvesant Van Veen

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The Shape of Things

*

GOVERNMENT BY INJUNCTION IS NOTHING new in American history. It has generally been used to break strikes; it is now being used to break Congressional investigations; how it will be used in the future depends upon the ingenuity of our corporation lawyers. Chief Justice Wheat of the District of Columbia Supreme Court has issued an injunction restraining the Black lobby committee of the Senate from seizing telegrams sent by Silas Strawn's law firm. The Justice's ground was that the subpoena with which Senator Black was equipped was actually a drag-net or a fishing line, and that it violated the searches-and-seizures provision of the Fourth Amendment. At this point Mr. Hearst also applied for an injunction, invoking the First Amendment to protect a telegram he had sent to his editorial flunky, James T. Williams. As usual in business appeals to the Bill of Rights, liberty is being invoked in order to protect intrenched privilege. The lobbyists and utility executives are desperate lest the full extent of the money power in politics be revealed by Senator Black's expert and uncompromising methods. They are also fearful that the Liberty League and other such organizations will, as a result of the lobby investigation, shape up for what they are in reality—political organizations using corporate contributions without being subject to the corrupt-practice laws that apply to political parties. The whole incident is another example of how under the pressure of a vigorous legislative attack the bourbons always turn to the courts for extreme unction.

*

MANUEL AZANA'S LIBERAL GOVERNMENT IN Spain appears to be facing a situation uncomfortably similar to that which confronted the Kerensky regime in Russia. Although placed in power by the votes of the Socialists, Communists, and Anarcho-Syndicalists, Azaña is not prepared to institute fundamental economic reforms. He has released the majority of the political prisoners held over from the previous government and ordered the arrest of General Ochola, charged with responsibility for the Asturias massacre, but has given no indication that he intends to meet the demands of the left. On the other hand, the fascist elements, which virtually dominated policy under the Lerroux government, have become more and more insistent that Azaña curb all further demonstrations of the left. This the Premier has apparently attempted to do, but without success. In the course of celebrating their electoral victory Socialists and Communists have

rioted almost daily, have burned churches and convents, and have even gone so far as to seize the estate of President Zamora. The situation bears a striking resemblance to that which existed after the revolution in 1931, and it is possible that the Premier may, as on that occasion, obtain control by bringing pressure on the Socialist leaders. But unless drastic action is taken to remove the causes of the existing unrest, there is danger that Spain may be plunged into worse turmoil than anything it has experienced in the past five years.

*

THE NEW TOTALITARIAN REGIME IN PARAGUAY appears to be definitely fascist in its essentials. Arising out of the unrest following the Chaco war, the revolutionary party consists primarily of war veterans and students, though it has a certain amount of working-class support. The movement is intensely nationalistic, being directed particularly against groups of foreigners who have enriched themselves out of the war. It has as its leader Colonel Rafael Franco, a war hero who was exiled in February as a Communist but who enjoys tremendous personal popularity. It has barred all political activity by trade unions and other organizations not connected with the dominant party, and has placed all labor disputes under administrative jurisdiction. Colonel Franco calls these restrictions only temporary. He claims that his aim is to have "a true democracy of workers and peasants, who are the eternal victims of their economic weakness." This sounds suspiciously like fascist demagoguery, although the Paraguayan brand of fascism may prove to be considerably less "advanced" than that of Germany or Italy.

*

THE GHOST OF THE NRA WALKED IN Washington again last week. George Berry's Committee on Industrial Policy, which somehow emerged out of the fiasco of Mr. Berry's conference of business and labor executives last fall, has turned in a set of recommendations for the economic future of our country. There are three things to be said about the recommendations. One is to note the fear and trembling with which the committee introduces such a necessary proposal as that of a minimum wage and overtime rates. The committee finds it necessary also to praise all that "individual initiative, free competition, and the incentive of profit" have done for America before it dare suggest that some "governmental intervention" in private industry is necessary. The second is that our business executives seem to have forgotten nothing and learned nothing since the beginning of the depression. Their best wisdom still seems to be the wisdom embodied in the NRA. The third is that a dangerous tendency toward a semi-fascist set-up is revealed in the committee recommendations. There is to be production control; the anti-trust laws are to be suspended; and, worst of all, a "permanent advisory economic council" is to be established, consisting of representatives of management, labor, and the public interest. That the committee's ideas should take this familiar form is proof of the bankruptcy of economic thought on the part of our business leaders.

THE SENATE HAS ELIMINATED FROM THE Treasury-Post Office appropriation bill the \$26,500,000 item for ocean-mail ship-subsidy-contract payments. It was, however, not motivated by a desire to put the shipping industry on a sound economic basis. Senator Glass, who engineered the move, has admitted that its purpose was to force the passage at this session of a bill bestowing direct subsidies in place of the indirect mail-contract subsidies. If such a bill is not passed, the \$26,500,000 will undoubtedly be included in the deficiency bill. Meanwhile, some hundred shipping executives, lawyers, and lobbyists, in Washington attending the hearings of the Senate Commerce Committee on the Guffey bill and the indefensible Copeland bill, showed that their intelligence was not as extensive as their greed. Just as they had not even been able to agree among themselves on the original Copeland bill, introduced when the session opened, so last week they could not agree on the compromise bill. John M. Franklin, president of the International Mercantile Marine, read at precisely the worst moment a statement for the American Steamship Owners' Association which charged that the present choice of bills amounted to "reputation" of the shipping industry by the government. Then he asked for reenactment of the existing Jones-White law. Senator Copeland, who is well aware that if this continues the Guffey bill will pass, lost his temper on one occasion and called the executives "a lot of Dumb Doras." But he is still their best friend.

*

LOW WAGES, UNLIMITED HOURS, AND BAD working conditions are the rule and not the exception on American ships. The Morro Castle disaster demonstrated that one of the greatest hazards run by passengers is created by the hiring of inexperienced men at low wages. The chairman of Secretary Roper's own National Committee on Safety at Sea, which he set up in December, has pointed to the labor turnover on American ships, which runs as high as 30 per cent, as a "serious symptom of unrest" among those who earn their living at sea. Secretary Roper's remedy is to increase the personnel and pay of the Bureau of Navigation and Steamboat Inspection. Certainly the taxpayers, seagoing or not, would be willing to finance an efficient bureau they also have the right to expect that Mr. Roper might use his influence to persuade the shipping companies to make a contribution to safety in the form of decent wages and tolerable conditions for the necessarily skilled workers who are the ultimate safeguard of the traveler. Instead, they are treated to the spectacle of Mr. Roper, self-appointed Secretary of Safety, shouting "Mutiny!" because the crew of the steamship California struck, not at sea but in port, for a raise in pay from \$57.50 to \$62.50 a month. It is possible, of course, that a passion for the safety of passengers is the primary motive in Mr. Roper's hysteria. It is just possible on the other hand that his views as far as labor is concerned resemble those of the shipping barons whose strongholds around the coast are being ever more militantly attacked. To hang the label of mutiny on a ship strike would certainly fulfil their fondest dream of safety.

THE JONES AND LAUGHLIN STEEL COMPANY recently walked out of a hearing of the National Labor Relations Board, charging that the board had no jurisdiction over the case. The complaint was filed by twelve employees of the corporation's Aliquippa plant who alleged they were fired for union activities. Contending that steel manufacturing is intrastate and not interstate commerce, Earl F. Reed, counsel for Jones and Laughlin, argued that his client alone had the right to hire and fire his employees. When the board indicated that it was not convinced, Mr. Reed left the courtroom, but the case went on. It was like enacting a melodrama without the villain. All twelve of the discharged men claimed that their union activities were alone responsible for the loss of their jobs, while the company asserted they had been fired for inefficiency. If that was true, then it took the company a long time to discover that these particular workmen were inefficient, for the average length of service they had rendered the corporation was more than ten years. The witnesses uniformly contended that "Aliquippa workmen are crying for union organization but are afraid for their jobs." These twelve men serve as so many living examples to the other nine thousand steel workers in the community. Aliquippa is a company town. Its local bank, street cars, motor coaches, water supply, and a real-estate company which owns most of the houses the workers live in are controlled by the Jones and Laughlin Corporation, which also dominates the county elections and the local police. Under these circumstances, the workers testified, "if you don't do what the company wants you to, it's too bad for you."

*

SOME TIME AGO A NUMBER OF HONEST AND sincere persons directed to Thomas Mann a request that he publicly and unequivocally state his position on the Nazi regime. Thomas Mann, already a voluntary exile in Switzerland, did not answer this appeal at the time. But in a letter recently published in the *Neue Züricher Zeitung* he has made an answer so frank and clear as to silence all criticism.

German anti-Semitism, however, or that of the German rulers, is aimed, spiritually regarded, not at the Jews at all or not at them exclusively. It is aimed at Europe and at all the higher Germanism itself. It is aimed, as is becoming more evident all the time, at the ancient Christian foundations of Occidental morality. It is the attempt, as symbolized by the withdrawal from the League of Nations, to shake off civilizing connections, an attempt that threatens to effect a fearful, an evil-laden estrangement between the country of Goethe and the rest of the world.

As if to prove beyond a doubt that this noble indictment is justified, comes the news of a controversy now being waged in Germany on the issue of "German Physics versus Jewish Physics." The dispute was occasioned by an article in the *Völkische Beobachter* attacking Albert Einstein and all theoretical physicists as "Jews or products of the Jewish spirit." Not only race and religion but science itself is hereby drawn into this evil controversy—a further attempt "to shake off civilizing connections" and to estrange Germany from the rest of the world.

THE COOLIDGE-KERR IMMIGRATION BILL, now before the Senate Committee on Immigration and Naturalization, is not an ideal measure but has been considered a step toward softening the rigors of our immigration policy. On March 11, however, an amendment was introduced which on no account should be included if the bill becomes a law. It provides for the mandatory deportation of aliens convicted of a crime involving moral turpitude. The importance of this provision will be clear when it is remembered that nobody knows exactly what moral turpitude is. It is not necessarily a felony as opposed to a misdemeanor; it includes not only the major crimes but very likely a number of minor ones. Suppose an alien striker breaks a factory window. Suppose he successfully plants a rock on the neck of one of Mr. Bergoff's scabs. Is this moral turpitude? At the present moment it probably isn't. Simple assault and disorderly conduct have not yet been included in this particular category. But there is nothing to prevent an anti-labor judge from so construing them. When feeling is running high during a strike in which many workers are aliens, almost anything may happen. The Kerr bill as amended puts a weapon in the hands of anti-labor, anti-alien forces which they will not be slow to use. Secretary Perkins is reported as "deploring" the amendment, although she is unwilling to make a public protest because she wants the bill as a whole to pass. But the bill as a whole is not good enough to bear the weight of this provision.

*

THE LOGIC OF HISTORY MAKES THE WEST, with its Populist traditions and its hostility to Eastern finance, the breeding-ground of third parties. For that reason the coming state convention of the Minnesota Farmer-Labor Party on March 27-28 may yield interesting results. Two county conventions, embracing the cities of Minneapolis and Duluth, have already met and called upon the state convention to come out for a national Farmer-Labor Party which will place a ticket in the field in 1936. No one, of course, expects that such a ticket would stand a chance of victory. But a national Farmer-Labor Party this year might return a bloc of Representatives and Senators, and consolidate the progressive forces in Congress. It would be a powerful force in fighting the rising reaction. And, a start once made, it would be in a good position for making a bid for power in 1940.

*

BURNING RESENTMENT HAS BEEN AROUSED in California's neighbor states by Los Angeles's action in setting up an armed border patrol along the state line to turn back would-be entrants whose material assets are not considered up to Los Angeles standards. All those refused admission were impartially labeled "vags and hobos" by the border patrol. This some of them undoubtedly were, but the greater part represented transient farm and factory laborers essential to those communities where work is seasonal. The action of Los Angeles springs from a fundamental *malaise* which threatens the whole nation. What is to be done with the homeless migrants, now

numbering nearly half a million, who, by the closing last September of the federal transient bureaus, have been thrown back on their own, which is to say, non-existent, resources? The states claim that the transient problem is an interstate, and therefore a federal, affair; the federal government finds the burden too great. Jobless migrants will be with us until we achieve a stable economy. Meanwhile, unless the government adopts remedial measures, the ranks of the migrants will be swelled by the influx of school and college graduates for whom there is no chance of employment in sight. In the Amlie-Benson American Youth Act shortly to come before the Senate, providing federal aid for the unemployed between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five, there is an opportunity, if the government will but grasp it, to enact legislation which would alleviate the pressing danger of the transient problem.

Will Europe Call Hitler's Bluff?

AFTER more than a week of frenzied diplomatic activity the crisis precipitated by Germany's military reoccupation of the Rhineland remains unresolved. Hitler's Karlsruhe speech, though conciliatory in its references to France, was little more than a reaffirmation of his Reichstag address of the previous Saturday. In his Munich speech he stated that Germany would never allow itself to be judged at the bar of world opinion. And as a final gesture of intransigence, he refused to attend the London conference unless it promised to take up his "concrete proposals for new guaranties of European peace." Whether he will subsequently accept the League offer on the basis of promised "equality" remains uncertain as we go to press.

The situation is probably the most difficult which Europe has faced since 1919. That Germany has broken both the Treaty of Versailles and the Locarno agreement is scarcely open to question. Nor can it be doubted that the remilitarization of the Rhineland constitutes a real threat to France and to a lesser extent to its allies. As long as the German army remained out of this area, the danger of a surprise attack on the French frontier was practically non-existent. Today France no longer has that security. Yet the weight of international condemnation of the Third Reich has been somewhat lessened by recognition of the truth of Hitler's contention that Germany can never have equality until it exercises full sovereignty over its territory. It is difficult to work up sentiment for sanctions against a country for occupying its own soil. Unlike Japan and Italy, Germany cannot be accused of aggression.

But when it comes to making distinctions regarding treaty violations, one heads into severe difficulties. While all international agreements are not equally important or equally just, it would be difficult to convince the average Frenchman that a move which endangers the security of his native land should be ranked as unimportant. If effective international law is ever to be created, agreements

must be uniformly respected. Collective security is meaningless if its principles are to be enforced only by the country or countries most affected. Few persons in Europe today, however, are concerned with general principles. The one thing that is important is the finding of some means of preventing a rearmed Germany from launching a war of desperation or revenge. Hitler's bellicose references to the Soviet Union and his "inadvertent" omission of Austria and Czecho-Slovakia from the list of countries with which Germany is willing to conclude non-aggression pacts belie his claim to pacific intentions. Although his attack on communism may be somewhat discounted on the ground that it was meant primarily for home consumption, no responsible leader can indulge in repeated denunciation of a neighboring nation without running the risk that his words will ultimately be taken seriously, both at home and abroad. The *Führer* may believe that he is sincere in declaring that he would rather spend money for workers' houses than for shells, but the world notes only his facility in creating international incidents when they are needed to bolster his prestige at home. It also notes with unconcealed anxiety that with the remilitarization of the Rhineland Hitler has exhausted the possibilities for international histrionics which do not affect the integrity of neighboring states. Unless the League powers take drastic action, we may assume that the next step will involve Memel, Austria, or the Soviet Ukraine.

Since negotiation on the basis of the status quo is so obviously in line with Germany's desires, the League powers have only three weapons with which to combat the threat of Nazi aggression: sanctions, a preventive war, or a resurrection of the pre-war system of military alliances. Of the three, sanctions would definitely be preferable in that they would make possible the retention and strengthening of the present instruments of collective security. While it might be argued that a preventive war now would be far less destructive than a general conflagration later, it would be difficult to persuade French or British public opinion that a war to prevent war would be any less destructive than a war to save civilization. So far it has never been established that peace can be achieved through war. Economic sanctions would be not only a far less dangerous weapon but a more efficacious one. The chances are that the threat of really effective penalties would soon bring Hitler to terms; if not, their imposition would have the supreme value of retarding Nazi war preparations. Moreover, they would keep the record clear as far as the League was concerned, and prevent Italy from pushing its claim for a suspension of the penalties imposed against it.

At the moment both England and Italy appear to be unalterably opposed to sanctions of any type. Instead of imposing collective penalties, the powers will probably fall back on a system of alliances guaranteeing the present frontiers in Eastern and Western Europe. Presumably England will be forced to be a party in such an agreement, which it has resisted since the signing of the Treaty of Versailles. This would of course mean the end of any pretense of collective security through the League and would mark a return to power politics of the most dangerous type. Such an arrangement may be necessary and it might

be temporarily effective in staving off hostilities, but it would totter the moment another international situation arose calling for a new line-up of the powers. Ultimately the result would be a return to the balance-of-power concept which dominated pre-war Europe, carrying with it almost certain war. It may be argued that there can be no assurance against war, regardless of the steps taken, as long as fascism remains dominant in two of the leading countries in Europe. Recent events have shown beyond question that the doctrines of fascism are incompatible with international organization. But if the powers, backed by the pressure of public opinion in the non-totalitarian states, can somehow keep alive respect for the principles of collective security and law, and at the same time make a vigorous attempt to find a solution for the troublesome problem of raw materials, they may make it impossible for either Hitler or Mussolini to fight the successful war which is necessary to the perpetuation of their power. If collective security is to be achieved, there can be no compromise with lawlessness.

Prostitution in New York City

THE most interesting aspect of Mrs. Field's article on prostitution in the Soviet Union, which appears elsewhere in this issue, is not that the number of prostitutes has markedly declined since the Russian Revolution—though that is significant enough—but that in Russia the prostitute is considered not a moral problem but an economic one. The idea that women disposed of their persons for pecuniary profit out of sheer depravity has long since lost credence with intelligent people. It is clear that in the vast majority of cases women have embraced the world's oldest profession because they knew no other way to make a living or because they were cast out by neighborhood censure from whatever economic field they had a place in. In either case economic necessity was the guiding force—but "immorality" was the category under which they were first judged and then punished.

In New York City, prostitution, although it is not a criminal offense, is handled by the police, and prostitutes themselves are finger-printed and otherwise treated as criminals. Arrests are made for "disorderly conduct," "loitering," or the like. Since there are no licensed houses, guesses of the number of women so engaged vary from 25,000 to 300,000. No reliable authority will make an estimate of the total number. However, an average of 3,000 prostitutes come before the Women's Day Court each year. Those arrested are chiefly of the lowest order of prostitutes—women forced to solicit on the streets. The number of arrests do not vary much from year to year, although there are periodical fluctuations closely related to pressure put upon the police by anti-vice crusaders and others who wish to attack a moral stain on the body politic. It is interesting to note that over week-ends there are practically no arrests. Despite a recognized increase in

prostitution at such times, one may suspect that the police do not enjoy spending their Saturdays and Sundays in court.

Since the depression there has been a marked increase in the number of Negro prostitutes. This, despite popular superstition to the contrary, is not because Negro women are more gifted and hence more popular, but because they are cheaper. Until 1929 the average of arrests was two white women to one Negro woman. Since 1932 the proportion has been reversed. Prices range from twenty-five cents to \$2 for Negroes, and from \$1 to \$5 for whites. It is evident, therefore, that even though the profession has an economic basis, its returns are not high. The petted, bejeweled playmates of wealthy men, despite their frequency in the more lurid popular fiction, are in fact few and far between. Since this is a business like any other, it may be said categorically that the hours are long, the wages low, and the working conditions abominable.

Few prostitutes escape venereal infection for more than a year. Until January, 1935, no medical examination of prostitutes was made until after conviction. Even now examinations are perfunctory from a medical standpoint, and only if they indicate active infection are women committed for hospital treatment. Only one city hospital receives them; it accommodates 150 women, is always overcrowded, offers no recreational facilities and but meager educational opportunities. For the most part the women sit idle for two months exchanging experiences, so it is not surprising that they know precisely where to find the best opportunities for themselves when they leave the hospital. They are not permitted to receive visitors and are watched over by armed guards, even when they are not under arrest. In contrast to this dismal and benighted method of treating the physical and mental hazards of the profession, the Soviet prophylactoria sound like havens of refuge and light.

Nor is New York City alone in its want of social vision in treating the problem. Of all American cities only Cincinnati and St. Louis are concerned except perfunctorily with even the venereal-disease aspects of prostitution. In those cities arrested women receive treatment if they are ill and are discharged if they are not. Many social agencies in New York try to "help" prostitutes, as unfortunate creatures, but none of them busy themselves with the causes of prostitution or attempt to eradicate them. Preventive work is almost unknown. And even purely from the public-health angle, neither social agencies nor the City of New York provide adequate facilities for detecting and treating venereal disease on a large-enough scale to be socially effective.

As a picture of the way the second largest city in the world handles one of its most important social problems, the foregoing facts are highly distressing. Enlightened social workers have for a long time known that prostitution should be approached in some such way as the Russians have approached it, but they have been powerless to convince the public. In time, when the "social evil" has been eliminated from the U. S. S. R.—as unemployment has been eliminated—we may be willing, as a people, to go to school to the Soviets.

Who Won the Strike?

WALTER GORDON MERRITT, head strike-breaker of the Realty Advisory Board, violated the settlement in the building-service walkout before the ink was dry. Having forced a loophole in that agreement in the form of a provision for the arbitration of "individual disputes" between employers and strikers, though presumably former employees were to be taken back without discrimination, Mr. Merritt and his more powerful colleagues immediately crawled through it. "Satisfactory employees," Mr. Merritt announced with a sudden access of consideration for the workingman, "employed in good faith . . . with assurances that their employment is not temporary, should not be abandoned." The pressure which made the union leaders consent to a compromise on the basic issue of reinstatement remains to be revealed. As we go to press, some 1,500 strikers are locked out, mainly in buildings owned by big real-estate interests.

The new agreement is based on the Curran award of a year ago. Under that agreement, apartment-house employees were to get from \$70 to \$90 a month for an average sixty-hour week, and minimums in office and loft buildings were set at \$21 for a forty-eight-hour week. When the award expired on March 1, many owners were evading even these low minimums, and it was not uncommon to find men working seventy-two and eighty-four hours a week for \$60 and \$65 a month. It was only after months of fruitless cajolery that some 45,000 workers

walked out, demanding a blanket increase of \$2 a week, a forty-eight-hour week, the closed shop, and a three-year contract.

The settlement represents an advance provided Merritt and his friends are not allowed to nullify it. There is to be an immediate arbitration of minimum wages; the question of both wages and hours is to be reopened a year from now and again two years from now; the agreement runs for three years. The union has gained in membership; and it has gained tremendously in public sympathy as a result of its conduct of the strike. It goes without saying, however, that if the lockout instituted by the owners succeeds, the net result will be a weakening of union strength.

The strike fell with astounding suddenness on the cliff dwellers of Riverside Drive and the silk-stockings district to the east. Twenty-seven hundred members of the Realty Advisory Board sent out frantic calls for strike-breakers to run 13,500 elevators, to fire furnaces, remove garbage, and scrub floors. Above all the owners needed guards to protect their five billions of assessed valuations. Apartment-house owners have been hard hit by the depression. Nearly two-thirds of their properties have been taken over by the mortgagees—in most cases banks and insurance companies. These diehard, anti-union moneyed interests were the real power behind the Realty Advisory Board.

There was little or no violence in the strike, undoubtedly because the sympathy of both the police and the tenants was with the strikers. It was decidedly against the strike-breakers and guards, many of them with police records, who graced the city's lobbies for two weeks. One of these individuals, recently released from the penitentiary, will shortly return there. With the scab operator he was assigned to guard, he conspired to break into an apartment. Their haul was \$55,000 in jewelry. In a raid on the offices of the American Confidential Bureau, by no means the most notorious of the scab-recruiting stations, police arrested eighteen persons on charges of violating the public-enemy law. The bureau's license has been suspended.

Three of nine metropolitan dailies sided with the workers when the owners refused all arbitration attempts. Tenant support was widespread. Tenants organized, or forced scabs to leave, or refused to pay rent, and in about forty instances induced landlords to sign with the union.

In the end, of course, the consumer will pay, unless the tenant organizations spread and become a bargaining factor. As one agent for Bing and Bing put it, "In this building sixteen employees may get wage increases of \$2 a week, or \$1,664 a year. We have 114 apartments and we'll raise the rents \$5 a month, or \$6,840 a year, leaving the owner a neat \$5,176 profit. So for every \$1 the workers win on this strike, their employers will win \$3."

Throughout the strike it has been the thankless task of Mayor LaGuardia to follow a course which would not incur the wrath either of the bankers who are his credit source or of the workers whose votes will reelect him. It is up to him to "crack down" on the owners in their new attempt to prolong the controversy. Unless they can be persuaded to abandon Mr. Merritt, there is more stair-climbing ahead for the tenant-consumers.



Drawing by Refregier

Day in the Life of a Strike-Breaker

WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

Washington, March 15

HEARINGS have just been completed here on a proposal to repeal the teachers'-oath bill that Congress imposed last year on the District of Columbia at the behest of the local crackpots, Klansmen, and red-baiters. It is more than likely that by mid-April the repealer will have been adopted, for the hearings on it have brought the bill's proponents out into the open and they cannot stand the light of day. They compose the usual coterie of patriots, militarists, and female busybodies. Worse still for them, their intellects cannot withstand even the polite sort of interrogation to which they were subjected at the hearings this week. Their testimony produced only guffaws, and those guffaws were duly echoed by all sections of the local press save that controlled by Hearst.

The oath bill is quantitatively worse than that of any state. Under it the District teachers must make affidavit of loyalty to the status quo once a month—that is, each pay day—and the janitors and charwomen, who also are affected, must make a similar profession twice as often, for they are paid every two weeks. The affidavit, prescribed and insisted upon by J. R. McCarl, Comptroller General, says the signer has not "advocated or taught" communism since last pay day. The law construed by McCarl as requiring such an affidavit—though the District Corporation Counsel construed it otherwise—was slipped into the District appropriation bill last June by Representative Blanton of Texas in a deal with Senator Copeland of New York, and passed through Congress almost unnoticed. The bill to repeal it has been introduced by Representative Sisson, Democrat, New York, at the serious risk, I am told, of bringing upon himself defeat when he stands for reelection in Herkimer and Oneida counties in November. This former school teacher carried his district, the Thirty-third New York, by only 252 votes in 1934, and his health probably will prohibit his making a vigorous fight this year.

At the hearing on the Sisson bill one of its leading opponents, Mrs. Margaret Hopkins Worrell, was compelled to confess that the civic association for which she spoke had cast only eighteen votes on the issue and that seven voters favored repeal. Major General Amos A. Fries, former chief of the Chemical Warfare Service, essayed to testify against a bill to soften but not repeal the oath bill,



Sisson Is for Repeal

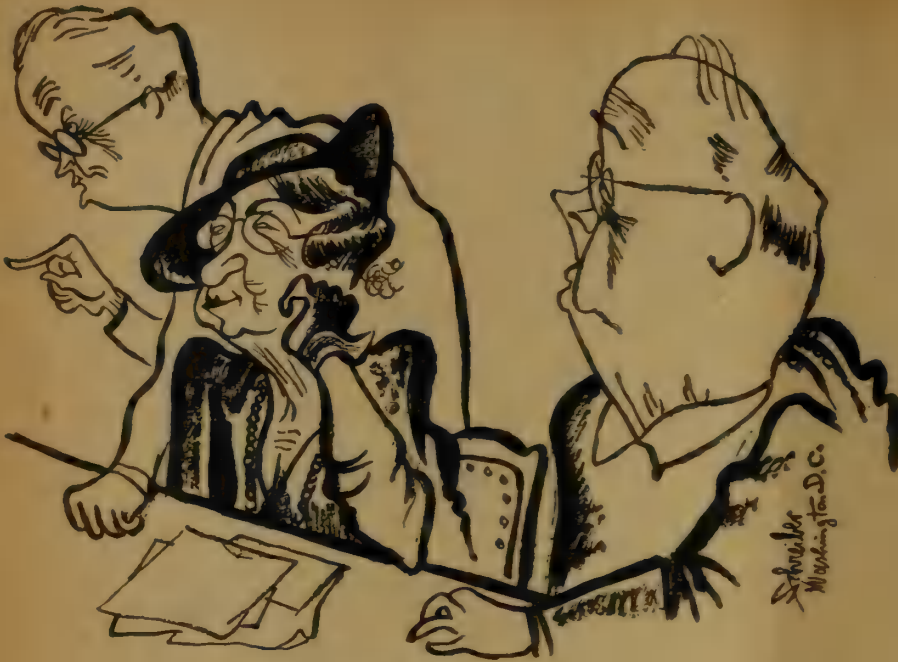
though he had to admit he had never read the proposed amendment. Some years ago General Fries, while still in the War Department, charted a "red network," on which all proponents of the child-labor amendment were listed on the apparent assumption that they *must* be in receipt of Moscow gold. He appeared this week for something which is called the Public School Association but which, it was testified, is made up in large part of delegates from the Ku Klux Klan and kindred abominations. Then, of course, there was the usual legionary, one E. Brook Fetty, and, finally, a lawyer, George E. Sullivan, who opposed the repealer in

behalf of the Federation of Citizens' Associations, although it was later testified he spoke without authority, the federation having taken no stand on the issue.

Mr. Sullivan, whose own association within the federation voted for repeal, is connected professionally and by marriage with an estate that has been trying for some time to sell to the District land it needs for a new high school. Blanton, self-appointed dictator over all District affairs, has in the past denounced Sullivan's price to Congress as highway robbery. He and Sullivan, however, have become friends since the lawyer took up red-baiting. Blanton is certain to oppose the repealer when it reaches the floor on April 13, and he will have the support of Representatives Patman, McCormack, Randolph, and Ditter. He also will have the support of Congresswoman Jenckes, Democrat, Indiana, the only member of the subcommittee in charge who is opposed to the repealer. Mrs. Jenckes testified hysterically before the committee and then, refusing to be questioned, fled from the room.

The bill is virtually certain to reach the floor on schedule, for Mrs. Jenckes's four colleagues on the subcommittee—Kennedy, Schulte, Short, and Brewster—favor it, as does Representative Norton of New Jersey, chairman of the full committee. Mrs. Norton, who by virtue of her chairmanship can control such things, plans to devote the whole of April 13 in the House to debate on the Sisson bill, and in the process, if she can arrange that too, the blatant Blanton and his fellows will be plowed under.

THE Liberty Leaguers had barely stopped crowing over the temporary victory of Silas Strawn in his injunction action against the Black lobby-investigating committee, when Hearst instituted a similar action in



Three Patriotic Lobbyists

defense of sacred "privacy." And now the Townsends are threatening to seek the protection of the courts if the House committee soon to begin investigating them invades their "privacy." If this thing keeps up, it will not be necessary for Congress to have these privateersmen thrown out of court; they'll be laughed out. Incidentally, Black's committee is about ready to knife open the most insidious lobby of all, the Washington social lobby. It uses wine, women, song, and the society columns instead of threats and campaign contributions to accomplish its ends. Probably before this reaches print, Black will have shown that one Middle Western Congressman, a Democrat, has been living with a lobbyist here and lavishly entertaining his colleagues at the lobbyist's expense. The result of all this good fellowship has been the hopeful resurrection of a bill the lobbyist for years has been striving with more direct but less effective measures to get passed. Later Black may be able to show that one of the smartest "clubs" in Washington serves a similar purpose. It is a resort frequented by diplomats, Congressmen, and a few of the journalistic elite. An invitation from its super-smart hostess is a social accolade and will continue to be treasured as such until it is learned that the Black committee has examined her telegrams, too.

BRIEFER Mention. According to competent judges, Assistant Attorney General John Dickinson's presentation of the government's case in support of the Guffey Coal Act before the Supreme Court was magnificent. Thomas Reed Powell, who helped prepare the case, apparently persuaded Dickinson to shed his pomposity for the occasion. . . . Seeing Chief Justice Hughes presiding over the argument, United Mine Workers officials were optimistic; Hughes was counsel for the union before he entered the Harding Cabinet, and they figure that he, at least, understands what they are up against. . . . The first fruit of the labors of Coordinator Berry's Council for Industrial Progress turns out to be a fascist ovum—a recommendation for "a permanent economic advisory council" of industrialists and labor leaders to help run

the country and keep Congress straight. . . . Hopkins has set out in earnest to discover how the WPA came to be building garment factories in Mississippi, under the guise of "vocational-training schools." It is now admitted by the WPA that the projects were well along toward completion when Hopkins's cancellation order was dispatched. The local paper at Brookhaven, site of one of the projects, quotes the district WPA administrator as saying Hopkins's order won't block completion of the "factory" because the WPA's \$35,000 contribution to it has been practically spent. All this suggests a solution of the Italo-Ethiopian crisis. Let's give Italy Mississippi in place of Ethiopia; the Italians could never tell the difference and we'd be getting rid of both Bilbo and Harrison. Senator Harrison, despite charges that he is deeply involved in the Mississippi "vocational-school" scandal, refuses

to open his mouth. . . . The National Committee on Rural Social Planning charges in a memorandum to Roosevelt that WPA and Resettlement Administration officials here can't and won't make their Arkansas agents provide relief for evicted share-croppers, said agents being dominated by the landlords at present engaged in a campaign of terrorism to smash the tenant-farmers' union. The WPA agents won't certify the croppers to the RA agents, and the RA agents won't help them unless they are certified. Hopkins's answer to the charge is a shrug and an assertion that the federal government is through with "direct relief." . . . The ascension of H. R. Tolley to the AAA's helm in place of Chester Davis promises no improvement in the share-croppers' plight. Tolley is director of the Giannini Foundation and reflects the interests of California growers and their bankers. . . . The United States Conference of Mayors, led by LaGuardia, comes to Roosevelt's assistance and assures him that the tales told against the WPA are all canards. They want the program continued virtually as is but with a little more power in their own hands. They like having Washington help balance their budgets by enabling them to do much municipal work with relief labor in place of regular city workers. . . . Things look increasingly bad for the NLRB in connection with its first major court test of the Wagner Labor Act. That test, the Greyhound Lines case, is to be tried late this month before the Third Circuit Court of Appeals at Philadelphia, and the court yesterday gave proof that it will not stand on merit if there is near at hand a technicality on which to perch instead. Upholding the hair-splitting brief of the Department of Justice in the McIntosh-Virgin Islands case, Judge Buffington whitewashed the trial-court judge, T. Webber Wilson, and rebuked the Interior Department for suggesting that the important thing in the case was that McIntosh was an innocent who by all the tenets of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence had been denied a fair trial. Judge Buffington refused to hear the Greyhound case in January. He said he'd hear it in March and take the record with him, then, to a sanitarium for study. He's eighty-one.

Prostitution in the Soviet Union

BY ALICE WITHROW FIELD

IT comes as something of a shock to many persons to learn that the Soviet Union has not yet succeeded in wholly eliminating one of the grossest forms of human exploitation—the prostitution of women's bodies. Yet compared with the extent of commercialized vice elsewhere or with the practices of Czarist Russia the situation in the Soviet Union has been brought remarkably under control. Prior to the war there were as many as 40,000 registered prostitutes in St. Petersburg alone. Once or twice a week they were subjected to a compulsory, if perfunctory, medical examination by which the diseased were temporarily segregated. After having been duly registered, those who obtained a clean bill of health were given yellow tickets in place of their regular identification papers; they were not allowed to change their place of residence without police permission, and were required to wear colored arm bands or dresses of special colors. These rules applied only to prostitutes from the common people; those of good birth were usually ignored by the police.

Until 1880 registered prostitutes could not return to normal life unless they produced certificates of ill health signed by two doctors. In some places, as at Minsk, death was the only escape for them. No real attempt was made to reclaim prostitutes or to eliminate the causes of commercialized vice. Owners of licensed brothels were subject to very little police regulation, and procurers were seldom annoyed by the authorities. After the October revolution all brothels were outlawed, and women who formerly had been licensed received full citizenship rights. With this accomplished it was thought that if all women were given full legal and social freedom, prostitution would cease to exist. This was not the case, although commercial prostitution dropped to almost nothing during the period of war communism. At that time the bawdy houses disappeared or lost their old glamor and luxury; procuring was neither easy nor profitable; and women began to assume a position of equality in social and economic life which minimized the opportunities for exploiting them.

Nevertheless, at the end of the civil war and famine, and concurrently with the growing unemployment problem, the large cities again became crowded with women who tried to earn their living by selling their bodies. These were for the most part peasant girls who had wandered to the cities in search of work, and women of the declassed groups—petty bourgeois, aristocrats, and even intelligentsia—who had not been able to adjust themselves to the changed social order. The war, civil war, and famine had destroyed the old standards and security in a far deeper and more personal sense than did the mere political changes of the revolution. The effects of the attending social chaos and the general poverty were of course most severe on unattached persons and those untrained for use-

ful and immediately necessary trades. Contributing also to an increase in prostitution was the lack of adequate housing facilities for the hundreds of thousands of persons who migrated to the large cities in search of work during the reconstruction period.

By 1923-24 the incidence of venereal infection had not begun to diminish in the U. S. S. R. as it had in other countries. This fact brought prostitution into the limelight in the field of public health. Apprehending and treating infected persons in the elaborate network of clinics which had been established to safeguard the health of the people was not reducing the number of women who had to turn to the streets to earn their living. Giving women an equal chance in the labor exchanges had not guaranteed them jobs, for work was scarce.

During the reconstruction period it became apparent that women needed special social protection if their citizenship rights were to be realized. Their health needed careful guarding, and social and occupational outlets had to be found for them before they could function equally with men. Thus the elimination of prostitution presented itself as only one aspect of the general problem of establishing social and economic equality for women. But for reasons associated with the public health special and immediate action was necessary. Venereal infection, tuberculosis, and other communicable diseases could not be adequately dealt with as long as this small but ever-present source of infection remained. Nor could women take their place as equals in a socialist society while the possibility of sex exploitation existed.

From the beginning the Soviets insisted that the prostitute herself must not be mistreated or made to feel a sense of shame. Her name and her reputation were dependent primarily on her willingness to cooperate in the building of a new society. The war was on prostitution, not on prostitutes. The first Five-Year Plan aided this program by drawing maladjusted persons, including prostitutes, into normal economic life. In a surprisingly large number of instances this change effected a rehabilitation of once anti-social persons. The very fact that the prostitute was wanted as a woman and a worker gave her a sense of social responsibility and was the real beginning of Soviet success in handling the problem.

Even before the first Five-Year Plan the growing social and economic security of the people contributed to a reduction in prostitution. In addition, the fight against prostitution has been carried on through many organizations—general health clinics, venereal-disease clinics and hospitals, maternity centers, points of medical consultation with birth-control departments, legal-advice bureaus (where women can get help and obtain compensation from all persons against whom they have valid griev-

ances), clubs, trade unions, prophylactoria for prostitutes, dwelling-house soviets, the peoples' courts, and institutions for the mentally defective. The most effective agencies for combating prostitution are the prophylactoria. The first of these was founded in Moscow as an experimental hostel where unattached women suffering from venereal infection could live. Soon afterward other similar institutions were founded in Moscow and elsewhere. In 1927 there were eight prophylactoria and one experimental suburban branch in Moscow alone, but subsequently the numbers of prostitutes in that city diminished to such an extent that at present only the original hostel remains. It now accommodates two hundred women, and there is room for fifty more.

Entrance into the prophylactoria is in all cases voluntary, but in order to be admitted the women must agree to stay for at least one year. While in residence they are given medical treatment for whatever diseases they may have—tuberculosis is also very common among prostitutes—are taught a trade, and are given avocational training according to their aptitudes. Women are sent to the prophylactoria from the numerous social agencies, usually those connected with hospitals, venereal-disease clinics, and travelers' aid societies. Occasionally they apply for admittance of their own accord. By far the largest numbers are reached, however, when the police make periodic round-ups of homeless women. Although they are not arrested, every effort is made to encourage them to enter a prophylactorium if they are diseased. In any case all venereally infected persons are required to undergo treatment whether or not they enter special institutions. Responsibility for infecting others with a venereal disease rests squarely on the diseased person. Anyone who is the source of such infection may be subject to three years' imprisonment, although sentence is passed only after the second offense. As soon as a venereally infected person is discovered, he is instructed in his responsibility to the community and to himself, and after such instruction he is considered criminally liable if he spreads the disease. Mental defectives and others not responsible for their actions are confined in appropriate institutions.

It is not difficult to persuade prostitutes to enter the prophylactoria. They are usually homeless and jobless, and the prophylactoria offer both a place to live and regular wages. They also provide good medical care and assume responsibility for finding jobs and lodgings for the women after they are discharged. The rules governing residents in the prophylactoria are simple and do not tend to restrict personal freedom. The women regularly attend trade-union and other meetings, go to concerts, and are encouraged to develop personal contacts outside of the institution.

Part of the women's earnings is deducted to pay for their board and to provide a nest egg when they leave. But by far the largest part is given them to spend as they like, a practice which has been found to have great educational importance. Though occasionally it is difficult to persuade newcomers to take pride in themselves, as a rule their first thought is personal adornment. Through advice on styles an approach can be made to girls who other-

wise remain aloof to all friendly overtures. The fact that they are spending their own money and can exercise their own taste breeds a pride and confidence which are essential to the building up of self-respect.

Since Moscow is a textile center, the women work in textile or knitting factories. In other cities, of course, the work is different. In the first years of the prophylactoria the fact that these women had been prostitutes was kept secret from the other workers. But with the growth of popular understanding that prostitution is a responsibility of the whole community the truth is no longer hidden.

Although certainty of employment for residents in the prophylactoria was of great value to the prostitutes themselves, it was not always an effective or permanent means of reestablishing them in normal life, because it tended to set them apart from other workers. It was not until the first Five-Year Plan provided more than enough work for everyone that the prostitutes began to feel they were needed and were not being employed merely because it was feared that they would again become anti-social.

It has been the experience of those in charge of the prophylactoria that prostitutes are frequently hard to manage, moody, subjective, and unreliable. Many of them never acquire the self-discipline necessary to emotional stability even when they are otherwise well adjusted. The tendency to neuroticism is at least in part accounted for by the fact that prostitutes are usually very young. In Moscow in 1931 all prostitutes in the prophylactoria were under twenty-five and one-fourth of them were under sixteen.

There has been no census of prostitutes which covers the whole country, but those most closely connected with the problem are confident that there has been a substantial reduction in the total number each year. There are, however, areas in which prostitution is presenting itself as a new and serious problem. In the new industrial centers there is a tendency for local peasant girls to become camp followers in return for tempting gadgets such as silk stockings and cosmetics. To counteract increased prostitution in these localities great effort is being made to move in workers' families as soon as possible. After that the procedure is the same: prophylactoria, hospitals, clinics, and social agencies are established.

In the older cities professional prostitutes now mainly confine their efforts to attracting foreigners. These "valuta girls" are not many in number and are less of a danger in spreading venereal disease than the otherwise well-adjusted men and women who are given to over-casual sex relations without mercenary inducement.

There have always been maladjusted people in society, and the Soviet Union is no exception; but one way of measuring the success of a social order is by the extent to which it is able to absorb its misfits into normal life and provide opportunities for the social and economic adjustment of its people. In the Soviet Union every effort is being made to eradicate the social and economic factors which contribute to personal maladjustment and unsocial action. Both from a preventive and a therapeutic point of view this social approach to personal problems has met with considerable success because it tolerates none of the moralistic attitudes which tend to obscure the main issues.

Our Journalistic Noblesse

BY GEORGE SELDES

IN THE early 1920's, when I asked the director of our foreign-news service why he had chosen Mr. A to succeed me in the capital of X, he replied: "Because A is the only reporter we have who doesn't speak the language. He knows nothing about the country. In fact, he is the only man we have who has never visited Europe. So you see he will be unaffected by the propaganda and intrigues of those foreigners. What we want is the real American viewpoint."

The Mr. A's whose ignorance of Europe served them so well in the formative days of several American foreign-news services, with various more enlightened colleagues, are now serving as the intelligent American's guide to international affairs, combining high adventure, derring-do, and romance with philosophic trimmings by Freud and Stekel, William James and Karl Marx. The world is their ovster cocktail and the best-seller list their clubroom.

There you will find Vincent Sheean (once Jimmy to his pals) recounting his personal history, Walter Duranty claiming he writes as he pleases, John Gunther telling the inside story of Europe, and Negley Farson confessing his transgressions. It was not so long ago that H. R. Knickerbocker, Edgar Ansel Mowrer, Eugene Lyons, Anna Louise Strong, and others uttered historical or sensational remarks on Germany and Russia, while Larry Rue, the first foreign correspondent to fly his own airplane, told of Afghanistan, and Mrs. Marguerite Harrison confessed she was an American secret-service operator while masquerading as a representative of the Baltimore *Sun* and the Associated Press.

All these men and women were my colleagues. For fifteen years I worked with them in Europe, and now as I read their best-selling books I too am carried away by the excitement, physical or mental, the spirit of adventure, the thrill of history in the making, and at times the tropical romantic pages which have brought such unprecedented popularity to the noblesse of the reportorial profession, the foreign correspondents. If these books affect me in this way, how much more fascinating must they appear to the lay reader! And what a heroic portrait they must give of the authors!

Yet, strange as it may sound in realistic days, this knightly stained-glass picture is not entirely false. This colorful panel, begun by Floyd Gibbons in war time, exhibited on the stage by Sam (and Bella) Spewack of the old New York *World*, touched up today by Negley Farson, who might have stepped out of the crossed works of Richard Harding Davis and O. Henry, is the picture of the glorified reporter.

Between him and the journalist there is no sharp differentiation, inasmuch as most newspapermen on foreign

service go through both phases. To illustrate, there was the famous Genoa conference, when the Bolshevik diplomats, in mysterious official silence, made their first appearance in Western Europe. There were more than 450 journalists at this conference, most of them with spats and canes, who stood around in respectful attitudes. But among them were two New York reporters freshly arrived, and they did what every reporter and no journalist would ever do: one of them crashed through the third day's diplomatic parade to the convention hall, seized Chicherin by the coat, and extracted the first interview with a Russian; the other by hook or crook, probably the latter, got a world scoop on the Russo-German treaty. For reporters on European service, manners and ethics, unwritten codes, and diplomatic protocols have no more importance than at home, and they pursue their prey in the manner they made notorious during the Lindbergh honeymoon. For them Europe is no more than a glorified police court.

But for the majority of newspapermen abroad all life is not running to a fire, or even to a revolution. The reporters in time become journalists. The Walter Duranty who catapulted out of Cambridge University and the Paris office of the *Times* into a life of scoops, the Dorothy Thompson of the King Karl of Hungary adventure, the Jimmy Sheean of the Riffi No Man's Land inevitably join the non-adventurers like Edgar Mowrer and William Henry Chamberlin and Louis Fischer in serious contemplation of the European scene and the prosaic work which marks the journalist as compared to the adventurer-reporter. At the risk of destroying all illusions, I have summed up under seven headings the activities of an American journalist in *partibus infidelium*.

1. Ear-biting. This is not the most important source of news but the recommended first step. It consists in getting oriented by pumping dry your colleagues who live in the capital and know the country well, the term ear-biting being the invention, I believe, of that same Mr. Spewack who broke up the Genoa conference and retired to Broadway and Hollywood. (Incidentally, the most famous ear-biter in Europe is the journalist Isaac Marcossou, who has glorified for American hero-seekers the three leading charlatans of Europe—Hugo Stinnes, Ivar Kreuger, and our old colleague B. Mussolini.)

2. The press of the country. Some say that 75 per cent and others that 95 per cent of the foreign news sent to America comes from the newspapers in the countries where correspondents are stationed; at any rate it is acknowledged that this press is the source of most of it. In Berlin my assistant and I read forty papers a day, including the leading Hamburg, Frankfort, Cologne, Munich, and Dresden dailies, and got most of our news from them. In

London you do not even have to trouble much about translating.

3. News services. Although the Associated Press has tied knots around all the official and semi-official news agencies, almost every journalist buys one or more rival services. He also hires a parliamentary reporter and uses string men in the provinces—the latter erroneously named after their American prototypes who keep a string of their dispatches and are paid space rates.

4. Hand-outs. Although European governments do not do much handing out of "news," a major Washington activity, the press bureaus furnish considerable usable material, obtain statements which later appear as interviews, and generally supply a fair part of your cable crop.

5. Scoops: bought and paid for. You may remember that Mr. Hearst and one of his reporters named Horan were expelled from France after publishing a world scoop about a Franco-British naval agreement. That document was purchased. You will not remember the world scoop on Admiral Scheer's report on the Battle of Jutland to the Kaiser; that item cost me only \$50 in gold. Exclusive interviews with Lloyd George at certain times were part of a contract; and once when I begged Professor Einstein for a statement he agreed on condition the *Chicago Tribune* would donate \$25 to the Palestine fund. Lindbergh and Byrd flew the Atlantic for the *Times*; King Tut's tomb was opened for the *London Times*; the first Zeppelin trip to America belonged to the Hearst service; and a dozen of the big stories and scoops of recent times, including Queen Marie, were bought and paid for by the North American Newspaper Alliance.

6. Think pieces. Despite forty newspapers, the various news services, the bought scoops, and the stuff from the foreign office, it frequently happens, in fact several days a week, that there is no news, or that the situation is in such flux that no definite bulletin news can be made out of it. Whereupon the foreign correspondent sits lightly down and taps two hundred or a thousand words out of his head. These are known as think pieces. The layman can detect them easily by watching for the stock phrases: "I learn on good authority" (a favorite with the British type of journalist); "in official circles it was said"; "a usually reliable source informs your correspondent"; and when all else fails, an even more anonymous, "it is reported."

Take, for example, the cables from Mr. Duranty. This correspondent has now reached a position where he can put his best pronoun forward and say "I," but it has been an unwritten rule among American newspapermen to hang the news on someone else. "No one gives a damn what *you* think," is the way one of my editors once put it to me. So you write your own think piece with the phrase "in high circles," and it is immediately regarded with the proper awe by the receiving end. Of course I cannot tell how many of the Duranty cables which contained these qualifying lines were out of high circles and how many out of his mind, but on rereading them I find that they were usually intelligent and frequently brilliant, and never tendentious.

Consider, on the other hand, the think pieces of Mr.

Duranty's colleague in Rome. Last October, for instance, Mussolini was facing a blockade, whereupon the Cortesi think piece informed us that "the European situation is considered here to have become critical. . . . It is interpreted as evidence that Britain is ready to go to war . . . the belief that the present deadlock is inevitably leading toward a European war consequently is gaining ground." Now this is a fair example of tendentious reporting; it is a think piece which either originated in the Cortesi head or was planted there by the propagandists of the Foreign Office.

7. "Original work"—by native assistants. The foreign correspondent, on taking over a European capital, usually surrounds himself with assistants, American and native. Sometimes the work of the Americans is signed, but usually it is unsigned and frequently it is credited to the head of the bureau. Natives of course get no recognition. But very often, when there is a scoop or a fine piece of "original" work produced by one of them, it is blazoned and headlined with the illustrious name of the American correspondent who is the head of the bureau. (Having stated orally for a decade that a large number of my masterpieces were the work of my American assistant, Miss Sigrid Schultz, I now hasten belatedly to say so in print.)

These seven headings I believe account for 90 per cent of the time and work of a foreign correspondent. This 90 per cent is routine work, leaving only 10 per cent for war, revolution, coup d'état, violence, and romantic adventure, subjects occupying 90 per cent of the volumes of personal history, memoirs, and autobiography which in the course of time make their best-seller appearances. Very naturally their authors are too good judges of human interest to ask their readers to spend time on the dull, everyday office work when there is so much to tell about kings and dictators, rebels and charlatans, plots, the rise and fall of dynasties, the armed march of economic and social philosophies.

This is what the life of foreign correspondents has been like ever since the great expansion which occurred during and as a result of the World War. Up to that time the few who comprised the corps—outside the news-agency men—were considered a luxury, but in 1919 not only all the New York morning newspapers but the *Chicago Tribune*, *Chicago Daily News*, *Christian Science Monitor*, and *Philadelphia Public Ledger* extended or established services, and the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*, *Baltimore Sun*, *Detroit News*, *Detroit Free Press*, *Newark News*, and other important papers sent one or more permanent correspondents to Europe.

While it is true that not many of these men and women who became the nobility of American journalism were chosen originally because of their ignorance and provincialism, as in the case of my successor at X, it is equally true that few of us were especially fitted for the job. Several of us were accidents: we were in the army, or we happened to be in Europe, or we pulled the best strings in the home office because we considered the foreign assignment an adventure or good fun or a chance to see the world on an expense account. There were few Mow-

ers, Durantys, and Chamberlins among the lot, more Gibbonses and Rues and Farsons. The majority, it is safe to say, were reporters not journalists, and we never had a thought in the world outside the production of news. (I speak of course only for the twenty capitals where I have been stationed.) Some of my colleagues drank themselves to death, several reformed, some made love to each other's wives, one committed suicide, several were married or divorced or psychoanalyzed, most of them shot dice and played poker, one made a fortune in foreign real estate, two wrote poetry, one collected shoes, nearly all tried their hands at plays and novels. They were no more cowardly or bold than other workmen who live in economic insecurity, although they gave a swaggering appearance of brave freedom.

Generally speaking, the majority of foreign correspondents in my time were men who took no sides, who did "straight" reporting, spent most of their time in their offices, wrote a few think pieces, kept themselves neutral in all political storms, never entered entangling alliances (except amorous) in European countries, and maintained pretty well the American provincial attitude of looking down upon everything foreign. But after reading the

numerous important and valuable books which have been written lately by foreign correspondents, I realize that everything is different now. Obviously and almost without exception the men who have been cabling about bolshevism and fascism, the collapse of the capitalist system, wars and revolutions, have really been thinking about them. They seem suddenly to have discovered that there are economic forces at work in a world whose adventurous surface they have reported; not only have they found a social conscience loose in Europe, but they seem to have sounded themselves and also found it within. They have apparently advanced from reporters of symptoms to interpreters of cause and effect. At least in their books.

Rather than explain this phenomenon I would just welcome it as another proof that the first to recognize a sinking social system and move to higher ground are the intelligent minority. The journalistic noblesse seems to have come of age since that day when the linguistically crippled, the socially irresponsible, the economically illiterate were thought the best representatives in foreign lands, and when Ring Lardner was sent by his Chicago newspaper to write "the comic side of the World War."

Shall We Send Them Back to Hitler?

BY LOUIS ADAMIC

CASE One. Walter Saupe is nineteen, short and solid of body, with a broad, pleasant face and a firm, quick handclasp. He was born in Penig, a semi-industrial town in Saxony. Both his parents were workers, belonging to unions and workers' clubs. His mother died in 1931. Two years later his father, who had been active in the German underground movement, "disappeared." The boy believes he was killed.

His brother, Paul, is "different." He quarreled with his family in 1930 and became a storm trooper—Walter thinks because he wanted to wear a uniform and boots and carry a revolver—and is now a member of the Schutzstaffel, one of the mainstays of Hitlerism.

At seventeen Walter was taken to a forced-labor camp in East Prussia and given war training for thirty-seven weeks at the equivalent of seventy-five cents a week. He was an anti-Nazi before. In camp he became a passionate anti-Hitlerite.

A year and a half ago he got a job as a stoker's helper on the Hamburg-American liner *Reliance*. Soon he began to have trouble with the second officer, who was the political organizer of the Nazi cell aboard the ship. Walter was lax, it seems, about greeting his superiors with the required "Heil Hitler!" He would turn his back, become preoccupied with his work, indeed do anything to avoid giving the salute. For a time the officers considered him just a damfool kid, and he escaped extreme Nazi treatment because of his youth.

Then one day, when the ship happened to be in New York, the captain saw him pass the swastika flag without saluting. He was ordered to raise his arm and shout, "Heil Hitler!" He refused and was told he would be taught to salute his country's new national emblem when the ship got to sea. Fearing he might be beaten and, on his arrival in Hamburg, sent to a concentration camp, he jumped ship, and with the aid of some near-relatives in New York found a job as a bus boy in a restaurant in Manhattan.

His desertion and political character, apparently, were reported to the Nazi authorities in Germany. Months passed. Then, on February 14, the *New York Staats-Zeitung* printed an official notice of the local German consulate, asking anyone who knew the whereabouts of several persons, whose names and descriptions were listed, to get in touch with the consul-general. In the list appeared the name and description of young Walter Saupe, followed by the remark that his brother—the Nazi, with whom he is not on speaking terms—was seeking him.

On February 17, obviously after some agent of the Third Reich had telephoned to Ellis Island, an immigration agent came to the boy's place of employment and arrested him as an illegal entrant deportable under the law. I saw him on Ellis Island three days later. He did not know who had reported him to the consulate, but imagined it was someone who did not suspect that the remark "brother seeking him" was part of the trap designed to catch a refugee from Nazi terrorism.

Case Two. Joseph Ganghofer is a "pure Aryan," a man in his middle years. For a decade or longer he was a well-known restaurateur and mountain-hotel keeper in Bavaria. Once he was also a leading storm trooper in his district. He had joined the Nazis "for business reasons after Hitler came to power." But Hitlerism went against

his grain and one day early in 1935 he gave vent to his hate for the regime. Whereupon, to escape the concentration camp or even assassination, it became necessary for him to leave Germany in twenty-four hours. In his haste to get out of the country, Ganghofer

Deutsches Generalkonsulat

17 Battery Place
NEW YORK CITY

Die nachstehend namhaft gemachten Personen werden gebeten, sich beim Deutschen Generalkonsulat, 17 Battery Place, New York City, Zimmer 1941, in den Geschäftsstunden zwischen 9 und 2 Uhr, Samstags bis 12 Uhr, zu melden oder ihre Adresse mitzuteilen.

Gleichzeitig ergeht an diejenigen, die über den gegenwärtigen Aufenthalt der Gesuchten Angaben machen können, die ergebene Bitte, das Generalkonsulat zu verständigen.

Saupe, Walter, geb. 2. Mai 1916 in Penig; fuhr auf Dampfer „Reliance“. Bruder sucht ihn.

went to a town where officials had not yet heard of his great sin against the *Führer* and got a passport and visa which had certain technical deficiencies but which, in March of that year, admitted him to the United States as a visitor. The visa expired two months after his arrival here and could not be renewed because of its imperfections. He was here. Where could he go without a visa? What could he do?

He decided to stay in America illegally. He changed his name, got himself a job as a cook, and joined a chef's union, which contained numerous Nazis, including one who recognized him as Ganghofer, a man who was in extreme disfavor back home and a deportable alien here. Nazi secret agents in New York, it is believed, reported him to the immigration authorities on Ellis Island, who came and arrested him.

I give only two cases of imminent deportation to Nazi Germany; but they are typical of several now perplexing the American Committee for the Protection of Foreign-Born, which is trying to help the men get the right of asylum in this country. Both Saupe and Ganghofer are in extreme danger of being sent back where they came from under the provisions of existing immigration laws, and if they are returned to their native land they are almost certain to be put into concentration camps and perhaps beaten to death, as was Hans Kist, a recent deportee from Canada.

The law pertaining to the deportation of aliens, passed in 1918, says, "Deport them!" The Secretary of Labor has no discretion about it. But if I know anything about America, the tradition of this country is, "Let them stay!" In his Thanksgiving Proclamation of 1795 George Washington expressed the hope of seeing the United States "more and more a safe and propitious asylum for the unfortunate of other countries." When the reverberations of the European revolutionary movement of the eighteenth

century disturbed the minds of the early Americans, and timid souls rushed into the enactment of alien-and-sedition laws, Thomas Jefferson, who caused the repeal of those laws, asked: "Shall we refuse the unhappy fugitive from distress that hospitality which the savages of the wilderness extended to our forefathers arriving in this land? Shall oppressed humanity find no asylum on this globe?"

After the abortive Hungarian revolution in 1848 the United States extended hospitality to Kossuth and his compatriots; and when the Hapsburg government demanded the return of one of the latter, Secretary of State March wrote to the Austro-Hungarian chargé: "To surrender political offenders . . . is not a duty; but, on the contrary, compliance with such a demand would be considered a dishonorable subserviency to a foreign power, and an act meriting the reprobation of mankind."

That is the American tradition, which apparently was ignored or forgotten when the Congress of the United States in the hysterical post-war era enacted laws restricting immigration and providing for the deportation of certain classes of aliens—with the shocking result that now the immigration service finds itself doing recruiting duty for German concentration camps.

Only recently, in connection with an anniversary celebration of the University in Exile, President Roosevelt, writing to Alvin Johnson, patted the country on the back for admitting Jewish scholars fleeing from Hitler's fury. But how about poor workers like young Saupe, or a man like Ganghofer, and others like them? Shouldn't they be given refuge here, too? Shouldn't the Administration get Congress to authorize the Secretary of Labor, who has charge of administering immigration and deportation laws, to use discretion in such cases and make it possible for the Saupes and Ganghofers to obtain temporary renewable permits to stay here till such time as they can safely return home, or to acquire the status of immigrants under the existing quota system without having to go through the formality of leaving this country and returning? Or if the Administration is too busy with bigger things, isn't there some group in Congress which could introduce and press through a resolution giving the Secretary of Labor temporary power of discretion to stay deportation in such cases, and then try to pass a bill—perhaps some such measure as Vito Marcantonio introduced on June 6, 1935, assuring political refugees asylum in the United States?



Ellis Island

The Fate of the Supreme Court

BY MAX LERNER

IN THE halcyon days before the Schechter decision Professor Corwin of Princeton had the courage to write a book under the title "The Twilight of the Supreme Court." He said that the court was on its way to a dignified but ineffectual old age, and that its sun was setting. The book was a good book and a learned book. It was well reasoned, and its conclusion should have been a sound one. But scarcely was the ink dry on its pages when the court handed down the first of its series of hostile decisions on the Roosevelt legislation. Instead of subsiding into twilight, it shone forth with the blaze of noonday strength.

The moral, is, I suppose, that it is always bad policy to compose a man's obituary before he is for certain dead. Yet Professor Corwin was less wrong than would appear. During the next decade or more the power of the Supreme Court will undoubtedly be challenged as never before. But if there is a decline in the court's power it will not come about by any gentle slipping into euthanasia. It will come about only after a stiff fight. There are any number of evidences that the fight has already begun. The court is now entering its iron age.

For one thing we are witnessing the first signs of a crack-up in what I called in my first article the sense of the divine right of judges. While Americans are still strongly imbued with it, they are no longer in a complete innocence about such matters. They are beginning to learn that judicial decisions are not babies brought by constitutional storks but are born out of the travail of economic circumstance. The poll held after the Hoosac decision by the American Institute of Public Opinion showed that some 53 per cent of those polled were in favor of requiring more than a Supreme Court majority to invalidate an act of Congress. That is in itself almost a revolution in American opinion. And the crack-up in opinion will grow every year as economic collapse makes legislation on a national scale more necessary.

But the court will have ample support in the struggle that lies ahead. It will have of course the driving force of the vested interests with all their control over the molding of public opinion. But it will have even more powerfully the strongest support that any tribunal or institution can have—namely, fear. I do not mean fear of the court, fear of the judicial power, the fear that one has of the whiplash of tyrants. I mean fear of not having the court. I mean the terrible fear of change and the unknown, which is to so many people more powerful than the felt needs and pressures of today. It is fear and not will that underlies a good part of our politics—the creeping fear of people who do not want to make decisions, and prefer to surrender their decisions to others. This sort of womb-retreat is no unknown thing to political psychology. It is a phenomenon familiar enough in fascism. We are just begin-

ning now in America really to explore and understand the length and breadth and depth of the middle-class mentality in our politics. For that mentality the court's ancient sureness seems something not to be abandoned, lest we confront an uncharted future. If this is only a social myth it has thus far been a necessary one. It will have to do until we build a new set of necessary myths that are emotionally rooted not in fear but in the collective will, and economically rooted not in the class power of the dominant group but in an expanding economy for all. When that has happened, the struggle over the judicial power will be over, and the Supreme Court's iron age will be at an end.

Proposals for dealing with the court have been thick as blackberries. They have come from professional and amateur constitutionalists of every kind. They fall into three general groups: the remedial proposals, those looking toward a Congressional curb on the court's power, and those looking toward a constitutional amendment.

The first group, the remedial, implies the existence and desirability of the court's power. They are more concerned with lopping off the excrescences of that power than with challenging it. Perhaps the simplest proposal is that of a eugenics program for the court. Just as the vitality of the race is held by some to depend on selective breeding and thus getting the right babies, so the proper functioning of the judicial power is held to depend on getting the right judges. And that of course goes back to getting the right Presidents, who will appoint the right judges, who will in turn render the right decisions. This view, of course, sees judicial decisions as almost entirely a matter of the personnel of the court. Everything depends on the individual judge. In this sense, such a view is too optimistic. Individual judges are themselves products: their minds and their direction have been shaped by the dominant institutional forces of our life. Another difficulty is that getting the right President does not seem to insure getting the right judge. Examine the present composition of the court and you will find that Justice Brandeis, leader of the liberals, and Justice McReynolds, the most inveterate tory of them all, were appointees of President Wilson. Justices Stone and Sutherland, almost equally divergent in view, were appointees of President Coolidge. Justices Roberts and Cardozo, confronting each other in opposite judicial trenches, were appointees of President Hoover.

More drastic than the pious hope that better justices will be appointed is the movement for advisory opinions. At present a law is enacted, administrative machinery is set up to enforce it, taxes are levied, government and business expenditures are made on the strength of it, men are set to work—only to have the court, in passing finally on a specific case, declare the whole thing unconstitutional.

The proposal for advisory opinions would have Congress get from the judges their opinion on the constitutionality of a projected law before it had come into force and economic interests had become entangled with it. The great merit of this proposal is that it would do away with our present uncertainties. And one of the refreshing things about it is that, like the child in the Hans Christian Andersen tale, it innocently announces the nakedness of the king. It recognizes frankly that the court is a third legislative chamber, and insists that since this is so we ought to know the fate of our legislation as quickly as possible.

But for that very reason the proposal runs counter to the entire tradition of the court. That tradition is the tough, concrete tradition of Anglo-Saxon case law, in which the individual case has to bear the freightage of weighty issues. An issue of constitutional law does not arise until a specific case has arisen that involves it. Until then the heavens may fall, but the court knows no generalizations and will give no advice. Its wisdom is a pragmatic one. There is a good deal to be said in support of this approach. The true meaning of a law is not to be found in the bare statute. The statute must take root, like a tree, in the soil of actual circumstance, it must bear a leafage of functioning and consequence before it can be seen as a reality. "How do we know what we think," the judges may ask, "until we see how things work out?"

The proposal from the liberal members of the court is the exact opposite of advisory opinions—namely, judicial self-limitation. This tries to carry the implications of case law all the way. It denies that the court has anything to do with legislation directly, and insists that the judges must restrict themselves to the narrowest issues in the cases that arise. Judicial self-limitation of this sort was an integral part of Justice Holmes's entire philosophy of judicial tolerance. It is part also of Justice Brandeis's philosophy that a case cannot be torn out of its context—and that context includes the impulsions to the legislation, its consequences, and the entire economic and procedural history of the case itself. Judicial self-limitation has always been given some lip-service by the court, as in the rule that the judges will consider no "moot" cases, nor any cases raising only "political questions" (blessedly vague phrase). The deliberately adopted strategy of Justices Brandeis, Stone, and Cardozo at present is to push this form of judicial hara-kiri much farther. It has found its best expression in Justice Stone's dissent in the *Hoosac* case, Justice Cardozo's dissent in the *Mayflower Farms* case, and Justice Brandeis's concurring opinion in the *TVA* case. These opinions not only made the general plea of judicial restraint (in Justice Stone's words, "The only check upon our own exercise of power is our own sense of self-restraint") but pointed out the two directions in which it is to be exercised: always passing on as few issues as the court can get away with, and always giving the legislature the benefit of any reasonable doubt.

It may well be asked how dependable such a method is in solving the problem of the court's power. It involves not only the selection of extraordinary judges who will be willing to limit their own power. It involves the shaping of a new method, a new mood and temper, a new con-

ception of the scope of the court's power. And to achieve changes in the midst of the present social tensions is a heroic task. The court has never operated in a social vacuum. It has always been an integral part of the social struggles of every period in our history. It has taken its temper from the prevailing ideology of an aggressive individualist capitalism. It has been part of the fiber of a culture dominated by business enterprise. It is terribly hard to expect the court to generate a new humility now. The whole idea of judicial humility is strikingly like the plight of the gigantic Serrovius in Shaw's "Androcles and the Lion," whose powerful frame shakes with all the passions of a healthy beast, yet whose Christian principles bid him stay his hand whenever it is raised to strike. How can a court cultivate this sort of humility when issues are at stake throughout our national life that touch the justices as much as they touch anyone else? That may account for the fact that, despite the perilous health of several of the justices—in both the liberal and conservative camps—there is no sign of any intention of resigning. They are holding on for dear life, lest someone take their place who views liberty and property differently.

I have mentioned the remedial proposals at some length partly because it is unlikely that we shall get anything more than that in the immediate future, partly because they go to the heart of the problem of the judicial power. But the most discussed proposals are the group that seek directly to curb the court's power. These are the proposals that rouse Liberty Leaguers to the highest pitch of fury. But they are not new. Although they have never been advanced in such profusion until this year, they have cropped up periodically when the court was under attack.

The simplest way to curb the court would seem to be to "pack" it. Congress has undisputed power to determine the size of the court. In Jackson's Administration the number of judges was increased from seven to nine in order to counterbalance the influence of the Marshall tradition. Under Lincoln, during the Civil War, the court was conveniently increased to ten, to make it safe for the war powers of the President. There seems to be ample proof that Grant packed the court in order to get a favorable decision on the *Legal Tender* cases. This is a technique that Mr. Roosevelt might have used if an unfavorable *NRA* decision had come down earlier than it did, while the country was still under the spell of the New Deal; and especially if the court had been closely divided on the issue. Now such a procedure would be fruitless—and what is more, impossible with a campaign pending. Eventually of course an Administration with enough temerity may do what the liberals did in England to the House of Lords—threaten the creation of so many new justices that under the threat the court would yield up some of its power.

The most frequent suggestion for a judicial curb is to regulate not the numbers on the court but the manner of their voting. It would provide that a majority of the justices were not enough to invalidate an act of Congress. Some number such as seven or eight or more than two-thirds of the court is usually suggested. The obvious

answer is of course that, granted the existence of the judicial power, this would leave the decision on constitutionality in the hands of one or two justices. The answer to that answer is that just such an event is intended: that since you can usually count on one or two justices who will vote on the side of Congress, this leaves the decision on economic issues where it belongs—with Congress and the President. Another device, intended to have somewhat the same effect, would be to provide that unfavorable court decisions could be overruled by a two-thirds' vote of Congress. Still another would be to abolish entirely, by Congressional action, the court's right to invalidate acts of Congress; or to take certain types of cases or certain issues of legislation out of the jurisdiction of the court.

About all of these the same three questions arise. Are they constitutional? Would they be effective? Could they be accomplished? A strong case could be made out, on the basis of precedent, that Congress has the power to set the conditions under which the Supreme Court shall function, and that such a power would include the regulation of its numbers, voting, jurisdiction. The supreme irony of the whole situation is of course that whether Congress has such a power would have to be finally decided by the court itself. And it is very unlikely that, given the present temper of the court and the present tension of the country, the court would be willing to sign its own death warrant. If it did, some such proposal would seem an eminently desirable one.

One proposal for dealing with the court's power that has the amazing distinction of being favored by both sides is the amending process. The liberals and radicals want it because it seems to them a fundamental attack on the

whole problem. The conservatives don't object to it because they don't really think an amendment has any chance of being adopted. The idea is therefore one calculated to assuage them in their present constitutional agony, and postpone a reckoning to the dateless future.

The questions that have been most often raised as to what form a constitutional amendment would take seem to me comparatively unimportant. We are not lacking in the political inventiveness and legislative draftsmanship adequate to solve the problem. More serious is the question whether the court will not interpret away any amendment, no matter how skilfully and shrewdly drawn, just as it has interpreted away many a statute in the past. But most serious of all are the issues of power. An amendment giving Congress the right to legislate on all issues affecting agriculture, industry, labor, and finance on a national scale would be so direct a path to the control of business enterprise by the state that it would meet the massed force of opposition from business enterprise. What lengths that opposition would go to it is now difficult to say. But it is clear that such an amendment could be carried through only as part of a larger movement not only to curb the court's power but to establish a controlled economy. Such a movement involves a greater degree of organization of the productive groups in our society than has yet been achieved, and a new political alignment. Into it the best democratic energies of the country will be poured. The court and the country are both entering on an iron age. The struggles of that age will determine whether the promise of American life can be made constitutional.

[*This is the last of four articles by Mr. Lerner on The Riddle of the Supreme Court.*]

Murder and Karl Marx

BY MARY McCARTHY

TO THE habitual detective-story reader ■ recent and popular mystery, "The Washington Legation Murders," by Van Wyck Mason, may have been an eye-opener. The habitual detective-story reader has surely never been obsessed by the quarrel between art and propaganda. Undoubtedly he believes that his favorite nightly reading matter is as free from political or class propaganda as his morning crossword puzzle, though a serious-minded Marxist might point out to him that the puzzle which daily defines the three-letter word "red" not as a "primary color" but as "radical" is not itself above reproach. The most somnolent reader-for-relaxation, however, must have recognized that Van Wyck Mason's latest thriller is about as empty of political implications as a Liberty League dinner. With "The Washington Legation Murders," Mr. Mason, hitherto a slipshod fashioner of third-rate bafflers, has on the eve of a campaign year emerged as a social thinker. His reflections on government and society center in this story about the passage through Congress of an anti-espionage act, which to the hero, Captain North of the

Intelligence Service, spells "security" for the United States, and to the villain, an insurgent Senator who might be Borah or Norris or Nye, seems "a direct step toward fascism," "inspired by jingoes, war mongers, and munition makers." Mr. Mason is candid about his political sympathies. In ■ discussion of armaments he couples Russia with Japan; he makes ■ sympathetic character refer to anti-war newspapers as "pacifist rags"; he sneers at the progressive Senators who oppose the bill as delegates from "parasite" or "poor-relation" states, and elsewhere describes them simply as "jackasses." The leader of a lobby in favor of the act is called "the commander of a truly patriotic veterans' organization," and third-degree police methods are emphatically indorsed. Before the story is over, the "silver-tongued" insurgent Senator is shown up as ■ crook and a traitor to his country, and Mr. Mason has expressed his faith in that "fundamental common sense of the American people" which had already sent prohibition and the NRA to the showers.

"The Washington Legation Murders," however, is not



the first example of what might be called the class-conscious mystery story; it is merely the most brazen. Within the last decade or so the detective story has for various reasons become increasingly social-minded. Ten or fifteen years ago only the crudest mystery yarns dabbled in national or international politics. Those stepbrothers of the adventure story, fathered by Wallace and Oppenheim and Rohmer, which featured action at the expense of detection and specialized in international spies and Chinese dope smugglers, were occasionally vocal about the Teutonic or the Yellow Peril, but the average respectable detective story stayed serenely above the battle.

In the early and middle nineteen twenties the interest was focused on the puzzle. A well-to-do gentleman (usually English) was found dead in his study; all the doors and windows were locked, yet the fatal weapon was missing. How and by whom was he killed? The murdered man's relatives, his partners, his neighbors, his heirs, his butler, and his solicitor fell under suspicion, and more often than not the solicitor, who up to the denouement had been kept well in the background, was the guilty party. This stage setting and this cast of characters were practically standard. For variety's sake the victim might meet his end in the spinney or the copse or even in his bedroom, and a discarded mistress might be introduced for a sexual thrill and a revenge motive, but the general pattern of the crime remained orthodox, and the human beings involved in it were about as real as the A and B of the algebra problems who are forever digging ditches or raising chickens. An unlikely character was inevitably the murderer, and as

detective-story readers became more perspicacious, writers selected more and more unlikely criminals, until the chief of police, the amateur detective, indeed, the narrator of the story himself might be proved to be the blackest of villains, while the wastrel nephew who stood to gain fifty thousand pounds by his uncle's unnatural death was as innocent as a lamb. Persistent detective-story readers, however, quickly fathomed these authors' devices, and came to regard the most guileless character with suspicion. So the pendulum began to swing back. A *mildly* suspicious character is now regularly unmasked as the murderer, and soon a baffler will be written in which the person seen running from the scene of the crime with a smoking revolver in his hand will be found to have committed the murder.

The possibilities of the puzzle, in other words, are all but exhausted. The detective-story writer has been stalemated. He has asked "Who did it?" and he has given virtually all the available or even conceivable answers. The question, "How was it done?" has been explored with equal thoroughness. The well-to-do gentleman, who was originally shot or stabbed, has by this time been strangled, drowned, gassed, pushed over cliffs, burned to death, poisoned by every known and unknown poison; he has been shot by mechanical contrivances which required no human hand to set them in motion; the base of his skull has been pierced by an icicle which melted away, leaving no trace. The question, "Why was it done?" never one of primary interest, has also been answered to everyone's satisfaction. The answers to these three questions having been given and regiven, combined and recombined, the detective story as a scientific treatment of the problem of murder has lost its technical interest. To hold the attention of its enormous public the detective story has been forced to leave its special, technical, rather abstract field and come out into the world. It has been obliged, in short, to ask a fourth and not quite relevant question, "Where was it done?" The detective-story writer today is absorbed in the answers to that question; he is preoccupied with milieu.

Dorothy Sayers, one of the best of the mystery novelists, was perhaps the first to admit defeat at the hands of her medium, and to turn to the worlds of science and art for assistance. Her most recent stories have been, in all truth, treatises on painting, advertising, and bell-ringing. Other writers in search of milieu, less gifted or less energetic than Miss Sayers, have devoted themselves, some avidly, some half-heartedly, to politics and social problems. Politics and social problems have, in fact, become the mystery writer's playground, partly because politics has always been a best-seller, and mystery writers are not without commercial instincts; and partly because it is generally believed that painting, or psychology, or deep-sea diving are matters for experts, while politics is anybody's onion. In the last two years an extraordinary number of mysteries have concerned themselves exclusively with the political scene. There have been "Death Is a Tory," "The Brain Trust Murders," "The Case of the Dead Diplomat," "Death Wears a Purple Shirt," "Death in Four Letters," "Death of an Eloquent Man," "The Communist's Corpse," "The Washington Legation Murders," and many others. There have been an even greater number

which have contained some political or economic interludes; and practically every detective story, in its manipulation of characters, draws some kind of class line.

Ten or fifteen years ago, of course, mystery stories also drew class lines, but these stories were so abstract, so remote from contemporary life, that the lines were faint. Since the murder almost always took place at a country estate, the economic set-up was feudal. The only member of the lower orders to fall under suspicion was the butler. The gardener or the scullery maid or the porter, if questioned at all, was merely unfailingly ready to swear that a tall man in a brown overcoat, gray spats, and a moustache had been lingering about the manor house at 4:43 on the afternoon of the crime. Today, in the realistic, urbanized murder mystery, the proletariat keeps its retentive memory, but it has new functions as well. Indeed, it is axiomatic that any member of the proletariat will be suspected of murder if he enters a modern mystery story as a character and not as a storehouse of facts. Certain members of the upper classes—the lovers, the aged, the clergy—are usually above suspicion. The proletarian is presumed guilty from the start, though it generally turns out that he was not so bad as he looked, merely an escaped convict, not a murderer. (To this generalization there is but one notable exception, the street-walker, who alone of the disenfranchised in recent mysteries appears as a lovable, sympathetic character.) If the average mystery-story proletarian of Anglo-Saxon lineage is an unpleasant personality, the average proletarian of foreign extraction is apt to be nothing short of loathsome.

Such simple-minded chauvinism and such childish class hatred are, in most cases, probably not conscious. To create an original villainous thug would be difficult; to use a handy stencil is a great deal less trouble; and our capitalist nationalist economy has furnished the lazy writer of detective fiction with innumerable stencils of villainy—the sinister Chinese, the surly day laborer, the oleaginous Jew—all ready to his hand. There is, however, a sizable minority of mystery fashioners whose political thought processes are not nearly so subliminal, writers who have recognized the detective story for the potential propaganda weapon it is and who deliberately cram the interstices of the mystery structure with political theorizing.

It goes almost without saying, of course, that few of these writers have taken up the cudgels for the downtrodden. Carter Dickson, the author of "The White Priory Murders," "The Red Widow Murders," and several others, is perhaps the most advanced thinker in his field, for he has actually gone so far as to let his detective, Sir Henry Merivale, naturally a sympathetic character, number a life-long adherence to socialism among his other eccentricities. Among British writers fascism is at the moment a very popular mystery-story subject. A few authors, like R. C. Woodthorpe—who loves Kipling and hates pacifists and allows his detective to say of Hitler, "I have a sneaking admiration for that man"—view fascism with a mixture of repugnance and fascination. The majority, however, have not a kind word to say for it, but offer in its place only a puzzled and extremely anemic liberalism. Francis Beeding, the author of "Death in Four Letters," is typical of the

English anti-fascist detective-story writers. His book is a fervid denunciation of the international munitions makers and a plea for state manufacture of armaments, yet it ends with a conference in Nazi Germany at which a prominent and diabolical figure is the delegate from Moscow! E. C. R. Lorac, the author of "Murder in Chelsea," is equally confused; he paints a most unfavorable picture of fascism in high social and intellectual circles, but then hangs the murder on the cook and marries his heroine off to a fascist leader.

American class-conscious mystery-story writers are not much interested in fascism, but they do present a virtually united front against any form of social innovation, and they frequently speak with a good deal of enthusiasm of rubber-hose police methods. In the run-of-the-mill detective story of this type the expression of political convictions is merely a matter of routine nose-thumbing at government relief, the NRA, labor leaders, and Soviet Russia; but two new writers have arisen, both sponsored by the publishing firm of Smith and Haas, who convey their ideas with equal venom but greater subtlety. These writers, Joel Dane and Richard Wormser, both young men, are in their field intellectuals. They have a nodding acquaintance with the teachings and followers of Marx, an acquaintance which, apparently, they find distasteful. They are, however, bright enough to spoof the reds, not to flay them. "Murder Cum Laude," for instance, a college mystery story by Mr. Dane, contains the following analysis—irrelevant to the plot—of radicalism in our universities:

The campus Communists [says the hero about the members of the Liberal Club] . . . they're getting ready for the big doings tomorrow. . . . It'll be Union Square style complete. . . . Tomorrow's outbreak is due to be a protest against the ROTC. It doesn't matter that the ROTC is not compulsory here and that interest in it is so feeble that there are barely enough men enrolled to keep the unit alive. They're going to demonstrate anyhow . . . this campus radical business is a good deal of a racket. Mason, the leader of the liberals, covers campus news at space rates for two of the downtown newspapers. A couple of times a year his disciples put on one of these shows and it means real money in his pocket. . . .

Mr. Wormser, author of "The Man with the Wax Face" and "The Communist's Corpse," gives equally bland explanations of "red" phenomena. Both Mr. Dane and Mr. Wormser are briskly contemptuous of the old-fashioned school of thought which held that radicals are dangerous. "Most Communists and other 'wabbles' [sic] . . . are a nuisance . . . and they mostly hang around Union Square," Mr. Wormser says. To their enlightened eyes radicals are ludicrous, rather dishonorable, and (insists Mr. Wormser) distressingly dirty. Mr. Wormser and Mr. Dane, if they are familiar with the work of Van Wyck Mason, must feel nothing but scorn for his blunderbuss tactics; yet they are fellow-travelers. Together they have hauled the already toppling detective story down from its Euclidean pinnacle and enlisted in it the service of the status quo. It remains for the writers of the left wing once again to borrow the methods of the bourgeoisie and to make murder the handmaiden not of Morgan but of Marx.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

IT IS a most astounding fact that, despite all the charges against Mr. Roosevelt and his alleged Socialist policies, there has never been a Democratic leadership which has gone farther in taking over various old-line Republican policies than has Mr. Roosevelt's. Al Smith in his Liberty League speech said that the Democrats had caught the Socialists in bathing and had made off with their clothes. But an equally skilled arguer could make out as good a case for the contention that the Democrats have also made off with many Republican clothes. With all the spick-and-span garments of the New Deal and, in addition, clothes cut to Socialist and Republican patterns, no politicians ever had a larger sartorial array.

The most striking evidence of the interchangeability of party issues is the fact that the Roosevelt Administration has abandoned the Democratic policy of obtaining low tariffs through the Congress. Unlike the Cleveland and Wilson Democratic administrations, it has never introduced a general tariff bill, but has sought to obtain the same end by making bilateral agreements—that is, special bargains—with foreign governments. The Hoover tariff, better known as the Hawley-Smoot Act, remains on our statute books unchallenged. Next, it is noteworthy that Mr. Roosevelt has completely gone over to the Republican theory of great armaments. While it is true that under Grover Cleveland the reconstruction of the navy was begun, it has never been Democratic policy to go out for record-breaking armaments. Even more striking is the sight of a Democratic Secretary of Commerce, Daniel C. Roper, urging the policy of ship subsidies—against which the Democrats stood with united front in the administrations of Harrison, McKinley, and succeeding Presidents. Every time this proposal has come to the fore, Democratic and Republican votes have defeated it—chiefly the former. Yet no one in the Administration today seems to see any inconsistency in the Democratic Party's adopting a policy which the most stalwart Democratic leaders once declared to be designed for nothing but to create another specially privileged class and to grant favors to one group of business men. Whether this session of Congress will pass the Administration bill remains to be seen; there are some Democrats, like Congressman Moran of Maine, who will do everything possible to defeat it.

If we turn to less historic issues, it is perfectly obvious that in many fields Mr. Roosevelt has merely been carrying on Republican policies which he found in force when he took office. It was Mr. Hoover who was the first to advocate that the federal government should build its own post offices and consolidate the railroads. It was Mr. Hoover who asked for the Federal Farm Board for the express purpose of controlling speculation and prevent-

ing wasteful and inefficient individual methods of crop distribution. Mr. Hoover even demanded the right to prevent and control agricultural surpluses and bring about orderly production and distribution. Yet nothing that Mr. Roosevelt has done has subjected him to greater criticism than his attempt to carry out this Hoover policy. It was not Mr. Wallace, but Mr. Hyde, Herbert Hoover's Secretary of Agriculture, who demanded the scientific use of our land, such "as will yield greater economic and social values, will stay soil erosion and soil depletion, will preserve and conserve our land inheritance, and limit our agricultural plant to such size as will supply the nation's needs without the ruinous blight of overproduction."

Now that the AAA has been declared unconstitutional, Mr. Wallace and Mr. Roosevelt have fallen back upon soil erosion and soil depletion as the means of getting the government again into a position where, with the cooperation of the states, it will be able to "limit our agricultural plant." It was under Mr. Hoover, too, that the Perishable Commodities Act, compelling all commission merchants to take out government licenses which could be revoked for cause, was established. It was Mr. Hoover, above all others, who was constantly reaching out for additional power for such branches of the government as the Federal Radio Commission, the Federal Trade Commission, the Food and Drug Administration, the Bureau of Mines, and especially for the Department of Commerce. Thus Mr. Roosevelt has only followed good Republican precedent in establishing more bureaus and getting more and more power for them.

All of which merely illustrates how movable is the line of demarcation between Republicans and Democrats. Would it not be for the best interest of the Republic if the coming Presidential battle should line up in one camp all who believe in conservative policies and in the other all who believe that governments must progress or go backward? The difficulty is that Mr. Roosevelt himself is not very deeply rooted in principle, and that with both parties agreeing on so many issues it would be hard, indeed, to separate the sheep from the goats. That we need clarification and simplification of the issues before the public few will deny. Also we need able criticism of the incumbents in office by a strong minority deeply devoted to certain beliefs and ready to fight for them with skill and determination, with sincerity and courage. A brilliant New York woman declared to a politically hostile friend the other day that she had the deepest sympathy for Mr. Roosevelt because of his misfortune. "You mean his physical disability?" said her friend. "No, indeed," was the reply, "I meant his great misfortune in being without an intelligent, able, and effective opposition in Congress."

BROUN'S PAGE

OF LATE there has been a good deal of wholly justified criticism of the decisions by federal courts. But it seems to me that there ought to be even sharper comment concerning the indecision of some gentlemen in the hierarchy. Almost without exception the law's delays profit the powerful and enfeeble the weak. Rich litigants can afford to wait. Men who come to court under dire necessity of redress are scourged by the laggards on the bench.

I have a conspicuous case in mind. In December of last year the American Newspaper Guild protested against the discharge of Morris Watson by the Associated Press. The guild maintained that Mr. Watson had been fired because of his organizational activity. A complaint was lodged, and the National Labor Relations Board summoned the Associated Press to appear and answer the charges. The news agency, through its counsel, John W. Davis, went into a federal court and asked an injunction to restrain the National Labor Relations Board from proceeding. Mr. Davis, on behalf of his client, argued that the Wagner-Connelly Act was unconstitutional. The hearing was before Judge Bondy in New York City.

At the end of the arguments the Judge reserved decision but said he would rule very shortly after briefs were submitted. In a slight epilogue following the hearing he told a guild heckler that "economics have no place in a court of law." This somewhat lightened His Honor's burden but not enough. Briefs were duly submitted, but then passed a weary time. The Judge couldn't seem to make up his mind on the legal points involved. The action was one of the earliest brought under the Wagner-Connelly Act, but Bondy did not keep his place in the line of traffic. From Memphis and Rochester and various parts of the country decisions were rendered. Many of them upheld the constitutionality of the act and some dissented. Judge Bondy was in the fortunate position of being able to profit by the home work of his fellow-judges who had at least explored in part the legal ground to be traveled.

But the learned Judge did not commit himself. By sheer coincidence this served the Associated Press admirably. It was under no compulsion to meet the merits of the case, and Morris Watson remained fired. Originally there was a good deal of activity and organized support for Morris Watson in the guild unit in his shop. His fellows knew him as a brilliant worker and had no doubt about the reasons which led to his discharge. But time dawdled on. The first flush of enthusiasm waned. Morris Watson became a mute and inglorious martyr. He was buried alive in the bottom drawer of a judge's desk.

People began to forget about the case. The Associated Press was not likely to object to that. Silence and delay were much more punishing to the guild than the granting of an injunction. In that event it would have been possible to appeal and move the case along toward a final decision.

But Bondy blocked the road. It was generally believed that if the National Labor Relations Board undertook to proceed with the case, a stay would immediately be issued. If the board were mandamus'd, some other judge would merely toss the issue back to Bondy again.

The information may be apochryphal, but a lawyer told me that he knew of a case in which Judge Bondy had failed to render a verdict at the end of two years. Even if this is an exaggeration, it seems to be pretty well established that Bondy is a slow decider. A belated decision, even though favorable, would be of little help to the guild. The case will be complicated if Morris Watson takes another newspaper job. At the end of many months the issue will be academic and futile as far as the guild is concerned. The Associated Press may be expeditious in getting the news of the world on the wires and cables, but it does not regard labor disputes in its own office as news.

Seemingly, there is no legal method by which laggard judges can be made to quit sitting on china door knobs. A couple of weeks ago the guild tried to break the deadlock by making a direct appeal to Judge Bondy. The president of the American Newspaper Guild, with the approval of a general meeting of the New York Guild, sent a letter to the Judge pointing out the hardships which the organization suffered under the delay. The note made no attempt to take up the merits of the case. It did not argue for a favorable verdict but merely protested against inaction and demanded a decision, saying: "Although you have not granted an injunction you have allowed the Associated Press an easement, a kind of legal laxative which works while you sleep."

To this communication the Judge merely replied, "Your note has been received." The situation leaves the guild small choice as to what action it should now take to break the deadly silence and push the case of Morris Watson. Personally I think the guild ought to picket the Federal Court Building and distribute leaflets explaining the manner in which delay may strip a litigant of his legal rights. If such action is taken, there may be criticism of the guild as wildly radical. That will hardly be fair. There is nothing particularly radical in taking whatever measures you can to make the orderly processes of law remain orderly. Nothing is more disorderly than long delays. If an automobile broke down in the middle of a road and impeded traffic it would be pushed to one side and a new car or a repair wagon would be dispatched.

Picketing of courts is quite common in staid and conservative England. But the bulk of the American public has not yet made the mental leap achieved by our Anglo-Saxon cousins, who undoubtedly have as much or more respect for law than obtains in America. And they respect the law because they have come to the point of making judges realize that they are the servants of the public and not the masters.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

HOMAGE TO HAVELOCK ELLIS

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

ON OCTOBER 3, 1898, an English publisher went to trial on the charge "of having unlawfully and wickedly published and sold, and caused to be procured and to be sold, a wicked, bawdy, and scandalous, and obscene book." After he had entered a plea of guilty, Sir Charles Hall, the judge, delivered himself as follows:

I am willing to believe that in acting as you did you might at the first outset perhaps have been gulled into the belief that somebody might say that this was a scientific work. But it is impossible for anyone with a head on his shoulders to open the book without seeing that it is a pretense and a sham, and that it is merely entered into for the purpose of selling this obscene publication. . . . So long as you lead a respectable life you will hear no more of this. But if you choose to go back to your evil ways, you will be brought before me, and it will be my duty to send you to prison for a very long term.

The book in question was, of course, the first volume of "Studies in the Psychology of Sex," and it is something very much more than a mere coincidence that when, in 1931, our own Federal Judge Woolsey delivered his crucial decision clearing Dr. Stopes's "Married Love" of the charge of obscenity, he should have remarked as he did: "To one who has read Havelock Ellis, as I have, the subject matter of Dr. Stopes's book is," and so on. In other words, the work which had been in 1898 a "pretense and a sham," obvious to anyone "with a head on his shoulders," had become after thirty years a sort of criterion by reference to which the legitimacy of another might be tested.

Because of the savage attitude taken by the English courts the first edition of the "Studies" as a whole was published by Davis in Philadelphia, and the sober brown bulk of the six original volumes occupied a prominent space on the book shelves of a whole generation of intellectuals. Much of what those volumes had to say has been so thoroughly absorbed that they can doubtless never mean again what they once did, but if the handsome new edition,* including the supplementary volumes on "Eonism" and "Undinism," were nothing else it would be a necessary tribute to an educator whose influence is difficult to measure. However much the younger generation of today may take for granted certain of the intellectual freedoms which it enjoys, however much it may minimize, as one always does, those liberties which are inherited rather than fought for, the fact remains that the very privilege of speaking with casual disparagement of sexual enlightenment and its importance is due more to Havelock Ellis than to any other one man.

It was of course primarily as educator that he played his role. Despite a certain amount of original investigation, he was above all else a scholar, and the "Studies" are based chiefly upon published work which Ellis disinterred from the pages of a thousand learned journals as well as from innumerable books, many of which were exceedingly obscure. His work was to coordinate, to compare, and above all else to present to a general public a body of esoteric and forbidden knowledge. He might, indeed, put in a claim to that often bestowed title "the last of the Victorians," for his enterprise was in one of the great Victorian traditions—that, namely, of Lecky and Westermarck and Spencer and Frazer, each of whom was inspired by the typical late Victorian conviction that man was to be saved by availing himself of the knowledge which specialists had acquired in fragments and from which it was the business of such as they to deduce various usable conclusions.

The difference was merely that Ellis selected the last subject to be opened for discussion, that he proposed to apply to the study of sex that method of dispassionate inquiry which even those who ostensibly championed its universal applicability hardly wished to see employed in the exploration of a field surrounded by taboos which were the most difficult to exorcise because they had remained the least completely rationalized. Perhaps the greatest of his achievements was just that he was able ultimately to establish the assumption that knowledge about sex was not essentially different from knowledge about anthropology or politics or the social sciences.

The very limitations now most often cited against his work were virtues for the moment and for the purpose. He is descriptive, empirical, eclectic, and, to a certain extent, literary. In his anxiety to collect every scrap of relevant testimony his tendency is to be so far from rigidly critical that certain topics are treated almost after the manner of a commonplace book and that even the often valuable case histories are neither controlled nor critically evaluated. It is also perfectly true that he proposed no psychological or neurological system, that he seems often to do no more than to take testimony and record opinions. But the very fact that the influence of even such a system builder as Freud was relatively slight is fortunate rather than unfortunate. It would have been a calamity if the first great attempt to survey the field had been limited in its scope by the premature adoption of too fixed a method or too sure a conviction. And Ellis had what was much more important for the success of his enterprise—a spirit essentially humane. The atmosphere of the "Studies" does not repel as the atmosphere of Krafft-Ebing or even of much of Freud's writing repels by its suggestion of the hospital

*"Studies in the Psychology of Sex." By Havelock Ellis. With a Foreword by Morris L. Ernst. Random House. Four Volumes. \$15.

and the laboratory. He was not writing primarily for the clinical practitioner. He was not primarily concerned with the sexually ill. He was simply accustoming the general public as well as lawyers and doctors and teachers to the idea that a rational attitude toward sex was one of the essential conditions of a good life.

He had, indeed, only three leading ideas. The first was the premise, already referred to, that sex might be investigated and discussed in precisely the same spirit as any other subject of large human concern. The other two were equally simple. One was that we had better find out what men and women actually felt and desired and did before we classified as "perverse" or "abnormal" any feeling or desire or act; that our notions of what is "normal" ought, in other words, to be not a priori but empirical. The third was that man's capacity to love sexually could and should be valued, developed, and educated precisely as his capacity to think, to play, to create, or to exercise any other of the functions of a human being was valued and developed and educated—not of course in isolation or without regard to social consequences but as part of normal existence.

These three ideas, continually reiterated, give to the "Studies" such unity as they have. They seem, of course, now obvious almost to the point of fatuity—so obvious, indeed, that it is not easy to believe they were ever totally rejected. The fact remains, nevertheless, that Sir Charles Hall did exist and that his decision was handed down. The fact also remains that in a book cited by Ellis himself a Victorian doctor laid down the general principle that sexual pleasure in a woman was evidence either of abnormality or of immoral life. If much has changed since then, Ellis might truly say of the change: All of it I saw and a great part of it I was.

BOOKS

But Don't Pause for Breath

INHALE & EXHALE. By William Saroyan. Random House. \$2.50.

"**M**INDFUL," says the jacket, "of the importance of 'Inhale & Exhale' to his literary future, Saroyan has chosen its contents with meticulous care." As a result a mere seventy stories have been allowed to see the light. But I am inclined to believe what the jacket says, for though Saroyan has included seventy stories, no doubt he has suppressed seven hundred. One gets the feeling from reading him that he writes day and night and with no respect for the Sabbath. One would like to know how much in all he has written since his first book appeared; one would like to know how much, if anything, he has rewritten; one would like to know whether he is merely the victim of an unappeasable itch to write, or whether he seeks to outdistance Time's winged chariot, whose hurrying near so visibly preys upon his mind. For the sense of death seems—not unpleasantly—to haunt him, to drive him to his typewriter in hysterical haste to pour out visions and emotions in cascades of cloudy words. Before it is too late, he seems to say, I must spear the essence of things.



Moments

Saroyan Does His Morning Inhaling

The result is chaos. Saroyan's very wealth is his poverty; his very genuineness as a writer is the reason for his writing with so little effect. At heart perhaps every writer is an amateur, ready to snap his fingers at the rules and at the opinion of others, for the mere thrill of writing as the spirit moves him, and on the mere chance that he may achieve not verbiage but miracles. Most writers become good artists by the same process that they become good citizens—through slowly perceiving the disadvantages of not toeing the mark. But Mr. Saroyan, aware that he has talent, aware that he has a real love of words and a real craving to tell stories, cannot see how, with such assets, he can go wrong; cannot see what else he needs or indeed could acquire. What he needs, I must say a little pompously, is to get into harness and to cultivate self-criticism.

The moral tone that has crept into my discussion—and many other reviewers' discussions—of his work, must irritate him a great deal when it does not amuse him. But as a matter of fact it is an uncommon tone for reviewers to take, and Mr. Saroyan might choose, if he cared to, to feel complimented. For in a field where there is not enough talent to go around, a man with the talent of Saroyan must be implored not to squander it, not to turn it into flatulence and confusion. What one resents about these stories is not that they are so bad, but that in spite of being so good they are so bad. With every chance of success, almost all of them end in failure. The reasons are manifest. Being too lazy to think straight, Saroyan poses as anti-intellectual. Lacking the discipline to be mature, he sprays everything he writes with nostalgic infantilism. Having nothing really personal to say, he smears everything he touches with "personality." Getting punch-drunk on words, he uses

them to cloud rather than clarify his meaning. Worst of all, imagining that plain and homespun things will not have significance enough, he seeks to be imposing and grand, and only manages to be windy:

Right away when he wakened he felt the invisible insinuation of everywhere in dark oceanic hush of recent sleep and he felt the strangeness of his room before the frozen clarity of his steady and almost unawake glance, an event of no motion, yet with the cumulative rhythm of silence and suspension, the strange truth of the place surrounding his own strange truth, the power to see, the peaceful riotousness of being.

What is this but an adolescent who loves to spout? And elsewhere we have an adolescent who loves to pose, or to caper, or to shock, or at any price to hold the center of the stage. It is as though a man wrote a play and then cared more about starring himself in it than about the play itself. The result is not only disastrous art but painfully tiresome reading. I am afraid that for all his natural verve Mr. Saroyan, unless he is careful, will at length be dismissed—not as a show-off, not as a trickster, not as a noisy vaudevillian, but as a bore.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

The Mystery of Sir Basil

ZAHAROFF. By Robert Neumann. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.75.

SIR BASIL ZAHAROFF is a very old man, eighty-six years of age, who was born, according to some, in the Greek slums of Constantinople and, according to himself, in the idyllic village of Mughla in Asia Minor. According to all his biographers, he began his career literally as a gangster in Constantinople, euphemistically called a "fireman." Then he worked up into a procurer, euphemistically called a "guide." Then he became a self-confessed thief; though it is now impossible to establish whether or not he killed a cop while breaking jail. After all this preparatory training he entered the armament industry. In time he became the boss of Vickers—Vickers in England, Vickers in France, Vickers in Italy, each Vickers taking out its papers in each country so as to keep its armament-patriotism above reproach.

Sir Basil was primarily a salesman. He was delicately gifted in the gentle art of devious bribing. One ingenuous Minister of Marine, for instance, won a fortune on a bet that "tomorrow is Thursday"; Sir Basil mistakenly thought it was only Wednesday. By losing many such bets, Vickers did splendidly. It was also Sir Basil who discovered the great game of selling cruisers, or what have you in any other lethal way, to one government and then frightening the hell out of its "enemy" with the bill of lading.

A decade ago, when at his height, Sir Basil Zaharoff was one of the half-dozen richest men in the world, one of the half-dozen most powerful, and one of the half-dozen most monstrous. He financed the Greek war—and collapse—against the Turks as a favor to Lloyd George and for the greater glory of Greece and Vickers. Periodically he endowed a chair of literature at Oxford or Paris. He became the boy friend of a Spanish Bourbon, a Knight of the British Empire, a high officer of the Legion of Honor. However, his main claim to international prestige and publicity is his "mystery."

Now suppose this same Zacharias Basileos Zaharias had begun life, as he did, as a Constantinople "fireman" who started fires to rob the victims, had then become a "brothel tout" for visiting parliamentarians and finally a thief in his uncle's business, and *now*—at the age of eighty-six—he were a retired but

ordinary fence, white-slaver, and dope peddler. The long life of such a prosaic, legal, and logical criminal would be practically untraceable. The career of Gyp the Blood *is* a mystery, for Gyp made neither investments nor history. But to the journalistic thriller scribes, like die Herren Neumann and Lewinsohn, Gyp is no mystery simply because he rose from gutter to gallows, which seems fit and reasonable. The life of Sir Basil, on the other hand, seems to them so mysteriously fascinating because instead of winding up at the gallows he sent millions of decent men to death at an enormous profit per corpse.

That, however, is no mystery at all, things being as they are. And, indeed, the life of our friend Sir Basileos is really an open book—in those passages which are significant reading, which show *how* he became what he is. Every dollar he invested either has been or can be traced. Every war he bought and paid for is receipted. His every shady political trick either has been or could be brought to light. Indeed, Robert Neumann, the author of the thriller under review, has brought out about Sir Basil quite as much as we know about Messrs. Mellon or Morgan and much more than we know about such rarefiedly reputable gents as John W. Davis or Owen D. Young. Yet in every sentence Herr Neumann tiptoes and lifts his fingers to his lips and is just about to give up the riddle. Sir Basil is "a beast of prey dressed up like a man" prowling in the chancelleries of Europe, organizing devious companies, subsidizing South American revolutions. "Let us stop here. There is something wrong, surely . . ." Herr Neumann whispers. There really was nothing wrong in this case, except that Sir Basil fixed it so that he kept out of prison. "The writer leaves his anxious readers the choice" between the theory that Zaharoff may have been a Russian-Jewish soldier and/or a Siberian bandit at one time. He was, of course, neither/nor. The life of this armament racketeer, like the life of every other big-business racketeer, is plainer than yours or mine. And I'll bet dollars to doughnuts that if Arthur Sulzberger of the *New York Times* should send Louis Stark or Ray Daniell or Carleton Beals or myself to do the whole story on Sir Basil, any one of us would come back with all his tricks in the bag, including his birth certificate or its equivalent.

Then why all this mystery? The answer is that Sir Basil *paid* money for it, not to Herr Neumann or his previous biographers, but for that sort of publicity in general. It costs a lot of money to have a public career converted into a private mystery. All his life Sir Basil has talked about little else except how well he keeps his mouth shut; and since he has to pay for his lies with endowments and other bribes, his life seems to be written in Braille for men who can see. But don't let the Zaharoffs and Mellons and the rest of their ilk fool you. Sound journalistic suspicion backed up by heavy research *Sitzfleisch* solves the mysteries of big business every time. For one of the troubles with, or rather for, big business is that no matter how it juggles its figures, it's figures it has to juggle.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG

The Near and the Far

ONCE WE HAD A CHILD. By Hans Fallada. Translated from the German by Eric Sutton. Simon and Schuster. \$2.50.

HANS FALLADA'S new novel proves him once more to be an attractive and touching story-teller, but it seems to prove at the same time, and even more clearly than before, how far he falls below the virtue of magnitude. It is his own doing, and in fact it is entirely to his credit, that the

proof in the present instance is so clear. For he himself has supplied the standard by which his book comes to be judged, he himself has set the pace which most of his chapters fail to follow. The standard is erected in the first of six sections; the second section keeps within striking distance of it; the remaining four desert it altogether. Few novels have begun more brilliantly than this one, though many have ended as trivially; and the reason, provided it can be found, may have more than ordinary meaning.

The success of the first section is undoubtedly connected with the fact that its material is not contemporary. Fallada is constructing an olden background for his tale, and his delight in the task is such, and his capacity so great, that he seems to do all that fiction can ever do when it occupies itself with the past. The scene is a Baltic peninsula, cold and barbarous, remote and windswept. Fallada's business is to people a certain farm on this peninsula, the Gäntschow farm, with as many ghosts as possible—with as many memories, that is to say, of its early owners. They must be as violent, as wild, and as individualistic as imagination can make them, because they are to set the tone for a novel whose hero will be a Gäntschow of our time, a man whose distinction as well as his tragedy will derive from the fact that he is a farmer, an intransigent lover of the anarchical land. Fallada's imagination, helped in all probability by the imagination of the folk among whom he was born on a peninsula similar to this one of Fiddichow, sets the tone for Johannes Gäntschow only too well. The father, the grandfather, and the several great-grandfathers of Johannes are wonderful and fearful creatures—insane and hairy men whom the magic of distance permits us somehow to admire. Back there in the past where they belong they are not only credible but beautiful, as men in myths can be; and be it noted too that their stories are told briefly, as myths had better be told. Only the shining essentials are given, with the result that the disgust or the terror which we should feel in the actual presence of these men is never felt; on the contrary, they assume the highly attractive stature of abstract truths.

The problem then is to maintain the spell. Fallada does maintain it through the second section, which deals with the childhood of Johannes and which saves him, as childhood saves itself, from the test of contact with any living world. Johannes and Christiane, the girl whom he loves without exactly knowing it, are still the free inhabitants of that wild border region where past and present are scarcely to be distinguished; and Johannes at least promises to be an acceptable descendant of the ancient Gäntschows. A great novelist might have made him so, since a great novelist by definition is one who can prove the world we know to be as rich and luminous as any we may imagine. But Fallada lets his hero down. As lover, as husband, as wanderer, as farmer, Johannes grows steadily smaller. The rages of his forbears dwindle in him to petulance; their independence—mythical, we now remember—becomes the stupidest form of stubbornness; their way with women, now that we know Johannes's wife and mistress, ceases to be primeval and is merely swinish. And the religion of land loses the last shred of its mystery. There is nothing significant about our peasant at the end, valiant as Fallada's assertions are to the contrary. For Fallada seems not to have intended all this. His intention I think was to keep Johannes and the twentieth century up. That he has let them down does not need to mean, as some say it does, anything about the falseness of German life at the moment. It needs to mean no more than that an epic of the present—any present—is all but impossible; and that for Herr Fallada it will never be possible.

MARK VAN DOREN

Five Years Before Sarajevo

THE EVE OF 1914. By Theodor Wolff. Alfred A. Knopf. \$4.50.

AMONG the German political writers of the last decades there was no argument as to who was the first gentleman of the journalistic profession. Except for a few people distracted by self-conceit, they all agreed that Theodor Wolff, editor-in-chief of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, was unrivaled. His articles signed with the famous initials "T.W." attracted every Sunday hundreds of thousands of readers; even men who disliked the political tendencies of his liberal newspaper gave attention to his essays, which combined a thorough knowledge of foreign affairs with a high degree of literary culture and an *esprit* rare in Germany. All the virtues of Wolff's writing during his singular career as an editor are now to be found in the second volume of his memoirs, which deal with the last five years preceding the world catastrophe.

For the reader outside Germany who is not conversant with Wolff's former literary production, the main interest of the book is to be found in the author's judgment on the Kaiser and the Wilhelmstrasse. Although T.W. has been an avowed democrat during his whole life, he is far from condemning all the diplomatic activities of William II. He does not share the cheap misconceptions of the emperor's policy which have been so familiar since 1914. He sees the weakness of William's character; he notes his sudden changes of mind, his preference for noisy speeches and tactless remarks, and his longing for Byzantine applause. But he admits that at many critical moments the Kaiser instinctively arrived at a sounder judgment than his advisers, and that while they were still thinking of peace, he saw the specter of danger. This was especially true after the insane and criminal refusal of the Serbian reply by the Vienna diplomats at the end of July, 1914. William's aversion to war and all hazardous enterprises was genuine, and Wolff is absolutely right when he says that the German emperor no more wanted to start a fire than a child playing with matches wants to. His, and Bethmann's, great sin was only that he gave carte blanche to the warlike Austrian statesmen on July 5, 1914.

The portrait of Bethmann-Hollweg is painted with much care and fine psychological understanding; Wolff enjoyed, especially after 1914, the personal friendship of the Chancellor and is able to reproduce some extremely interesting confessions of his about the war guilt and about a new order in Germany's home and foreign policy. The author, moreover, discerns elements of kinship between Bethmann and Sir Edward Grey; both of them had a predilection for ethics, fluctuated between doubts and self-confidence, and dismissed their private qualms with a gesture of resoluteness. His antipathy to Kiderlen-Wächter, the clever, unbalanced Secretary of Foreign Affairs, is very strong. But Kiderlen's successor, Jagow, lacked even the qualities the former certainly had, and that was the reason why his Vienna colleague, Count Berchtold, could proceed as he pleased. The difference between Jagow's inability and the unfair methods of the Austrian minister was, as Wolff states, "the difference between playing with insufficient thought and playing false."

The author shows that the statesmen of the Triple Alliance were not so immaculate as they liked to appear in their memoirs, but he is far from paying compliments to the leaders of the Entente. The portrait of Poincaré painted by a master of political psychology is not at all flattering. The many bad features of his character are clearly demonstrated, and Wolff

draws the veil from the French President's political relations with so dubious a diplomatist as Isvolsky. Some very remarkable pages are devoted to the dangerous secret machinations of the English military circles, especially to the projects of Field Marshal Sir Henry Wilson, who worked as energetically for war as did his Austrian comrade, Conrad von Hötzendorff. Perhaps the most picturesque chapter of the book deals with the foremost figures of the Czarist court. Rasputin is shown as the bizarre and fantastic embodiment of the Russian's immense vitality, a vulgar peasant who brought the natural voice of the people into the luxurious apartments of the despotic weakling, Nicholas. The author also gives us an interesting account of the role the Serbian politicians played in the origin of the war. Nor does Wolff forget the attractive and somewhat amusing figure of King Nikita of Montenegro, "a mixture of Louis XIV and of a paternal sovereign and smuggler-patriarch."

Wolff prepared this book while he was still in his editor's chair, surrounded by his professional duties. One may hope that now, in his exile, he will write a third volume of his memoirs dealing with his experiences in the World War and with the great part he played in the rise of the Weimar republic. His career as a journalist has been finished, but as a historian he will still find an attentive community of readers throughout the world.

FELIX E. HIRSCH

Dollars or Children

WHY KEEP THEM ALIVE? By Paul De Kruif. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.

ACCORDING to the Committee of Economic Security, "illness is one of the major causes of insecurity," and "in normal times from one-third to one-half of all dependency can be traced to the economic effect of illness." What lies back of these dispassionate words is told by Paul De Kruif in stirring stories that should move the stones of America to rise in protest.

Stirred by the story of a particular child who had died because the benefits of medical science were not available to her, De Kruif thought of an enormously rich friend, the beginning of whose wealth came through his understanding of science. "I wrote to this man," he says, "and told him how this infamy in the land of enormous wealth, in a country with unlimited requisites for good living—how this poverty causing the death of children like Joan—nauseated me, made me sick in my stomach." This friend wrote back very courteously telling him not to be impatient. "Millions of children have been dying for thousands of years, and we couldn't save them all at once, right now."

And as for my nausea [De Kruif continues] he merely prescribed a dose of bicarbonate of soda. This letter shook me and lost me a friend. Now I understood this: that no soda would ever soothe my nausea at the continuance of this infamy. I knew that the clever men who monopolized the common inheritance of science would never share it fundamentally. I knew that their greed, based upon fear, made them indifferent to a heartbroken child. I understood that the question today that will finally set friend against friend, brother against brother, is this one—Who owns our science? I thought that once the plain people, the mass, understood the whole truth of the story of children like Joan, once they got it clear in their head what it is that limits the food, the clothes, the shelter, the science that could have made her strong and healthy . . .

Those who know De Kruif merely as a proclaimer of scientific discoveries will be interested to learn what has happened to him, and he tells it with complete frankness.

In those days in the laboratory I had known nothing about the true causes of the sickening, the dying of children. I thought of nothing but microbes, and for years I was more interested in the health of my culture of microbes than in the death of a child. I might have gone on that way for the rest of my life. . . . Now at last my eyes were opening. Now the forgotten children, the dollars or children, the peoples' death fight, the drought of Wisconsin, Joan whose heart was broken, all those adventures of this year of hell were soaking it into me that it was not ignorance, or certainly not ignorance alone, that was at the bottom of the suffering and death of children. . . . What then is there left for me to do except to keep telling with all there is in me, till they shut me up, till they put me on the spot, till they send me down to the lower depths as they are sure to do if I only keep on telling it stronger and truer, telling to as many as I can get to listen—that, in the matter of the murder of children by our present economic order, the issue is clear; the battle can now be joined. Is money going to be made for man, or will man continue to be made for money?

When he had completed his book De Kruif must have made the same discovery that Mary Heaton Vorse made when she finished "A Footnote to Folly"—that no matter what he was writing about, droughts, or slums, or scientific discoveries, he was all the time writing about children. The theme of the book is, Dollars or children. Obviously De Kruif agrees with Mrs. Vorse that "in the last analysis civilization itself is measured by the way in which children will live and what chance they will have in the world." In his final story of the Dionne quintuplets he shows that they had one chance in a billion to live when they were born, yet science—and money—made that chance a reality.

Children always in his mind, he turns from every stirring story he tells to expose the cruelty of our present economic order, which he declares is guilty of nothing short of murder, the murder of millions of innocent children. The members of the Liberty League will say he has turned Communist; the Daughters of the Revolution will call him a revolutionist, and will ask to have him deported as a dangerous red. But the Communists—even the Socialists—will dub him a pussy-footer. They will accuse him of having no program because he doesn't tell us what the new order is to be like, but they won't accuse him of being a retainer of the rich!

Those who pay doctors' bills will close this book with a feeling of regret that in discussing the problem of the costs of medical care the author has said nothing about the burning question of state medicine or even about health insurance. Possibly this is one fear he hasn't yet got rid of!

The world knows Paul De Kruif as an inimitable interpreter of medical science. "Microbe Hunters," "Hunger Fighters," "Men Against Death," these and other stirring books and articles by him have deserved and secured a wide and various audience, but I venture a prediction that his latest book, "Why Keep Them Alive?" will eclipse all his earlier work in the size of its audience. This latest book has an emotional quality which his earlier work did not possess. He is no longer merely proclaiming the great scientific discoveries and praising the microbe-hunters. He himself has made a great discovery.

He has discovered that the underlying social problem is none other than the distribution of wealth. He has discovered that his science is not reaching the people and that it will not reach them so long as service is subordinate to profit. This discovery has stirred him to the depths, and his book is bound to ruffle the spirits of those who read.

JOHN A. KINGSBURY

Shorter Notices

THE INFLUENCE OF WOMEN AND ITS CURE. By John Erskine. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$1.50.

Mr. Erskine's little book bears the earmarks of popular articles for Sunday supplements. Formless enough to have been published in small doses, it has a point of view which is far from journalistic. The advantage enjoyed by a writer with Mr. Erskine's entree to the average home when he tackles seriously a subject as unpopular as the failure of the American woman is unquestionable. Mr. Erskine pays all honor and respect to the home-maker and the wage-earner. It is against the leisure-class woman who, through no accomplishment of her own, wields an undue influence in the American community that he directs his attack. Women, he says, have invented no educational system for themselves. They have merely appropriated man's, already proved inadequate. Nor have they improved the status of teachers, either socially or economically. A fundamental change in the educational system is essential, he feels. Women should teach girls; men, boys. "To put an end to social influence acquired by matrimony, the women should keep their maiden names and make their own reputations." Unsuspecting males in search of light reading may find themselves prodded by this book into wondering how large a share of the blame is theirs. Women, bearing in mind Mr. Erskine's charming portraits of Eve and of Helen, may be sufficiently enraged by it to undertake a thoughtful analysis of just how productively they have used the political and social freedom for which they fought so tenaciously.

THIRTY-SIX POEMS. By Robert Penn Warren. Alcestis Press. \$7.50.

The poems of Robert Penn Warren, here collected from the magazines and anthologies in which they have previously appeared, are the work of a poet of authentic sensibility and fertile imagination, with a flair for vital diction and a graceful sense of form. Mr. Warren shares in the difficulties of his generation; he has been forced to be both critic and poet, to the detriment of his poetry. While grateful for the light cast by his criticism, one nevertheless cannot but be sorry that the critical spirit has entered into the poet. In these poems rationalization often hampers the free expression of poetic sensibility, and emotion is stifled by thought. It is the critic in Mr. Warren that has made him rewrite "Kentucky Mountain Farm," the poem which early won for him a place in the Fugitive group, and in the rewriting of this and other poems vitality is sacrificed for the sake of smoothness and intellectual pretentiousness. The intellectualism of the academic life has weakened Mr. Warren the poet while it has strengthened Mr. Warren the critic; the great promise of the young poet, hailed as early as 1928 by Edmund Wilson, has not been fulfilled.

VINCENT VAN GOGH. By Walter Pach. Artbooks Museum. \$1.

In the case of Van Gogh more has been written about the *Sturm und Drang* of the inner life than about the evolution of the artist. For Vincent Van Gogh was of the stuff of which tragedies are written, and since he was himself master of the written word it is not surprising that attention has been focused upon the frustration of the man rather than upon the fulfilment of the painter. In the present study Dr. Pach, one of Van Gogh's first and most understanding American admirers, has turned his back on all but the bare bones of biography in order to examine nineteenth-century techniques and

tendencies in their relation to Van Gogh. His book may prove hard reading for those less familiar with the period than Dr. Pach, since the research becomes considerably involved. It is, for example, difficult to discover why Cézanne's admiration for Redon finds its way into the discussion. But it is well to be reminded that we owe that rapid mastery of color and light which made possible the achievements of the Arles period to the forces which drove Van Gogh to post-impressionist Paris of 1886 (the year in which Seurat completed the "Grande Jatte") rather than to the overstressed influence of Gauguin. This brochure, the first of a series of dollar publications to be issued by the organization entitled Artbooks Museum, is an encouraging example of what may be done in the way of popularly priced publications on art. There are six excellent color plates and twenty-four less successful half-tone reproductions.

IN THE SECOND YEAR. By Storm Jameson. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

Miss Jameson's picture of England under fascism is not a mere fantasy. She has translated the Nazi regime into English terms, provided an alien creed—as it seems to the naive, she would say—with a native habitation. Hitler appears as Frank Hillier, Prime Minister of the Nationalist Government; the anglicized Göring is the fat and flamboyant Air Minister, Colonel Hebdon; Röhm appears as the hermaphroditic Richard Sacker, head of the National Volunteers (Storm Troops); and Schacht is personified by Thomas Chamberlayn, financial wizard of the regime. Though the English are less obvious in their sadism than the Germans, they make no bones about concentration camps and the mass "suicides" of radical writers—Stephen Spender, for example. Under English fascism poverty is intensified, the trade unions are smashed, cultural life is

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suspended, and war emerges as the only solution to social difficulties. The story itself, a thin convenience, is told by an English liberal who has been teaching at Oslo since pre-fascist days. Upon his return to England for a brief visit he is appalled by the situation, of which he has been kept in semi-ignorance by a censored press; but he is incapable of any decisive attitude except despair and a retreat to Oslo. Interest is well sustained by two devices: the progressive revelation of the situation through the fresh experiences of the narrator, who is as much a stranger to the situation, and therefore as curious and surprised, as the reader; and the restatement of themes already familiar to the reader, the bloody overthrow of Röhm, for example, on a plane of distinctly English experience. The sub-plot, a love affair between a young volunteer and a student, is irritating because it is so obviously a concession to Miss Jameson's conscience as a formal novelist.

DRAMA

Shaw's Classic

YIELDING again to Bernard Shaw's habitual insistence that he be allowed to have his full say, the producers of "Saint Joan" at the Martin Beck Theater give it the three hours and more which are necessary if every single word of the text is to have its hearing. For audiences which have become accustomed to a span of attention definitely shorter than this, the handicap is more important than it ought to be, and I will not go so far as to say that a few judicious cuts would not constitute a real improvement. The fact remains, nevertheless, that as Katharine Cornell and her company enact the play it reveals a solidity and a power which set it definitely apart. We were not wrong twelve years ago when we felt that it was, in many ways, the finest of its author's work. We were not wrong in sensing a certain warmth of emotion, a certain humanity, which are absent in most of his often cleverer exercises. The warmth and the humanity are really there, and "Saint Joan" is one of very few classics of the modern theater. It "dates" only as even the most substantial works "date"—which is to say that though time may make it interesting for slightly different reasons and in slightly different ways, time—twelve years of it at least—does not sensibly detract from its power to hold and to impress.

Doubtless we should have been somewhat less surprised than we were that Shaw had fallen under the spell of a legend which has fascinated so many men of such widely divergent tempers. Nothing is actually more characteristic of him than his strain of mysticism. No one who remembers the character of Mrs. George ought to be unprepared to find that strain asserting itself at the most incongruous of moments, and nothing was more natural—once he had selected Joan as a subject—than that mysticism should dominate the tone of the play, with which mysticism alone could be really congruous. Nor can I help feeling that this yielding to a tendency which he had so often restrained made the piece dramatically more comprehensible than all but two or three of his other works. It enabled him to face, as he usually refused to do, the ambiguities of his intellectual position and to withdraw from the argument in favor of Joan, who must be right simply because she is so obviously the most passionate and the most appealing of the disputants. The gesture may be damaging to the philoso-

pher, but for the playwright it is unquestionably a better way out than that method which he has often adopted of pretending to settle once and for all a question which he has not really settled at all. That, the more I read his works, the more I am convinced is what he habitually does. He can be a Fabian, a fascist, and a communist by turns for the simple reason that he is perpetually doing what he does with great dramatic effectiveness in this particular play—permitting himself, that is to say, to rationalize the emotion which any extraordinarily powerful person or idea kindles in him.

Certainly "Saint Joan" offers no intellectual solution for the problem it discusses, and certainly the interest which that problem still holds is due in large part to the fact that it is a recurrent one. Joan is the anarchical individual who may in time become absorbed into an orthodox tradition but who stands for the moment in the same position as any other individual who sets himself up against a world which, not without reason, fears the destruction of the institutions which regulate its day-by-day existence. Shaw is not writing a mere two-dimensional satire against the dulness of those who cannot recognize saints when they see them. The long and passionate arguments which he puts into the mouths of the ecclesiastics are not merely stupid or merely wicked. The play is solid and exciting because they are not; because Shaw is voicing through them a point of view which he recognizes as tenable. Neither is it a plea for simple tolerance. Joan herself is as fanatical and as ruthless as her opponents. She is as ready as they to kill if not to burn. And she wins the dramatist as well as the day not so much because she is more right in any abstract way as because she is full of an even more passionate faith.

A moment ago I said that time had made the play interesting in a slightly different way without having made it any less powerful or impressive. Perhaps I should have said instead that in certain respects it has become, on the contrary, more obviously relevant than it was before. Twelve years ago Shaw's defense of the authoritarian position through the mouths of the ecclesiastics seemed little more than a tour de force. It was almost quaint in a world where libertarian ideas seemed, in theory at least, taken almost universally for granted. But what the church had to say is essentially what more than one kind of dictator in more than one country is saying today. I repeat that Shaw does not solve the problem in any intellectual fashion. He says only that in this particular case Joan wins—without making it a whit easier for other Joans to win in the future. He does not even say clearly whether she wins because she is right, because she has faith, or because historical tendencies were on her side. Yet "Saint Joan" remains, nevertheless, the best dramatic *presentation* of this particular conflict that has ever been written, and, incidentally, about as timely as any play could possibly be.

The production has been staged with great skill by Guthrie McClintic, and to my way of thinking Miss Cornell gives the finest performance of her career. In the past I have not concealed the fact that in some of her modern plays I have found her rather excessively radiant and unpleasantly suggestive of a type of woman too obviously looking for a convenient pedestal. Neither did I fail to say that I thought her Juliet pictorially effective without being emotionally profound. But her Joan could hardly be better. If my memory can be trusted, she is rather more the peasant, rather less the embodiment of girlish consecration, than Winifred Lenihan was in her stunning creation of the role. Yet her interpretation is no less convincing. It is simple, flexible, and amazingly varied. Somehow the girl and the saint are both there.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

RECORDS

THE phonograph news of the month for at least some readers will be that the Timely Recording Company, 235 Fifth Avenue, has issued three ten-inch discs of proletarian song (75 cents each). The selections include, of course, the "Internationale," given with lusty enthusiasm by the New Singers under Lan Andonian, and Hans Eisler's "United Front" with Mordecai Bauman, a young man with a fine voice excellently trained. Felix Groveman and the chorus deliver the "Soup Song" with an eye to the social significance of the words rather than with respect for the slender musical value of its tune—"My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean."

In England the Wolf Lieder Society continues (with Volume 5, six twelve-inch records, \$15) to bring out some of the finest recordings of the year. As for its previous volumes, the society has chosen from among the most distinguished Lieder singers and accompanists living and has spared no pains in making completely efficient recordings. Volume 5 includes twenty songs, almost without exception masterpieces, even though some of them are comparatively seldom heard in recital and few have been recorded before. Particularly striking are Elisabeth Rethberg's "Mühevoll komm' ich," Herbert Janssen's "Gebet," and Alexander Kipnis's "Cophtisches Lied I." The other singers are Gerhard Huesch and Ria Ginster, the latter doing rather better with "Sie blasen zum Abmarsch" and three other songs than she does in her Schubert recordings on last month's Victor list (one record, \$1.50).

Other recent vocal publications include a duet from the mature Verdi, "Gia nella notte densa" from "Otello," sung better by Claudia Muzio than by her coadjutor, Francesco Merli (Columbia, one record, \$1.50); Elizabeth's Prayer from "Tannhäuser," delivered with sincerity and a beautiful restraint by Kirsten Flagstad (Victor, one record, \$2); and two arias from Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" and Giordano's "Fedora," by Alessandro Ziliani (Victor, one record, \$1.50). The "Manon" aria has been recorded frequently, and a comparison with the earlier releases from Caruso through Gigli and Martinelli will illustrate the progress of recording techniques. Caruso's version is still the most beautifully sung.

Another set of records which reveals the recent advances in recording is the reissue of Stravinsky's "Fire-Bird" suite, by Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra. This is one of the series of reissues which Victor is putting out to demonstrate the virtues of "higher-fidelity" recordings, and it is a convincing demonstration.

Finally let me call attention to two unusual releases by Columbia. One is a set of three engaging solos for unaccompanied flute by P. O. Ferroud, beautifully played by Marcel Moyse and unusually well recorded (one record, \$1.50). The other is the "Funeral March for the Last Scene of 'Hamlet,'" by Berlioz, played by the London Philharmonic under Sir Hamilton Harty (one record, \$1.50). The deep impression made on the young Berlioz by "Hamlet" is reflected in this composition; and its austerity and dramatic use of percussion make the record one to be owned by all the growing group of his "discoverers."

(Note.—The Wolf Society albums and other foreign releases may be obtained from various dealers, including the Gramophone Shop, 18 East Forty-eighth Street; the Liberty Music Shop, 10 East Fifty-ninth Street; and the New York Band Instrument Company, 111 East Fourteenth Street, all in New York City.)

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BY MAX LERNER

Joseph Wood Krutch says:

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DEAR OLD DARLING. Alvin Theater. George M. Cohan doing all his tricks in a mystery play.

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ETHAN FROME. National Theater. The apparently impossible task of dramatization of Edith Wharton's novel achieved with conspicuous success. Outstanding performances by Pauline Lord, Ruth Gordon, and Raymond Massey.

LIBEL. Henry Miller Theater. Exciting English courtroom play. Surprisingly probable for this sort of thing and superbly acted.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE. Plymouth Theater. Amazingly successful adaptation, brilliantly staged and acted. A thoroughly delightful evening in the theater.

VICTORIA REGINA. Broadhurst Theater. Delightful series of scenes from Laurence Housman's drama stunningly acted by Helen Hayes and others. Fairer to the matron queen than Strachey but funny nevertheless and charming besides.

Mark Van Doren says:

AH, WILDERNESS. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Eugene O'Neill's touching and searching comedy of high-school days translated into a film which charms by its own right. Full of recognitions for the middle-aged.

A NIGHT AT THE OPERA. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. The Marx Brothers in their best picture to date. Hilarious and brilliant.

ANNIE OAKLEY. R.K.O. A minor American masterpiece based on the life of Buffalo Bill's best-loved sharpshooter. Barbara Stanwyck as Annie Oakley divides the honors with Sitting Bull.

MODERN TIMES. Charles Chaplin. Charlie Chaplin returns to the screen disguised as his old self and fulfils every expectation. Should be seen by everyone—and heard, for he has sound effects.

THE 39 STEPS. Alexander Korda. Months old, but should be seen wherever possible. A swift and beautiful thriller set in the Highlands, and one of several films which argue British leadership in the immediate future.

THE GHOST GOES WEST. Alexander Korda. René Clair's first film in English, with scenes in Scotland and the United States. Clever, satirical, and fanciful, but without the master touch.

THE PRISONER OF SHARK ISLAND. Fox. Tells the story of Dr. Mudd, convicted in 1865 of having helped Booth to escape. Somber and powerful; does not spare the spectator.

Letters to the Editors

THE NATION'S NEW FORMAT

My warm congratulations on the new format of *The Nation*. The magazine represents progress in appearance as well as content, and insures *The Nation* a leading place among similar publications, whether in America or in England.

RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL

New York, February 28

My experience with *The Nation* goes back only as far as Gruening and Villard, hence I cannot talk about your typographical dress of long ago. Nevertheless, I would not be surprised if your new overcoat, inaugurated with the March 4 issue, is the most beautiful of all time.

LEONARD TRAUBE

New York, February 28

Happy congratulations on the new format, and more power to you. There had been a lurking suspicion among many of us that the old *Nation* was subsidized by oculists. Now we know better.

S. GORLEY PUTT

New York, February 28

Congratulations on the new make-up. It is more like the *New Masses* in looks and content, with Gropper cartoons and such choice phrases as "he is the political pimp," etc. Smirkers of the world, unite; you have nothing to lose but your brains! I shall be no more a reader after my present subscription expires.

A. F. G.

Brooklyn, February 29

I think that the type used in your issue of March 4 is unsatisfactory and a bad imitation of that employed by the *New Republic*. The old type, although smaller, was much clearer.

E. C. GREENBLATT

New York, March 2

Keep my subscription going with *The Nation*. I confess to being influenced to some degree by your new pants, which I saw just this evening. Do you think they will have any effect on your outlook?

C. M. BAKER

Webster Groves, Mo., March 5

I have always considered *The Nation* to be the essence of neatness and legibility. I regret this present change. To me there

is less legibility, owing either to the poorer quality of paper or the type.

BERNARD DICKSTEIN

Grand Rapids, Mich., February 29

I think the new format of *The Nation* is attractive. Congratulations.

ARTHUR HAYS SULZBERGER

New York, February 28

I got quite a kick at seeing how youthful an old friend can look. Even so simple a thing as a change of costume adds new interest to things we take as a matter of course.

JOSEPH PECK

New Rochelle, N. Y., March 1

The new *Nation* is very charming. I don't like it.

W. B. THOMAS

Kansas City, Mo., February 29

There is yeast all through your current *Nation* in its new format. Congratulations and best wishes.

PAUL KELLOGG

New York, February 28

My heartiest congratulations to you on the new costume. It makes it the most artistic and easy-to-read publication in America. As for the contents, they are better than ever.

ROBERT LEONARD TUCKER

Columbus, Ohio, March 4

Congratulations on the much-improved appearance of *The Nation*. As a printing-house executive, I think the change demonstrates the possibilities of modern typography and lay-out in a startling manner.

VICTOR J. BURGER

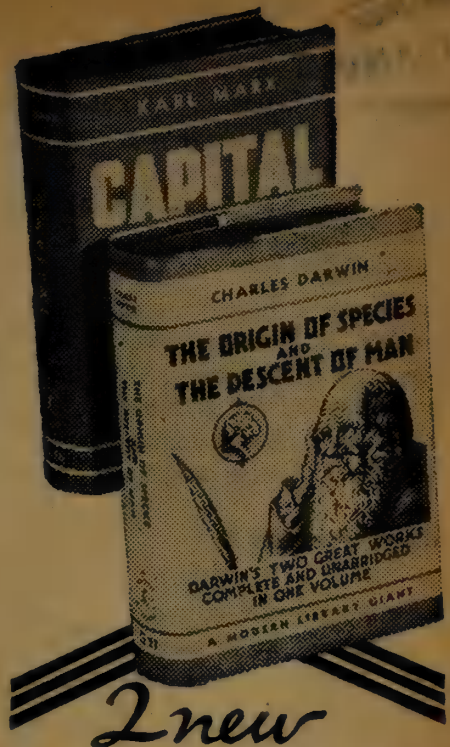
Louisville, Ky., March 6

I don't like the new *Nation* as well as I did the old. That may be because the old dress had become so familiar, and congenitally I like old things. However, I miss the sense of compactness the old *Nation* had; this is a little too bulky for my taste. But I'll not complain if you don't start tampering with the material. I also don't like the new-style automobile as well as the old.

MILES H. KRUMBINE

Cleveland, Ohio, March 6

Congratulations on *The Nation's* face-lifting. As one who has had to play with type somewhat during the last few years, may I venture one comment: I think you



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NEXT WEEK IN THE NATION

The Rhineland Crisis

By JOHN GUNTHER

have too many varieties of display type for your captions. It's a shame, too, that your new book-review heads are so space consuming. Otherwise, your new make-up seems swell.

CHARLES S. ASCHER

Chicago, March 6

The Nation's heretofore dignified appearance implied aloofness, intelligence, respectability. And now! Ugly little cartoons plastered all over the pages. *The Nation* has become a blatant and vulgar gutter sheet. Shame on you!

SIM LASHER

Chicago, February 29

I have just seen a copy of *The Nation* for March 11 in its new typographical dress. I think you have done a good job in making your changes, both in the type face in which the text of the paper is printed, in the headings, and particularly in your new front page. Speaking still typographically, about the only thing that I do not see the need for is a little too great variety in your heading type.

GEORGE FORT MILTON

Chattanooga, Tenn., March 7

Congratulations on the new *Nation* format. It is a complete success, except in my non-expert opinion, for one detail. The separate style of headings for Broun, Villard, and your other regular departments comes very near the typographical jitters.

LEE SIMONSON

New York, March 1

I can't tell you what an improvement I think the new make-up and type make in the magazine, nor would I have believed that there would thereby be such a difference in the whole feeling of the text. Everything seems fresher, clearer, and more pointed. I have known Blumenthal's work for a long time and have always admired it very much.

DOROTHY PRATT

Philadelphia, March 12

During the year I have subscribed to *The Nation* I have often felt that the contents were too heavy to be followed except when my mind was fresh. Since reading your March 4 issue, I realize that it was the small type which tired me rather than the articles themselves.

V. C. CHRISTIANSON

Ridgefield, Wash., March 9

You can quote me to any length about the new format. I like it all.

CLIFTON FADIMAN

New York, March 2

HEARST AND TROTZKY

Dear Sirs: On October 19 the *New Militant* printed an article by A. Tarov, a "Trotzkyite" who escaped from Siberian exile, on Stalin's persecution of revolutionists in the Soviet Union. Three months later, on Sunday, January 19, William Randolph Hearst lifted the article from the *New Militant*, and also Trotzky's comments on it, and published it in his chain of anti-labor papers—naturally without authorization or permission from Leon Trotzky or his American literary agents or the *New Militant*.

On the very same day the *Sunday Worker* charged that Leon Trotzky was an agent of Hearst and promised to reveal at a later date the price Trotzky was paid. The *Daily Worker* has followed this up with more slanders of the same kidney. Those who have some understanding of Trotzky's past and present value to the international labor movement scarcely require a denial of these slanders. Such methods, aping Hearst himself, are used as a smoke screen to divert attention from the revelations of Stalin's terror against the Leninists.

JAMES P. CANNON,

Editor, the *New Militant*

New York, March 1

HEIDELBERG AND VASSAR

Dear Sirs: When you accuse Vassar College of "bad taste" in accepting an invitation to be represented at the celebration of Heidelberg's 550th anniversary next summer, you are deceived by an erroneous item in the newspapers. Vassar College has not been invited to send an official representative to the Heidelberg festival; invitations were sent to the president of the college as an individual and declined by him, and to the head of the German Department as one of the first women to take a Ph.D. at Heidelberg.

Should the faculty be invited to send an official delegate to this celebration, the matter will be voted upon according to the regular custom in answering such invitations.

WINIFRED SMITH

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., March 10

INFORMATION FOR SUBSCRIBERS

THE NATION. Price, 15 cents a copy. By subscription—Domestic: One year \$5; Two years \$8; Three years \$11. Canadian: 50 cents a year additional. Foreign: \$1 a year additional. The *Nation* is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Dramatic Index, Index to Labor Periodicals, Public Affairs Information Service. Three weeks' notice and the old address as well as the new are required for subscriber's change of address.

CONTRIBUTORS

ALICE WITHROW FIELD in 1928-29 made a study of prostitution in London under the supervision of Sir William Clarke Hall, magistrate of the Old Street Police Court. She has made three visits to the U. S. S. R. and has incorporated the results of her investigations in "The Protection of Women and Children in the Soviet Union."

GEORGE SELDES was a foreign correspondent in Europe from 1916 to 1928. He has been thrown out of Russia, Italy, and Fiume, and warned out of Rumania. His latest books are "Freedom of the Press" and "Sawdust Caesar," a study of Mussolini.

LOUIS ADAMIC, author of "The Native's Return" and "Dynamite," began life as a steel worker on coming to this country from Yugoslavia. He has written for *The Nation* on labor; last spring his articles on the LaFollettes aroused much discussion.

MAX LERNER'S four articles on the Supreme Court, of which the one appearing in the present issue is the last, will shortly be made the basis of a book on the subject.

MARY McCARTHY, who with Margaret Marshall reviewed the book reviewers last fall, has lately made an intensive study of detective fiction.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER is editor of "An Eighteenth Century Miscellany."

BENJAMIN STOLBERG is at work on a characterization of John L. Lewis for *The Nation*.

FELIX E. HIRSCH, German historian and former political editor of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, is now living in the United States.

JOHN A. KINGSBURY, former secretary of the Milbank Memorial Fund, is an authority on public health, child welfare, and state charities. He is the co-author, with Sir Arthur Newsholme, of "Red Medicine."

GEORGE SCHREIBER is in Washington at work on a series of political cartoons for *The Nation*.

WILLIAM STEIG is familiar to the readers of the *New Yorker* as the originator of finger-nail sketches of the Young Idea and other drawings.

STUYVESANT VAN VEEN contributes to this issue the first of a series of drawings representing great moments in the careers of present-day writers.

THE *Nation*

VOLUME CXLII

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CONTENTS

THE SHAPE OF THINGS

EDITORIALS:

STEPCHILDREN OF RECOVERY	400
HAS HITLER WON OUT?	401
BACK TO THE JUNGLE	401
HEROISM IN AUSTRIA	402
WASHINGTON WEEKLY by Paul W. Ward	403
WHAT ABOUT THE CONSTITUTION?	
by Charles A. Beard	405
THE RHINELAND CRISIS by John Gunther	407
HITLER STRENGTHENS THE FRENCH RIGHT	
by M. E. Ravage	408
SLUM-CLEARANCE FARCE by Karen Dash	410
STRUGGLE IN MARBLE by Anita Marburg	413
THE CONSUMER FRONT by Ruth Brindze	415
ISSUES AND MEN by Oswald Garrison Villard	416
BROUN'S PAGE	417

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

THE ARTIST AND THE ICE AGE	
by Joseph Wood Krutch	418
CROSS-SECTION by Arthur Livingston	420
A MODERN MAJOR GENERAL	
by Louis Kronenberger	421
HOW SOCIAL AND HOW SECURE?	
by Abraham Epstein	422
WAR AND PROFITS by Walter Millis	424
THE TOWNSEND FANTASY by Maxwell S. Stewart	424
A NOVEL OF QUALITY by Dorothy Van Doren	425
SHORTER NOTICES	426
DRAMA: DREISER SIMPLIFIED by Joseph Wood Krutch	427
FILMS: TWENTY YEARS AFTER by Mark Van Doren	429
DRAWINGS: by George Schreiber, LOW, Daumier, Peggy Bacon, Rockwell Kent, Stuyvesant Van Veen	

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The Shape of Things

*

WHEN A CONSERVATIVE CONGRESSMAN CALLS Hearst "the fiend of San Simeon," that is news. When the House rises to its feet in noisy agreement, that is good news. Even more damning to Hearst was the laughter that greeted the charge of communism made in a Hearst telegram against Representative McSwain, who is a South Carolina conservative of unimpeachable devotion to the militarist interests. As a result Senator Black and his lobby committee received without a dissenting vote their \$10,000 with which to pay court expenses in the legal battles that confront them, and the Hearst influence has been weakened by that most effective of weapons—ridicule. In view of the persistent fear that the Black committee is going beyond its constitutional rights, Senator Black's proof that his committee is doing no more than the Walsh-Wheeler committee did in the Teapot Dome investigation has great cogency. It is true of all instruments, and of governmental instruments as well, that they can be turned in both directions. For that reason the essential question to ask is what the temper of the investigating committee is, and what objectives it is aiming at. The answer as regards the Black committee is favorable on both counts. The most comic-sinister episode the committee has turned up thus far is the curious Brook Farm experiment in which six Democratic Congressmen went in for cooperative living with a lobbyist, and helped him gather around his dinner table forty or fifty of their colleagues. If the cooperative commonwealth is ever to come in this country, we can trust the lobbyists to achieve it—if there is enough in it for them.

*

THE EASTERN FLOODS, WHICH HELD UP TRAIN movements over a wide area, have compelled us to print part of this week's issue of *The Nation* on other than our regular paper stock. This is, of course, only a trifling item in the confusion and damage which the floods wrought. The press has described the picture of houses and bridges destroyed and whole areas devastated, and the terror, disease, and death the rivers in their relentless course have dealt out. The great tragedy is that this should come as a sequel to the disaster of the depression and that in each area it should bear most heavily on the very income groups which had already been hit hardest. As in the confusion wrought by all disasters, panic and heroism were equally evident. In the front ranks of the heroes emerged the radio

amateurs, or "hams," as they call themselves, who stuck stubbornly to their home-made sets and flashed out warnings and messages while the waters rose around them, although in one case a mistaken report led to unnecessary panic. An attempt to make political capital out of the flood occurred when Speaker Ives of the New York Assembly charged Governor Lehman with playing politics because he issued a relief call before the Assembly did—a charge nullified by its own absurdity. One fact of social value has emerged. Although the present floods were largely unavoidable, a program of reforestation and cultivation of soil-building crops to make the land better able to resist the ravages of wind and rain would undoubtedly aid in the prevention of future disasters.

*

FORTUNATELY THERE CAN STILL BE A difference of opinion between the departments of commerce and of justice. The striking sailors on the steamship *California* whom Secretary Roper wanted tried for mutiny were not met by agents of the Department of Justice when they arrived in New York on March 18. They were subjected, however, to a punishment which for all practical purposes may be almost as serious. Sixty of them were logged from two to six days' wages and discharged, some with marks on their cards which will serve to blacklist them. The incident has precipitated trouble along the New York waterfront. The *California* canceled its trip back to the West Coast because it could not muster a crew; two other ships were affected by sympathetic strikes; and the rank and file is talking of a general strike unless the *California's* crew is taken back. As for the old-line leaders in the Seamen's Union, the *California* brought them also a cargo of trouble. With their customary militance against strikes, they have denounced the growing revolt as "unauthorized" and threatened expulsions, while the rank and file is agitating for a maritime federation to match those of the West Coast and Gulf ports.

*

AKRON'S 14,000 RUBBER WORKERS HAVE GONE back to their jobs after a strike of five weeks. The immediate issues were cuts in pay and personnel through the introduction of longer hours and the speed-up. Fundamentally the rubber workers are contending with a relentless pressure toward reduced costs in an industry cursed with over-expansion. Against that pressure they were able to enlist a remarkable counter-pressure of labor solidarity, particularly from those elements represented by the Committee for Industrial Organization. It was this counter-pressure that kept the strike at once solid and peaceful in spite of threats of violence from the "law-and-order" league, and finally won a favorable settlement, including union recognition. Two ominous provisions, however, found their way into the settlement. There is to be a temporary twenty-four-hour week in order to avoid lay-offs; and lists of contemplated lay-offs are to be given the union in advance. Will the reduction of the working force be any sweeter if carried out under union auspices? Footnote: The profits of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company

for 1935 exceeded those of 1934 by almost a million dollars, and the annual salary of P. W. Litchfield, who precipitated the strike, is \$81,000.

*

THE 1936 INCOME-TAX COLLECTIONS, WITH their 35 per cent rise, are being hailed by supporters as proof that prosperity has at last returned. In some quarters it is even being suggested that the Administration's tax on corporation surpluses should be modified or dropped in view of the prospect of a continued increase in revenues. But a more careful analysis casts doubt on these optimistic conclusions. The greater amount of this supposed prosperity is accounted for by the spectacular rise in corporation earnings. The National City Bank compilation of the earnings of 895 large industrial corporations shows a 47 per cent increase in profits for 1935 over 1934. Despite the fact that stock ownership is fairly widespread in this country, the bulk of holdings are concentrated in the hands of a relatively few individuals at the top of the income brackets. In contrast to the increased wealth of this group, there has been very slight improvement in the economic status of the wage-earning class as a whole. Wages in January, 1936, averaged nearly 7 per cent higher than in January, 1935, but this rise has been largely offset by a 4 per cent rise in the cost of living. Despite an increase of 10 per cent in business activity, the A. F. of L. figures for unemployment were within 400,000 of the 13,000,000 mark set a year ago.

*

A RELATIVE DECLINE IN THE PORTION OF THE national income accruing to the working class is normal during a period of expanding business activity. Business only flourishes under capitalism when profits are expanding more rapidly than costs. Nevertheless, the contrast between a 30 or 40 per cent gain for capital and a 3 per cent gain for labor should be disquieting even for the most reactionary economists. If it is true, as is indicated by the studies of the Brookings Institution, that the primary cause of our economic difficulties is to be found in the concentration of income in the hands of those who do not or cannot spend their income, it is evident that the present boom rests on most insecure foundations. The new tax program will aid somewhat in reducing the idle funds in the hands of individuals and corporations, but it is obviously inadequate to meet the growing instability of our economic structure.

*

BETHLEHEM STEEL AND FOURTEEN OTHER manufacturers of tin plate, including two subsidiaries of United States Steel, have been cited by the Federal Trade Commission for violation of the anti-trust laws. The commission charges that the steel companies have refused to sell their second-grade tin plate to small manufacturers of cans, and that this has created a monopoly for the huge American Can and Continental Can companies. There are three grades of tin plate. The best grade is bought by the large companies and is produced according

to their specifications. The "seconds" and "over-runs," which accumulate in great quantity, constitute the second grade; it is bought by the small manufacturers who are financially unable to contract for the first-grade plate. The third grade is the hopelessly deficient product, and is called "waste-waste." The commission charges that in October, 1934, the steel companies entered into an agreement not to quote prices on or offer for sale the second-grade plate. It charges further that the prices quoted to the small companies on the first-grade plate are higher than those quoted to the two large companies; that there has been a vast accumulation of the second-grade plate; that some of the latter has been mutilated and sold domestically as "waste-waste," while the remainder has been exported in uncut shape; and that these acts "tend to increase the prices of tin plate above the prices which prevailed in the past."

*

"WHICH SHALL IT BE—THREE AND A HALF billion for the Youth Act or for crime?" With these words of William Fields, representing a group of transient boys and girls, hearings on the Amlie-Benson American Youth Act ended on March 20 before the Senate Committee on Education and Labor. A previous witness had said that the nation pays \$3,500,000,000 a year for "youth's part in crime"—the sum which, it is estimated, the bill would compel the government to spend every year in aiding needy students and in providing work for the unemployed between sixteen and twenty-five. That is seventy times the sum allocated this year to the National Youth Administration, and much more than seventy times what is likely to be allocated next year. Mr. Hopkins merely "hopes" that the NYA work will be continued. Unfortunately, despite the impressive testimony offered to the committee, the bill has no chance of enactment. All that is likely to happen is that the committee will take the advice of Mr. Studebaker, the Commissioner of Education, and call for a "further study" of youth's problems. But study is not enough. Meanwhile ever more transients are riding our freight cars and new criminals are being made every day. Most important of all, an unemployed mass of young people form fertile soil for social despair and for all the reckless political movements that may lead to fascism. The Roosevelt Administration is making one of its most disastrous errors by failing to grapple with the problem of the desperate American youth.

*

ELEUTHERIOS VENIZELOS, THE GREAT GREEK leader, whose tempestuous career came to an end last week, was one of the outstanding statesmen of modern Europe. His policies were frankly nationalist. A realist both in aims and strategy, he did not appeal to history or pseudo-science or spurious idealisms for a justification of nationalism; he preferred to measure the worth of a state by the kind of life it made possible for its citizens. Himself dictatorial by temperament, he repeatedly rebelled against dictation from above. Yet he invariably submitted to the decisions of the electorate, for his intellectual con-

victions had made him a constitutionalist, a liberal, and a democrat. His realism was reflected in his foreign policy. In the World War he was pro-Ally because he knew that if Greece remained neutral it was bound to lose, whatever the outcome. After the disastrous blunder of the post-war expedition to Smyrna he had the courage to recognize the error of this imperialist adventure and to carry through a new policy of conciliation with Turkey which developed into the Balkan Pact, one of the few factors of stability and peace in a distracted Europe. For more than a quarter of a century he dominated Greek politics. His death leaves the face of Greece drastically changed. While the essential economic problems which underlie the Greek turmoil will not be measurably affected by his passing, the domestic wrangling of parties should be somewhat diminished.

*

IT DOES NOT ALWAYS PAY AN EX-CONVICT TO go straight. Walter Baer was convicted of burglary in 1917, of forgery in 1919 and in 1921. While he was serving his third sentence he decided to reform; he studied engineering in prison and entered the profession on his release. He married an American-born wife and is now the father of three American-born children. A large group of persons in Portland, Oregon, from the mayor down, have testified that he is a law-abiding and valuable resident of the state. Baer claims he was born in California; the United States government, which about a year ago arrested him and held him for deportation, says he was born in Germany. The deportation charge against him is that he is an alien, guilty of a crime involving moral turpitude; the fact that he was active in the preparation of a program of public works for relief embarrassing to the local authorities was undoubtedly a contributing factor. Baer has been at Ellis Island since last November; Federal Judge Robert P. Patterson on March 18 dismissed a writ of habeas corpus sought in Baer's behalf and declared he was powerless to prevent the deportation. If Judge Patterson is correct, then in this case, as in so many others in which it deals with aliens, the law functions in a brutal fashion.

*

WHILE THE WATERS OF THE ALLEGHENY AND Monongahela rivers were still swirling through Pittsburgh's business districts, it was reported that certain gentlemen whose offices were inundated put on top hats, morning coats, and rubber boots, and sloshed about in the flood. This is about the spirit in which the youthful Veterans of Future Wars have planned their organization and are rapidly gaining recruits in college after college. The flood is coming, they are saying, and we may very well drown in it; but if we can poke a little fun at our elders and betters before it happens, so much the better. Their humor is grim enough and they are doubtless very well aware of it. The young ladies who are joining them as the Gold Star Mothers of the Future, and who are asking for a trip to France to view in advance the graves of their as yet unborn sons, mean no disrespect to the mothers whose sons now actually lie there. But they do mean all

possible disrespect and dishonor to the forces which brought about the last war and seem well on the way to bringing about the next. The "veterans" themselves, who now have posts in some thirty colleges, are demanding an immediate bonus of \$1,000 to spend while they are still young and reasonably happy. Congressman Maury Maverick has promised to introduce and sponsor a bill to this effect, and Professor John B. Whitton of Princeton comments, "Judging from past experience it is likely to succeed." Real success in the movement, of course, would not consist in \$1,000 apiece for every able-bodied man under thirty-six, but in routing war with ridicule. If the Future Veterans could do that, they would laugh not only now but hereafter.

Stepchildren of Recovery

TWENTY-TWO million people, or roughly one-sixth of our population, are living on relief. The all-time peak was reached in March, 1935, when 5,492,921 persons and their dependents were being given aid. On March 18, 1936, according to President Roosevelt's relief message, the number was 5,300,000. Because of the increasing poverty of state and local governments the share of the federal government in relief expenditures has steadily increased, until in 1935 it was carrying 74 per cent of the load and the President admitted that the states were doing as much as they could. Yet in a message filled with solemn expressions of concern for the plight of the unemployed he asked for a relief appropriation 15 per cent lower than the comparable amount being expended in the current year; and in one casual sentence he commended the destitute to the tender mercies of big business for any supplementary support they may need.

This request [for \$1,500,000,000] together with those previously submitted [for the CCC and public works] will, if acted upon favorably by the Congress, give security during the next fiscal year to those most in need, *on condition, however, that private employers hire many of those now on relief rolls.* [Italics ours.]

For the rest the President appealed to big business to obviate the necessity for further relief appropriations by extending its operations to absorb the unemployed. And he recommended to them the device which has been conspicuous for its failure in the three years of his Administration, namely, "united action" on the part of industry to shorten hours, increase employment, and "maintain weekly, monthly, or yearly earnings of the individual." The federal government, he said, would be glad to cooperate.

There is no doubt that industry is in favor of united action, but not in the direction of higher wages and shorter hours. In the report on the extent to which the principles embodied in the NRA had been retained—a report which has never been made public—it was revealed that industry had continued to the extent of 85 per cent the trade practices established by the NRA, that is, the

elements in it tending toward monopoly and price-fixing. The extent to which industry continued to observe the NRA minimums as to wages and hours is best indicated in the latest survey of the American Federation of Labor, which shows that the average work week was one and one-fourth hours longer in 1935 than in 1934, and that although increased earnings of industry made possible a substantial lifting of pay, the rise in real wages was negligible.

In his message the President stressed the fact that the trend of reemployment is upward. Yet according to the A. F. of L. figures, 12,626,000 persons are still unemployed. There could be no clearer proof that the recovery we are now experiencing is a dividend recovery. As such it will not serve to improve the lot of the millions who will continue to need relief; on the contrary it is already being used as propaganda for reducing direct relief to the unemployed and for curtailing the projects of the WPA and the PWA.

While the President defended the states from the charge that they had shirked their duty in the matter of relief, he also made it clear that the pressure toward shifting the burden back to state and local governments was having its effect in Administration circles. "It is not desired," he said, "to encourage any states to continue to shirk. The federal government cannot maintain relief for unemployables in any state." In view of this pressure, which will grow rather than diminish, a report of the FERA giving in detail the amounts contributed respectively by federal, state, and local governments in 1935 is pertinent. It throws a grim light on the relief dispensed by local agencies. In the Southern states the combined contributions of local and state funds ranged from 0.3 per cent in North Carolina to 6.8 in Mississippi. For Arkansas the figure was 3.2, for South Carolina 2.6. In the nation as a whole, state and local funds constituted only about 25 per cent of the total amount expended for relief.

The so-called budgets on which hundreds of thousands of persons are now living range as low as \$1 every two weeks. In other words, in many localities relief is practically non-existent. Medical aid is being abandoned even in those places where it was once given; in this field the nation is piling up for posterity a liability in public health much more serious than the national debt which both the Liberty League and the "humanitarian" Administration of Mr. Roosevelt are so intent on reducing.

"This report," wrote a local relief administrator in Texas who contributed to a survey made by the American Association of Social Workers, "has been written with great restraint, but it is difficult to remain entirely objective in the face of the present conditions." Mr. Roosevelt, nevertheless, has asked for a relief budget considerably smaller than that of last year, and 700,000 persons are to be cut off the WPA by July 1. How long the shimmering tower of recovery can be maintained while an ever-deepening pool of poverty washes about its base remains to be seen. We can be certain only of one thing. In an election year recovery and not relief will be the theme song wherever politicians gather.

Has Hitler Won Out?

ON FIRST inspection the memorandum dispatched to the German government by the four other Locarno powers appears surprisingly firm. It not only condemns the Reich for its breach of treaty obligations, as was of course inevitable, but proposes ■ reestablishment of a neutral Rhineland zone to be patrolled by Allied troops pending the negotiation of new security agreements. In addition, it specifically prohibits Germany from erecting fortifications or preparing landing fields in the neutral zone. And finally, in the event that Hitler rejects these proposals, Great Britain and Italy are definitely committed to come to the assistance of France against Nazi aggression, and have drawn up a plan for cooperation among their general staffs.

Since this represents essentially all that France has been asking for ever since the Versailles conference, the French government has every reason to be satisfied. True, a re-armed Nazi Germany is far more of a menace than the defenseless Germany of the 20's. But in addition to the assurance of British support, hitherto never very certain, France now has definite commitments from Italy and the Soviet Union, both of which were at one time inclined to support the revisionist claims of the Weimar republic. For although the Locarno memorandum suggests that the World Court be asked to test the legality of the Franco-Soviet pact, that agreement was so carefully drawn that no one expects it to be invalidated. Should it be upheld, and should Poland join the Little Entente and the Balkan Entente against Germany, the iron ring which has been the object of French diplomacy will be complete. As long as it holds, the possibility of German aggression in the West will be reduced practically to zero.

On closer analysis, however, it is not so clear whether French or German diplomacy has scored the major triumph. Hitler's recent speeches have made it very clear that the tactics outlined in "Mein Kampf" constitute the backbone of present-day Nazi policy. Germany's immediate ambitions lie toward the East, and to assure a free hand in such a campaign Hitler desires above all else ■ guaranty of stability in the West. In this respect the plan drafted by the Locarno powers appears to play directly into his hands. Nothing is said about the necessity of an Eastern security pact, presumably on the theory that Locarno is confined solely to Germany's western frontier. This pretext is scarcely convincing in view of the fact that the powers promise to take up the German proposal for Eastern non-aggression pacts at ■ subsequent conference and specifically include Hitler's "afterthought" with respect to Austria and Czecho-Slovakia. But the memorandum contains not a word regarding the Soviet Union, which Hitler deliberately omitted from the list of countries with which he was willing to conclude non-aggression agreements. Apart from the Franco-Soviet and the Soviet-Czecho-Slovakian treaties, no protection has been envisioned against the probable next step of Nazi aggression. And it remains an open question whether France

and Czecho-Slovakia would actually come to the assistance of the Soviet Union unless they could be assured of the support of Britain and Italy. In the absence of an effective system of collective security, bilateral pacts are little more than statements of present policy.

It goes almost without saying that neglect of the Eastern problem must ultimately mean collapse of all efforts to restrain Hitler, and must open the West as well as the East to the threat of Nazi aggression. The ring which French diplomacy has welded around Germany can be no stronger than its weakest section. It is possible that the first blow might not even fall against Russia. As M. Litvinov declared before the League Council, Hitler's attacks on the Soviet Union may only serve as a smoke screen for aggression which is being prepared against other states.

The proposal for a world peace conference to discuss limitation of armament, the liberalizing of trade relations, and possible redistribution of raw materials also represents a victory for Hitler, but one which no one will begrudge him. The threat of German aggression will never be removed as long as the Reich has grounds for feeling itself the object of unjust discrimination. Obviously there can be no permanent solution of the problem except on a *quid pro quo* basis. But if the League powers utilize their strong bargaining position against Germany, they can well afford to grant substantial economic concessions. Before making any concessions, the powers should, as a test of Hitler's sincerity, insist that Germany return to the League and participate in an Eastern security pact which includes the Soviet Union. If Hitler categorically refuses these conditions, we may be assured that he means war, and it would be folly to give way to him.

Back to the Jungle

THREE recent decisions by the New York state courts may be seen as the first skirmishes in what may easily prove to be a nation-wide constitutional struggle for social security. We commented two weeks ago on the decision of the New York Court of Appeals declaring the state minimum-wage law unconstitutional. Earlier Judge Dowling of the New York Supreme Court had declared the state unemployment-insurance law valid, but now comes Judge Russell of the same court and declares it invalid. On the other hand, Judge Leonard Crouch of the Court of Appeals has rendered a decision upholding the state Housing Authority Act. Two major issues emerge from this confused array of legal opinions. One is the constitutional question whether ■ twilight zone is being set up within which both the federal and the state governments will be powerless to act. The second is the broader social issue: Will America be stopped even in the tardy and fragmentary efforts it is making toward some sort of program of social legislation? Shall we be forced back to the jungle of an individualistic, dog-eat-dog economic system?

The constitutional arguments in the decisions are the old ones. They revolve around the doctrine of due process

of law, which, as every constitutional scholar knows, is an elastic term signifying merely that the judge thinks a particular law is going too far in its invasion of property rights. Due process of law serves thus as a magnificently contrived screen to obscure the fact that the judge is passing on the wisdom, as well as the legality, of legislation. In the Railway Pension case Justice Roberts denied that Congress could legislate on railway retirement pensions because of due process: presumably that was left to the area of the state police power. The unfavorable New York decisions on the minimum wage and unemployment insurance apply the same reasoning to state legislation, and declare that such action does not fall within the state police power either. If there is any better example of an anarchic situation, we should like to know it.

The irony of this judicial reasoning is further brought out by a comparison of the minimum-wage and unemployment-insurance decisions with the housing-law decision. The Housing Authority is upheld because slum clearance "vitally affects the health, safety, and welfare of the public." It is thereby brought within the police power of the state. But if the kind of houses that people live in affects their health and welfare, how much more so do the wages they get and the insurance they get against the ravages of unemployment! It is difficult to understand the vagaries of a judiciary that can make the patent connection in one instance and ignore it in the others.

Difficult, that is, until we get behind the rhetoric of the decisions to their real social logic. Slum clearance, especially when carried on under the aegis of local realty interests, is no great threat to the industrialists. In fact it may be seen as a form of state subsidy to them, helping to furnish the housing that should have been furnished by more adequate wages. But the social-insurance scheme is still, rightly or wrongly, regarded with hostility by employers. The New York decisions are crucially timed. They are the first judicial utterances on the state laws that are being passed in pursuance of the federal social-insurance program, and are bound to influence its fate.

We are no militant defenders of the federal social-security legislation as it now stands. As Abraham Epstein points out in a review elsewhere in this issue, the legislation is tragically inadequate, hesitant, confused. But it does represent a start. America is one of the last of all civilized countries to take these steps. What Germany did a half-century ago, what England did a quarter-century ago, we are only now attempting. The ironic phase is that even such fragmentary steps as we are taking still seem to such jurists as Judge Russell too great a burden on business enterprise. The opposition of the courts and of the business men whose interests they express becomes clear when it is remembered that any program of social security is actually a program of workers' security. It is the workers alone, principally the industrial workers, who constitute the income groups that are hardest hit by unemployment, old age, inadequate housing. They are the groups upon whom in our economic system the heavy burden of insecurity rests. It is these groups, just beginning to emerge from the jungle of insecurity, that the judges want to send back.

Heroism in Austria

THE trial of twenty-eight Socialists and two Communists in Vienna offers every day new proofs of their heroism and of the vitality of the democratic idea. The charges against them are the usual charges of treason. Their real offense is that after the fascist coup of two years ago they succeeded in reorganizing the shattered remnants of the Socialist Party into an underground movement that has become a real force in Austrian life and has given new hope to the workers and to the middle-class democratic elements.

The trial itself has all the drama of the Reichstag-fire trial, in a setting not so much of heroic despair as of clear-eyed political realism on the part of the defendants. The excellent dispatches of G. E. R. Gedye to the *New York Times* present them as magnificently calm and self-contained. The leaders admit without hesitation having carried on the trade-union and party organization. But they insist that they are loyal Austrians, fighting to maintain democratic liberties; that their quarrel is not with the tradition of Austrian democracy but with the fascist regime and the even more ruthless Nazi movement; that they will gladly fight for Austria if the fight is against Nazi dominance and for the restoration of the liberties of the common man.

There is a tragic as well as a heroic note here. Faced by fascist terror the Socialist movements of Europe no longer look forward to a socialized state but backward with nostalgia toward the democratic liberties of the constitutional states that existed before the fascist glacial epoch. There can be no doubt that socialism is fighting for its life in Austria today. The trial is the climax of a general drive to suppress the Socialists and the organized labor movement. The working-class quarters are terrorized by police and spies; wholesale arrests have been made and the prisons are full of so-called political offenders; the government lives in fear of mass demonstrations. It is significant that the representatives of the French, Belgian, English, and Czech labor and Socialist movements have been denied admittance to the trial, and that their protests have gone unheeded. The arrests of the prisoners were made by the approved espionage and stool-pigeon methods of terrorist governments, and even the women were subjected to continual torture and harassment in an attempt to get confessions from them.

The irony of it all is that without the aid of the workers the Schuschnigg-Stahremberg regime does not stand a chance of resisting the advance of Hitler and the Austrian Nazis. They may have the support of Mussolini; their meager armies may be paid by Italian funds. But ultimately a German attack can be resisted only by the massed force of the workers. The full extent of the Socialist achievement is missed unless it is remembered that these efforts at piecing together again the fragments of trade-union organization are what has alone kept the Austrian workers who have witnessed the treachery of the government from succumbing completely to Nazi propaganda.

WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

Washington, March 21

THOUGH the Copeland-Roper ship-subsidy bill has not yet reached the floor in the House or Senate—it promises to stir up the biggest battle of the session when it does—the boys already are fighting over appointments to the Maritime Authority it would create as its administering agency. J. Monroe Johnson—dubbed "Popeye the Sailorman" for a variety of reasons in addition to the fact that he resembles the comic-strip character—has hinted in public places that he is to be chairman of the authority. Joseph B. Weaver, director of the Bureau of Navigation and Steamboat Inspection, also is on tap. Such appointments would be in keeping with the Administration's performance to date in the ship-subsidy situation. Roosevelt seems determined here as in other things to take one step forward and two back.

Weaver has been borrowed from the Newport News Shipbuilding Company to do his present job in the Commerce Department. When his first and second lieutenants there were suspended recently, he talked valiantly of resigning in protest and exposing conditions within the department if they were dismissed. But dismissed they were—for carrying their fight for safety-at-sea legislation to the public—and Weaver promptly shut up. Johnson, Weaver's immediate chief, is the South Carolina politician, highway commissioner, and legionnaire who last year succeeded Ewing Y. Mitchell as Assistant Secretary of Commerce. Mitchell was ousted by Roosevelt for protesting, in general, that the New Deal had passed over the Commerce Department and, in particular, that the public was being defrauded by the permission given Roosevelt's pals of the International Mercantile Marine to forget they had contracted to run the Leviathan in exchange for a bargain price on other ships sold them by the government at the time. Johnson made a good successor; he could scarcely be counted on to know whether he himself, let alone the public, was being defrauded.

Roper's excuse for naming Johnson was that he needed an assistant who was expert in matters of transportation. When Senators at the hearings of the Copeland-Roper bill expressed doubt that Johnson's expertness in such matters extended to marine transportation, Johnson replied that he could do almost anything with "a small boat." He also expressed the belief that he knew as much as any man in Washington about maritime affairs, and he proceeded to



"Popeye the Sailor"

give his blanket indorsement to the bill, though it later turned out that its drafters had forgotten to include a clause canceling the present mail-contract system of subsidies. It also turned out that virtually none of the qualified experts in the Commerce Department had been consulted on the drafting of the bill, and when Senator Guffey summoned one of those experts, O. P. M. Brown, to the stand for questioning, Johnson bounced to his feet to make that point clear and to warn the committee that Brown did not speak for the department. His tone suggested that Brown was a nihilist and he was giving the committee fair warning to duck before the witness started throwing bombs.

Brown, a mild little man, turned out to be the chief of the Shipping Board Bureau's litigation and an attorney who, in defending the government in claim cases, had won some 96 per cent of his cases since 1921. Under questioning by Guffey, who had Thomas M. Woodward, former vice-president of the Shipping Board, at his elbow, Brown dismembered the Copeland-Roper bill and showed it up as the fraud it is. But bad as it is, it still is not bad enough for Roper, Copeland, and their pals, who without drawing a word of repudiation from the White House persist in calling it an Administration bill. Those parts of it that constitute improvements on the original Copeland bill were forced in by the Post Office Department; and the Commerce Department's expert witness, J. Craig Peacock, an income-tax lawyer who practiced with Roper before the Secretary made him director of the Shipping Board Bureau, ran out on those insertions when he appeared before the committee. But even with those insertions deleted, the bill is still unacceptable to the ship operators, for the only real gravy it offers them is in subsidies for the construction of new ships. They want no new ships. Among them, with the exception of the United Fruit and Grace lines, they have only \$4,000,000 in free assets and can't finance new construction even on the excessively generous terms offered by the bill.

TWENTY-FOUR hours after beginning hearings Tuesday in its investigation of the \$5,000,000,000 American Telephone and Telegraph structure, the Federal Communications Commission had to shift temporarily from its main line of inquiry. But the digression, caused by the absence of Walter S. Gifford, A. T. and T. presi-

dent, was not without its value. Adroitly probing into the relations between the pious Gifford's outfit and the gambling syndicate that operates a network of illegal book-making joints in thirty-six states, Chief Investigator Samuel Becker showed how unscrupulous "the world's largest private enterprise" can be in small things. Becker brought out that the company's agents, with the knowledge and consent of their superiors, bribe police and prosecuting authorities, assist the touts and racketeers in concealment of their operations, and resort to all manner of flimflam to keep up a holy front. Having learned what the company will do for the sake of relatively insignificant profits, the public will be better prepared to resist the glib attempts of company apologists to explain away the larger and more intricate disclosures that are to follow.

Becker touched on some of those the opening day when he showed that in justifying to state regulatory commissions the equipment costs that pad out the rate bases for phone service, company officials urge comparison between the prices paid Western Electric, an A. T. and T. subsidiary, for the equipment and the prices charged by the Graybar Electric Company for identical equipment. On such occasions, company representatives, including Mr. Gifford, have sworn that Graybar was an independent company. Becker showed that even in the minutiae of its operations Graybar is under the complete control of Western Electric and buys from that company the equipment it sells to telephone companies outside the Bell system. Becker will show later that those companies have no more

right to the title of "independent" than has Graybar. He will also blast the A. T. and T.'s claim to having its stock so widely distributed that the company is virtually publicly owned. He already has torn away its mask of paternalism by showing that such losses as it has suffered during the depression have been taken out of its employees' hides.



Dr. Copeland

Hoover's doctor of unemployment, Man-a-Block Gifford, was forced by Becker to admit that the drop in the company's operating revenues since 1929 has been matched almost exactly by the drop in its pay roll. Gifford, who gets \$206,000 a year, also was forced to admit that this pay-roll cut was made chiefly at the expense of the lowest-paid workers and at no expense to the company's stockholders, who have continued to draw dividends at the rate of \$9 per share.

THE government has just filed its brief in a Supreme Court case (United States *vs.* Elgin, Joliet, and Eastern Railway) that may drastically reshape the nation's railroad structure. If the court rules in the government's favor, the United States Steel Corporation will have to get rid of some twenty-five railroads that it owns. The property immediately at issue is the Chicago Outer Belt Line, which so encircles Chicago that all the other roads entering the city must pay tribute to it. The government holds that possession of the road by United States Steel is a violation of the Hepburn act's famous commodities clause, and has been ever since that act became effective in 1908. It charges that ownership of the road by United States Steel enables it to discriminate in service among its competitors and allies, including the "independent" roads, and to pocket profits which, in effect, are the same as illegal freight-rate rebates. Federal Judge Woodward, who presided at the trial at Chicago, ruled against the government; he could detect no material link between the Belt Line and its principal customer—United States Steel's mines, mills, and quarries. Coordinator Eastman, of course, is the person who pressed the Department of Justice into filing suit against the railroad.

DO YOU remember when Roosevelt was going to drive the money changers out of the temples of finance? James J. O'Shea probably does. He is the vice-president of the National Bank of Detroit who currently is held in \$40,000 bail for being "criminally involved" in the theft of \$349,000 of city funds intrusted to the institution. O'Shea turns out to have had a court record as a confidence man before he was made an officer of the new bank, which is owned half by the government and half by General Motors. He pleaded guilty in 1923 to a state charge of larceny by conversion and was put on probation. A year later he pleaded guilty in federal court to a mail-fraud charge and was again put on probation. Then he became a banker. The first Detroit bank of which he was made an executive collapsed in 1931, the second in 1933. On the ruins of the second, the huge National Bank of Detroit was raised by the Roosevelt Administration through the RFC, and O'Shea was hired as a vice-president. At least two of its directors are under indictment for banking-law violations that occurred before the government approved their appointment as directors.

NOTE on a revolution: When "Porgy and Bess" played at the capital's leading theater this past week, Washington's Jim Crowism went into a temporary discard. Negroes were admitted on the same terms as whites and not only to gallery but also to balcony and orchestra seats. When "Green Pastures" played the same theater a few years ago, Negroes were barred except for one "special show," which they properly boycotted. The change this week went almost unnoticed. Whites who attended came away still able to hold up their proud heads, including the Midwesterners, who as soon as they get to Washington always become more "Southern" than the South.

What About the Constitution?

BY CHARLES A. BEARD

WASHINGTON, one of the greatest whispering galleries in the world, is buzzing with talk about the Constitution and the Supreme Court. The talk goes on in the drawing-rooms, at receptions, in little dinner parties, and among members of Congress, off duty and on. Reporters, editors, and columnists engage in it and write sagely about the subject with few apparent misgivings. At first the buzzing seems to be a hopeless jumble of facts, opinions, declarations, assertions, and hair-splittings. But a patient analysis of the discussions reveals certain forms of patois and pattern. They may be summarized swiftly as follows:



1. Why bother about the old Constitution and the Supreme Court? They are mere manifestations of capitalism and will pass with the inevitable triumph of the proletariat.

2. The Supreme Court has usurped the power of passing on acts of Congress, and should be put in its proper place.

3. The Supreme Court is controlled by seven corporation lawyers hostile to the New Deal, and if it does not stop knocking out legislation the people will amend the Constitution.

4. The action of the Supreme Court is intolerable and some way must be found to get around its restrictions.

5. The Supreme Court is the last line of defense for the Constitution, liberty, and property, and not a breath of criticism is to be allowed. Otherwise the Constitution will be undermined and the country, deprived of its sustaining bulwark, will go to pot.

6. None of the recent cases is of the slightest social or economic importance, and discussing them is a waste of time. In the long run the Supreme Court has knocked out efforts of the states to enact effective social legislation, prevented Congress from acting, and facilitated the concentration of economic power in private hands. By taking this course it has helped to build up the greatest concentrated plutocracy in the world and thus prepared the way for the American people to choose between plutocracy and social democracy. Karl Marx himself could not have made a more satisfactory pattern of history and brought the deadly denouement nearer to its hour.

With variations in detail such are the philosophies revealed by conversations in Washington and columns in newspapers.

What could be said about them by a hard-boiled old historian, almost beyond the reach of earthly ambitions, whose mind is full of facts and opinions drawn from Breasted, Mommsen, Gibbon, Hegel, Marx, Spengler, Max Weber, Karl Mannheim, Alexander Hamilton, James Madison, Andrew Jackson, Abraham Lincoln, General Grant, John Marshall, Grover Cleveland, and several hundred other doers and sayers on the world stage since the fall of man through woman's sin? What can be said, indeed?

Such a hard-boiled old sinner would have to say, in the first place, that the business of the Constitution

and the Supreme Court is not simple and that there is "something" in what each of the aforesaid proponents and contenders puts forward. Each has some facts to support his view, and is not entirely without reason. The sinner would likewise have to say that the immediate considerations, such as the NIRA or the AAA, are relatively unimportant, and that any action now taken must come under a long-run view of things.

But our hard-boiled sinner could actually be sure of very little. He might not expect much mercy himself from the seven former corporation lawyers, and yet be compelled to admit that he might get less mercy from the 531 representatives of the people in Congress assembled. That eminent body, now so zealously defended against the Supreme Court, has demonstrated in the District of Columbia just what it might do to education throughout the United States if it, and not the states, had control over the American schools. And according to pretty authentic rumor, it would pass now a whole sheaf of suppressive bills if it had not been warned by the President of the United States against embarrassing him in the coming election.

It is true that the Supreme Court has not been very hot in its defense of personal liberties and rights, but it has rendered a number of decisions blocking vigilante tyranny in various localities. Its civilization may be largely limited to legal lore, but it has some quality of mercy in its equipment. Probably the sharpest critic in Washington would rather risk his neck in the Palace of Justice than intrust it to a Nazi storm trooper. Has not an eminent lawyer in Germany said, "A handful of force is worth a bushel of justice"? Walk lightly. Things are not simple. The Congress of the United States could do a lot of damage to life,

as distinguished from property, if it were turned loose without bridle or rider.

Some Congressional critics of the Supreme Court have recognized this peril and would make a distinction. They would deprive the court of power over economic legislation and would confine its annulling jurisdiction to matters of individual and personal liberty. This is really significant.

Then there are the amenders. Some of them think that the Constitution was made for horse-and-buggy days and should be brought up to date. But when they start to frame their sociological amendment, they encounter the very difficulty which confronted the framers of the Constitution. The fathers considered specification versus generality and decided on a combination. They conferred some powers expressly on Congress. Then they authorized it to make all laws "necessary and proper" for carrying into effect the powers conferred upon Congress and other branches of the government. They went farther than that. They empowered Congress to pay the debts and provide for the common defense and the general welfare of the United States.

It would be difficult to frame an amendment broader than the general-welfare clause. But see how that clause has been neglected, mauled, manhandled, and whittled away! An amendment broad enough to escape Justice Roberts's strictures would have to be as broad as Hamilton's proposal in the convention: Let Congress legislate on all matters whatsoever. Under the sweep of such a provision Congress might order burned every historical work that mentions Russia and expel every teacher who refers to the subject. "You pays your money and you takes your choice."

By no means simple is the "bulwark" conception of the situation. The Supreme Court alone can stop the march of populism, socialism, and communism. That is what Joseph Choate said to the court in 1895 just before it knocked out the income-tax law. That is what the wise men of the pro-slavery party said in 1857 when the Supreme Court undertook to "settle the slavery question." It is still being repeated today.

What has history to say on that point? It cannot be sure. Sheer force can accomplish a lot in this world, for a time. Page Torquemada, P. Díaz, B. Mussolini, and A. Hitler! On the other hand sheer force may hasten revolt. John Adams said that the British sent over troops to quell a revolution that did not exist and managed to make a revolution. Such things sometimes happen too. Justice Stone shot the suggestion at Justice Roberts in the AAA case and warned him that an abuse of power may destroy it. It is for this reason that Communists want the Supreme Court to "do its worst." "When it gets dark enough we can see stars." Yes, but we cannot tell exactly whether they will be real stars or imaginary stars created by a policeman's tough stick. Many a bulwark has been busted, and matters made better—or worse—afterward.

By this time all readers who feel quite sure about things will want to stop. Uncertainty is cowardice, they will say—sheer trimming. The Constitution must be let alone. It

must be amended. It must be overthrown. Those are the choices and every "honest man" must choose. That too is simple.

But perhaps the hour of dogmatic choice has not arrived. The hard-boiled historian knows that there have been hours of great decision in human affairs. Cromwell had them. So did Robespierre. So did Jefferson Davis and Abraham Lincoln. We, the plain people, however, are in no such position of power. Those among us who are absolutely certain about what they would do if they were in the White House are deluding themselves. Nobody knows what he would actually do in circumstances other than those now surrounding him.

Two things are necessary for effective decision—knowledge and an intuitive judgment that the times are ripe. They go together. Without knowledge, intuition may head into astrology. Without intuitive judgment, knowledge may be sterile.

If action is taken before the times are ripe, the actor may lose his head or, worse, go down in a gale of laughter. There is always an element of risk in any great action, whatever the purpose or end. The result may be indefinite postponement or utter defeat, instead of the anticipated triumph. Yet those who take risks are not without uses. They may succeed. Then immortality may crown them. They may fail but mark a step onward. They may destroy, for years, for decades, perhaps forever, their own cause. Leaders in secession in 1860-61 destroyed slavery in trying to save it. Alas, that it should be so. But can history be false to its records?

Upshot? It may be well for all parties to the constitutional dispute to wait awhile. The search for and clarification of fundamental principles proceed. If we have any faith at all in human intelligence, we must pronounce that much good. The court seems to impinge upon a multitude of other things—the general context and unfolding of all things relevant, pertinent, tangent, and contingent. Big choices respecting the context may have to be made soon, but not now. In a few months the Supreme Court will render other decisions. By that time other issues will be joined and additions made to clarification. Perhaps another Hoover boom will be here and the storm will have subsided. Perhaps we may be in the midst of another major crisis, growing out of the intensification of the present dilemma.

In any case, however, we shall not be back in 1928. We shall be somewhere in the future. And those who may be directing affairs then should be made wiser by efforts to look all around and through this constitutional issue. It runs deeper than law. As the Father of the Republic knew, it runs into the very warp and woof of our economic life and our culture. In preparation for the shape of things to come there is no better source of information than the records of the convention which framed the Constitution of the United States. If for a few months the rattle and chatter of debaters and discussers could be stopped and attention devoted to the study of these records, the American nation would be better equipped for wrestling with the science and art of governance.

The Rhineland Crisis

BY JOHN GUNTHER

London, March 20

FOUR times since 1933 Adolf Hitler, prompted by a drastic necessity to let off internal steam, has confronted the world with a gesture shocking to the morally minded. Once the gesture was domestic, thrice it has been in the foreign field. In 1933 he left the League of Nations; in 1934 he abolished Röhm and the S. A.; in 1935 he freed himself from the disarmament clauses of the Treaty of Versailles; in 1936 he denounced Locarno, and filled the Rhineland with his troops.

This time is not the least important. As I write in the early hours of Friday morning, Hitler can claim almost complete victory. It is true that Germany has been rebuked by the League Council, but this was an academic gesture. The overwhelming impression of those best informed is that Hitler's wary and ruthless boldness has once again presented Europe with a *fait accompli* impossible to resist. Hitler's reward for breaking the Treaty of Locarno will probably be the ultimate consideration of his "peace plan" by the powers. The French are being repaid for the policy of M. Laval. They are unhappily trying to get from the British what they can.

The bulk of Hitler's success may be seen from a consideration of its amazing details. He has the Rhineland. He

has gone a goodish way toward the insertion of a wedge between British public opinion and France. He has food for another internal victory and for a possible easing of domestic tension. He has increased his prestige in Austria, Poland, and smaller countries. Why has all this happened? Largely, it appears, because British public opinion, grossly misled by so-called liberal newspapers, has permitted the pro-German faction of the British Cabinet to stifle the voices of those who thought Britain ought to stand by its Locarno signature and come to French aid.

Most of us here in the agitated corridors of St. James's Palace feel that Hitler's victory is a bad thing for Europe. And for the following reasons:

1. The collective system has received a blow from which it may take a long time to recover. Once again force, not law, has been the decisive element in the international crisis. Locarno, which has been the bastion of peace for the past ten years, has disappeared as far as Germany is concerned. The League is weakened.

2. Mussolini is a winner. It is now obvious to a nine-year-old child or even a member of the editorial staff of certain London dailies that oil sanctions have scarcely a chance of being applied and that France, aggrieved at Britain's refusal to interpret Locarno literally, can hardly



Peace Gesture, by LOW

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be expected to support Britain in further attempts to throttle Italy. As Litvinov said in a private conversation the other day, "We thought we were rehearsing for a play, but if there isn't going to be a play, why rehearse?"

3. Hitler, if he has his way, will have a position of approximate safety in the West, and perhaps in the South, while his hands are free for the East. It should not be forgotten that the most significant thing said by any statesman during these past tumultuous days was the announcement of Stanley Baldwin immediately after the crisis broke that Britain should bend itself toward a tripartite friendship with France and Germany. It would be premature to talk of the formation of an anti-Soviet bloc. But Hitler's enmity to the Soviet Union is subcutaneous and ineffaceable. And anything which tends to strengthen him in the West means danger to the Soviets in the East.

The basic disingenuousness of German tactics was never shown better than in Ribbentrop's speech today. What he said in effect was that Germany promised to behave herself hereafter if this "final" breach of international obligation were condoned. He said France, not Germany, was the real violator of the treaty. Thus he was in a position of promising not to violate any more treaties while denying that he had violated this one.

Britain and France, it is quite true, are in process of trying to negotiate an exchange agreement between the British and French general staffs. One thing only could compensate for Hitler's coup, namely, an outright Franco-British alliance in the West. But this has been by no means achieved so far. Eden has announced that Britain will provisionally stand by its obligations to protect Belgium and

France from overt attack. He could hardly have said less. And any freezing of the frontier on the West only makes the East more dangerous.

It is quite true, also, that Hitler has offered an elaborate, comprehensive peace plan which will be discussed by the Locarno and other powers after the Council concludes its present job. This plan has been shot full of holes by Litvinov. Non-aggression pacts—there have been some 200 in the post-war years—have not proved effective. Pacts of mutual assistance Hitler eschews—because they could be effective. Apart from the question of the practical utility of what the Germans propose is the matter of their good faith. Hitler prefaces a request for new treaties by tearing up old ones. As a truth-teller he is a bad risk.

Why have the British permitted Hitler to succeed so far? The reasons are several. The British are hard-headed enough to know that from the first moment the only way to get the Germans out of the Rhineland would have been to fight. And though they have been so severe in the Mediterranean with threats against Italy, removal by force of the Germans from German territory is another matter. Again the British feel that the time has come for a new deal all around. They may not have great faith in Hitler's proposals or in his word of honor, but they think they can use the confusion of the present situation for building a new structure of European "security" to their advantage. What shape this structure will take—built on the sand of Hitler's plan—no one knows. Meantime, Germany, the only country in Europe capable of plunging Europe into general war, has won a hand. The new cards are in the fist of the potential aggressor.

Hitler Stiffens the French Right

BY M. E. RAVAGE

Paris, March 11

NO SOONER had the echoes of Hitler's Reichstag speech reached this side of the Rhine than a vast hope stirred the bosoms of the French nationalists. The latest German threat was immeasurably graver than any that had preceded it. It was hardly a step removed from invasion. It brought the danger of war within the range of practical and immediate possibilities. The press and the politicians of the right reacted to the menace with the same anxiety, alarm, and resentment as other Frenchmen, only with rather more stir and emphasis. But the national calamity was, for internal purposes, an opportunity; and within twenty-four hours the moral of the dread event was drawn: in the face of the national foe, national union. This meant a non-partisan coalition ministry, headed by the late rejected Laval or someone of his stripe, to replace the present predominantly radical government. Even that, of course, was merely a preliminary. The war threat was to serve the larger end of putting courage into the ranks of the badly demoralized Front

National, thus improving its chances in the approaching general election.

So promptly did the fascist leaders, Taittinger and Ybarnegaray, seize the windfall, so speedily did the agitation for reshuffling the government, even for dissolving the chambers, find responsive echoes, that in the opposite camp no little credence was lent to the report that the Germans had timed their bombshell to explode at this particular moment in order, among other objectives, to help boost their brethren-in-doctrine across the frontier. The story has even gained currency that Eugene Schneider, head of the Creusot armament works, discouraged by the decline of the fascist leagues and frightened by the program of the Front Populaire, which proposed to lay hands on the Bank of France and the munitions and other key industries, had through his confreres Krupp and Thyssen got the Germans to advance their schedule.

This, if not actual fact, is not necessarily fanciful. Such maneuvers are classic in European political history. In any event, it would be merely repaying one good turn with

another. The French Nationalists from Clemenceau on have succeeded by their intransigence toward the German republic in hoisting the German war party into the saddle; Hitler-Blomberg-Neurath could scarcely do otherwise than contribute their bit to save the Front National from certain defeat at the hands of the Front Populaire. But Berlin had more substantial reasons for favoring the right in Paris. All Frenchmen, regardless of party coloring, fear Germany and live in terror of that seventy-million-headed giant recovering his strength and breaking into a rampage of vengeance for past injuries. The left parties aggravate matters by their hatred of the present rulers beyond the Rhine. They hate Hitler and his consorts not only on principle, but because, having all along labored to conciliate Germany and thus obtain a lasting peace with her, they find themselves, thanks to the criminal bungling of Poincaré, confronted with a regime which they know to be irreconcilable. The nationalists in France, on the other hand, hate and fear Germany, but they worship Hitler. He is a fellow after their own hearts. He has crushed the German labor, revolutionary, and pacifist rabble, murdered and imprisoned their leaders, and by this summary process has in three short years wiped out all but the last traces of the defeat of 1918. The only thing they have against him is that he is on the wrong side of the river.

That is one reason that the powers in Germany would rather see in the next French Chamber a majority of the Front National than of the Front Populaire. There are others. Hitler, it should be recalled, before tearing up the Locarno treaty and "symbolically" remilitarizing the Rhineland, made a declaration to the French people in a sensational interview, assuring them of his friendship and affection and of his intention to revise "Mein Kampf." It is generally understood here that by some strange slip-up the interview, which was designed to influence the French Chamber of Deputies and thus halt the ratification of the Franco-Soviet pact, got into print a day too late. The acts of the following Saturday would therefore seem to have been intended in part as a warning to the members of the French Senate to consider carefully before emulating their colleagues in the Palais Bourbon. If that was the intention, the whole enterprise was of course a complete fiasco. It is a safe prediction that before these words are in print the Senate will have voted favorably on the Soviet treaty by a much larger majority than the most sanguine would have thought possible five days ago.* It is not



Courtesy of the Weyhe Galleries

Drawing by Daumier

My Bicycle

merely that the senators resent the attempt of Berlin to dictate to them; with the German army on the Rhine the friendship and alliance of the U. S. S. R. have become an urgent need of French survival.

This somewhat disappointing result of *Schrecklichkeit* was perhaps not unexpected in Berlin. And it does not prevent the *Realpolitiker* of the Wilhelmstrasse from imagining things no less vain. They seem to think that a Front National government in France, because anti-Communist at home, would let the Soviet pact, even if ratified, become a dead letter. They take at its face value the noisy opposition to the pact, intended purely for internal consumption, of a certain fraction of the press, and overlook the fact that the French general staff is whole-heartedly for it, as are many leading industrialists, to say nothing of most of the French people. And they, the Germans, seem not to hear that the very nationalists who a few short weeks ago thought hanging too good for the 140 French deputies who urged sanctions against the aggressor in Ethiopia now clamor far more loudly for the same penalties against the aggressor on the Rhine.

On the other hand, the Germans would rather, when the crisis comes, have a right government in Paris, for the reasons, good and bad, already enumerated and for one more besides. The Germans have not forgotten, if some

*The Franco-Soviet pact was ratified by the French Senate on March 12.

French politicians act as if they had, that in each previous step they took toward the liquidation of the Versailles system they had facing them across the Rhine a government composed of men hardly to be mistaken for Socialists or Communists or even radicals. It was a nationalist ministry that perforce swallowed the repudiation of the reparations debt; it was another of the same color that let the Germans get away with the revival of conscription, after staging the solemn comedy at Stresa. Above all, it was Poincaré himself who marched his 40,000 men up the coal hills of the Ruhr and then rather foolishly marched them down again, thereby proclaiming to the world in general and to the Germans in particular that short of war there was nothing to be done against the determined recalcitrance of a great and injured nation. If Poincaré could do nothing against that nation—humiliated, demoralized, and disarmed—what will Laval, Doumergue, or even Colonel de la Rocque do against that same nation—confident, intoxicated with its new-found strength, and armed to the teeth?

The Germans have not forgotten. But does the average

French voter remember? Premier Sarraut, a man with no nonsense about him, has succeeded in squashing the maneuvers to disrupt, on the pretext of national danger, his majority and his government. It is altogether possible that he may hold both together for the few weeks that he has to go until the elections. What then? There is the big question. Before March 7 not a man in France, whatever his political coloring or preference, but conceded to the Front Populaire an overwhelming triumph. The results at the polls on April 26 and May 3 may yet, in spite of the clouded international sky, bear out that forecast. The admirable solidarity of the reunited General Confederation of Labor, which concluded its first congress as a single body on the very day the thunderbolt fell, was a heartening sign. The leaders of the left profess to be as confident of victory as ever. Some go so far as to predict that the brutal provocation from across the Rhine will only swell the ranks of the left. They may be right. If their prophecy comes true it will spell a tribute to the courage, the reasoned conviction, and the clear-sighted political realism of the plain man of this democracy.

Slum-Clearance Farce

BY KAREN DASH

SINCE 1932 public-spirited people in Detroit have been manifesting sharp interest in slum conditions. Social workers have exposed painful facts concerning the misery and degradation of Negro families living in Detroit's East Side slum district. These Negroes are unemployed and destitute through no fault of their own. John F. Ballenger, Wayne County Relief Administrator, has placed the blame squarely where it belongs—on the shoulders of Detroit's big industrialists.

Public indignation has been further stirred by the statistics from city-wide social surveys which show the results of unsanitary and shameful housing conditions. The fifty-block area three blocks east of Woodward Avenue and about a mile from Detroit's City Hall, which was selected as the first site for a slum-clearance project, shows excessively high rates in disease and all social delinquencies. Crime is $7\frac{1}{2}$ times the city average. Juvenile delinquency is $10\frac{1}{4}$ times, infant mortality is $1\frac{1}{2}$ times, and pneumonia is 8 times higher than the average for the city as a whole. The tuberculosis death-rate for Site Number 1 is 15 times higher than in Site Number 30, a somewhat better section of Detroit. One-third of the families living in this fifty-block area are dependent on public welfare. The average monthly rent for a family is \$8, and the average family income (1933) is \$300 a year.

On September 9, 1935, ten thousand cheering persons, the majority of them Negroes, jammed the vicinity of 651 Benton Street, Detroit, as Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt formally opened work on the slum-clearance project. With a wave of her handkerchief she signaled to a group

of workmen to pull down the first house. The building crashed in a cloud of dust, and the \$6,680,000 project was under way. Mrs. Roosevelt then gave a short address.

The ceremony over, Mrs. Roosevelt returned to Washington, confident that all was well. But the Detroit program did not "go ahead" as she hoped. In the months that followed many old houses were torn down, a hundred Negro families were ruthlessly ousted from their homes, but not one new building is in process of construction. The East Side slum-clearance program, discussed for over two years, has resulted so far in exactly nothing.

Late last autumn I started on a house-to-house survey of the Negro slum district known as Site Number 1. Getting off the Charlevoix crosstown car at Eliot Street, near Saint Antoine, I stopped at the first house I saw which had a condemnation notice pasted to the door. It was a miserable shack in the last stages of decay, occupied as place of business and home by a Negro tailor and his family.

The man was at first afraid to talk. He said he had been handed two weeks' notice to get out. He was deeply worried about where he could find a place to run his shop and keep his family. The rental of this shanty was \$10 a month, and the man declared that although he had been hunting around for some time he could not find another location as cheap. No information about the new houses to be constructed on the site had been offered him. He said he was very poor, and that he would have to borrow the money to pay moving expenses. He was very nervous while talking; he kept asking me not to quote him, or use

his name, as he did not want to "get in wrong with the government."

The house next door, in similarly bad condition, was occupied by Mrs. A—, an elderly Negro woman, and her son. The son, formerly employed by the Briggs Manufacturing Company, is now a "junkie." He earns the family living by going around with a hand-cart collecting rags and old papers. The average income of these people is \$6 every two weeks. The woman is almost totally blind.

Four days before, she said, a man brought the notice of eviction. He refused Mrs. A— any definite information about when she must get out. "Right away!" he said. Mrs. A— was panic-stricken. She had no idea where to move to, or where to turn for advice. She had never even heard of the Relocation Office, which is supposed to offer assistance to all the ousted families.

Thirteen persons; four adults and nine children, were living in an unheated five-room hovel over on Rowena Street, near Beaubien. A thin, tired-looking Negro woman came to the door, carrying a child in her arms. Inside the house, which was shabby and forlorn beyond all description, children were swarming everywhere. They were dressed in rags, and not one of them had shoes or stockings. The mother, Mrs. B—, apologized for their appearance. Five of the youngsters were her own; four were the children of her dead sister. The Welfare had promised them clothing and shoes so they could go to school, but hadn't got around yet actually to give the needed articles.

Mrs. B—'s husband was out looking for a job. He had worked for the Ford Motor Company from December, 1922, until July, 1926. He had then worked for the Western Waterproofing Company for two years, and for the City Garbage until 1931. He had been unable to find steady employment since that time.

Mrs. B— said she didn't worry much about being evicted. "Things are so bad with us," she said simply, "they just couldn't be any worse."

This woman nurses her youngest child, a boy two and a half years old, at her breast. The Welfare is not giving out any more milk tickets, and Mrs. B— finds she can supply milk herself by drinking cocoa made with water.

Albert C— has a coal and wood store on St. Antoine Street. When I came in to talk to him, he was hacking lumber into small pieces to sell for firewood. He said he was barely "getting by" in his present location, where the rent is \$6 per month. He had built up a small neighborhood trade, and was worried sick by the sudden eviction notice. "I'm perfectly willing to move," he said, "but I know I won't be able to find another store at \$6."

He had been several times to the Relocation Office but they had no help to offer. There are no vacant stores available in the neighborhood, and no stores which can be rented for \$6 in any Negro section whatever. Albert C—'s average monthly income is \$18.

The Relocation Office is in a vacant bank building at the corner of Erskine and Hastings streets, in the heart of the Negro district. The information clerk, a young white man, was surly and suspicious of me. "We are doing everything possible for these people," he said. "They are mostly junkies, anyway. We give them about two weeks to find a new place and get moved."

"What help do you offer?"

"Well, we keep a list of houses for rent. Better houses, mostly, than what they're used to. But they won't take them."

"Why not?"

He shrugged. "Oh, because they cost three or four dollars more a month!"

"What do you do about the families who haven't the money to move?" I asked.

"They must apply to the Welfare," he snapped. "We have nothing to do with that angle."

The District Office of the Welfare Department is at Alfred and Russell streets. A young man at the information desk told me that the slum-clearance project was bringing them more trouble than they knew how to handle. Since enough houses at low rentals could not possibly be found, the evicted families would simply have to "double up," he said, and share whatever hole or corner could be found for them. Miss Clara Kramer of the District Office confirmed this statement.

I asked Miss Kramer how much time was allowed the evicted families to find a new place and vacate their homes. "Legally," she replied, "they have thirty days. But



Courtesy of the Downtown Gallery

Drawing by Peggy Bacon

we want to get them out quick, so we're telling them they've got to be out in anywhere from five days to two weeks."

I began to investigate the homes available for Negro tenants. Since an overwhelming majority of the families living in the condemned area are paying from \$3 to \$10 per month for rent, I made up my mind to look only at houses within this price range. I had to give up this plan because a full day's search proved to me that there were simply no houses to be had at less than \$10. On the following day, therefore, I walked from nine in the morning until dusk, looking at the houses offered for rent at from \$10 to \$20 per month.

In Alfred Street I saw a house with a "For Rent" sign on it. It was a small, gray frame house, partitioned inside to serve for four families. The wooden steps leading to the front porch were completely rotted away. I groped my way through a dark hall to the vacant flat in the rear. There were three medium-sized rooms in each of which the filth and decay were indescribable. The rain beat in through the broken windows and trickled across the soggy wooden floors. The wallpaper hung in streamers. There was no stove to heat the flat, no gas, no electric lights. Window shades were completely missing, and in many places the plaster had fallen away, exposing the bare laths of wall and ceiling. I took a look at the kitchen. Rags were stuffed in the broken windows. There were no faucets in the rusty old sink, no covering on the floor, no cook stove, no icebox. In the bathroom a bathtub stood in one corner. Three of its legs were gone, and it was not connected with the water pipes. The toilet had obviously been out of order for months.

This flat was offered for rent by a Detroit real-estate company at \$12 per month. I called up the office of this firm, commented on the bad condition of the house, and asked whether they would not make some essential repairs before a new tenant moved in. The girl who answered the telephone said that the owner had no intention of doing anything whatever to improve the flat. The prospective tenant could take it or leave it.

During the next two weeks I looked at many other houses and talked with various Negroes who run real-estate offices and rental agencies in the vicinity. Everywhere I heard the same story. There is a serious shortage of houses for Negro tenants, and the landlords are making hay while the sun shines. Even "shack" prices are from \$12 to \$20. The majority are without even a pretense of a bathroom, such as the Alfred Street house offered. Houses that the owners were glad to get \$4 a month for a short time ago can now be rented within an hour for \$15 and upward.

During the two months I spent making this survey of actual conditions among the Negro population of Detroit, I was also trying to arrange an interview with Mrs. Josephine Gomon, secretary of the Detroit Housing Commission. I finally got an appointment to meet Mrs. Gomon in her cheerful and pleasant offices in the new Water Board building. Mrs. Gomon spoke very hopefully about the Detroit Housing Commission's plans.

She described the new housing soon to be erected in the Negro slum districts as modern, beautiful buildings with all sorts of conveniences, including play areas for the children and recreation facilities for adults. Rents, said Mrs. Gomon, would probably be from \$16 to \$25 per month.

I asked whether the evicted families were not having trouble finding homes at rents they could afford. Mrs. Gomon admitted this, but added that the one hundred families already evicted were managing somehow. "It's just a few dollars' increase," she said.

"What about the families on relief rolls?" I persisted. "How can they pay even a few dollars' increase when their allowance for rent is already so small?"

To this, Mrs. Gomon replied that the Welfare would increase relief checks to cover higher rentals. (This, unfortunately, is not true. John F. Ballenger, Wayne County Relief Administrator, has put into effect a 20 per cent cut in all welfare aid, and this slash affects every family on the Detroit Welfare.)

On leaving I asked Mrs. Gomon whether the sum allowed for rent would be enough, in any case, to permit families on relief, evicted from condemned houses, to live in the new apartments when they were ready for occupancy. Mrs. Gomon replied very definitely that it would not. She went on to say that the new buildings were being put up for the benefit of industrious, low-income families—not necessarily for the people now living in the slum areas but for any family that could afford to pay the moderate rental of from \$16 to \$25 a month!

A week later I went back to the Relocation Office and asked to be given a list of the names and new addresses of the one hundred families, who according to Mrs. Gomon, had been successfully moved from their old homes and established in new locations. I said frankly that I wished to see how and where they were living, and whether their condition had been improved by the change. My request was met with an equally frank refusal. The clerk said he had been given definite instructions not to hand out such a list.

I spent the last week of my survey tramping the Negro section trying to find some of the relocated families. Many of the houses I had visited earlier had been razed. Their former occupants had disappeared without leaving an address. Eventually I found six families which had been "successfully relocated." Five had been unable to find decent homes within their means and were living "doubled up" with other families. Children were sleeping three and four in a bed or on the floor. One family—a grandmother, man and wife, and sixteen-year-old daughter—had rented a five-room flat at \$27.50 per month, and were taking in four men roomers, to help cover the cost of the rent. In no case was the condition of these people improved by the change. Instead, they were much worse off than before, especially those families which had been forced to "double up" with others.

These are the facts, and further comment would be superfluous. It seems painfully clear that slum clearance is just another New Deal measure—a fake, a humbug, and a joke.

Struggle in Marble

BY ANITA MARBURG

THE placid Vermont scene has been tense for five months with a struggle between the marble workers of Rutland County and the Proctor-controlled Vermont Marble Company. Three years ago a bitter granite strike of 1,500 workers of the Rock of Ages Company broke out in Barre, Vermont. Despite bayonet attacks and tear-gas bombs, the news of the strike reached New York City five weeks after its beginning, tucked into the real-estate page as an interesting item for companies needing granite. Today the marble workers have behind them a citizens' organization with headquarters in New York City—the United Committee to Aid Vermont Workers. The strike has been debated in Congress, and a mass-meeting is being held in New York on March 27.

It was this citizens' group that on February 29 sent a committee of seventy-five men and women, headed by Rockwell Kent, into the five marble towns to make an investigation and report its findings. United in a single effort were trade unionists from New York and Vermont, writers, Vermont property owners, teachers, students from Dartmouth and Bennington, and one American legionnaire. The marble hearings took place in the crowded town hall of West Rutland, the testimony came hour after hour, measuredly, soberly, with now and then an emotional reinforcement from the striker audience. Some 800 workers composed the audience, filling every seat downstairs and in the balcony, standing quietly in the rear and along the sides; mothers wearing tams, fathers in short workmen's coats, children sprawling over adult laps. Speeches were punctuated with babies' cries; a woman who gave testimony left her year-old boy in the lap of a committee member and spoke as long as the baby would allow.

What is the strike about? Basically it is a life-and-death struggle between two worlds over wages and freedom. On the one hand stands a proprietary family concern, controlled by three generations of Proctors; on the other stand skilled workers, born in the Vermont mountains, who have contributed their lives to marble. The fate of the industry, founded on tombstones, is now tied in the main to building construction. During the slump in building between 1933 and 1936, an enormous employment shrinkage went on—a drop from 2,200 to 800 workers—and with this shrinkage has come a policy of wage cuts which descend upon the men as a notice from the management, without warning or discussion. In February, 1934, the workers, acting under the NRA, took their own fate in hand and organized a union. One worker testified that "of course the company tried to put a company union over on us, but it didn't work." The vote came back 58 per cent for an international union, 10 per cent for a company union, and the rest for no union at all, but the company still refused to deal with the men's organization.

In December, 1934, the Regional Labor Board of Boston backed up the workers' demand for a union, but the company's attitude was not modified. By October, 1935, antagonisms had been further increased by wage cuts, and a small walk-out resulted. The answer of the management was to refuse any increase in wages (even two cents on an hourly wage of twenty-five cents); the answer of the men, further pressed by reductions and by a reclassification of skilled workers as common laborers, was a strike declaration in November involving all quarries and factories, and 600 of the 800 employees had the courage to walk out and stay out.

Neither state nor federal officials have thus far provided a solution for marble. Not much was expected of the State Industrial Commissioner, Clarence R. White, an appointee of ex-Governor Wilson, who was a Proctor-supported governor. His most radical suggestion was that the company "look again at its balance-sheet" and consider "its moral and social obligation." Governor Charles M. Smith, white-haired and sixty-seven, supposedly a political opponent of the Proctors, is nevertheless too smart to antagonize influential business. So far, he told the investigating committee, he has confined his activities to pressure for the White report, and friendly talks to company directors. He said that the Proctor management is somewhat to blame: "they were giving their workers starvation wages; instead of that they should have fired half of them." In the meantime the state offers no relief to desperate strike families, but supplies deputy sheriffs to the Proctors—a weekly gift costing between \$800 and \$1,700.

At last the federal labor conciliator, a little studious man, Charles J. Post, who later had the temerity to appear at the hearings, came to study the strike, and sent a secret report to Secretary Perkins on February 13. The Post report, according to the release of the Federated Press, is scorching: there is piled-up evidence of poverty, of company tyranny, and of sheriff-evoked violence. This valuable report had the misfortune to appear before, rather than after, a national election. Evidently poverty and tyranny cannot exist in 1936. But Governor Smith has at last been galvanized into some action by the speech of Representative Marcantonio on the floor of Congress. Under the pressure of publicity he has called a conference of company and union officials.

Wages for full employment were \$13.30 a week. Because of reduced working hours they actually averaged between \$5 and \$7. After company deductions for rent, water, light, insurance, coal bill, and cow pasture, they were often reduced to sixty cents, twenty cents, two cents, or merely a yellow voucher marked "No check." On the

other hand wages could be supplemented by relief. Now that the men are on strike little help is forthcoming, since several overseers of the poor are Proctor employees. A mother of six children testified that her milk allowance of two quarts a day was reduced to one, and that the overseer said, "You can keep the children quiet on water." Another, having but one pair of underclothes per child as protection against a Vermont winter, was told, "Put them to bed when you wash the underclothes." The state of Vermont has taxed its citizens to supply food to workingmen, while the Vermont Marble Company has been paying 5 per cent on its cumulative preferred stock.

Who are the Proctors of Proctor, who take no reasonable steps to conciliate 600 men, faithful workers and skilled workers, and now deliver eviction edicts to 186 families? In 1880 Colonel Redfield Proctor began combining competing companies, and made out of them the largest marble concern in the country. He established a tradition of benevolence, endowing three churches, a library, a Y. M. C. A., and constructing a twenty-two-ton marble monument to Old Charley, his Civil War horse. His grandson, the present Redfield Proctor, has been active in Republican politics in Vermont, was governor of the state, and is now a director of the United States Cham-

ber of Commerce, and a trustee of Middlebury and Vassar Colleges. He is willing to offer charity to docile individuals, but when living wages are asked for by independent workers he has "nothing to say." There is something terrifying in this combination of refinement and cold tyranny.

Besides the extensive properties in Vermont, the company has quarries, factories, and offices in the states of Washington, California, Texas, Colorado, and even in Alaska. It supplied a goodly share of the \$900,000 worth of marble in the Chrysler building, and the \$982,000 worth in the Empire State building. Through its Washington lobbyist it secured three major jobs in the capital—the Red Cross Memorial, the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, and the Supreme Court building, the marble in the last-named building costing \$3,800,000. In normal years its gross business amounts to as much as \$8,000,000, with profits of something like \$800,000. At present it has \$5,000,000 worth of government contracts pending and a million dollars due it for work already finished.

Is this just another chapter in a story as familiar by now as the American scene? A company with wide holdings can afford to wait while 600 workers are squeezed out. However, the inert marble still remains in the ground. If it is to be worked at all, it is not the Proctors of Proctor

that have the skill to do so. A story with the same beginning concluded differently in granite three years ago. On March 31, 1933, the Rock of Ages Corporation published a letter to its employees: "So long as the present management of this corporation is in control of its affairs, no power on earth will ever compel us to operate our quarries or a single one of our plants on any kind of union basis." These were mighty words from rugged individualists. But business considerations had to come first. Despite the defiance of the Rock of Ages Corporation, granite today is thoroughly unionized, and wages are from 50 per cent to 100 per cent higher than those in marble. In February the corporation signed a new contract for a year with the Quarrymen's Union. This success provides a living incentive to the strikers in Rutland.

A victory for marble will determine the character of the Vermont labor movement. Judged by numbers this movement is insignificant. Vermont is principally an agricultural state, and even among the industrial workers unionism is not very strong. But the marble strike has an importance in the labor movement out of proportion to the numbers involved. Labor stands as the sole force working against the Republican Party in the state. Last August the State Federation officially indorsed the Farmer-Labor Party. Barre is now the active labor center in Vermont. In order to make any impression on the reactionary Republican phalanx it needs the organized help of the Rutland workers. The struggle in marble has thus not only an economic importance. It is a sector on the political labor front as well.



The Consumer Front

BY RUTH BRINDZE

THAT usurious rates are charged for the privilege of making "easy payments" is pretty generally known, and that even the government in its 5 per cent FHA plan permits interest charges of 9.7 per cent is no secret. Still, the figures compiled by the Committee on Consumer Credit, appointed by the Governor of Massachusetts, and the Special Commission appointed by the Massachusetts General Court are sufficiently shocking to focus attention on the evils of the instalment business. In the purchase of new automobiles the commission found that the lowest rate charged was 10 per cent, the highest 36 per cent, and the average 25 per cent. These charges are low compared with an average of 47 per cent for used cars and one charge amounting to 881 per cent on a radio. There is only one reported instance of a true 6 per cent rate. A piano company whose name is not given said the rate was 6 per cent. "*It was 6 per cent.*" (The italics are the commission's.) Besides the comparatively well-known practice of concealing and misrepresenting credit charges, both state bodies report the general use of the rebate by which the dealer collects both from the finance company and from the buyer, overcharging and defrauding by insurance coverage and by the use of unfair contracts.

Instalment buying is again increasing, and both committee and commission have proposed remedial legislation. The commission bill would require the licensing of retail finance companies and their operation under direct supervision of the banking department. The committee bill, wider in scope, applies to all instalment sellers and provides a standard form for instalment contracts on which the interest charges are stated as a given per centum per month calculated upon the unpaid principal balance; the entire contract is unenforceable if the seller fails to comply with the regulations.

IN THE little war with big implications which the cosmetics industry has been carrying on against the authorities of the state of Maine both sides are claiming a victory. The fight started when the 1935 session of the legislature passed a new cosmetics law providing for the registration of cosmetics sold within the state and giving the Department of Health power to refuse to register preparations containing "injurious substances." An annual license fee of \$.50 is to be charged. This is Maine's second attempt to regulate cosmetics; two years ago a law was enacted but its enforcement was enjoined on constitutional grounds in an action brought by Bourjois, Inc. Now Bourjois is again leading the fighting-mad cosmetics manufacturers, and in a test case is attempting to prove that the new act also is unconstitutional. Last week's decision by the Statutory Court denying the Bourjois motion for a temporary injunction on the ground that there was

no evidence of interference with interstate commerce left the legal battle undecided. Meanwhile the Toilet Goods Association advises its members to defer registration until further notice, and the Department of Health is notifying retailers that all sales must be confined to products which have been analyzed and approved.

The trade press rants about the injustice of permitting each state to levy a licensing fee upon nationally advertised products. The manufacturers are clearly opposed to any regulation. They fear the power granted to the Department of Health to prohibit the sale of injurious preparations.

ON THE national front the Food and Drug Administration has also been encountering difficulties. It was economy day for the House Appropriation Committee when the administration's 1937 budget came up for approval. With election-year thrift the holders of the House purse refused the \$525,000 increase, saying that the enforcement of the Food and Drug Act could "be well met" without any increase in budget. Administrator Campbell, who presumably knows more about the cost of administering the act, disagreed emphatically, estimating the sum needed for "reasonably satisfactory" enforcement at \$5,000,000, or \$3,000,000 more than the recommended budget. It is true that the administration's budget was increased last year by \$275,000, which brought it to a grand total of \$1,968,637, or a little more than a penny per person per year for the enforcement of the Food and Drug Act, the Insecticide Act, the Caustic Poison Act, the Milk Act, the Tea Act, the Naval Stores Act, and the other work performed by the Food and Drug Administration. As it is, there are only seventy-eight inspectors charged with protecting the food-and-drug supply of the nation.

The little stick wielded by the Food and Drug Administration has again been brought down on two profitable food-adulteration rackets—one in salad oil, the other in fruit juices. The oil men have been substituting tea-seed oil for the product of the olive, a fraud which can now be easily discovered by a new laboratory test. Cosmos Food of Lynn, Massachusetts, and A. J. Capone, operating as the De Luca Olive Oil Company of New York, whose products are nationally distributed, have according to a recent statement of the Department of Agriculture been particularly active in the field. Packers of fruit juices have profited by a cheaper form of adulteration. Tap water and sugar are now so regularly added to canned "pure" fruit juices that the administration has issued a notice to the trade (effective July 1) that action will be taken against all watered stock whether or not consumers are warned, as they occasionally are now, by the words "sugar syrup added."

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

FOUR weeks of flirtation with a bit of pneumonia have given me plenty of time to think, or at least to ponder the American and the European scene. Naturally Hitler's latest coup has engrossed me most. It is less than seventeen years since Woodrow Wilson returned from Paris and pronounced the Treaty of Versailles entirely good. Today there is practically nothing left of that treaty. It has been destroyed by its own baseness, by its flat defiance of every rule of decency and humanity, of Christianity. *The Nation* was foremost in the American journalistic field in declaring that it divided the world into two camps, those who were for the "madness of Versailles" and those who were against it. But surely none of us dreamed then that the blood-cemented edifice erected at Versailles would collapse as rapidly as it has, or that the treaty itself would be so soon kicked to pieces by a man who at that time was still in a shabby corporal's uniform, an ex-house painter with no means and apparently with no future.

One must hand it to Adolf Hitler. Wherever he gets his ideas, whether from Rosenberg or Ribbentrop, or whether he conceives them himself, he carries them out with shrewdness and what, in the Boers, used to be called "slimness." Of course he has the great advantage of being able to act without the slightest regard for truth or consistency or international decency. But he skilfully picks the moment for his steps of defiance, a moment when the Allies are especially bothered by something very difficult and important, and so far he has got away with practically everything that he has undertaken. His latest move has again aroused the bulk of the people of Germany to the highest enthusiasm for him, just when there had been a steady decrease in the popular enthusiasm. Whereas Mussolini has once more bound the Italians to himself and his rule by a costly, and what may still prove to be a disastrous, foreign war, Hitler achieves the same result by tearing up the Locarno treaty and wiping his feet upon that which remains of Versailles. More than that, he has so skilfully worded his defiance as to confuse public opinion abroad, notably in England, where those who realize that wars lead to nothing but unmitigated suffering and misery are really affected by Hitler's offer of new treaties to guarantee peace for twenty-five years.

The overwhelming difficulty in the way of meeting Hitler halfway on any such proposal is that no figure in history has ever surpassed him in falsity, in deceit, in his willingness to stoop to anything to achieve his ends. Every word that he says today about his desire for peace is contradicted by his own words in his book, "Mein Kampf." The treaties of Locarno were not forced upon Germany; they were of its own seeking. They were unlimited in

their duration, and what he offers in return is something much less worth while and carefully limited for a period of years. If the other nations give in to him now, if the League of Nations allows him to go unpunished for his violation of the treaties, it is, of course, only a question of time when he will move again. Whether he will strike to the East or suddenly overrun Austria, or demand colonies under threat of outlawing all the debts now owed by Germany, he is certain to act. His position as a dictator calls for it; so does the growing economic stress under which Germany lives—a stress that will grow greater the more rapidly Germany is rearmed.

The most alarming thing about it all is that the statesmen of England and France and Belgium and the other countries are so without vision, so unable to move constructively to deal with this man who menaces the peace of all the world. One would think that after Hitler had committed his country to rearmament the MacDonalds and Baldwins and Lavals and Flandins would immediately have turned their attention to the demilitarized district and invited him to a parley in regard to it, a move which would effectively have deprived him of any initiative in the matter. They could have made the terms; they could have purchased Germany's return to the League of Nations by doing the obviously right thing of giving it the control of its own territory. Instead, bankrupt English statesmanship could think of nothing to do but to make a naval agreement with Germany; it was too stupid to see that that meant, first, recognition if not approval of German naval rearmament and, second, the risk of alienating France at the crucial moment when the two countries had to stand together against Italy in Ethiopia.

I hear it said, it is easy to criticize but what would you do? Fortunately I am not compelled to decide. But I do know this, that the time has come for the League and the former Allies to act with great vigor, with the same daring and aggressiveness with which Hitler has acted. They can at least match his flagrant defiance of the public opinion of the world by some plain truths as to just how far they will permit him to go before, in self-defense, they decide to put on sanctions, to send Germany to Coventry. In other words, unity, vigor, and forcefulness are now absolutely indicated if the Allied nations and the League are to head off Hitler's suddenly overrunning Austria, or Memel, or Malmédy, or Eupen, or again seizing the provinces restored to Denmark by the Treaty of Versailles. Sooner or later there must be a united front against Hitler or Germany will impose its will upon all Europe—no, not *its* will, but the will of Adolf Hitler, Goebbels, Göring, and the other decadents and militarists by whom Hitler is surrounded.

BROUN'S PAGE

I HAVE never been very enthusiastic about organizations of veterans. Perhaps this dates back to the days when Uncle Ned used to have Sunday dinner with us. Uncle Ned belonged to the G. A. R. and had been at the Second Battle of Bull Run. And you know how it is with revivals. I wonder whether the first battle was as tiresome.

Maybe it is unfair to indict a whole Grand Army on the basis of a single member. Uncle Ned was wounded in the leg, and to his dying day he walked with a pronounced limp. He was strictly a one-battle man, but after all, he was related to my father and he had served his country.

Mince pie, Sunday dinner, and Uncle Ned are always associated in my mind. Curiously enough I don't particularly dislike mince pie although naturally I prefer apple, or lemon meringue. Coffee kept Uncle Ned awake and so we didn't give him any. While my father and mother were having theirs, Uncle Ned used to act out the Second Battle of Bull Run or rather that part of it in which he was concerned.

It seems he was coming across a cornfield with some other soldiers when he suddenly felt a sharp pain behind his right knee. At first he thought it was a bee and he said to himself, "This is peculiar." He kept right on walking through the cornfield but the pain didn't start to ease up the way it would in the case of a bee's sting. In fact, Uncle Ned finally said to himself, "That wasn't any bee." He looked down and saw that he had been wounded, and so he turned around and walked back to a field hospital.

If it had been a better hospital Uncle Ned would not have limped all the days of his life. But at any rate that was all he saw of the war and after the first few times the story more or less lost its tang. You knew how it was going to come out. In fact, I got to wishing that it had been a bee so that there wouldn't be any story.

Without wishing to generalize I think that veterans and veterans' organizations are inclined to make one battle cover too much territory. For instance, Uncle Ned and my Aunt Harriet had quite a verbal exchange one night because Ned said that the music of "Floradora" was old-fashioned. My aunt played the piano and Uncle Ned was not acquainted with any musical instrument. But he was pretty dogmatic about a lot of things. All on account of the Second Battle of Bull Run.

He thought that Admiral Sampson didn't deserve a nickel's worth of credit for the Battle of Santiago. But he didn't want to make a hero of Schley either because he declared it was generally known that no Spaniard had any notion of how to shoot. Uncle Ned said that he wouldn't give you a nickel for any kind of bottled beer. He also said that young Mr. Hearst, who had just begun to publish in New York, had forgotten more about newspapers than Joseph Pulitzer ever knew. In other words, Uncle Ned had an opinion on a great many different things and he was very sure about his opinions. The fact that he was

wholly uninformed on the subject in hand never stopped him any more than the Confederate rifle fire stopped the Union forces at the Second Battle of Bull Run.

The bullet wound back of the knee gave the old gentleman a sense of authority. It hurt him quite a lot in damp weather, and whenever he felt a twinge he cursed out somebody. Now when you get millions of men with twinges, either psychological or psychic, you have a vast army a little too ready to condemn those things with which they are not very well acquainted. It is reasonable enough that ex-soldiers should want adjusted compensation. I don't mean that they are always entitled to it, but at least they are talking about a thing they know. When they get to free speech and civil liberties and the subjects that should be taught in the schools they are way out of their deep dugouts. They haven't any opinion.

That is the great danger of the veterans' movement in politics and in social affairs. The men concerned are too accustomed to taking orders. "Theirs not to reason why," has been too much impressed upon them. Anybody with a loud voice who happens remotely to suggest a major general can get the whole kit and caboodle to fall into line with a single word of command. The veteran, as a rule, is so much tied up with the past that he has small interest in the future. He can be enlisted in reactionary blocs simply because he is over given to reminiscences. His battles are behind him.

Accordingly, I am vastly interested in the formation of a new veterans' group which is being planned. This organization may well be much larger than any now in existence, and it will be by its very nature a forward-looking group. I refer, of course, to the proposed Veterans of Future Wars. These men will be alert in their study of current problems from the fact that their very existence is bound up in the march of things to come. I feel certain that Uncle Ned would have been a much more interesting Sunday dinner guest before the Second Battle of Bull Run.

As to the Veterans of Future Wars, the admission test should be exceedingly elastic. No one may fairly be barred on account of youth, since Germany and Italy have already shown that preparation for war may start in the cradle or thereabouts. Nor should senescence be a barrier either, since no one knows just what material may be required in the front lines of the future, and even the doddering old gentleman who cannot possibly shoulder a gun should not lightly be rejected as a member of the Veterans of Future Wars, for no one knows but that he may still do his bit as a cabinet minister.

Indeed, if the organization is properly recruited and organized, it should be able to hold a monster convention. And at this meeting the Veterans of Future Wars might well set an example worthy of emulation by the American Legion. They could vote unanimously to disband.

HEYWOOD BROUN

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

THE ARTIST AND THE ICE AGE

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

TWO weeks ago I quoted here, and with no little glee, certain remarks which Stephen Spender had recently made about freedom and art. The glee remains and so, for that matter, does the general conviction that art and life are both served best when the artist is allowed to go his frequently perverse way in order that he may come, as he often does, upon truths less likely to be discovered by the most diligent and disciplined of the official seekers. In other words, it still seems to me, as apparently it did to Mr. Spender, that in any society the artist is the best as well as the safest exponent of those critical, protestant, and heretical tendencies which help to assure its health.

Candor compels me to admit, nevertheless, certain reservations with respect to one of Mr. Spender's phrases which I quoted with apparent approval. "Unless," he wrote, "artists insist upon their right to criticize, to be human and even humanitarian, communism will become a frozen era, another ice age." This is a fine rhetorical statement. It has oratorical value, and its ominous sound might conceivably strike a salutary terror into certain hearts. But it does less than justice to the toughness and persistence of the artistic and the heretical impulses. It assumes that both would be more easily put down than either have ever been in the past; that the artist will actually conform because he is told that he must.

Certainly he has been told that often enough in times gone by, and as a matter of fact there have been very few societies which in theory granted him the freedom that both Mr. Spender and I believe to be highly desirable. Nevertheless, he has very often and pretty persistently taken for himself what he was not freely accorded. The heretical artist has, in other words, most frequently done his work not because censorship did not exist but because he either defied or eluded them. Sometimes he is bold and sometimes he is sly. By being bold he has often achieved the most ringing utterance. By being sly he has no less frequently achieved the most ingenious satire.

Let us take an example in which the heresy is so old that the prohibition against it has been almost forgotten. Off-hand I should probably be inclined to assert that the historian cannot write well unless he is free to say what he really means. Yet the most admired, the most often read, and from the artistic standpoint the very finest part of Gibbon's history is comprised in those famous fifteenth and sixteenth chapters where he was compelled by the law against blasphemy to hint and imply what he dared not say. Nor is it by any means merely that he managed despite the law to convey what he wished to convey. The point is that he conveyed it much more entertainingly and beau-

tifully than he would ever have done had he enjoyed complete freedom. The brilliance of the irony is a direct result of the limitations under which he worked, and had it not been for those limitations, there would have been no occasion for the subtlety and the wit which alone make the chapters still delightful in an age to which the thesis is no longer particularly interesting. It is, in other words, to the legal obstacles which were put in Gibbon's way that we owe one of the greatest masterpieces of irony in the English language. Nor is it by any means certain that parallel phenomena are not being produced at this very moment. Who can say, to take a more recent example, that "The Little Golden Calf" would ever have been written if direct criticism of certain aspects of Russian life had not been at the time distinctly unhealthy? During a period, at least, the Russian authorities, taking a second thought, did forbid the publication of the work. But it had already appeared serially, and it would probably never have appeared at all had the authors not received that stimulus to ingenuity which a censorship often affords.

No one is ready, I hope, to draw from all this any conclusions more paradoxical than those I intend. I am not, for example, urging that any state desirous of encouraging the arts should establish prohibitions for the purpose of promoting wit. But I am insisting that wit, like other expressions of the spirit of dissent, is not easily silenced and that the saving remnant has a way of persisting in even the most thoroughly "coordinated" of totalitarian societies. Nothing could have been more authoritarian in spirit than the medieval university, but the songs the students sung have survived to testify that they found a place in their hearts for impulses and interests which were not officially encouraged.

But perhaps I am doing less than justice to Mr. Spender himself. He did not say, "Unless communism grants their right to criticize, to be human, and even humanitarian." He said instead, "Unless artists insist on their right," and so on. The difference is vast and implies the whole argument, since the danger, if danger there is, lies less in the discipline which a party wishes to impose than in the willingness of the artist to accept it. So long as he has the will to freedom, so long as he refuses himself to consent to a dictatorship from without, he is still capable of playing his role as artist. But if the time ever comes when all artists are willing, as some now apparently are, to submit inwardly to dictation and thus to surrender their right to explore and innovate, then the new "ice age" may indeed be imminent.

Not long ago an ardent Communist critic told me with what seemed an almost masochistic delight how the

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steam-roller had been run over him at a certain writers' conference when he had dared to express views deviating ever so slightly from the "party line." He was, if I understood him aright, glad to be flattened out because of the assurance which the flattening gave him that strong and ruthless men were in control of the party to which he belonged. To me it seems clear that he had somehow maneuvered himself into the position desperately achieved by Jonathan Edwards, who proclaimed his willingness to be damned for the glory of God. And that, I think, is more than ought to be required of any man.

BOOKS

Cross-Section

AMERICAN POINTS OF VIEW. A READER'S GUIDE, 1935. Edited by William H. Cordell and Kathryn Coe Cordell. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

THE editors of this collection of American essays of 1935 have used the "point of view" as their criterion of selection, and the volume as a whole aims to give a cross-section of American attitudes, prejudices, sentiments so far as these are reflected by intellectuals, public men, and men of letters. From this standpoint the collection is admirable. All of these forty essays, more or less, are significant and stimulating, and taken as a group they give a vivid picture of the great variety of feelings that are stirring in our widely scattered and intellectually very diversified population. Communism, I take it, is not only rampant but almost respectable—far more respectable than the innocent liberal socialism of two decades ago ever was in its time. (Earl Browder, "Who Are the Americans?" "Only the Russians," says Browder.) Liberalism too is fighting the Fascist-Communist attack much more vigorously among the intellectuals who write than among those who do not write. Our Jews have gone American. Ten years ago we were, in their eyes, the scum of the earth. Now Ludwig Lewisohn ("An American Comes Home") all but smothers us in soft soap. (Others are feeling the same way about us now. Count Sforza: "America is the one place where an honest man can breathe today.") Many of us are still worrying about the machine age (if only they would stop worrying long enough to read Pareto's Chapter XIII). The educational grouch is as grouchy as ever (Croswell Bowen, "I Was a Rich Man's Son"), and as bewildered as ever (two opposite trends—one toward a revival of old-fashioned discipline, another toward the training-school, employment-agency idea). Pacifism, rugged individualism, lower middle-class moralism (Charles Beard, of all things!!!) all have their say. I note a few absentees. Characteristic of 1935, I should say, would be an intensification of the regionalist spirit in our South. It is merely impolite, at present. Away in the offing it dreams of the *revanche*. As a matter of record one might have made room for it. So the Catholic neo-Thomists were perhaps entitled to a page or two, to say nothing of American Protestantism. Indeed, if one is to include in such a collection the "I Was Marching" of Meridel Le Sueur, that effusion should have been balanced by a good racy Salvation Army sermon, which would have been at once more representative, more intelligent, and certainly more grammatical. And why not some expressions of



Moments

Havelock Ellis Introduces Sex to the English Public

a plain ordinary American spirit—some essay of Bernard De Voto, at a hazard?

This volume is also accompanied by some prize awards by Burton Rascoe, Erskine Caldwell, and J. G. Fletcher. These awards are incomprehensible except on the basis of some mystical or rankly impressionistic criterion known only to the judges. An essay, or even an "article," involves a subject matter. Almost inevitably it involves more or less of theory. Finally would come form, manner of writing, force, and perhaps utility or purpose. A good essay would, it seems to me, be an essay that is sound from all those points of view. By merest chance, it would seem, J. W. Krutch's "Was Europe a Success?" managed to get a third or fourth prize, when it was surely entitled to first place. I have no objection to the honor paid to Mr. Pfeiffer's "Why Liberalism Is Bankrupt," though to my mind the problem is erroneously stated in that article and the answer (or answers) is inconclusive. But how can anyone in his right mind prefer Mr. Hemingway's pretentiously ignorant and irresponsible chatter on international politics ("Notes on the Next War") to, let us say, such a charming and brilliant essay as Mr. Nock's "Thoughts on Utopia"? Or was it that the judges merely forgot to state that their first prize was a booby prize?

Taken all in all, the American essay, however interesting and stimulating, would seem from this collection to remain still a fairly crude affair. Our basic defect, as I take it, is the tyranny of the "lead" or "angle" under which virtually all our authors are compelled to work. No matter how serious a

writer's thought may be, he has to develop it around some smart phrase in order to catch an editor's eye in the first instance and a reader's eye in the second. Then our public is grossly immature on the side of theory, if it cares anything about theory at all. Theory remains, for most of our writers, merely a device for organizing material. One never considers whether the theory be sound or false, old or new, absolute or relative. Hardly an essay in this whole collection pays any attention to the history of the question with which it deals. We are probably more self-conscious on the side of form and style, and one notes in these essays a number of historical lineages ranging all the way from the somewhat affected Anglican urbanity of Mr. Nock to the vulgar tabloid preciosity of Mr. Hemingway. But according to the tabloid judges who functioned in this competition, the tabloids have it.

ARTHUR LIVINGSTON

A Modern Major General

THE GENERAL. By C. S. Forester. Little, Brown and Company. \$2.50.

HERBERT CURZON, in Mr. Forester's novel, is anything but the pattern of a modern major general, and far from pretending to a knowledge of fugues and paradoxes, Raphael and Aristophanes, would indignantly deny that he had any. Which may well account for the fact that by page 237 he has become a lieutenant general, with "Sir" in front of his name. There was no nonsense about Curzon; he was a soldier who gave and took orders with the same undivided mind, and who passed up all cosmic conjecture in seeing to it that the line held firm. And hold firm it did, always, though every last man in it might be blown to bits. It was by such straight thinking that the obscure cavalry major of 1914 became, within three years, one of the leading generals in the British army, with decorations on his uniform three rows deep.

The portrait of Curzon is not the less terrifying because it is pat. There is nothing villainous about this Sandhurst prig swearing by that code that has made half the Englishmen of the past fifty years a subhuman species; there is only something monstrous. The race has simply sucked the individual dry; the brain has simply evacuated in favor of a few reflex actions. At moments one proffers an admiration as glacial as the man one admires, aware that even the snob, the brute, the careerist in Curzon are effortlessly subordinated to the Englishman who does his duty as he sees it. Here is, indeed, a not uncommon type of hero—the man who knows how to die magnificently, and does not in the least know how to live.

Forester has drawn Curzon monotonously to type, has drawn him almost to the point of caricature; yet it is absurd to cavil, since for all that he has drawn him scathingly enough to make one's blood boil. And he has done more; by means of this one man he has contrived to show us all the horror and imbecility of war. In a way, Curzon's perfect military manners are more damning than chapters of mental horror and physical agony would be, for they demand moral evaluation instantly. And they will instantly bring about a schism dividing humanity in half. There will be those to whom Curzon seems like a savior, and those to whom he seems like a devil; nobody will see him as anything that lies between the two.

And for that very reason this book cannot accomplish its purpose in the way that "All Quiet" and "Sergeant Grischa"

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More and better business is imperatively demanded by the conditions of today. More factory goods and more farm goods **MUST** be produced and sold through quick turnover if America is to come through into the clear light of prosperity.

Two Reasons Why

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- (2) Industrial expansion is needed to absorb unemployed labor, which will increase mass buying-power and cut down relief taxation.

Blocked by Prevailing Set-up

But industrial expansion is blockaded by the prevailing economic set-up, which forces productive capital to operate between the upper millstone of heavy taxation and the lower millstone of recurrently inflating ground rent. The mere, initial cost of ground alone defeats not only government projects of slum clearance but also private initiative in the erection of badly needed new housing throughout the country—thus keeping a great deal of labor out of work, depressing mass-power to buy goods, and narrowing the fiscal base. The housing illustration is but one of hundreds to the same effect.

Like It or Not

The only way out is to shift the main burden of taxation from **PRODUCTIVE CAPITAL** to ground values, urban and rural, improved and vacant.

Productive Capital the Goat

Productive Capital, then, is overloaded with taxation and compelled to pay billions for the rental or purchase of ground; while at the same time further tax burdens are proposed by Townsendites, Bonusites, and Share-the-wealthites. Moreover, to cap the climax, the Marxites mistakenly identify productive capital as the central villain of the economic tragedy, and advocate its total confiscation. More and more people are studying the logic of the American economic situation in—

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may be supposed to have accomplished their purpose. Palpable as is the motion of "The General," with its mass of tractarian writing, one will find it, depending on who one is, either too obvious or too obscure. The reader who believes in patriotism and "discipline" and consequently in war will nowhere be sentimentally disconcerted, as he must have been by "All Quiet," in reading this dry book; if he sees things by Curzon's lights he will continue to see them so at the end of the story, and will continue to regard Curzon as unexceptionable. For what is on trial here is not men who sin against the code and can be roundly berated as villains, but a code that sins against men; and it so happens that this is the very code which most people on this earth subscribe to. Behind it, moreover, stand two thousand years of the world's best literature: Horace with "Dulce et decorum est," Tennyson with "Theirs not to reason why," Lovelace with "Loved I not honor more," Shakespeare with "This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England." What chance has Mr. Forester against Shakespeare? We shall know better six months from now, if we take the trouble to ask Little, Brown and Company for figures on the sale of his book.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

How Social and How Secure?

SOCIAL SECURITY IN THE UNITED STATES. By

Paul H. Douglas. Whittlesey House. \$3.

TOWARD SOCIAL SECURITY. By Eveline M. Burns.

Whittlesey House. \$2.

DEFEENDERS of the present Social Security Act will derive little comfort from the two volumes listed above. The Administration spokesman who proudly boasted not so long ago that "in two years the United States worked out a system of job insurance that it took Europe fifteen years to accomplish" will find little approval of that handiwork. Both authors vigorously indict the chief provisions of the act, though neither can resist the pragmatic urge to extend their blessing to it. Professor Douglas consoles himself with the fact that "the American public has finally realized that it needs the greater protection against unemployment and old age which pooled social insurance gives." Professor Burns also, while regretting that "a great opportunity was missed for passing a more socially satisfactory" plan, believes nevertheless that "the act is a great achievement."

Professor Douglas presents a masterly summary of the background of the movement, the demands from the right and the left, and describes the manner in which the bill was passed. His chapter on the legislative history of the act will be of interest not only to those concerned with this particular problem but also to those interested in any New Deal legislation. Professor Douglas informs us that the bill as first introduced, prepared by the legal staff of the Department of Labor, embodied "little or no logic in the sequence of the topics covered," while "some of the language was ambiguous and, indeed, in places unintelligible." He gives an intimate account of the jockeying for the authority to administer the new act and an interesting résumé of the committee hearings and the difficulties encountered in the attempt to draft a more constructive program. He does not hesitate to delineate the role played by the Wisconsin school, which "occupied some powerful positions of vantage in the Washington scene," and served to cripple the unemployment-insurance features.

Professor Douglas devotes several chapters to an analysis of the provisions of the act. He gives an excellent description of the grants-in-aid schemes and indicates how these can be improved. He denounces the incorporation of the tax-offset scheme for unemployment insurance in place of the subsidy device recommended by the majority of the Advisory Council and all authoritative students of the problem. He criticizes the act's grant of autonomy to the states to enact individual reserve systems and employment-guaranty plans which cannot guarantee "the quality of benefits to the unemployed within any given state."

The accumulation of the contemplated reserves under the old-age insurance plan, Professor Douglas finds, "will beyond doubt greatly decrease the amount of purchasing power which otherwise would be spent upon consumers' goods." The withdrawal of such huge amounts from consumption, he points out further, "may well help to create a further state of unbalance in the future." He stresses the difficulties inhering in the present requirement that annuitants must leave gainful employment in order to qualify for their meager pensions. An entire chapter is devoted to the problems connected with the Clark amendment, which seeks to exempt private industrial old-age pension schemes from the compulsory insurance plan.

The reviewer has never seen a finer analysis of the constitutional problems involved in social-security legislation than that made by Professor Douglas. It sheds more light on the problem than most of the briefs devised by eminent legal authorities. A few years ago Professor Douglas published an exceptionally fine book under the title "Standards of Unemployment Insurance," in which he brought out the basic considerations underlying a practicable plan of unemployment insurance. That the framers of the Social Security Act did not pay the slightest attention to them has not daunted the courage of this indefatigable fighter for social justice. He emphasizes his points again in his present work. Despite the difficulty of the problem treated, no reader will find it either difficult to grasp or without genuine profit. The author has accomplished a masterly task.

Professor Burns's artillery is directed at the problems raised by the passage of the act. She is somewhat critical of the grants-in-aid provisions because of their inadequacy. This, however, is not an indelible defect since there is nothing in the provisions to prevent their future liberalization and improvement, which will undoubtedly come.

In discussing the compulsory old-age insurance system Professor Burns finds that the plan "is really a compulsory savings plan with insurance features for those who live long enough." The act, she points out, "places upon the shoulders of workers who are now young the burden arising from our failure to set up an annuity plan many years ago, instead of calling upon those who are better able to pay to share the cost." The author aptly asks: "If it is a good plan to ask the young or higher-paid wage-earners to pay for the unearned annuities of their old or lower-paid fellow-workers, why not extend the principle farther? Why draw the line at incomes of \$3,000?"

Like Professor Douglas, Dr. Burns is most critical of the unemployment-insurance scheme adopted. Dwelling on the vulnerability of the present tax-offset scheme with its great administrative difficulties, the burden which it places upon employers in filing duplicating taxes, and the fact that complete protection of the rights of workers would require 1,222 voluntary agreements between the states, she too points her finger at the Wisconsin influence. According to Professor

Burns, "it is an open secret that the less effective tax offset was favored in some quarters just because it obstructed federal efforts to secure uniform minimum standards. Those who treasure the rights of their states to experiment with devices for stabilizing employment were unwilling that the federal government should set standards which might prevent them from trying certain methods." Wisconsin was the only state so concerned.

The difficulties involved in the present unemployment-insurance provisions are splendidly brought out by Dr. Burns. Under the act, before unemployment protection can be obtained in the various states, pressure must be applied to thousands of employers instead of to the state legislature. The duplication of legislation in Congress and the states will hinder improvements and amendments. The lack of standards will create a miscellany of state laws without regard to the fundamental needs of the unemployed. Although the act requires that no state pay unemployment benefits for two years after it enacts a law, it fails to stipulate when a state must begin to pay such benefits. Under these provisions, the author points out, "a state might, if it wished, save up money year by year to pay benefits during the next ice age." Dr. Burns, as well as Professor Douglas, attacks the principle of individual reserves and the guaranty plans. "The mountainous labors of the Committee on Economic Security and of Congress," she concludes, "have produced a disappointingly small mouse." She joins with Professor Douglas in pleading for the substitution of the "more convenient and constitutional grant-in-aid method" for the "clumsy and roundabout tax-offset method."

Dr. Burns effectively punctures one of the most common misconceptions of social insurance held by many advocates of the subject, namely, the idea that social security can be accomplished through self-sustaining social insurance. This, she states, is not only impossible of accomplishment, but based upon the assumption that "the poor should be compelled to pay most of the cost of helping the poor." She also raises one of the most crucial questions now confronting social-insurance protagonists. Stating correctly that the Supreme Court is generally inclined to go along with public demand if it is vigorous enough, she emphasizes the fact that in the fight for social security there must be not only strong public support but also "something worth-while to fight for." But under the unwieldy and unnecessarily burdensome provisions which hedge the present act, "no one is likely to fight to preserve it." The act has been so written that "the American people will become aware of it first of all as taxpayers, since no benefits of any kind will be paid for at least two years after the taxes fall due." During this period "there will be thousands of angry taxpayers attacking the act and few to defend it because no one will receive any tangible benefits." Pointing out that only a program of social security which can commend itself to the masses of the community as being "just and fair and which disturbs the smooth running of the economic order as little as possible" can possibly arouse such support, she finds that the present act "hardly deserves its name." This, she says, explains why many of the enthusiastic promoters of the subject are fearful "lest the whole security program break down beneath the weight of its administrative machinery."

Dr. Burns's book raises extremely pertinent questions regarding the Social Security Act, questions which the Administration cannot afford to ignore. Indeed, no one interested in social security in America should fail to read it. The problem still lies before us.

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War and Profits

M-DAY, The First Day of War. By Rose M. Stein. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

MISS STEIN, according to her publishers, was "closely associated" with the Nye committee and prepared for it "an official summary of the testimony"; she acknowledges the aid and criticism of its counsel, Mr. Raushenbush, in the writing of this book, and makes extensive use not only of the committee hearings but of information which it did not place on public record. This will inevitably give to "M-Day" the character of at least a quasi-authorized popular distillation of the committee's work, and I am very much afraid that it is not going to do the Nye committee much good. For Miss Stein does not confine herself to what the committee proved, or even to what it attempted to prove. She sets out to roam the whole vast field of war in modern society, rationalizing our entry into the last war, the course of our war effort, the post-war activities of munitions makers, and the industrial and human mobilization plans now being stored up against the next one, all in the harsh, black-and-white terms of a greedy "capital" and a cheated and oppressed "labor" or "the public."

This is an enormous task, to be performed successfully only by one with a powerful historical imagination, a convincing exactitude in factual detail, and a clear basic philosophy of society. Miss Stein can scarcely be blamed for lacking these rare qualities, but in their absence her book becomes a rather confused hodge-podge, uncertain in its demonstrations and pointless in the end. She opens with a somewhat extreme statement of the thesis that the bankers got us into the war. "To save their own skins American bankers had to promote Allied victory. If that achievement required American participation in the war, then that was the next logical step." Our great industrial mobilization was primarily dictated by industrialists thirsting for profits; the draft act was passed not to provide men for a large-scale participation on the western front but to prevent "labor difficulties" within the machine supplying goods to the Allies; America, having been got into a war in which it had no interest, was kept in it (and this, I confess, seems to me a really extraordinary theory) by proclaiming "a crusade to crush bolshevism." The author then goes on to rehearse the sins of the munitions makers as they have been emphasized in the Nye hearings; she describes the proposed draft and propaganda acts which have been prepared for submission to Congress in the next "emergency," ultimately losing herself happily in the host of contradictions which have been created by the violent disparity between the necessities of modern war and the political and social rationalizations which Western democratic society continues to profess.

In the course of all this, Miss Stein makes more than one useful point. There is an interesting demonstration to show that "taking the profit out of war" is an idle dream; and it is a service to call attention to the fact that in addition to the problem of why the United States declared war on Germany there is the different problem of how what many imagined would be a mere financial contribution to victory was converted into a full-scale military participation on the western front. But the trouble with Miss Stein's solution for this, as for the many other problems with which she deals, is her heavy reliance, in common with other narrow economic determinists, upon inference, innuendo, and *post hoc propter hoc* argument. Some of the inferences I suspect are shrewd; others seem to me fantastic; and when this method is coupled with a lamentable carelessness in matters of chronology and

detail—as a random example, at one point she puts in Mr. Baker's mouth the words of his biographer, and gives an unwarranted twist to the result by associating it with events happening months after the time referred to—she lays herself open to attack which can be devastating. It is to be feared that the book will damage rather than strengthen the real influence of the Nye committee's work.

WALTER MILLIS

The Townsend Fantasy

AGE BEFORE BOOTY. By Morgan J. Dorman. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.

THE TOWNSEND PLAN. By Nicholas Roosevelt. Doubleday, Doran and Company. 50 cents.

THE ECONOMIC MEANING OF THE TOWNSEND PLAN. By a University of Chicago Round Table, Harry D. Gideonse, Editor. University of Chicago Press. 25 cents.

THREE more different treatments of the same subject would be difficult to imagine than those contained in the booklets listed above on America's most popular controversial subject—the Townsend plan. The first is essentially an evangelical appeal. Objections are mentioned merely to ridicule the objectors. For example, the very pertinent criticism that the plan, if adopted, would require approximately 40 per cent of the national income is noted. But each time this objection is phrased, the author patiently points out that the pensions would be *revolving*, that the new purchasing power created by the payments would "suck up the stagnant pools of the nation's congealed life blood and whirl them along through a constantly functioning system." He does not attempt, however, to explain how the withdrawal of all persons over sixty years of age from productive activity would increase the supply of goods to meet this vastly expanded demand. Nor does he devote any attention to the effect of the decline in the purchasing power of the 90 per cent of the population which will bear the tax burden.

Mr. Roosevelt attempts to meet the Townsend cohorts on their own ground. He appears to be sympathetic with the motives which led to the development of the plan, is almost sentimental toward Dr. Townsend personally, but is bitterly vindictive in his attack on the movement. Although he is somewhat sounder in his economics, his picture of the effect of the plan is in many ways as distorted as that presented by Mr. Dorman. Instead of its ushering in a golden era in American economic life, Mr. Roosevelt declares that the Townsend plan would cripple business, close factories, intensify unemployment, and be the signal for the gravest nation-wide disaster we have experienced in the 147 years of our national existence. Mr. Roosevelt's very obvious predilection for *laissez faire* economics, however, tends to make his argument unconvincing to the millions of Americans who feel, rightly or wrongly, that some positive measures should be taken to stimulate the full use of America's immense productive resources.

The University of Chicago pamphlet is as balanced and objective as the others are extreme. While its economic analysis naturally bears some resemblance to that contained in Mr. Roosevelt's book, it predicts no great catastrophe for this country if the plan is adopted. On the contrary, it points out that the transactions tax proposed by the Townsend proponents, while large enough to be a crushing burden on the masses of the American people, "would scarcely yield enough to pay \$75 per month to 7,000,000—much

less \$200 to 10,000,000 persons." It adds also a word of caution regarding the complicated mechanism which would be required to collect the transactions tax and supervise the lives of the pensioners lest one of them fail to spend his entire allotment within thirty days. Although tons of material have been written on the supposed beneficial or disastrous effect of the Townsend plan, this little pamphlet is, I believe, the only comprehensive economic analysis thus far to be presented. The plan's political implications still remain to be dealt with in as objective a manner.

MAXWELL S. STEWART

A Novel of Quality

THE HOUSE IN PARIS. By Elizabeth Bowen. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

THIS is a puzzling book. Other reviewers have called it subtle, luminous, miraculous, exciting. Undoubtedly it is distinguished. The style is clear, pure, and exact. The characters—not much more than half a dozen in all—are sharp and various. Undoubtedly also they suffer. But these qualities, admirable as they are, do not quite add up to the moving story that they ought to.

The first and third parts of the book are laid in the present; the second part is in the past. Thus to the reader—as to the protagonist of the first part, a nine-year-old boy who is ignorant of his parentage—the first third of the book is veiled and mysterious. Leopold has come to Paris from his home in Italy to meet the mother he has never known. He knows that his father is dead and his mother is married to an Englishman; he knows that the Fishers, mother and daughter, in whose house he waits with anguished eagerness for the meeting, were friends of his mother. His American foster-parents he despises. For him the only reality is his mother, whom he has endowed with all possible beauty and virtue. And she does not come.

By a cut-back in the second part, the reader is made acquainted with what Leopold will never learn—the brief unhappy love affair from which he was born. Karen is a gently bred English girl; Max is a Jew without fortune; each is engaged to another person, Max to the Naomi Fisher whom Leopold knows as his mother's friend. The passionate feeling which brings Max and Karen together for so short a time leaves Naomi high and dry, for Max, unable to resolve the situation, commits suicide; and Karen, after her baby is born, marries the man to whom she was promised.

This, it will be seen, is easily the stuff of which novels are made. Passion, frustration, grief, despair all have their place. Yet there are curious elipses. The reader knows Max only as Karen's lover—and as a man subject to the powerful and evil Mme. Fisher, Naomi's mother, who really drives him to kill himself. Karen appears only in her brief relation to Max and to Max and Naomi together, and indirectly later to her husband, whom she does not love but whose generosity and forgiveness separate her psychologically from her child. Leopold could never know his father as his mother's lover; but he is no more in the dark than is the reader about what sort of man Max was. Each of the characters, in short, appears under a cloud, incomplete, muted. And this is perhaps the key to Miss Bowen's failure to make her book what it might have been. In the great and successful novels passion is expressed, everything is said somewhere and somehow, the reader feels a reassuring omniscience which unites him with the author, also omniscient. Whatever secrets the characters may have from one another are not secrets to the reader. The result is a sense of completeness

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which Miss Bowen does not impart. Her people are cleverly contrived puppets moving through episodes expressive of emotion—but the emotion is not quite real. This Max and this Karen, even Leopold, the clever, desperate, over-wise child, have hearts but they do not beat, blood but it does not flow. This is not life, and neither by a strange paradox is it art.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

Shorter Notices

ARTIFEX. By Richard Aldington. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

Mr. Aldington calls the short pieces which compose this volume articles and not essays, "because the essay is only an article in a high hat"; others will prefer to call them sketches and not articles because the article is only a sketch in a crushed fedora. The result, at any rate, is a singularly indolent procession of "thoughts" on the subject of life, love, and the amenities of travel by sea. Characteristic of his tone in general is such a remark as, "Now, in my opinion, few human spectacles are so charming as two young people downright crazily in love with each other." Yet Mr. Aldington would not be disposed to contemplate with a like approval the Human Spectacle as such. "They seem to me like ants," he observes in a mood of "soul-crushing boredom," "but terribly noisy, destructive, and assertive ants; and the worst of it is they *can't* leave one alone." The most inclusive definition of them all is laid down solemnly in a piece on freedom of the press. "Music is music," we are here advised, "not noise; painting is painting, not poster-work or abstraction; sculpture is sculpture, not rock-drilling; architecture is architecture, not engineering; literature is literature, not writing ads; poetry is poetry, not word mosaics. . . . I want music, painting, sculpture, architecture, literature, poetry." Unfortunately Mr. Aldington wants also, as far as the present sketches go, a capacity for ordinary pains in the exercise of his craft and a critical arsenal of sufficient force to achieve something more than a purely petulant effect in the expression of his private grievances. However, counsel of this kind is very probably idly bestowed, since it seems to be another of Mr. Aldington's beliefs, urged somewhere among the present papers, that "no intelligent person pays the least attention to what reviewers say."

JESUS MANIFEST By Dmitri Merejkowski. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.75.

For the second time the Russian poet and mystic, well-known for his life of Leonardo da Vinci, has sought to follow Papini, Middleton Murry, and other men of letters in attempting a life of Christ. His first book projected a mystic's vision of the Christ of faith. It earned and merited the praise of many critics. The second effort is less happy. A poetic embellishment of the simple gospel narratives is a difficult task at best. Merejkowski does not solve the difficulty. Sometimes his elaborations are distractions beside the quite sufficient though austere simple narratives. Sometimes he strains too obviously for effect. Thus the kiss of Judas prompts the observation, "The fetid breath of the unclean spirit is in the kiss of love—such was the last goodbye of man to the Son of God." The trial before the high priest is introduced with the words, "The heart of a spider experiences a pleasant thrill at the first buzz of a fly in its web. So also did a thrill of pleasure pass through the heart of the high priest Annas." There are naturally some genuinely beautiful and moving passages. But on the whole

the simple fare of the King James version is preferable to this kind of raisin bread. The raisins are too thick, and they make the bread taste prematurely stale.

EPITAPH ON GEORGE MOORE. By Charles Morgan. The Macmillan Company. \$1.25.

The noisy publicity which stimulated the sales of "The Fountain" formed an ironic background to the sensitive, reticent character of Mr. Morgan's protagonist, the scholarly Lewis Alinson. This monograph on George Moore is precisely the kind of book Alinson might have written as an ultimate protest against vulgarity. It is distinguished by an imperturbable poise, a self-conscious reluctance to confuse literary values with journalistic chatter. During the last years of Moore's life Mr. Morgan was his close companion. Since their conversations indicate that both men were interested in life primarily as material for art, it is not surprising to find Mr. Morgan approaching Moore's life through his art rather than assuming, with the biographical critics, that art is comprehensible only as the reflection of a socially conditioned individual. Moore's "passion for self-renewal," which is here considered as the essence of his nature, seems to have its origin in artistic experience; what is implicit in his work is only secondarily suggested in his personal life. Just as he taught himself to write all over again in every book, so he taught himself to redraft his life in every stage of its growth. He would break as callously with an old friend as with an old habit of style. This artistic passion for recapitulation and rebirth explains the autobiographical nature of so many of Moore's works: "Confessions of a Young Man," "Memoirs of My Dead Life," "Hail and Farewell," and others. It explains, too, Moore's preoccupation with technique, the endless rediscovery of sensibility. The result of this continual self-creation, according to Mr. Morgan, was that Moore gave to English fiction a combination of unity and lucidity, based on a reconciliation of written and spoken language, which previous novels had achieved only haphazardly. Moore gave "liberty as well as discipline to the English novel." On the basis of his insight into the relation between style and the psychology of the artist, Mr. Morgan examines Moore's achievement in fiction from "Esther Waters" through "The Brook Kerith" to "Héloïse and Abélard." In view of his sympathetic appreciation of Moore as well as his critical understanding of the problems of the modern novel, it seems unfortunate that he was forced by circumstances beyond his control to abandon the task of a full biography, a task which Moore himself had assigned to his young friend.

DRAMA

Dreiser Simplified

A VERY pedestrian version of "An American Tragedy" flourished briefly on Broadway a few years ago. Like many dramatizations it was hardly more than a hurried synopsis, and it seemed, beside the novel, an impoverished thing. Obviously one cannot simply skeletonize a work of this kind without losing the rich profusion of realistic detail upon which its effect depends, and the least one can say of "The Case of Clyde Griffiths" (Ethel Barrymore Theater) is just that it does attempt in various ways to achieve some sort of intensity

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CONTRIBUTORS

LERNER, The Nation, "The Pattern of Dictatorship"

LUTZ, Stanford, "European Dictatorships"

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SPENCER, Ohio State, "The Mussolini Regime"

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calculated to compensate for the solidity which the dramatic form must sacrifice. Unfortunately, however, the least that one can say is also very nearly the most, for “The Case of Clyde Griffiths” is simplified into a mere exemplary fable and then delivered in a falsetto which soon ceases to be more than exasperatingly shrill.

The version is a translation of that made some time ago for Piscator’s “advanced” theater in Berlin, and the Group has staged it more or less in accordance with Piscator’s methods. There is a permanent set with two levels, upon which, with a minimum of properties, the company performs the scenes in a fashion halfway between realism and a sort of stylized make-believe. The more familiar the method becomes the less there is to recommend it, but the real reason for the relative ineffectiveness of the play lies less in the staging than in the obvious determination to simplify the whole story in the interests of a puerile didacticism. After all, Dreiser’s novel was impressive for two reasons: first, because the naturalistic documentation gave it a kind of factual authenticity which one could not dismiss; second, because one was made to feel the complexity of the forces which were driving Clyde to his fate, made to realize how the weakness of his character conspired with the cruelty of the dilemma in which he found himself to make that fate almost inevitable. But with the fanaticism of the moralist the adaptors have first stripped the novel of its factual realism and then schematized its moral until the intellect rebels against so child-like a simplification.

In it they have seen nothing except the lesson, and in their determination to leave no point unglossed they have supplied a redundancy of comment which begins by seeming an insult to the intelligence and ends, as over-explicitness usually does, by arousing all one’s impulses to dissent. When the omnipresent commentator emerges from the obscurity of the orchestra pit to remark of the heroine, “For her, love is only a dream as yet unrealized,” one feels merely that this yellow-backed language is hardly beautiful enough in itself to justify the intrusion of an unnecessary comment. When at the climax he emerges again to assure us that what we might be inclined to call fate has now been unmasked as “economic law,” one is moved perversely to reflect that since all twenty-five-dollar-a-week clerks who yearn for a more resplendent life do not commit murder, there is obviously some factor of which the “law” has not given a wholly satisfactory account.

In a sense, Dreiser’s novel was a protest against a somewhat similar simplification from an opposite point of view. He was never unaware that the conventional moralist would say that Clyde met his fate because he was a weak and wicked man. The whole point of the novel lay not only in presenting the hero as an object of pity but also in the clear indication that he was sinned against as well as sinning. It was convincing because it illustrated so clearly how a combination of forces are necessary before a thing so apparently incredible can actually take place. But to say that Clyde had to commit murder because his salary did not enable him to pay for his dress suit is hardly less inadequate than to say that he did so because the grace of God was not in him. Surely there is no society in which this particular callous weakling would have become a very noble specimen of the human race. It is even probable enough that he would have got into some sort of trouble in the best-regulated of worlds. All that can be said—all that Mr. Dreiser did say—was merely that the particular form which his downfall took was a form to the shaping of which economic injustice contributed its share. But to see in his story nothing more than an illustration of such economic injustice is to make it little more convincing than to see in it no more than a moral warn-

ing to apprentices who ought to be industrious and who ought to respect their masters.

Even the authors of this play wobble badly in their interpretation after they have stated the thesis in uncompromising terms. Obviously the story they have to tell is one from which the factor of moral weakness as well as of mere fecklessness cannot wholly be banished. They cannot make Clyde *merely* a victim, and so, from the orchestra pit, they admonish him for his sins and then, slightly shifting the point of view, reproach him as an enemy of his class who should have joined the other workers in a strike (non-existent in the novel and invented for the purpose) instead of accepting invitations from the boss or his friends. Unfortunately, however, these attempts to hedge appear rather as inconsistencies than as realistic representations of the complexity of life, and the fact will, indeed, serve very well to illustrate the weakness of the didactic method in works of the imagination. Dreiser could make dubiety and complexity contribute to the impressive realism of his work. The very impossibility of disentangling all the motives, of measuring the importance of all the factors, made his account seem real. It created the illusion of life because, like life, the story was not reducible to a geometrical demonstration. But a demonstration, on the other hand, must demonstrate conclusively or it is nothing, and until life can be reduced to conclusive demonstrations, the work of the imagination will still be able to teach one thing which the didactic fable cannot—namely, that life is too complex to be encompassed within any comfortable formulas, either moral or economic.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

FILMS

Twenty Years After

THE series of old films which the Museum of Modern Art has been reviving this winter at the Dalton School reached one of its climaxes the other night when D. W. Griffith's "Intolerance" (1916) alternately amazed and amused an audience composed, it would seem, of people who did not know how or when to laugh—if laughter was in order at all. In my opinion it was not in order. Even when Griffith's own utter seriousness could not be accepted at its face value there was still the power of his directing hand to be felt, there was the integrity of a first-rate artist to be respected. "Intolerance" is probably bad; the public was right which rejected it twenty years ago, and Iris Barry confessed as much in her program notes. "Audiences," she said, "find it bewildering, exhausting. There is so much in it; there is too much of it; the pace increases so relentlessly; its abrupt hail of images—many of them only five frames long—cruelly hammers the sensibility; its climax is near hysteria. . . . As Pudovkin says, 'the abundance of matter forces the director to work the theme out quite generally . . . and consequently there is a strong discrepancy between the depth of the motif and the superficiality of its form.'" And of course there is the fact of Griffith's failure ever quite to justify his ambitious notion of telling four stories as one. Yet the talent displayed in the film is enormous, and on this particular night I found myself in radical disagreement with an audience which could stop to snicker at the women's hats of 1916 or at the gigantic blunders of a great director gone temporarily wrong. This was the film from which

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almost everything "modern" in the art was learned by Russia, by Germany, and by Hollywood; its intensity, particularly toward the close, is still not easy to endure; and the acting is superb. But the audience giggled at the acting too. They thought it was overacting; whereas the violence of Mae Marsh, for example, was strictly to scale and profoundly convincing—and showed up a great deal of what we see today as the affected understatement which it is.

Having gone again to look at Charlie Chaplin's "Modern Times" I must report how greatly it improves upon acquaintance. Not that it seemed capable of improvement before; indeed I was trying a month ago to be articulate about its perfection, and failing. Nor do I expect to succeed now, since it appears to me that words are perhaps the poorest medium through which Chaplin's effects can come. I may say, however, that the picture has grown in seriousness during the interval; that it is possibly not funny at all; that the peculiar importance of its subject matter removes it from the class of those spectacles which are simply and thinly ludicrous. This is to say no more, and no less, than that Chaplin is a great comedian whose instinct keeps him always at that depth where the absurd is difficult to disentangle from the essential. The figure he presents to us—the dauntlessly eager and innocent soul adventuring among the imperfect masterpieces of man's world—is the figure both of a fool and of an angel, a little Don Quixote of our worst side streets, a fellow who lets us understand, especially when we are looking at one of his pictures for the second or third time, that the jokes are quite as much on us as on him, and that the truth about most laughing matters is transcendental. Paulette Goddard, Charlie's faithful gamin friend, has understood this too; and indeed it is as if the film itself had understood it, for it proceeds to all appearances at its own perfect and effortless pace—a pace wonderfully appropriate to the theme, and never for a second abandoned.

A good deal of cinema cant is perpetrated on the subject of "timing," and yet it is plain that Griffith and Chaplin manifest their mastery through that virtue as much as through any other. This is the moment, therefore, to speak of another picture I have been revisiting. "The 39 Steps" might very well become a model for any director who still has something to learn about the art of continuousness, or shall I say elision. The fascination of the film lies chiefly, I think, in the fact that each episode begins before the last one has left off, or at any rate grows out of it so swiftly and naturally that the joining remains invisible. I have more in mind than the now famous business of the chambermaid's open mouth becoming the mouth of a tunnel out of which the hero's train rushes with a scream like that with which she has announced the murder he will be accused of committing; I have in mind the picture as a whole, and the illusion I had that its story was literally growing before my eyes like a vine of lightning whipped out of some soil not subject to time's slow weather. This is, I admit, a fancy way of talking about a spy story which is much like other spy stories. But I can think of no soberer way in which to suggest its clear superiority, its all but absolute success in a domain where the movies will always be wise to dwell. "The 39 Steps" is the thriller which all other thrillers, I suspect, have steadily tried to be.

It is perhaps evident by now that I found the past fortnight barren of films about which there is anything to say. I enjoyed "The Country Doctor" (Music Hall), "The Song and Dance Man" (Center), and "Klondike Annie" (Paramount), in their several ways, but I cannot imagine their being discussed.

MARK VAN DOREN

Joseph Wood Krutch says:

CALL IT A DAY. *Morosco Theater.* Gay and delightful comedy about what almost happened to an English family on the first dangerous day of spring.

DEAD END. *Belasco Theater.* A play about gangsters in the making on an East River waterfront. More a good show than a great drama, but a very good show indeed.

SAINT JOAN. *Martin Beck Theater.* Brilliant interpretation by Katharine Cornell of what may well be Shaw's most enduring play.

END OF SUMMER. *Guild Theater.* The wittiest of American playwrights sets a group of interesting people to talking about the world as we find it. Ina Claire and Osgood Perkins help make a very happy evening.

ETHAN FROME. *National Theater.* The apparently impossible task of dramatization of Edith Wharton's novel achieved with conspicuous success. Outstanding performances by Pauline Lord, Ruth Gordon, and Raymond Massey.

LIBEL. *Henry Miller Theater.* Exciting English courtroom play. Surprisingly probable for this sort of thing and superbly acted.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE. *Plymouth Theater.* Amazingly successful adaptation, brilliantly staged and acted. A thoroughly delightful evening in the theater.

VICTORIA REGINA. *Broadhurst Theater.* Delightful series of scenes from Laurence Housman's drama stunningly acted by Helen Hayes and others. Fairer to the matron queen than Strachey but funny nevertheless and charming besides.

Mark Van Doren says:

AH, WILDERNESS. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Eugene O'Neill's touching and searching comedy of high-school days translated into a film which charms by its own right. Full of recognitions for the middle-aged.

A NIGHT AT THE OPERA. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* The Marx Brothers in their best picture to date. Hilarious and brilliant.

ANNIE OAKLEY. *R.K.O.* A minor American masterpiece based on the life of Buffalo Bill's best-loved sharpshooter. Barbara Stanwyck as Annie Oakley divides the honors with Sitting Bull.

MODERN TIMES. *Charles Chaplin.* Charlie Chaplin returns to the screen disguised as his old self and fulfils every expectation. Should be seen by everyone—and heard, for he has sound effects.

THE 39 STEPS. *Alexander Korda.* Months old, but should be seen wherever possible. A swift and beautiful thriller set in the Highlands, and one of several films which argue British leadership in the immediate future.

THE GHOST GOES WEST. *Alexander Korda.* René Clair's first film in English, with scenes in Scotland and the United States. Clever, satirical, and fanciful, but without the master touch.

THE PRISONER OF SHARK ISLAND. *Fox.* Tells the story of Dr. Mudd, convicted in 1865 of having helped Booth to escape. Somber and powerful; does not spare the spectator.

Letters to the Editors

"SOCIALISTS TO THE LEFT"

Dear Sirs: May I be permitted to comment on your editorial, Socialists to the Left, appearing in your issue of January 22. This editorial is as unjust to the Socialist Party of New York and to the Old Guard generally as it is inaccurate.

First, let me express my agreement with your statement that "a genuine united resistance to the growing offensive against civil liberties and living standards—despite 'recovery'—is of primary importance." But with whom are we to unite for such resistance? The Thomas-militant wing of the Socialist Party believes we ought to unite with the Communists. We, the party of New York and the Old Guard throughout the country, believe we should unite with organized labor and all progressive groups in the country. You can't have a united front with both; they are mutually exclusive. United front with the Communists, in our view, would place the Socialists in the same position of isolation and impotence as the Communists are in now. Moreover, it is hypocritical to speak of uniting to resist invasion of our civil liberties with those who by philosophy and practice are opposed to civil liberties and regard such basic rights as freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of assembly as mere bourgeois virtues.

Your statement that "the most intelligent and vigorous Socialist Party members and sympathizers must necessarily be on the left in this controversy" is a wish not justified by the facts. The intelligence of a body of people represented by the Old Guard may not be thus flippanantly appraised. You yourself refer to Mayor McLevy of Bridgeport and James H. Maurer of Reading, leaders of two cities highly successful politically, who have long been regarded as intelligent and vigorous leaders of the Socialist and trade-union movement, as having denounced the Thomas wing of the party.

Your statement, "That the radical Declaration of Principles was adopted at the National Convention of 1934 by a two-thirds' vote indicates . . . that the left wing has a majority of the membership on its side," is utterly misleading. You must know that this "Declaration of Principles" was carried by a majority of only a few hundred. And since that referendum vote there has been a complete

shift of sentiment to the Old Guard position. More than that, the states under militant domination have suffered such heavy losses in membership that the Old Guard has today a clear majority in the Socialist Party.

—LOUIS WALDMAN

New York, March 12

DIALECTICAL MATERIALISM AND NATURE

Dear Sirs: Thalheimer's lucid exposition of the elements of the Marxist world view fills a long-felt want for American readers, and it is indeed unfortunate that Sidney Hook, in his recent review of "Introduction to Dialectical Materialism" in *The Nation* of March 4 was so preoccupied with secondary terminological questions that he did not find space to commend the book warmly to his colleagues of the academic world who are prone to repeat strictures on dialectical materialism without first familiarizing themselves with it. I think Dr. Hook will agree with me that this short and simple work is an excellent book to do just what its title promises, that is, to serve as an introduction to dialectical materialism.

Dr. Hook writes: "Such a variety of antithetical elements enter into this philosophy that it is possible for Thalheimer to defend three mutually incompatible theories of truth at once—the Hegelian coherence theory, a crude form of the correspondence theory, and a still cruder form of the predictive theory." But are the theories of coherence, correspondence, and prediction as tests of truth necessarily incompatible?

Materialism insists on the objective existence of the outside world, independent of our judgments concerning it. If that is so, then a test of the truth of those judgments would be the degree of their correspondence with objective reality—the *correspondence* test of the truth.

If further, the objective world is not static but in a state of flux or change, subject to ascertainable laws, then, in proportion as our judgments or propositions concerning it correspond to objective reality, they will enable us to *predict* developments. Thus the predictive test is not incompatible with the correspondence test but a more complicated and rigorous form of the same test.

Finally, if the objective universe has sufficient regularity and interconnection in all its parts and aspects, so that discoveries and judgments concerning one aspect throw presumptive light on other aspects, then our propositions will *correspondingly* tend to have a certain mutual consistency. For example, a proposition which is inconsistent with the law of conservation of energy is suspect and requires further testing. Whether the further testing results in the rejection of the proposition, or its modification, or a refinement of the law of conservation of energy, it should be clear that in any event we are once more applying a special case of the correspondence test of truth.

I will not undertake to prove here the validity of this threefold correspondence test. That would be an abuse of the limits of a simple communication. Dr. Hook's whole difficulty lies in his denial, only partially formulated, of the applicability of dialectical materialism to nature, that is, the denial of the existence of an objective universe, changing according to ascertainable and hence predictable ways.

—BERTRAM D. WOLFE

New York, March 10

SOAP-BOXES ARE IN HOLLYWOOD

Dear Sirs: I am afraid that Morrie Ryskind's Hollywood is too close to the stars. There are soap-boxes in Hollywood, but Morrie, writing at a high salary for pictures and circulating among what might be called the upper bourgeoisie, if you want to get Marxian about it, doesn't know what he is talking about.

I spent three years in Hollywood. I'm going back there soon. New Yorkers talk about politics—yes. New Yorkers heckle Socialists—yes. But give me Californians for a real practical knowledge of political movements, a genuine mass development of social and class consciousness.

The New Yorker, living in a canyon of steel and concrete, feels sure of himself. No red squad will climb up the stairs of his apartment house and break down his door as he discusses politics and economics and revolution. He can drop in on hundreds of radical meetings, some in the open, some indoors, all undisturbed. He can buy his favorite radical newspaper in the subway and can get the

latest from Moscow at any newsstand.

The Californian's soap-box is the sidewalk, the soil of the earth, the parlor floor. He hasn't time to climb up above his fellow-man. He can talk to him face to face. And if Morrie Ryskind looks closely, drops his pinochle hand, recalls that radicalism does not consist of saying, "I'm a Socialist," he will find that even in the studios the conflict is far more intense than he believes.

Perhaps, Morrie, you should get a soap-box for yourself. Climb up on it, say something, and see what happens to you. If they let you get away with it and you don't have to go to a hospital for

repairs, find out where the local WPA or Unemployed League local is and pit yourself in debate against one of the poor jobless who can't get a contract in the studios.

In your spare moments visit James McShann at Lincoln Heights jail. Meet the jailer, too. He's a pleasant chap who hates political prisoners with a fine patriotic hate. McShann will tell you what it means to get up on a soap-box in Hollywood and demand more and better relief.

Look him up, Morrie. And then write another piece for *The Nation*.

LEW LEVENSON

New York, March 6

CONTRIBUTORS

CHARLES A. BEARD, formerly professor of politics at Columbia University, is a veteran student of constitutional law and a fighter for freedom.

JOHN GUNTHER has been foreign correspondent for the *Chicago Daily News* in the Balkans, Austria, and Germany, covering among other things the Reichstag-fire trial. He is the author of "Inside Europe," a survey of critical events and political personalities in current European history.

M. E. RAVAGE, *The Nation's* Paris correspondent, contributes to this issue the second of his articles on French politics.

KAREN DASH is the pseudonym of the director of a Detroit institute for social work.

ANITA MARBURG was a member of the delegation that investigated the Rutland strike. She is on the faculty of Sarah Lawrence College.

ARTHUR LIVINGSTON is associate professor of romance languages at Columbia University. He has written "The Memoirs of Lorenzo da Ponte" and has translated many of Pirandello's plays and stories. His most extensive work was a brilliant translation of Pareto.

ABRAHAM EPSTEIN is executive secretary of the American Association for Social Security and author of "The Challenge of the Aged" and "Insecurity—A Challenge to America."

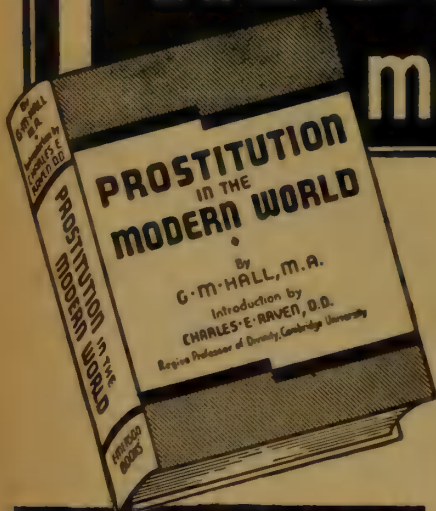
WALTER MILLIS, author of "The Martial Spirit" and "The Road to War," contributed two articles to *The Nation* last January on the problem of neutrality in the next war.

PEGGY BACON, well known as an etcher, has published two bitingly successful books of satirical drawings accompanied by critiques in prose or verse, entitled "Off with Their Heads" and "Cat-Calls."

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CONTENTS

THE SHAPE OF THINGS

433

EDITORIALS:

AMERICA IS ARMING

436

BOMBING OUT THE MIDDLE CLASS

437

A HARD JOB—ILL DONE

438

IS MUSSOLINI MOVING TOWARD SOCIALISM?

438

WASHINGTON WEEKLY by Paul W. Ward

440

THE SOVIETS FACE THE THREAT OF WAR

by Louis Fischer

442

RED CLAY IN ALABAMA by Carleton Beals

444

THE SECOND JOHNSTOWN FLOOD

by Maxwell S. Stewart

447

GENERAL STRIKE IN DAMASCUS

by Albert Viton

448

ISSUES AND MEN by Oswald Garrison Villard

450

BROUN'S PAGE

451

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

CHARLES BEARD CONFRONTS HIMSELF

by Max Lerner

452

YESTERDAY'S PRODIGIES by Ben Belitt

454

THE ILLUSION OF NEUTRALITY

by Frederick L. Schuman

456

"TAKE WHAT YOU WANT" by Mark Van Doren

457

HIGHBROW SHOCKERS by Mary McCarthy

458

DRAMA: "THE HOLY BLISSFUL MARTYR"

by Joseph Wood Krutch

459

RECORDS: by Henry Simon

460

THE INTELLIGENT TRAVELER

by John Rothschild

462

DRAWINGS: by George Schreiber, LOW,
Gropper, and Stuyvesant Van Veen

The Shape of Things

*

ADOLF HITLER MUST BE GIVEN CREDIT FOR having eliminated the element of uncertainty from the German elections. It had been predicted that he would poll between 98 and 99 per cent of the votes in the national plebiscite on March 29; the "yes" vote was officially reported to be exactly 99 per cent of the total cast. Although the question was ostensibly that of approval of the Hitler regime after three years in office, the immediate issue, the remilitarization of the Rhineland, was one on which no "loyal" German could voice his disapproval. The campaign marked the high point in the Nazis' mastery of mob psychology. Two million people were packed into the streets of Cologne to catch a glimpse of the *Führer*, of whom 500,000 obtained entry to the Cathedral Square to hear the last of his thirteen speeches. On the previous day Hitler had stood on the chassis of a huge locomotive in the Krupp factory at Essen and addressed 120,000 persons. The few voters who failed to report to the polls by 1 p.m. of election day were visited hourly by loyal Nazis and openly threatened if they failed to cast their ballots. No one will ever know how many Germans were courageous enough, in the face of this overwhelming pressure, to register a protest against National Socialism. Jews were excluded from the polls, and the ballots gave but one choice—an affirmative vote. Yet 543,000 individuals mutilated their ballots in such a way that they were thrown out. Despite announcement that they would be considered invalid, thousands of blank ballots are known to have been counted for Hitler, as were ballots with the Nazi names crossed out. Fascists criticize elections under democracy as a sham and a fraud; if they are, we wonder how a Nazi plebiscite should be described.

*

THE FIRST IMPORTANT MOVE TOWARD A NATIONAL Farmer-Labor Party has been made by the most logical prime mover—the Minnesota party. Its biennial convention, which met in St. Paul on March 27-29, was more than a routine gathering met to put through a platform and steam-roller a state ticket. It was a fateful occasion, for without the indorsement of the powerful Minnesota party any move toward a national party this year would be hopeless from the start. The passage of the resolution indorsing a national movement and calling for further exploration of its possibilities this year was therefore an event of the first importance. No Rubicons have been crossed, however, for the resolution was worded cautiously, and any failure on the part of the national

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movement to gather momentum would still leave it possible later for Governor Olson and Senator Benson to trade their support of Roosevelt in the national field for Democratic support of the state ticket. If enough farmer and labor groups throughout the country organize on state and local lines to follow Minnesota's example, the next step should be an informal gathering of leaders to plan a national convention. That convention would still confront two difficulties. One is how to handle the problem of red-baiting. In the dispute over the seating of the leftist delegates, the Minnesota group followed Senator Benson's advice: "We have been the victims of red-baiting; I appeal to Farmer-Laborites not to be red-baiters themselves." The other problem is one of platform. The Minnesota platform of ultimate nationalization of the basic industries, social insurance, a curb on the Supreme Court, and a constitutional amendment to allow for social control shows at once realism and discretion.

*

THE TOWNSEND MOVEMENT CONTINUES TO meet with tribulations. First, there is the Congressional investigation by a none too sympathetic House committee. Then there is the internal split in the directing group and the (probably forced) resignation of R. E. Clements, the "organizing genius" of the movement. Finally there is the cruel dilemma of Dr. Townsend as to whether he shall link himself with the uncertain fortunes of Mr. Borah's candidacy or strike out boldly for a third party. The newspapers have seized upon the more dramatic disclosures in Mr. Clements's testimony—his fat salary of \$12,585 in addition to the perquisites of house, groceries, maid, and travel expenses, the profits of the *Townsend Weekly*, the million dollars that has already been collected from Townsend club members. But most of the talk about the "racket" elements in the movement seems in our kind of society a bit hollow. Mr. Clements borrowed from American corporate enterprise not only the secret of successful organization but also a proper respect for high salaries, and the capacity to recognize a good thing when he saw it. Moreover, there is something about the glee with which Democrats and Republicans alike have received the disclosures which suggests that Congressmen, worried by the membership of over 2,000,000 in the Townsend clubs, will use the inquiry to cloak the economic causes of the movement by playing up its racketeering aspects. The real tragedy of the Townsend episode is that Townsendism has genuine roots in the soil of the economic insecurity and economic despair of aged and young alike. These needs, instead of being met by the government, have been left to a few individuals to exploit. The needs remain. What will the government do?

*

AIDED BY THE DIVERSION OF PUBLIC ATTENTION to the more serious problems of European peace, Mussolini has been pushing his Ethiopian campaign with more than usual brutality. The bombardment of the open city of Harar, involving the destruction of an Egyptian and an Ethiopian hospital, was not only in direct violation

of international law but was senseless from a military point of view. As in the aerial attack on the primitive village of Jijiga a few weeks ago, the Italians appear to be staking everything on the hope of demoralizing the Ethiopians by a show of superior power. While their armies have undoubtedly made progress in the Tembien region and in the vicinity of Mount Alaji, their claims of crushing victories appear to have been greatly exaggerated. In the south they have moved forward with comparative ease from their base at Ualual about ninety miles to Gorahai and Gerlogubi, but the territory between these points and Harar is believed to be impassable for an army burdened with modern equipment. In the north the situation is not much better. Captain B. H. Liddell Hart, British military expert, declares that after six months of the campaign the Italians have reached a point they could have gained in a few weeks as far as any Ethiopian resistance was concerned. The primary problem of overcoming climatic difficulties, of road building, and of the movement of supplies over an almost impassable terrain has been only partially solved for the short distance that they have advanced. Every additional mile adds complications to this problem. Barring a let-up in sanctions, Mussolini will have his hands full in Ethiopia for many months to come.

*

THE ELEVATOR LOCKOUT CONTINUES IN many buildings; and while the arbitration of wages has begun, the force which is most effective in winning union demands, namely, the crippling of service, is no longer available. Moreover, that force cannot be easily remobilized once it has been dispersed. The real-estate interests held the trump card from the beginning: the funds of the union were limited, while the owners, however bankrupt in the technical sense of the term, were nevertheless in a position to hold out indefinitely against giving building-service workers \$8 more a month, even if it meant paying strike-breakers \$9 a day. The owners not only won the strike but, having forced a compromise upon the union, proceeded to repudiate even the faint concessions they had made. Unless Ferdinand A. Silcox, the arbitrator, can force upon the owners better terms than Mr. Bambrick could, with thousands of strikers behind him, the elevator strike must be set down as merely another venture in education for workers, labor leaders, and the public.

*

ALTHOUGH THE HOUSE SUBCOMMITTEE WAS forced to make certain concessions to conservative business interests on the Administration's tax program, the amendments have not seriously weakened the measure. According to the new schedule the tax will be imposed on the total rather than on the undivided profits and will be low—4 per cent—as long as the undistributed net income is not over 10 per cent of the total, but will rise to 42½ per cent when more than 57½ per cent of the income is undistributed. While sound tax practice would not have permitted as large reserves as are likely to be accumulated under the subcommittee's schedule, the committee deserves praise for withstanding pressure from

such organizations as the Chamber of Commerce of the United States and the National Association of Manufacturers for an even more lenient levy. It also should be given credit for dropping the processing tax in face of pressure from the Administration for its reenactment. Another promising Congressional revolt against Administration policy is reported brewing in connection with appropriations for the PWA. In submitting his budget for relief, the President deliberately ignored the PWA and asked for \$1,500,000,000 for the far more dubious activities of the WPA. Supporters of Secretary Ickes are asking for an additional \$700,000,000 for his agency. While we are not impressed with Mr. Ickes's record as an administrator, we can whole-heartedly indorse his present plea. Abandonment of the PWA at this juncture would not only be disastrous for recovery, but would mark the end of all slum-clearance and low-cost-housing projects.

*

THE RENEWAL OF JAPANESE ATTACKS against the outposts of the Mongolian People's Republic has interrupted the slow improvement in Soviet-Japanese relations which has been under way in the past few months. Prior to the recent outbreaks the Hirota government had accepted the Soviet plea for a border commission to investigate the cause of the disputes and, if necessary, to demarcate the frontier once again. But Hirota is apparently no better able to control the local militarists than was his predecessor. Between March 25, when the Soviet proposal was accepted, and March 30 five serious skirmishes occurred along the Soviet-Mongolian border, four of which appear to have been attacks upon Mongolia and the fifth a Japanese sortie into Siberia. Spurred by the new threat against its territory, the Mongolian Republic has ratified a mutual-assistance agreement with the Soviet Union which removes all uncertainty regarding Russia's attitude in the event of a Japanese invasion. Since during six months of the year no fighting can be done, the danger of war is greatest in the spring. Nevertheless, there is one factor, in addition to those discussed by Louis Fischer elsewhere in this issue, which makes such an outcome unlikely. The presence of a large portion of the Chinese Red Army in northern Shansi, only a short distance from the Peifing-Kalgan railway, makes it practically impossible for the Japanese to attack Ulan Butor from the south, and constitutes a reasonably good insurance against war.

*

IT IS DIFFICULT TO SEE HOW ANY ONE EXCEPT shipbuilders and armament manufacturers can derive any particular satisfaction from the naval treaty signed by the United States, Great Britain, France, and the British Dominions. Two great naval powers, which happen also to be among the chief threats to international peace—Italy and Japan—have refused to sign the agreement. The other powers are bound only so long as Rome and Tokyo make no attempt to expand their fleets beyond the limits prescribed in the pact. Both the United States and Britain are free to go ahead with their recently announced building programs. On the other hand, it may be argued that even a

bad agreement is better than none, and that there is some value in the cordial understanding reached between the United States and the United Kingdom. Nor is it possible to ignore the financial savings to be gained from substituting 8,000-ton cruisers for the present costly 10,000-ton vessels. These gains are more than offset, however, by the conference's failure to establish a satisfactory balance of naval power either in Europe or the Far East. What stability exists at the moment rests entirely on the cooperation of the powerful American and British fleets. Such an arrangement comes far closer to a military alliance than the type of collective security which alone can promise protection against a perpetuation of the war system.

*

ON ITS WAY TO THE SUPREME COURT THE Labor Relations Act has been having as many adventures as Alice in a judicial wonderland. The lower federal courts have by now handed down 27 decisions on the act, 16 for the government and 11 against it. Of these, most have merely passed on the granting or denial of injunctions or restraining orders directed to the Labor Board. Five have tackled the question of the constitutionality of the act, three holding it valid and two invalid. The two most recent decisions—an unfavorable one by Judge Barnes in the Bendix Aviation case, and a favorable one by Judge Bondy in the Associated Press case—do not add to our clarity. Judge Barnes holds, as Judge Otis did in an earlier case, that for the federal government to guarantee collective bargaining means to strip employers of their liberty of contract and to deprive them of property without due process of law. Judge Bondy on the other hand sustains the statement of Congress that industrial unrest and chaos are a burden on interstate commerce, thus bringing collective bargaining within the scope of the federal power. Again the Supreme Court is presented with two plausible and contradictory lines of argument and precedent, and again the decision—which will probably be rendered in the Greyhound Bus case—will depend on how the judges feel about labor. The employers, as Paul Ward points out in this week's Washington dispatch, have made their own attitude toward labor plain enough for anyone to read. The members of the Labor Board are getting a first-rate education in the full extent of industrial tyranny wherever the employer, in addition to being profit-taker, also exercise a feudal power over his workers.

*

THE SYRIAN GENERAL STRIKE, DESCRIBED BY Mr. Viton elsewhere in this issue, has apparently ended in a victory for the Syrians. The strike lasted forty-two days, and in spite of the arrest of hundreds of participants, the wounding of other hundreds, and the death of twenty-six, it was firmly maintained until a satisfactory settlement was reached. On February 24 High Commissioner de Martel announced that France was ready to negotiate a treaty with Syria modeled on the treaty between Great Britain and Iraq. It is expected, perhaps too optimistically, that all the demands of the Syrian Nationalists will be granted and that a new status for Syria will

commence by the end of 1936 or the beginning of 1937. There should be a lesson in this for oppressors and oppressed alike. It is impossible indefinitely to subdue a whole people against their will; and even machine-guns are not effective against mass resistance.

★

CARLETON BEALS, ON ANOTHER PAGE, PRESENTS the results of a first-hand investigation of the Administration's project to "rehabilitate" destitute farmers in the region of Birmingham, Alabama. In another connection Paul Ward reports a conference held in Washington by the National Committee on Rural Social Planning at which representatives of the submerged sections of our farm population, the share-cropper and the day laborer, gave graphic testimony about what the farm-relief program had done not for but to them. The tales of eviction, hunger, denial of relief, and persecution for union activities which have become familiar to *Nation* readers were spread before the Department of Agriculture itself. It is recorded in the Washington Merry-Go-Round that the evicted share-croppers have been denied help because the Arkansas relief officials are appointed through Senator Robinson. The Senator sees eye to eye with landlords, and the Administration does not care to oppose a politician as powerful as Joe Robinson. That may explain what is happening in Arkansas. But what explains the attitude of Rexford Tugwell, who is directly responsible for the so-called rehabilitation program which Carleton Beals describes? A few weeks ago Mr. Tugwell denied in the pages of *The Nation* similar charges made by Tom Burke. But the findings of Mr. Beals bear out the thesis of Tom Burke in every particular. Mr. Beals is willing to submit to Mr. Tugwell additional details if protection is assured to those from whom he obtained his data.

America Is Arming

QUIETLY, unobtrusively, without the fanfare that has accompanied its other acts, the Roosevelt Administration has been preparing for war. Last week the Senate passed the War Department appropriation bill, adding some \$66,000,000 to the \$545,000,000 bill that the House had passed, and bringing the total army appropriation to \$611,362,604. The navy-appropriation bill runs now to \$549,591,299. This means an appropriation for land and sea forces of \$1,160,953,903. It represents a 60 per cent increase over last year's appropriation of \$744,839,588, which in turn was a 50 per cent increase over the \$533,597,243 appropriated for the preceding year. Nor is this all. The allotments made during the past year from federal public works and relief funds for the purposes of the military establishment, although difficult to estimate, run probably from a quarter to three-quarters of a billion dollars. If this continues, an estimate of a billion and a half to two billion dollars would be a fair measure of what we shall be spending during the coming year to keep the god of war in trim.

These are cold figures, and one does not need to add to their eloquence. Cold figures are as eloquent as cold steel, especially when the figures are such as will eventually turn into the steel of bayonets and battleships. But it is worth noting that America is now the proud possessor of the largest peace-time war budget that any country has or has had in the history of the world.

Mars is a costly god and bids fair to become the American god. But the war appropriations do not tell the whole story of how we are preparing for war. In terms of manpower the so-called small standing army is being brought to the highest level of peace-time strength. Oswald Garrison Villard has pointed out that there are already 485,500 regular and National Guard soldiers and sailors in service. To these he adds 209,900 reserves, bringing the total to 695,400 in uniform. We are now building more naval bases and air bases and armories, training more officers and reserves, building more ships and airplanes, making more war gases and gas masks than ever before. America is building—but what it is chiefly building is weapons of destruction for the war to come. We may not be expert at planning for plenty in our economic life and utilizing our peace-time resources to the full. But we are being fearfully efficient in laying elaborate plans for the fateful M-day, the day of mobilization. We have an elaborate army plan not only for the conscription of military manpower, but for economic conscription as well. The War Department has set up a complete system of industrial quotas, allocating to each industrial establishment the amount of war supplies that it will be expected to furnish according to a schedule. The contracts are as good as made. All that remains is for the war to break out.

There is a deadly meaning in all these plans and preparations, all these blueprints, all this building and spending. That meaning is war. But what pulls and pressures have been at work here can only be guessed at. Certainly it is not the needs of national defense. The purposes of national defense could be met with one-third the present expenditures. We have been swept up in the European war hysteria. The constant talk of an impending European war has undoubtedly given the American general staffs and American statesmen the military jitters. Much closer home is our fear of a Japanese war—a fear whose flames have been lit and are being persistently fanned by Mr. Hearst's newspaper campaign. To that must be added the pressure exerted here as in every country by the War Department and the general staffs—a pressure that is a compound of bureaucratic pride, professional jealousies, narrowness of world outlook, and the sheer desire to play with toys that you have gone to infinite trouble in making. One of the great dangers in having the whole industrial establishment of the country ready for conscription is that it gives the War Department the sense of security which makes its pressures on Congress and the President all the greater. Add the pressures from professional patrioteers and from the industrialists and lobbyists, whose puppets they are. One of the most active fields for lobbying is the field of war orders. The contracts are fat, the prices are generous, the turnover is great. Here, also, lies the greatest danger, for it is unthinkable that a group of industrialists with

War Department contracts already made out would not in a period of industrial stringency feel highly tempted to get the benefit of those contracts. Finally, there is the recurring theme of the use to which an efficient military establishment could be put in any case of civil disturbance. The Japanese phantom is not the only one that our imagination has conjured up; there is also the red-scare phantom. The fact that the army and the National Guard, as the naked power of the state, can be turned against labor struggles is certainly not the least of what recommends the recent army appropriations to those who approve them.

America is arming—arming not for national defense but for a war that is far from the real purposes of the American people. In a period of our history in which militarism cannot help playing havoc with our national destiny, we are going in for militarism. The militaristic effect of all these preparations on our modes of thought is inevitable. And yet the problems which agitate American life and split American society are not problems that can be met by the mind of the soldier or the point of the bayonet. They are problems of economic organization and statecraft, of technological planning, of human understanding. They require cool wits and the large view. They require above all else keeping our civil liberties open. When the role of the War Department grows so monstrous in our expenditures and our activities, every one of these aims is defeated. There can be no doubt—and every observer who has traveled around the country testifies to it—that at heart the American people still desire peace more than they desire anything else. These war preparations are a defiant challenge to that wish for peace—an insult thrown straight at the faces of the people. The one thing that ought to be remembered by every American in and out of the national administration is not only that a war prepared for so thoroughly is a war whose coming is thereby facilitated. Even more than that the fatal fact is that at the moment of the outbreak of war America will be thrown into a state of virtual fascism with labor conscripted, collective bargaining outlawed, civil liberties suspended, thought and action regimented. From such a state of virtual fascism our culture may never recover.

Bombing Out the Middle Class

THE recent hearings on the bill to repeal the Teachers' Oath Law in Massachusetts have proved the efficacy of the oath in turning college professors into rebels—a result the reactionary legislators could hardly have intended. A veritable War of Independence was fought with all of Boston either taking part or looking on. Broad sides of passion, eloquence, logic, ridicule were all fired at the law by the biggest of academic shots. But despite this unanimous support of the repeal bill, it is still in committee, and both the temper of the hearings and the composition of the House make its adoption unlikely.

Viewed pragmatically, teachers' oaths may prove a most effective weapon in the current fight for human rights, bringing to the front several divisions which might have preferred to sit tight in academic dugouts in a hundred university towns. To many persons, especially students and teachers, the oaths have appeared as a startling symbol of repression, a warning that in small but menacing ways "it" is already happening here.

When a striker is beaten up by armed guards, when a Communist charged with sedition is imprisoned for twenty years, when vigilantes kidnap a union organizer or smash a radical meeting place, the echoes of these acts of terror die out quickly in the peaceful corridors of our schools and colleges. Indeed, to most middle-class persons, liberal as well as conservative, such events are at worst casualties inflicted on a remote battlefield. He who does not feel the chain when it works a brother's pain is the ordinary man in the street or on the university campus—and his name is Legion. He is prone to think that such outrages are isolated, infrequent, unrelated, without serious significance. He will not face the fact that every denial of civil right is a direct threat to his own personal liberty and to the guaranties on which it rests.

The teachers' oath laws in some twenty states have bombed out of their shelters thousands of such men and women. Led by a few who from the first have realized the dangers implicit in the law, teachers in schools and colleges are mobilizing a belated but sturdy and almost unanimous resistance. And everywhere they have won the support of the students in their institutions and the more sophisticated groups in their communities. The middle class begins to scent trouble.

Not that the protest against the oath implies any fundamental social choice or even a clear realization of the nature of the threat. On the contrary, the chief emotion of the majority of protestants is resentment at the "imputation of disloyalty" in the oath laws, the suggestion that teachers might also be radicals. And behind this sense of injured innocence lurks a further feeling of outrage that members of a learned calling should be held to account for their words and acts by politicians representing a noisy rabble of legionnaires, professional patriots, and the yellow press. Those who have taken the next step and identified themselves with the jailed Communist or the terrorized picket are relatively few. But the identity is there; and the protest is shaped out of the same sound impulse in both cases. After all, armies are never made up of altruists. Only a few men fought for woman suffrage; only a handful of Gentiles will work with genuine zeal for the rescue of the German Jews. As long as repression, however widespread, is aimed chiefly at workers and avowed radicals, the middle class will inevitably minimize its importance or deny its existence. But when the stink bombs begin to drop in the academic trenches the troops tumble out and become aware that a war is actually on. And in this particular war, whether either of them likes it or not, President Conant and Angelo Herndon are enlisted in the same service—along with all the rest of us whose right to speak or publish our undictated opinion has been challenged or abolished.

A Hard Job—Ill Done

THERE are roughly a million persons unemployed in New York City. About half of these are at present on the relief rolls, and this 500,000 is about equally divided between work relief and home relief. The average work-relief wage is \$72.23 a month, which usually represents the total income of a family; the range is from \$55 to \$103, with most of the WPA workers falling in the lower brackets. The cost of living in New York is higher than in any other section of the country; rents are approximately 20 per cent higher. In other words, while New York's relief rates are \$20 above the national average, they must be spread out just as thin to cover the necessities of life. And on top of these facts the WPA office has announced that 40,000 workers must be dropped from the rolls by July 1.

It is clear, then, that the administration of relief in a city of seven millions is an arduous and probably a thankless task. An ideal relief administrator would have to be a man of superhuman powers, of inordinate courage and wisdom, and completely disinterested. Such men do not grow on trees ready for the plucking. We must be content with a reasonable working compromise, but one may seriously doubt that Victor F. Ridder, the present incumbent, is even a compromise. Mr. Ridder does not appear to be in any way the man for the job.

Mr. Ridder suffers from "demonstration" troubles. His relief workers have grievances. Since they are paid less than a living wage, have no security of tenure, and are all too often performing work inferior to that for which they have skill and experience, their grievances are understandable enough. They are attempting to organize themselves into a union, which as workers they have every right to do. There is no law which forbids relief workers the recourse of collective bargaining. As union members they form committees; they make speeches, wave flags, picket the relief offices. Once in a while they get into a fracas with the police—which for union pickets is comparatively easy. One or two of them have gone so far as to bite a policeman. With the exception of the last named, which is, to say the least, unsanitary, there is nothing in their activities that is not perfectly legal and proper—or legal and unavoidable. But what does Mr. Ridder do? About twice a week he issues a statement denouncing all relief protestants as reds and agitators, declares that the committees seeking to interview him are not bona fide PWA workers, fills his offices with armed guards, and as a last spectacular gesture sends the Black Maria up to the tenth floor of the Port Authority building to arrest ten men and women who are committing the horrendous crime of singing the "Star Spangled Banner" in the corridors.

If this seems to be taking the New York relief situation more frivolously than is fitting, it should be said at once that Mr. Ridder himself has contributed the atmosphere of low comedy. The mass meeting of 25,000 persons in February at which Representative Marcantonio figured indicates that Mr. Ridder is the victim of a Communist psychosis; all he had to say about the violent dispersal of

the meeting by policemen with clubs in their hands was again that "outside agitators" and "Communists" had caused the trouble. He is evidently incapable of realizing how much his own acts contribute to an unhappy situation. Relief workers are faced with a threat of a steady curtailment of the federal relief program. It is admitted that the states and cities are incapable of increasing their already heavy load. And it is illuminating to learn that in New York the total case load of all private charitable agencies is at present something less than 8,000. In the face of such bitter insecurity, both physical and psychological, relief workers are special cases, and it is obvious that Mr. Ridder is incapable of handling them. He is behaving like a typical fascist autocrat. The sooner he is removed the better.

Is Mussolini Moving Toward Socialism?

CONSERVATIVES in this country have been impressed, and not a little frightened, by Mussolini's recently announced intention of nationalizing many of Italy's key industries. Having been accustomed to look upon fascism as a bulwark against bolshevism, they have suddenly become obsessed by the fear that after all Mussolini may simply be a Comintern agent in disguise.

There is just enough basis for their anxiety to create considerable confusion on the subject among liberals as well as Tories. Italian fascism is not as completely reactionary as it is sometimes pictured in the émigré press; if it were, Mussolini would not have been able to hold popular support for as long as he has. Mussolini has renounced and apparently forgotten his old Socialist sympathies, yet he is too shrewd a politician to lose sight of the appeal of equalitarian catchwords. He has never ceased to speak of making the workers "collaborators with capital," and of the necessity of a "higher social justice." His program for a "corporative state," though hardly radical, has been bitterly opposed by employer groups on the ground that workers should have no influence in determining policy.

But in contrast to these fine phrases and the paper organizations guaranteeing labor "equality" with capital, it is significant that no real attempt has been made in the fourteen years of Fascist rule to correct the existing maldistribution of wealth or to improve working-class living standards. Even such an elementary reform measure as progressive taxation is virtually non-existent. The bulk of the government's revenue is obtained through heavy levies on consumption goods. The ordinary income tax is not graduated and it is paid by all groups in the population. There is a small surtax but it starts at 1 per cent on incomes of 3,000 lire (\$240) and rises to a maximum of 10 per cent on incomes of 1,000,000 lire (\$80,000) or over. Real wages have declined from 15 to 20 per cent since the March on Rome.

In the absence of specific information it is difficult to say to what degree Il Duce's latest step may be called "socialistic." No action has yet been taken, and it is not clear

how or when Il Duce is planning to proceed. It has not even been suggested that the owners should be expropriated. If the procedure adopted in the recent seizure of the banks is any criterion, we may assume that the stockholders will be adequately compensated. Some losses may occur, but the heavy selling of war stocks three days before Mussolini's speech indicates that many of the big investors were tipped off in advance.

The real point of issue, however, is whether Il Duce's latest move represents considered policy or whether it was forced on him by desperate economic conditions at home. While the threat of a general European war may have hurried his decision, we may assume that this was not the primary motivating force. The domestic economic crisis is known to be extremely severe, although it has been impossible to obtain reliable economic statistics for Italy since the beginning of the Ethiopian campaign. No information is available on the cost of the war, or on the effect of sanctions on the national economy. We do know, however, that the gold reserve has continued to decline, and that the purchases of foreign goods have been reduced to a minimum. Wholesale prices have increased by 20 per cent in the past year, while agricultural wages have remained stationary and those of industrial workers have risen by less than 4 per cent. Despite the draft of men for the African war, there were over 600,000 unemployed at the last report. In the absence of glowing stories from the Italian press agents, we are justified in assuming that the rate of economic deterioration has been greatly accelerated

in the past six months. Nationalization of industry would be the logical step in the face of a threatened breakdown of capitalist production.

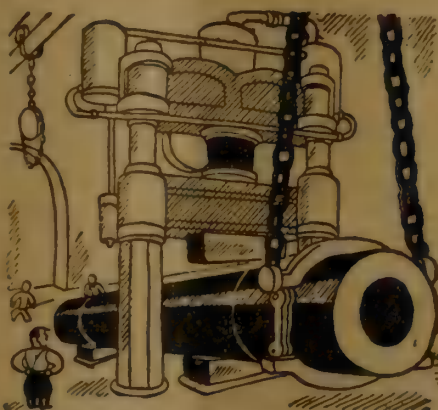
The reactionary nature of Fascist economic policy stands out in full clarity when one considers Mussolini's speech as a whole. Though the attempt to establish greater self-sufficiency has been one of the primary causes of Italy's decline, Mussolini reaffirms his desire to make the country economically "independent." For some countries economic self-sufficiency might offer a degree of security, but for Italy it can only mean the direst economic stringency for the masses. The abolition of the Chamber of Deputies and the strengthening of the Council of Corporations indicate that the broad outlines of Fascist policy are unchanged. The state remains all-powerful, but it has made no attempt to curb the wealth or the power of the owning class. Nationalization of a few industries will mean a transfer of investment for a limited number of individuals, but it will not greatly affect the possibilities for exploitation by the capitalist class as a whole. Land ownership remains in private hands, as does the bulk of industry and agriculture. Capitalism in Italy has unquestionably been weakened by the cumulative effect of the depression, war preparations, sanctions, and a suicidal commercial policy, but there is a wide gap between collapse and socialism. If Italy is ever to throw off the shackles of capitalism, it will not be under the auspices of a political gangster whose sole ambition is to restore the glories of the Roman Empire—with himself as Caesar.

HITLER'S GOOD FAITH IS EVIDENT

From L'Humanité



Has he not executed the Treaty of Locarno?



His factories are busy working for peace.



He seeks to bring happiness to his people.



Thanks to him, order reigns in Germany.



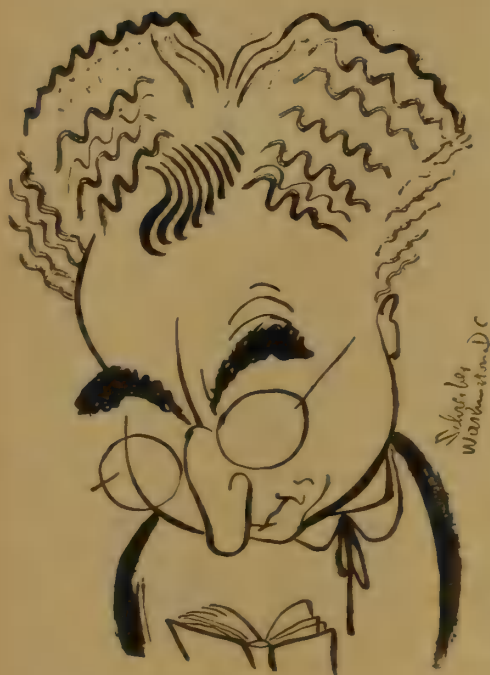
The Rhineland occupation was only a symbolic gesture and when war comes, it will only be a symbolic war.



As for his friends of the French Right, are they ready to apply the methods he uses so successfully in Germany.

WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD



THE LEARNED MR. SAPOSS

J WARREN MADDEN, the obscure Pittsburgh lawyer whom President Roosevelt selected a few months ago to head the National Labor Relations Board, is rapidly acquiring a liberal education at public expense. He started out to steer his bark into a judicial calm. In a speech he made on taking office he sought to reassure the nation's employers and so win their cooperation in the enforcement of the Wagner Labor Act, which the NLRB was set up to administer. He succeeded only in enraging labor leaders, who thought that Madden, by emphasizing the act's weaknesses, had nipped in the bud a new organizing campaign such as they had waged in 1933 under the temporary stimulus of Section 7-a. Then, having learned his first lesson, he made a more forceful speech before the National Association of Manufacturers, appealing to their sense of fair play. He discovered that they had none, and that their officers had taken advantage of his own sense of fair play to scan his manuscript in advance and prepare an immediate rebuttal, which was exploded in his face.

Next came the lesson that completed Madden's undergraduate training in industrial relations. He presided at the hearing of the Fruehauf Trailer Company case at Detroit and heard company officials testify that they had hired a Pinkerton agent, J. N. Wheeler, to pass as one of their employees, spy upon their men, become a member of the union and eventually its treasurer, and use that vantage point to prevent a strike. When Madden heard that "Treasurer" Wheeler was even then short in his union accounts, he lost his aloofness and boomed out that under the circumstances it was the company itself that actually

owed the union money. The statement brought company counsel to their feet, protesting it was complete proof that the board was prejudiced. Their thunderings left Madden unimpressed, and from that day forward he has been what he should have been in the beginning—a man who never forgets that in the constant conflict between employer and employee the odds, already heavily weighted in the employer's favor, are made more so when *Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce* jurisprudence is substituted for the picket line, boycott, and brickbat. Day by day, as new reports by trial examiners reach his desk, he is learning more and more of the slimy tricks by which employers, large and small, thwart the efforts of their men to organize so that they may gain some control over the conditions under which they must work, eat, sleep, breed, and die.

Dave Saposs, that cathedral of labor learning, who has been retained as director of the board's research and statistical section, could have told Madden all these things in advance, but it is probably best that the chairman should learn them by personal experience. Saposs certainly could have prepared him for his latest lesson—the discovery that federal law is so completely without meaning in the sovereign state of Arkansas that hayseed county judges do not hesitate to enjoin its functions and civic leaders do not balk at running its agents out of town. The discovery was made in the first instance by Robert B. Watts, a former Wall Street lawyer, who is now a top-flight member of the NLRB's legal division. Watts has just filed with Madden and his fellow board members, Edwin S. Smith and John M. Carmody, a preliminary report on a case at Warren, Arkansas.

He told how the leading citizens of Warren joined in an attempt to prevent the board from investigating a complaint that the town's sole manufacturing industry, the Bradley Lumber Company, was violating the Wagner act; how the mayor, the sheriff, and the town marshal joined in that campaign; and how the company, failing in its attempt to get a federal District Court or the Circuit Court of Appeals to block the investigation, successfully got a County Court to enjoin the federal agency. Finally, he told how the County Court injunction, signed without notice to the government at the jurist's home Sunday night, March 15, was served upon Watts and his colleagues as the hearing began the next morning; how the wives of company straw bosses, packing the hearing room, jeered and hissed and laughed at the helplessness of the federal government's representatives; and how he had to charter a bus and secretly transport all the witnesses in the case to New Orleans, where the hearing was held a few days ago. It is to be resumed there in a few days to take testimony showing that immediately after the Supreme Court's NRA decision the Bradley Lumber Company so cut wages

that it was able to quote prices that undermined the Northwest's lumber industry and led to the strikes there last year. The company, employing from 700 to 800 men, is one of the largest of its kind in the South.

A detailed résumé of Watts's report would have to take note of the difficulty he and his aides encountered in getting a place to stay in Warren; of the intimidation practiced by the company not only against witnesses who were its own employees but also against the local railroad freight agents, whose records were subpoenaed; of the fifty discharges resorted to by the company in order to smash the union which the men had organized without outside assistance or urging; and of the fact that, when foiled in their efforts to block the hearing, the company's representatives boycotted the proceedings. There would have to be a footnote to the effect that the NLRB's records contain numerous cases from which this one is distinguished only by the fact that intimidation was exerted against the board itself. The case also is distinguished by the fact that it represents the first instance in which the agents of a state have so forcefully taken sides with a private employer against the federal government as to drive the agents of the government into another state.

IT IS pertinent to note that the state to which the NLRB is obnoxious is likewise the state in which the campaign of vigilante terrorism against the share-cropper and tenant-farmer unions has been most virulent. It is also the state that has provided the New Deal with its Senate floor leader, Joseph T. Robinson, a hog-caller who missed his calling. These circumstances combine to suggest that Arkansas would make an excellent starting place for the impending Senatorial investigation of all the more acute manifestations of incipient fascism in this country. A resolution directing the Senate Education and Labor Committee to "make an investigation of violations of the right of free speech and assembly and undue interference with the right of labor to organize and bargain collectively" has been introduced by Senator La Follette and referred for consideration to a subcommittee which he heads.

Hearings are soon to be held on whether the resolution should be adopted by the Senate, and they will provide almost as large a field for the taking and publicizing of testimony on the question of violations of civil liberties as a full-fledged investigation. In fact, that is what the forces behind the resolution had in mind when they conspired with Senator La Follette to introduce it. Their plans have been laid carefully and if they are not upset by La Follette's colleagues on the subcommittee—Murphy of Iowa and Thomas of Utah—they will result in a mass of evidence compelling the Senate to authorize a real investigation by a committee empowered to sit during the recesses of Congress, subpoena witnesses and records, and draft remedial legislation. In the preparation of the case for such an investigation and in the prosecution of the investigation itself, La Follette will have his first major opportunity to prove himself a worthy son of his father and a man fit for national leadership.

The NLRB's records with their copious evidence of labor espionage are to be tapped first in the impending

hearings. Then the church groups, Jew and Gentile, are to be heard, followed by the representatives of such organizations as the American Civil Liberties Union and the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. Anti-Semitism, lynch law, Ku Kluxery, and the nicer forms of fascism practiced by the overlords of our universities and colleges against free-thinking students and faculty members are at last to have the sort of day in court that they deserve. In the process the federal government will not escape its rightful share of excommunication, according to present plans, for at the tail end of the hearings are to come the spokesmen for the cotton sharecroppers, the sugar-beet workers, the Ohio onion pickers, the Jersey vegetable and fruit workers, and all those other millions of agricultural laborers to whom the New Deal's farm-relief plans seem never to apply.

Representatives of those veritable New Deal phenomena, the farm-labor unions, have just completed a two-day conference here with officials of the AAA, WPA, and Resettlement Administration. The conference, arranged by the National Committee on Rural Social Planning, was singularly unproductive. It served only to place on public exhibit the almost psychopathic fear of the New Deal's luminaries that the nation's farm hands, tenant farmers, and share-croppers may by collective effort attain sufficient power to force the government to choose between them and their exploiters, the landlords of the South and West, to whom the Administration looks for the votes necessary to its reelection. They made no promises, and around the specific cases laid before them of AAA, WPA, and RA field agents conniving with the farm-belt Legrees against the croppers and farm hands they danced like dervishes, seeking only to avoid contact with the facts. The high pandrums of the WPA carried their tremors to the point of absenting themselves from the conference, and Secretary Wallace, when cornered on the question of the farm hand's and tenant farmer's right to live, could deliver himself of only a warning: "Frankly, that's dynamite," he said.

BRIEFER Mention. The Administration's anxiety to keep farm production curtailed and benefit checks pouring out to farmers has provided a ludicrous spectacle here. The AAA rushed out an announcement of the new farm program before its officials had agreed upon or understood clearly how the program was to work. Secretary Wallace and his aides blushed and joined in the laughter when they found their own explanations of the thirteen-page announcement in frequent conflict during an hour-long press conference at which they tried one explanation after another. Having to pretend that the "soil-conservation" program is not essentially the same as the outlawed "adjustment" program was the cause of all their difficulties. . . . Bilbo, who was expected to succeed Huey Long as the Senate's oratorical ball of fire, delivered his maiden speech a few days ago. The Kingfish's shoes are still empty. Bedecked in a gray suit, diamond horseshoe stickpin, green tie, purple pocket handkerchief, and white gardenia, Bilbo spoke for five and a half hours and succeeded only in emptying the galleries.

The Soviets Face the Threat of War

BY LOUIS FISCHER

Moscow, March 1

THE Soviet Union is the only country in Europe where intensive armament activity coincides with a sharp rise in the living standards of the nation. The tremendous sacrifices made by every Soviet citizen during the first Five-Year Plan (1929-32) today pay a dividend not only in the form of more consumption but also in security for Russia against attack. The Soviet Union, thanks to its new industries, has become a military giant. Yet the diversion of energy and materials to the making of expensive weapons of destruction is regrettable, and but for it the U. S. S. R. would be much farther along. However, there is a cardinal difference between the war preparations of the Soviets and of other countries. A considerable part of Russia's defense activities consists in building peace-time instruments which enhance its military might. Thus tractor factories are required to raise agricultural yield, mechanize farming, and foster collectivization; but they can also make tanks. Siberia must have railways to exploit its fabulous natural resources; those same railways are a bulwark against invasion. In Russia enlarged industrial capacity yields military strength as a by-product. Elsewhere countries whose difficulties arise from excess industrial capacity are forced to swell it solely for war purposes. The expense to their economies, accordingly, is heavier than appears in budgetary figures. The work of upbuilding, begun in Soviet Russia seven years ago, continues unabated, indeed, is being accelerated. It warrants the prediction that before many years Russia's value as a diplomatic partner and ally will be vastly higher than it is today. The realization of this is dawning in the West.

A strong Russia strengthens collective security and helps to avert war. The Bolsheviks do not need a war, would only be disturbed by a war. The proof of it is simple; they say to the nations, if we become aggressive you can all unite to stop us. Let us unite similarly against any government which attacks one of us. In such unity lies the greatest possible measure of war prevention.

Soviet acceptance of the collective-security principle has lent firmness to the League of Nations and encouraged the advocates of peace and the defenders of the status quo. To the Russians the unfortunate European status quo was formerly as repugnant as the League of Nations. The League was the symbol and tail of Versailles. It represented the humiliation of defeated Germany. But it ceased to do that when Hitler annulled Versailles. Hitler thus opened the door to Russia's entry into the League. Hitler's first step was negative—he erased the irksome discriminations imposed by the peace treaty. His next step was aggressive—he made Germany a threat to world tranquillity. Any attempt to revise the map of Europe means war. In

such an event Germany—if internal social difficulties did not intervene—would be more than a match for any single European power. The safety of the European powers, therefore, lies in combinations which will offset Germany's superiority. This is the germ idea of collective security. This is the chief reason why the Nazis object to collective security.

The only practical alternative to collective security is madly intensified military preparations to meet any contingency. Moscow has earnestly endeavored to put iron into the League's blood and to cement its ties with London, Paris, and the Little Entente. But because it cannot fully trust in the aid the powers may give at a critical moment, it places final reliance on its own armed forces. (All League members which can afford it are pursuing a similar policy.)

The great defense problem of the U. S. S. R. is the 38,000 miles of its sea and land frontier and the 6,000 miles which separate its eastern from its western boundary. These tremendous distances preclude rapid and appreciable transfers of men or equipment from one front to another, and necessitate the maintenance of two huge army establishments, the first to cope with a possible Japanese offensive, the second to guard the Finnish-Estonian-Latvian-Polish-Rumanian line. Though all these matters are extremely difficult to gauge, it is almost certain that Japan will not dare to attack the formidable Soviet position in the Far East unless it is confident of cooperation against the Bolsheviks from a Western power. Despite the length of the Soviet-Manchurian frontier, steel-concrete fortifications and several hundred thousand soldiers supplied with the best modern arms would seriously impede a Japanese incursion. And any Soviet-Japanese war would be extremely expensive and menacing to Japan. Manchuria is still full of "bandits"; China is seething, impotently but seething nevertheless. A disaffected rear could easily create an ugly situation for a Japanese army bent on advancing into Siberia or Outer Mongolia. Moreover, Soviet aeroplanes can bomb the inflammable cities of Japan. Some experts dispute this. The Japanese, whose information is of the best, fear it.

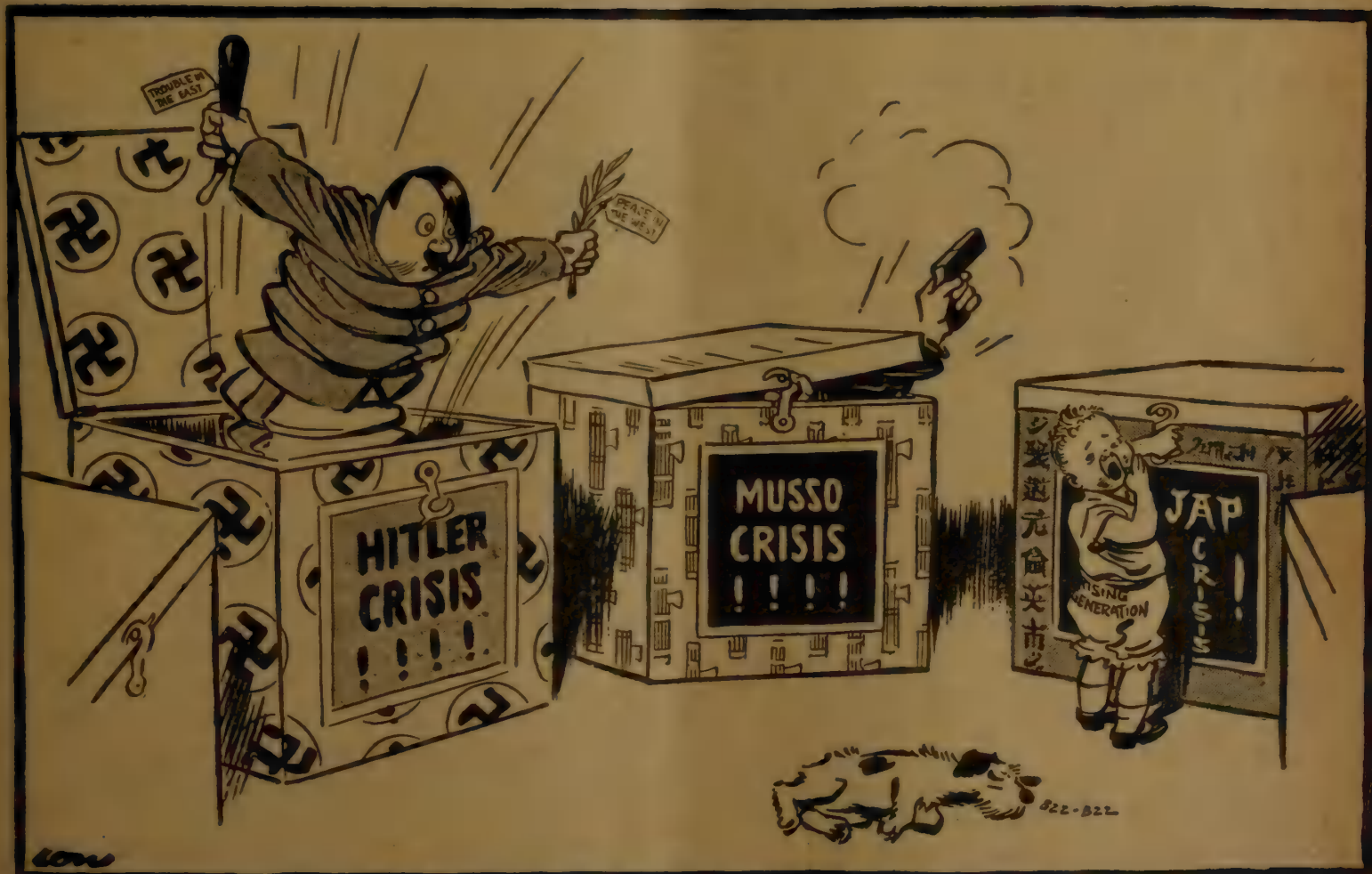
In recent months numerous grave affrays have occurred on the Soviet-Manchurian and Mongolian-Manchurian frontiers. They could conceivably lead to war but probably will not. No Japanese national interest is involved in these disputed areas. The difficulty is adjustable through local commissions or diplomatic negotiations, and since both parties seem to be impressed with the seriousness of the situation there is reason to suppose that an open conflict can be averted. Certain Tokyo circles may have welcomed anti-Soviet action and foreign tension as a fitting accompaniment to parliamentary election and budget debate,

but wiser counsels decry this playing with fire. A large body of public opinion in Japan and many prominent statesmen want peace with the U. S. S. R., because war might be national suicide and because Japan can get as much territory as it wants in China, where it has as yet met no Chinese resistance and surprisingly little Anglo-American opposition. Nevertheless, militant Japanese elements yearn for an opportunity to strike at Siberia or Outer Mongolia. These elements do not dominate today, but an unfortunate incident might be exploited by them to stimulate national hysteria and suddenly plunge the country into war.

Even an eventual settlement on the frontiers, however, would not eliminate the perpetual explosiveness of the Soviet-Japanese situation. Japanese moderates with whom I have had interviews in Europe admit that those persons in Japan and Manchoukuo who today are powerless to precipitate a Soviet war might quickly gain the upper hand if Germany and Poland took the offensive. In such a conjuncture the temptation for the Japanese to participate would be well-nigh irresistible. Just as the Japanese might readily avail themselves of the opportunity afforded by a Western invasion, so the Germans might be glad to follow if Japan struck first. That being the case, it would be much better for them to agree in advance on coordinated if not necessarily simultaneous action. Whether or not a German-Japanese alliance exists, this is the logic of German-Japanese collaboration. A Soviet-German war or a Soviet-Japanese war would inevitably become both, and then the powers wedded to the status quo would have to choose between intervention and a possible strengthening

of two major revisionist nations. Faced by a mighty adversary on either flank, the U. S. S. R., if unaided, would obviously be hard put. Any weakening of Russia—and of course Russia's defeat—would result in a disastrous European situation for England and France and in a threatening Asiatic situation for England and America. Even the assumed setback to the world Communist movement would not counterbalance this great disadvantage. The U. S. S. R., France, England, and America therefore are natural partners. Indeed, despite the sensational nature of the Soviet-Japanese border engagements, the main direction of Japan's forward trend is into China, where British interests are more vitally involved than Soviet interests. It is not difficult to imagine a combination of circumstances in which Britain would be happy to enjoy Soviet cooperation in the Far East.

Relations between England and Russia have improved and will probably improve further. It has been the central aim of German diplomacy to prevent this evolution. Berlin has made no secret of it. Germany wants to win British friendship today that it may thereby deter England from entering a war against Germany tomorrow. With England neutral, France is weaker and Germany is master. And the more military strength Germany has and the nearer it draws to Italy, Japan, Poland, and Hungary, the more London and Paris will fear it and the more they will cultivate Moscow. Moscow, Paris, and London form a natural triangle, and if its legs are firm it can prevent war. In the intervening period—before it is ready to commit itself to this policy of war prevention—Britain will endeavor not to antagonize Germany and yet maintain good



LIFE IS JUST ONE DARNED JACK-IN-THE-BOX AFTER ANOTHER.

relations with the Kremlin. But any doubt as to Britain's ultimate attitude encourages warlike tendencies in Europe. To discourage them and to buttress the status quo the Kremlin is prepared to consider sympathetically any new scheme for European collective security and would even guarantee Austria's independence if the Austrians wanted it and if a suitable formula could be found. If Italy grows too weak or too bitter to participate in the Anglo-French front, Russia's role in Central European affairs will become a more active one.

Collective-security arrangements, reinforced from above and below, make for peace. But they must be backed by armaments. This is sad yet true; nowadays the words and wishes of the weak are of no avail. Moscow has another weapon in the struggle for peace. Traveling through Europe one discovers considerable latent admiration and affection for the Soviet Union. Workingmen frequently have a special relationship to Bolshevik Russia—this despite all the Comintern's and Profintern's mistakes. In many places intellectuals, impoverished by the bourgeoi-

sie's ideological bankruptcy, still waver because the bourgeoisie is not yet materially bankrupt. They vaguely, instinctively hope that inspiration and renewal will come from the red East. If the Soviet regime became a true popular democracy and granted its artists and writers the freedom indispensable to creative effort, the U. S. S. R. would win so many friends in foreign working and middle classes that its diplomatic position would improve and it would be more secure against invasion. A democratic Soviet Union would mobilize innumerable allies abroad. The Soviet Union is menaced by fascist and near-fascist states; the democracies of England, France, and Czechoslovakia are similarly threatened. Some of my cynical Bolshevik friends will ridicule this idealistic approach as a futile one; in the first World War, they will say, England and France were the allies of Czarist Russia. But the Soviets can be more than cannon-fodder reserves for the West. Moreover, the task today is still war prevention, and I believe that the democratization of the U. S. S. R. would weaken the enemies of peace.

Red Clay in Alabama

BY CARLETON BEALS

I. "Rehabilitation"

Birmingham, March

IT IS raining in Alabama—all through the black belt—sluices of it day after day. The unpainted tenant-farmer shacks totter forlornly on the steep sides of deeply eroded fields or in red mud on the edge of loblolly swamps beyond the ragged stalks of last year's cotton crop—the crop that during the pickers' strike brought murder to a dozen counties. We have come for miles along the slick cement highways, new but already cracking up in places—down from Birmingham past blue and tan company huts of smelter workers, on into share-cropper country. A half-decent cottage that shows signs of having been painted even five years ago or that has unbroken windows is so rare that we point and exclaim, like small boys counting white horses. All the way from Chattanooga to Birmingham it is the same dreary spectacle.

Now, farther south, we pass through wretched towns: frowzy brick buildings; dingy clapboard stores with ugly, high, peeling foreheads; a few blocks of smug little homes lifting clean chins above the surrounding welter of unpainted hovels and privies, of garbage, dead dogs, mud holes, and human degradation.

We turn off the main road. Cement gives way to gravel; gravel gives way to slippery red mud. Soon our car is painted with it. The shacks grow worse and worse. Some roads are impassable. We get stuck in the red mud. Sharecroppers haul us out. We pass abandoned farms. In this section of the Piedmont area 35 per cent of the farms have been abandoned. It is a long story of agricultural

decay, of social collapse, of human degeneracy, "Tobacco Road" style, which began fifty years ago and has not yet ended.

Alabama is still in the grip of the old plantation system, with its barely camouflaged feudalism and serfdom; and the effect of the depression, the temporary collapse of monopoly capitalism, has been worse in this colonial fringe of the nation than in many a truly industrial region. Birmingham was one of the hardest-hit cities in the country. The breakdown of industrial feudalism has aggravated the earlier agricultural breakdown. Now the state faces a third and more serious blow, destruction of its cotton-growing industry. Already the cotton yield per acre in this state is lower than in worn-out Georgia; it is far below the national average; and with the introduction of new mechanical devices, such as the cotton-picker, which demand large flat areas, central and northern Alabama may see its one important cash crop wiped out. Already a large portion of Alabama's population has reached a Central American level in its living standards, with even less food available.

The present condition of the Alabama black belt is the product of a hundred years of agricultural rugged individualism. Because of the plantation system, slavery, and land monopolization, many farms were taken up which were incapable of yielding, under the most just of economic set-ups, a decent living. And under the plantation system even the good land has deteriorated. The tenant has no incentive to terrace his land against erosion, to guard against soil exhaustion, or in any way to improve the land he farms. He may even tear a board from the

floor of his house and burn it to keep warm for the moment, because he does not know when he will be kicked out. The Federal Resettlement Administration states that at least 75,000,000 acres of existing farm lands in the nation are utterly unsuited to agriculture, despite the abandonment of farms and the increasing conversion of farmers into tenants and share-croppers. Perhaps the worst spots in the country are the submarginal cotton lands from Georgia to Arkansas.

Immediate remedies have been sought. Crop restriction helped to maintain prices and thus save the commission merchants and the banks. Farmers were compensated for reducing the acreage cultivated, though in the South, in divers ways, this compensation has all gone into the pockets of the owners of land, leaving the cropper and tenant in a more desperate plight than almost any other agricultural population in the world.

The Resettlement Administration has estimated that in the entire country at least 27,000,000 acres of submarginal lands must be taken out of cultivation immediately. At the same time 25,000,000 additional acres of crop lands must be found to supply the country's future food requirements—on the assumption that unemployment will cease and that purchasing power will be restored. Thus three major purposes motivate the "land-utilization" projects—the conservation and fullest use of land resources, assistance to poverty-stricken dependents on unproductive land to sell out and obtain more profitable locations, reorganization of local public finances which because of tax delinquencies are inadequate to maintain roads, schools, and other public services. This last is the soundest phase of the resettlement work.

There are four dots on the map of Alabama to show where resettlement projects are located. Two of these projects are purely agricultural. That at Tuskegee, largely for Negroes, is considered one of the most hopeful in the country. Some years back it was planned to acquire a hundred thousand acres. The acreage gradually shrank, and after a long delay option was finally taken on about 9,000 acres. But permission to buy even this reduced acreage has not yet been given. Meanwhile the men are engaged in erosion work, most of them for \$19 a month. Even if this limited Hull House enterprise, excellent though it is, is finally carried to completion, it will benefit only 139 families!

This "fundamental" program was worked out because of general rural destitution in the country. In 1934—and in most places conditions have not appreciably improved since then—a total of at least 4,500,000 rural inhabitants were being kept from starvation by handouts of local, state, and federal agencies or by rural rehabilitation work. Many of these, particularly in the Alabama black belt, are still migrating from place to place, camping out, living in frightful economic and sanitary conditions.

Under the more temporary rehabilitation plan the government rented land from the owners, paying them good prices for what was often their worst land. The government then provided its tenant with food credits at the high-binder plantation stores, bought him a plow, seed, fertilizer, and a work animal. For Negroes this work ani-

mal was a steer; for whites, who refused to take steers, a mule was provided. These provisions of course are charged against the account of the tenant, and if they are at times excessive, he is, on the other hand, relieved from sharing his crop with the landlord, though he pays rent.

The Negro tenants are known as "steer farmers." According to the official report, the steer is "the orneriest of all work critters," and most of the rehabilitation steers are wild and too young to be of much use. One poor farmer's steer bolted through two fences, plow and all, and hasn't been heard of since. But the "acid test," declares the official report, "of the applicant's sincerity of purpose in his willingness to accept a steer." Just why the same "sincerity of purpose" is not demanded of whites the report does not explain.

"I'd rather be in the penitentiary than be a steer farmer," one Negro rehabilitation tenant told me.

I had walked through mud and rain to his miserable one-room shack with its gaping holes in floor, walls, and roof. Roy Robertson—I suppress his real name since I do not wish to expose him to lynching or to maltreatment and persecution by local or federal officials—is six feet tall and weighs two hundred pounds. He is from Chambers County. He cannot read or write, but he is intelligent and independent in spirit, qualities which are terrible handicaps for a Negro in the South. He is a hard worker who brought in bumper crops on the very inferior land the government temporarily provided for him.

During 1934, although Robertson received a very young steer, he made a go of things; and though the authorities took all his cotton and his government rent and parity checks, he managed to feed his brood of eight children. He was never able to get any exact statement, but he was told he had cleared his debt. In 1935 he got another, bigger steer, some fertilizer and seed, and for a few months a check for \$6; he was given about eight acres of very inferior land for \$15 rent, a conventional sum to be advanced to the landowner by the government. Robertson also worked sixty-six days on the government erosion project to pay his rent. During that time he claims that he drew only \$2.40 for victuals for himself and family; the remainder due him, \$82.02, was presumably paid against his indebtedness.

Presently, however, the landlord, though the government was the renter, demanded \$24 more directly from Robertson for wood, water, pasturage, and house rent. These charges were unheard of before rehabilitation came. Now the owner steps in past the federal authorities and imposes imaginary debts and obligations. If the tenant becomes obstreperous, he is likely to be chased off his farm. Many "rehabilitated" farmers have merely exchanged one bad master for two worse ones.

Robertson, however, protested against the extra charge to the federal authorities in Auburn, Alabama. For his presumption he was "cussed out" and told that "a nigger who won't pay his water rent is no account." Robertson didn't have a cent because the government had taken all his cash crop, his wages, and his federal payments, but Negro neighbors as poor as himself gave him work so that he could make a payment of \$9 and not be evicted.

Presently, Federal Field Foreman Jennings, the terror of the croppers of this county, demanded that Robertson sign a mortgage on all his possessions. Robertson, believing he had paid all his debts, refused. Jennings gave Robertson ten days to get off the land, but promised that he would make "a fair settlement" by taking everything he owned "except his 'taters." Robertson demanded a statement, which he never got.

Previously Robertson had sent various protests directly to Montgomery. Nothing came of them. One of his letters, he claims, never got out of Chambers County, for within an hour Jennings was "bawling him out," bragging to his neighbors that "niggers" who protested wouldn't even be left with bed and chairs. Jennings also pointed out that even the federal investigation of himself "by that sonnova bich of a Northern man who came down here" had come to nothing.

Ten days after Jennings's notice, the sheriff came in the dead of night and took Robertson's twin plow, two plow stocks, two steers, harness, two 50-gallon barrels full of syrup, a bale of cotton seed, 400 bales (pounds?) of fodder, 40 bushels of corn—this list is copied from the official order—and, as Robertson added, "even the children's braid." Ten bushels of corn were left to keep Robertson's family from starving.

With the thermometer at four degrees above zero Robertson moved his sick wife and eight children through snow and ice to a little shack owned by a Negro friend. All his supplies for the season are gone; his work animals are gone; he has nothing. Before he was "rehabilitated" he did have something. The authorities were generous enough to offer him an impossible job in Montgomery for \$19 a month. But Montgomery is five hours away by car and Robertson has no car. He was called "no account" for refusing.

At a reasonable estimate the government took away from Roy Robertson at least \$140 worth of goods; it has made no accounting on his three bales of cotton totaling 1,525 pounds, which at the guaranteed twelve-cent price would net him \$183. It took his sixty-six days of labor. The government has taken from him at least \$405, not including rent and parity checks.

The average cost of rehabilitating a farmer is officially

put at slightly more than \$90. In this figure is included the cost of equipping white farmers, which often runs to twice this amount or more. What Robertson actually received I don't know. He can't get a statement. I was given no access to his account. But the federal books are sure to balance nicely. Robertson's steers, as is common practice, were sold at the first crossroads "to them Wadley boys" for what they would bring; he does not know how much. Five truck loads of federal steers were recently sent into Montgomery and sold for meat. For the next batch of farmers, however, the government buys new steers and other goods at market prices, in some cases perhaps the very goods that have just been sold for a song. There are also ugly stories of how local white farmers bag the confiscated supplies of the "swept-clean" rehabilitated farmers, how oftentimes part of a consignment of supplies is dropped off by the wayside at a door where it does not belong.

I asked Robertson if others were in the same fix? He insisted that practically all the rehabilitated farmers in the county have been cleaned out. "Go ask Mrs. Otis Anders. She worked on the erosion project sixty-six days, she turned over three bales of cotton and half a bale of seed. Ask Ernest Holloway, who's got five children. Ask Johnny Robertson. The sheriffs come in the dead of night, and him with a sick wife and kids, and they had no place to go, and she had to sit out there in the cold for days. They took every single thing he owned and three bales of cotton. Ask Mr. Robins. He's been looking for a month for a roof to squat under. Ask Mrs. Mason. She'll tell you straight out what they done to her."

I talked to some of those he mentioned and to many others. In some counties the process has been less drastic, but essentially rehabilitation, even when it is honestly administered, is a snare and a tragic joke. It is a pouring of water into a sieve. The well-intentioned bureaucrats who administer it have no appreciation of spiritual and moral factors; they are relentless mechanisms concerned only with making the books balance and doing it even more ruthlessly than it was done under the old plantation owner, whose methods are slavishly copied.

[This is the first of two articles on rehabilitation by Carleton Beals. The second will appear next week.]



The Second Johnstown Flood

BY MAXWELL S STEWART

Johnstown, Pennsylvania, March 23

I THOUGHT that I had steeled myself against the shock of seeing my home town ravaged by disaster. As my train crawled cautiously up the Juniata valley, I had seen automobiles, stoves, bathtubs, beds, davenport, and the remnants of houses scattered along the stream bed. At one place near Tyrone I had even seen a huge gas tank tilted crazily against a bridge that restrained its further passage toward the Susquehanna. Coming down the Conemaugh I had noted disquieting evidences of the torrent which engulfed Johnstown. But despite this advance warning, despite all that I had read and the pictures I had seen, I was completely unprepared for the spectacle of devastation which confronted me.

The emotional shock which this produced was not allayed when I was set upon by a state trooper who peremptorily challenged my right to visit my own city. After being subjected to a series of rapid-fire questions, several of them repeated with the obvious intent of trapping me, I was released to proceed under guard through the city to my home. The bristling bayonets of the militia and the domineering attitude of omnipresent state police accentuated the feeling that I had suddenly dropped into a war zone. High banks of black mud, piles of timber and discarded furniture, and broken windows contributed to the atmosphere of the barricade.

In the heart of the city, where the flood had been eighteen feet deep, there was not a building which appeared habitable. Water was still standing in some of the streets. Merchants and householders had dumped the entire contents of their basements and ground floors into the gutters. Men were engaged in shoveling black muck out of stores, homes, and churches. On the streets the mud was being piled and hauled away as if it were snow from last winter's blizzards. Yet despite this intense activity, the long rows of empty houses created a never-to-be-forgotten air of desolation. It was as if the life had gone out of the city, leaving only an empty shell.

Comparisons between the St. Patrick's Day flood of 1936 and the famous deluge of May 31, 1889, are difficult because of the fundamental dissimilarity of the two catastrophes. The first Johnstown flood was essentially a man-made affair. There had been exceptionally heavy rains and the rivers had overflowed their banks, but the disaster itself, which claimed more than 2,200 lives, was the direct result of the bursting of a crude, earthen dam some ten miles above the city. Responsibility for the calamity could be placed entirely upon a group of wealthy Pittsburghers who had built the dam for recreational purposes. The huge loss of life was accounted for by the suddenness with which the torrent descended on the city.

This time the waters claimed less than a dozen lives,

but because of the increased size of the city and because a larger section was inundated, the property loss, estimated at \$30,000,000, has been far greater. In this case, however, man was in no way responsible for the disaster. The valleys leading into Johnstown are honeycombed with reservoirs but their usefulness for purposes of flood prevention was nullified by the fact that they were completely filled. Nor would reforestation have been of any aid as far as Johnstown is concerned. On the contrary, the fact that most of the hills are wooded probably prevented the snow from melting a week or two earlier. Though it rained steadily for over twenty-four hours, the rain alone would not have caused the river to overflow its banks. But the combination of heavy rains, an unprecedented amount of snow, ground that was frozen beneath the surface, and rivers that were already high provided conditions such as might not occur again for a century. Nothing that man could have done would have altered these circumstances appreciably.

The story of the flood and its immediate consequence has been so fully reported in the press that the details must be familiar to millions. The river rose so unexpectedly that hundreds of persons were trapped in the downtown department stores and office buildings. Thousands of families were separated and the members were unable to locate one another until long after the waters had subsided. In one family of my acquaintance the mother, father, and two children were trapped in four widely separated portions of the city, none able to get word to the others. Communications of every sort were paralyzed. It will be weeks before street-car service can be resumed. Travel by car from one section of town to another was out of the question during the flood, and is now only possible for those holding passes countersigned by the state police. One man had to drive seventy miles to get from one side of the city to the other.

Despite the suffering and discomfort of the city's 10,000 homeless, conversation centers chiefly on the multitude of peculiar pranks played by the waters. One woman tells, for example, of putting a chair on top of the piano before retreating to the upper stories. After the flood receded, the chair was still in place, but the top of the piano was missing. My uncle reports having sold an old green truck to a friend in a part of town about two miles distant, and finding the faithful old machine after the flood within a hundred yards of his house. One side of a double house was clogged with sand and dirt; the other was swept clean—of everything, including the side of the house.

As is always the case, the burden of the disaster has fallen upon those least able to bear it. It is true that the downtown business men have suffered heavily. Flood in-

insurance was practically unknown despite the catastrophe of 1889. But where the well-to-do suffered business losses, the working class lost everything when their homes were gutted by the flood. A few wealthy families lived in the downtown section, but the vast majority of the middle- and upper-class families had their homes either in Southmont or Westmont—400 feet above the valley—or in higher sections of the residential suburbs. The districts where the water was the highest—Cambria City, Kernville, and parts of the downtown section—were distinctly working-class districts. Practically all of the loss of life occurred in these areas. A large proportion of the houses damaged in these sections were already unfit for human habitation, but unless the government takes advantage of the opportunity to launch a large-scale housing project, the old buildings will simply be scraped out, repapered, and rerented to the thousands who cannot afford, on steel-worker's wages, to pay rents in more desirable parts of town.

For those who escaped actual inundation, the prospects are fairly hopeful. Although the great steel plants which provide Johnstown's chief source of income are for the moment prostrate, they are employing more men for the process of cleaning up than they have had on their pay rolls since 1929. The immediate task of digging the city out of the mud has been carried out—and carried out brilliantly—by the WPA and CCC, but both business and labor are bound to benefit by the new construction which will be necessary in the coming months. Contractors, dealers in household furnishings, and automobile salesmen are doubtless looking forward to a period of unprecedented

activity. It is one of the paradoxes of our economic system that a disaster is necessary to bring even an approximation of full employment.

Unfortunately, a catastrophe of this type tends to involve a redistribution of wealth from the bottom to the top. Some individuals will doubtless lose their jobs altogether; and for the vast majority of those who were washed out by the flood the reconstruction boom will only mean that money normally used for food and clothing will be diverted to household goods. Wages in the steel mills are fixed nationally, and will not be responsive to the inevitable rise in local prices. Government funds will probably be made available for the business man and home-owners either as outright gifts or as loans at low rates of interest, but it is extremely doubtful whether it will be possible for the average worker, who is unable to put up security of any kind, to take advantage of this kind of assistance. At the moment reasonably adequate relief is being granted those who lost everything in the flood, but the aid is on a chaotic basis. No assurance has been given that the destitute will continue to receive help until they are once more capable of full self-support. So far the Red Cross has done somewhat better than in the case of the Mississippi floods, but in view of the extent of the inundated areas it is evident that no private agency can hope to cope with the problem. The fact that none of the government's many alphabetical agencies were equipped to meet the relief problem dramatizes with peculiar effectiveness the need for a really comprehensive social-security program. Surely the cost of such disasters should be assumed by the country as a whole.

General Strike in Damascus

BY ALBERT VITON

Jerusalem, February 19

I WAS arrested by the French secret police on the Beirut-Damascus train before arriving in Damascus, and was shipped back, guarded by four black French-African soldiers under a French superior, to the Palestine frontier. I cannot, therefore, give a first-hand account of how Damascus looks after a general strike that has lasted thirty-two days. But I have spoken in Beirut and elsewhere with enough Damascenes to get a fairly complete picture.

For the last thirty-two days not a shop, not a restaurant, not a cafe, not a theater has been open in Damascus. Not a worker has been at his bench; not a clerk at his desk. At the Hejaz station I could not even get a porter to transfer my luggage from one train to another, and French-African troops, which have been pouring into Syria, are doing the work of porters for complaining foreigners. At least 2,000 persons have been arrested; every newspaper has been suppressed; martial law has been declared; people must not be seen walking more than two together; and Moroccan, Algerian, and Senegalese troops are in control.

So complete has been the strike, as I was informed by a French official in Beirut, that even the Damascene thieves have been striking! Not a single robbery or hold-up has occurred in Damascus since the strike began.

Of course, all the Damascene merchants are bankrupt. No notes have been paid for a month, and a Beirut lawyer told me that at least 50,000 notes have been protested. Syrian business life is at a standstill. Custom receipts for the first twenty-five days of the strike were a little less than 5,000 Syrian pounds, while for the same period last year they were more than 80,000 Syrian pounds.

A foreigner arriving in Damascus without any Arab friends is likely to starve. Food simply cannot be bought. The native population is supplied with corn, oil, olives, and *leboni* (a thick curdled milk which keeps better than butter), all of which are stored away by every Arab family each summer. Rich families with large food supplies have been distributing food to their less fortunate neighbors.

Damascus is not alone in the fight. All Syria is closed, and many cities in Lebanon. Beirut has come out in a sym-

pathetic strike, as have Sidon, Tyre, and most other Lebanese villages. Homs, Aleppo, Hamma, Tripoli—the largest cities in Syria—have been striking with Damascus.

Why have almost three million persons imposed upon themselves the ordeal of hunger and bankruptcy? The answer is that Syria is determined to shake off the French yoke. In 1925-27 the Syrians fought the French with arms and inflicted heavy blows upon the mandatory power, but the French finally won by superior military force. At that time the Syrians still had ammunition from the World War. Today they have no ammunition at all. The French have seen to that. Peaceful striking is the only alternative.

The French have not always been so detested in Syria. The French mandate, indeed, was imposed after the Syrians had requested it. They then spoke of "our French cousins." Today I cannot find a single Syrian, Christian or Moslem, who has a good word for the French.

An illuminating explanation of this change was given me in an interview with Michel Beik Zakur. Michel Beik has been a member of the Lebanese Parliament for many years, has been in Syrian public life for more than a quarter of a century, and is the editor of the suppressed *Maarad*. "For one thing," he said, "the French have suppressed all the liberties of the people. I am not exaggerating when I say that today we are less free than we were under Turkish rule. The slightest criticism of the existing regime is sufficient to land a man in one of the innumerable new fortresses and prisons the French have built since the war. Do you know how many Syrians are locked up in them for nothing more terrible than a few words? No, you don't. Neither do I; but there are thousands. Do you know in how many homes the secret police have suddenly appeared and informed someone in the family that he must leave the country within twenty-four hours? In thousands. Our national parliament is no longer a democratic body. The members represent nobody but the French government. Since the present High Commissioner abolished our constitution by decree a few years ago, we have no other judicial basis than another decree of the Commissioner. Our parliament, furthermore, is composed of twenty-five members, a third directly appointed by the French, and the other two-thirds, with the exception of four or five, indirectly appointed. But even this French-picked body has no power. We are allowed to discuss only one subject, the budget, and that we can increase but not decrease. Duties, taxation, internal administration, foreign policy, trade, education—all these are outside our province. And even in this mockery of a Parliament sits a French vice-president who disciplines us as if we were school children."

After this interview, which described the political grievances of the Syrians against the French, I spoke to many merchants and persons who have made a study of Syrian economics. Before the war Syria was considered one of the wealthiest parts of the Ottoman Empire. Today it is starving. I have seen peasants eating bread made of corn husks. When I pointed out that if they had the husks, they must also have had the corn, I was told that heavy taxes levied to maintain a costly foreign government force them to sell the corn and make their bread from the husks.

To describe in detail the economics of imperialism would take us far afield. But the profits of imperialism are much greater than one would suspect from reading official reports and tables of statistics. Take the tariff, for example. France is prevented by the terms of the mandate from officially giving Syrian products any tariff preference. But the terms of the mandate cannot prevent France from manipulating the tariff in such a way as to give its own products the preference. In order to force the Syrians to import French woollens, the tariff was suddenly changed from a duty on measure to one on weight; to stop the importation of American cars, the tariff is no longer levied on horse-power, as it is almost everywhere else in the world, but—since French cars are much lighter than American cars—on weight. Less conspicuous measures, such as keeping goods in warehouses until their seasonal worth is destroyed, and unofficially advising importers that it would be "better" to buy French, are also employed.

The country itself does not benefit from the tariffs. Most of the proceeds from duties and other taxes go to maintain a huge military machine which would be superfluous if Syria were independent. Moreover, an army of Frenchmen, paupers at home and recruited mainly from the worst elements of the population, are living off the fat of the land. I made a list of the higher employees in the Ministry of Justice and found that forty-odd Frenchmen were paid four times as much as the 220 highest native employees.

Extensive public-works projects are undertaken either because a French company wants a contract or because the French government needs them for its own purposes, without the slightest reference to the good of the country. Vast sums are being spent at the moment on enlarging the Beirut harbor, although the present harbor facilities are more than sufficient for Syrian needs. Before the war the harbor was used to its full capacity, when all the commerce of Iraq, Arabia Saudia, Trans-Jordania, and a good deal of the commerce of Palestine flowed through Beirut. But today these countries have ceased sending goods through Syria because of the murderous duties; yet the harbor is being enlarged. Why? Because France might need it as a military port and because a French company, the Sercu del Port, saw in it a good source of profit. Even French engineers have been imported to do the work, although Syria has a number of highly qualified native engineers, most of them unemployed. Most of the roads built by the French were constructed in the same manner—that is, not because they were needed by the inhabitants but because they might be of military advantage. This is also the case with the Tripoli airport now being constructed. And all these vast expenditures of public funds are being made while scores of villages are without a doctor, without a pharmacy, without a school.

The outcome of the present strike is, of course, certain. It may last another week, perhaps even another month; then it must come to an end. But the struggle is not over. It will begin again before the year is out, and although it may take a different form it will express no less earnestly the widespread disaffection which French imperialism has brought to Syria.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

MY UNQUALIFIED admiration has been won by Lewis J. Gorin, Princeton, '36, who conceived the brilliant idea of founding the Veterans of Future Wars. Incorporated under the laws of the state of New Jersey, this organization has spread like wildfire. Three days after it was started there were no less than thirty "posts" in as many colleges, and by the time these lines appear in print there will probably be a hundred. Its sister organization, the Future Gold Star Mothers, is growing just as rapidly in the women's colleges. A national office has been opened in Princeton, where a thousand students attended the first rally. Congressman Maury Maverick, who spent a year and more in hospitals, has had part of five vertebrae removed, and is rarely free from pain because of the injury done him in France by a German bullet, has volunteered to introduce a bill in the House to pay a \$1,000 bonus to every man under the age of thirty-six years who expects to be drafted in the next war and to pay the expenses of every woman under thirty-six for a trip to Europe to visit the probable site of her future sons' graves.

Well, I was at first inclined to consider this stroke of genius just a magnificent joke, a superb piece of youthful badinage, a most clever piercing by irony of the armor of our bonus grabbers. I thanked heaven that at last the war-makers were assailed by the deadliest of weapons—ridicule. But the more I ponder on it the more convinced I am that there is something more to Mr. Gorin's movement. Why should not the young men of America who are going to be drafted into the next war without being asked whether or not they wish to die in France or Manchuria get something out of it before their lives are snuffed out, or they are chosen to carry bullets in their spines for their remaining years, or they end their existence as hopeless cripples, without arms or legs, in some hidden hospital which no outsiders are permitted to visit? Certainly the government ought to give them \$1,000 right now. Certainly the young women who are to give birth to the cannon fodder of the future ought to have a trip to Europe or Asia now before their parental anxiety and suffering begin. It does not matter that the day for the next war has not yet been set. The country is to spend \$1,200,000,000 in the next fiscal year for armaments. That means war and nothing else.

Mr. Gorin has already drawn blood. James E. Van Zandt, National Commander of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, squealed with pain way out in Salt Lake City. To him Mr. Gorin and his aides are nothing but a "bunch of monkeys." These future veterans, the gallant Commander averred, "are too yellow to go to war. Therefore they will never be veterans of a future war." Mr. Van

Zandt forgets, in his bitter hurt, that they will be drafted and have to go, whether they are yellow or blue or white. Mr. Gorin knew just the right answer to make to this. He properly called Mr. Van Zandt a "red" (in the pay of Moscow?) for thus deprecating the valor and patriotism of America's future soldiers. If that precious sedition bill which the army and navy have been trying to get Congress to pass were now a law, it might well be that Mr. Van Zandt could be proceeded against under its provisions; if its penalties should be merely limited to those creating disaffection in our present soldiers it would obviously be only half the safeguard of our militarism it ought to be. To give the youth of America its \$1,000 bonus now will surely make it the more ready to enlist when war comes. Hence, in calling the Veterans of Future Wars yellow Mr. Van Zandt is so palpably dampening the martial spirit of our young men as to make it clear to me that the Army Intelligence Bureau should investigate him and see if he is not secretly a member of the Third International.

As for the Gold Star Mothers, the president of the New York branch, Mrs. Matilda Burling, declares that her chapter will demand "an apology and dissolution of the organization." "Any idea that involves making fun of Gold Star Mothers and their pilgrimage to France is bad taste, anyway," is her anti-climactic conclusion. Now there you have the eternal conflict between youth and age. The latter, unwilling to share its distinctions and emoluments with oncoming youth, seeks to regiment it, to tell it what it should think and do. Do the Gold Star Mothers wish to reserve for themselves the precious patriotic experience that is theirs of having given their sons at their country's behest in the most futile of wars, or are they willing to have others ennobled by this experience? I believe that when Mrs. Burling and her associates think it over they will see how a trip to France now will fill young women with ardor to have their future sons lie in those well-kept cemeteries beneath those white crosses.

But whether I am right or not in feeling that patriotism and the necessity of keeping alive militant manhood in America demand that we should all support the Veterans of Future Wars, I insist that Mr. Gorin has got hold of a most dangerous weapon. Heaven forbid that he should go farther and undertake to poke fun at our army and navy, their pretense of efficiency and their preposterous assertion that they are safeguarding the United States. If anybody should begin to laugh at our brass hats—but no, I forbear to go farther. Not my pen shall portray what would happen. I only want to add, to complete the picture, that Mr. Gorin has picked just the right salute for his society—the fascist salute but *with the palm up* in readiness for Treasury favors to come!

BROUN'S PAGE

IT ISN'T true that I like being arrested. In guild activities I have only once been taken into custody, and so far I've never been locked up except in the strike against Hearst's *Wisconsin News*. I am a nervous man and I have a touch of claustrophobia, as well as that other one about open spaces which I can't spell. Being locked up gives you that same uncomfortable sensation which you get when stuck between floors in an elevator. It is the sort of terror which assails a man when he knows that the thing which confines him is mechanical and without the usual human reactions. Cops and electric current have that machine-like rigidity.

One of the most curious things in the world is the manner in which a policeman becomes a cog instead of a cop under certain kinds of pressure. This is particularly true of labor pressure, and it arises in part, I believe, from a bad conscience. By every tradition of background, pay, and hours of employment the roundsman should be an ally of striking groups. And yet he will swing almost at a second's notice into a complete ruthlessness in contact with a picket line. The boys and girls of the *Wisconsin News* know the members of the force a good deal better than is the case in larger cities. In the early days of the strike against Hearst it was a sort of "Jack" and "Bill" and "Butch" greeting between the pickets and the police. And then almost overnight everything changed. Somehow it came to the members of the force and to the leaders of the police that this was actually a strike and not a lark. Newspaper men and women had dared to challenge that thing which the policeman fears, although he hardly understands it. Generally it goes by the name of "authority," and "authority" is a force which says, "Make the workers know their place. Slap them around. Give them a taste of 'due process of law.' Show them what happens to human rights when they begin to impinge on property rights. Show them that Mr. Hearst is mighty and must prevail."

So robot-like does the roundsman become after he has heard the voice of authority that even his sense of humor is frozen into a dull literalness. According to the *Chicago Tribune*, "police said that Broun stepped in front of the patrol wagon, thus obstructing traffic, and then jumped into the conveyance."

Now Milwaukee patrol wagons have only a single entrance and that in the rear—like all police wagons I have ever seen—and therefore the feat ascribed to me suggests an agility to which I must plead not guilty. It has been years since I could make a whirling leap from the front of a car and come clean in through the back. I doubt if I ever could. But it has been gravely so recorded by the Milwaukee police.

The fact of the matter is that I was never officially arrested at all. A picket line of some six hundred persons was parading quite peacefully around the plant. This mass picketing had been carried on every Saturday for a

month without violence and without interference by the police. Indeed, there had been larger lines. But by now "authority" had become restive. The order came from somewhere to attack the line and break it up. The pickets were marching two and two. The police endeavored to drive a wedge between them, and without a word of warning began to push men and women all over the sidewalk. They did not use their clubs, but I wasn't pleased suddenly to get a cop's elbow in my middle for no reason which I could see except that it pleased him to do it.

And then three policemen went by roughing up a young fellow who was head office boy on the *Wisconsin News* before the strike. They had him by the collar and were shoving him over to the patrol wagon while he vainly inquired what it was all about. Since I was the ranking guild official I went over to the police captain—at least somebody in gold braid—and asked, "What's this all about?" He would make no answer. "If you want to make a test case of our right to picket," I suggested, "I think you ought to arrest me, since I'm a guild officer." Probably by this time I was getting a little mad, and it is quite likely that I repeated a couple of times, "Come on and arrest me." It is even possible that I threw in a "I dare you to arrest me."

But nobody arrested me. I just walked into the patrol wagon and sat down beside Al. When we got to the station house, the three policemen looked a little puzzled. Al was the only one who had been arrested, but Hymie Polinsky, the guild's photographer, had come along, too. I asked what the charges against us were, but nobody seemed to know, so they just locked us up to be on the safe side. We were searched for weapons, and a rather cursory glance was taken at the papers in our pockets. I think it was a sergeant who manifested quite an interest in a big wad of typewritten material which I had in my coat. "I'm sure you won't be interested in that," I told him. "That's a baseball short short that I tried to sell to *Collier's*." He put it back in my coat. Even the police didn't want it.

After each of us had been locked in a separate cell, along with a drunk the wagon had picked up on its way to the picket line, somebody thought of the fact that a prisoner is entitled to one telephone call. We tried to get it, but nobody would pay any attention. We banged on the walls of the cells, but the jailer would not come. "Let's all holler together 'Man dying!'" somebody suggested. That was discarded because we all agreed that probably the police wouldn't care. A lawyer came to see us, and they wouldn't let him in. Just to make it harder they suddenly jumped my bail from \$35 to \$125.

Now obviously three hours in a cell is a trivial thing, but even in so short a time an observing reporter can learn quite a lot about the police and labor. As far as I'm concerned the only true charge which lies against me is hitchhiking in the police patrol.

HEYWOOD BROUN

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

CHARLES BEARD CONFRONTS HIMSELF

BY MAX LERNER

WHETHER you know Charles Beard or have heard his lusty sallies against Hearst may resent my going back to a book of his written in 1913. Any attempt to place a man's past work in perspective is always a more or less elaborate process of embalming. And if there is any question of embalming, remember those flashing eyes of his, the kindly yet pointed wit—recall what Randolph Bourne once called Beard's "Olympian anger"—watch him in action at some Senate hearing on railroad reorganization or hear him talk about the regime of the drill-sergeant in Nazi Germany. I had meant to call his great book on the Constitution a classic, and the appearance of a new edition* (which has received all too little notice) gave me, I thought, both occasion and excuse for it. But to speak of a man having written a classic may seem like saying of a French writer that he belongs in the Academy or of any writer that he has become a museum piece. So I shall say instead that Mr. Beard's book not only deals with history but has made history.

The book was an inquiry into the economic interests and pressures behind the framing and ratification of the Constitution. It was a tour de force of historical research. Into it Mr. Beard distilled the debates of the Constitutional Convention, the musty and neglected Treasury records, the yellowed files of contemporary journals. He piled up massive evidence to show that the Constitution was an "economic document"; that it was supported by "substantially all the merchants, money lenders, security holders, manufacturers, shippers, capitalists, and financiers, and their professional associates," while on the other side were "the non-slaveholding farmers and the debtors"; and that the political doctrines which shaped the Constitution were themselves shaped by the economic interests of the convention members. The very title of the book, thrust into the atmosphere of theology which covered the thinking of the day like a pall, showed that a new Higher Criticism had come into existence. For Mr. Beard dared defy all the myths and taboos of the historical scholarship of his day. He dared say that the Founding Fathers may have been business men as well as patriots.

Naturally the book made a stir. A campaign was on. Theodore Roosevelt, who as President had thwacked the trusts with a resonance intended to impress the common people and—incidentally—his own sense of rectitude, was now as candidate seeking to thwack the Supreme Court with similar intent. Mr. Taft, on the other hand, was making speeches in which he averred that there would always be a special niche in heaven for judges. Although

on a historical subject, the book by the young Columbia professor of politics became of contemporary moment. Much of what supported the sanctity of the Supreme Court, at that time as today, was the sense of the sanctity of the Constitution. A shattering of constitutional mythologies might mean thus a shattering of judicial mythologies. The book caused a fluttering in the academic dovecotes. Albert Bushnell Hart called it little short of indecent, and other scholars called it Marxian—which served the same purpose. Mr. Beard in his new introduction insists it was neither.

The introduction is of importance, because it brings the Charles Beard of today face to face with the Charles Beard of 1913. Mr. Beard confronts himself and tries to explain his stand on the theory of history. In the process he almost explains it away.

Mr. Beard insists that his economic interpretation was not Marxian but Madisonian. There can be no quarrel with any label he may wish to choose. A number of thinkers from Aristotle to Bentley and Veblen had seen the power of economic interests in the province of government, and its most sensational expression in the American tradition was by James Madison in the famous passage in Number 10 of the Federalist Papers, where it was used to defend the system of checks in the Constitution. And yet, unless it be on purely tactical grounds in order to confound the professional patrioteers, I do not see the cogency of avoiding the Marxist stigma as if it were leprous. The economic interpretation is in Madison a set of brilliant aperçus, but in Marx an intellectual system.

What its place is in Mr. Beard's thinking is difficult to say with any definiteness. When his book was first published there was a tendency to regard it as the lustiest American blast for the economic interpretation of history. But Mr. Beard today evidently has a horror of being thought to dwell too exclusively on the economic aspect of history. "Since this aspect had been so long disregarded," he writes, "I sought to redress the balance by emphasis. . . . I simply sought to bring back into the mental picture of the Constitution those realistic features of economic conflict, stress, and strain which my masters had . . . left out of it, or thrust far into the background as incidental rather than fundamental." Mr. Beard seems to see his work, therefore, as part of a pendulum process in which an equilibrial correctness is achieved by going from excess to excess. He seems thus less in the tradition of the economic interpreters than in that of the "multiple-causation" school of American sociology, which sees history as the product of a vast variety of factors, none having priority over the others. He does not, to be sure, travel

*"An Economic Interpretation of the Constitution of the United States." By Charles A. Beard. With a New Introduction. The Macmillan Company. \$2.

the whole road in that direction. "In the great transformations in society," he writes in his introduction, "such as was brought about by the formation and adoption of the Constitution, economic 'forces' are primordial or fundamental, and come nearer 'explaining' events than any other 'forces.'" But surely the whole historic process is one of social transformation. Taken with any precision, Mr. Beard's statement would mean that he restricts the economic interpretation to revolutionary periods, and that for normal periods he would adopt a "broader" interpretation.

All these twistings and turnings may be explained by Mr. Beard's desire to escape any form of determinism in history. He says repeatedly that the economic factor cannot explain history, that all of history cannot explain life. He has a horror of the history writing that was drenched with spiritual unction. In fact, I suspect that much of the reason why Mr. Beard and many of his generation were once attracted by the economic emphasis in history was that it gave them a sweet and secret iconoclastic sense. Like the village atheist, they got a kick out of destroying the theological and pseudo-spiritual myths. Mr. Beard has, in the quarter-century that has elapsed, continued his economic emphasis, although with something of a diminuendo. More and more his economic interest, never strongly rooted in an economic philosophy of history, has become an interest in economic problems and economic policy, such as foreign trade. His basic philosophy has become, as perhaps it always was less explicitly, a philosophy of voluntarism and contingency. More and more he dwells upon the role that chance and human effort play in fashioning history. More and more he admonishes us to "walk lightly," lest with our crude and unthinking tread we destroy the fragile web that history weaves.

I can agree with Mr. Beard that chance (*fortuna*, he calls it, after a formula which he borrows from Machiavelli) plays an appreciable role in human affairs, and that the human will (*virtù*) may within limits be powerful. But what are those limits? And how can the human will ascertain the unyielding trends of history (*necessità*) so as to work with them rather than to spend itself against them? We do not want final explanations. What we want is an approach to the movement of history, a way of interpreting it. What we want above all else is an instrument of analysis. One asks not only how fundamental are the economic forces, but what dynamic is there that they use and that uses them in the processes of history? The Marxians have an answer—the materialist dialectic, the shifting technologies creating shifting class relations and class conflicts in such a way that each era and each social system, out of its own energies and tensions, fulfils itself and gives way to the next. It may be an incomplete answer, it may be too sweeping or dogmatic. That remains to be determined as serious attempts continue to be made to apply it to the task of historic interpretation. But it does give philosophic roots to the emphasis on economic factors. I fail to find in Mr. Beard's system of thought any relation between his economic emphasis and his basic philosophy. Instead, I find a curious sort of split which seems to have widened with time, and which serves to account for the earnest attempt he makes to confront his earlier self.



Moments

Bernard Shaw Okays a Few Saints

Mr. Beard's plight, if it is one, is the more illuminating because he is one of the few progressive thinkers active today who span the entire period since the pre-war days. He has lived through the American imperialist venture, a World War, revolutions and threats of revolution, the terrible reality of fascism. He is thoroughly alive to the dangers that surround the human spirit—fearful lest amid the barbarities that encompass us it may be snuffed out. He represents, in short, the linking of past progressivism with present agonies. Out of the past progressivism comes his realistic economic strain; out of our present agonies comes his tortured plea, as he expressed it in his article on the Constitution in last week's *Nation*, to "walk lightly. Things are not so simple." He is fearful lest our civil liberties and our entire social heritage be wiped out by hasty action, whether with respect to the Supreme Court or the deeper problems of our economic organization. He knows the evils we suffer, but he is unwilling to flee from them to evils he knows not of. The only positive program he has linked his name with is one for American economic isolationism, as a way of avoiding the struggles for foreign markets and the complications of foreign wars. He wants to escape the tensions and contradictions of an era

of corporate capitalism by a concentration on the home market and an admonition to walk lightly.

We can learn a good deal from Charles Beard. We can learn, as he has himself no doubt learned since this book, that people do not act—as, all too mechanically, he made the members of the Constitutional Convention act—from direct economic pressures and interests. For we know that the subtlest way in which class interests influence the course of history is through affecting the climate of opinion: often the people who are most enslaved to the going ideas are those who have no direct economic interest in the maintenance of them. We can learn from Charles Beard what the Marxians have thus far not taught us sufficiently but what Veblen did emphasize—a sense of the play of these conscious and subconscious psychological factors in retarding and even distorting the play of economic factors. But we must also learn that the economic interpretation of history cannot be merely a vague emphasis on economic factors. It must be part of a deeply rooted philosophy which makes room within the framework of economic forces for chance, contingency, and human effort.

BOOKS

Yesterday's Prodigies

SWEAR BY THE NIGHT. By Nathalia Crane. Random House. \$1.50.

BREAK THE HEART'S ANGER. By Paul Engle. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.

THE predicament of a child prodigy turned adult is never an enviable one. We are advised of a pact whereby a pantheon of godparents who control the destiny of Miss Crane forbade any publication of the young poet's verses until the completion of her course at Barnard. In the light of the present volume the contract proves itself as salutary as it would appear in other respects Machiavellian. It has not, to be sure, spared Miss Crane the personal chagrin of finding herself a thoroughly negligible poet at twenty-two; yet it has precluded her exhibiting to the public eye the gradual erosion whereby a prodigy lays aside all that renders her prodigious.

"Swear by the Night" falls wide of distinction, whether one chooses to regard it as a first volume, or a fifth, or, if prose may qualify also, a seventh or eighth. Even Louis Untermeyer finds himself unconscionably hard put in his Foreword, and makes hurried mention of "dull jingles," "her lack of an even pitch and a balanced technique," "her contradictions," her elaborate obscurity "as if a child had turned pedant," and the like. "I said that when Nathalia was eleven years old she puzzled me," he concludes in some embarrassment. "She still does."

Yet the truth is as obvious as it is shattering: Nathalia Crane at twenty-two is no match for Nathalia Crane at eleven, and, as far as "Swear by the Night" is concerned, gives every evidence of having passed the last ten years of her life under a bell-jar. Lines like

O Muse, why dost thou let anatomists

Creep to thy shrine and tabulate thy charms?

are revelatory; for they indicate, as does the group as a whole,

that Miss Crane long ago reached a pause in time and space, and if she ever dreamed of new worlds to conquer, has ceased to sigh for them. At present she remains either incapable of further growth or, like any veteran with half a dozen titles to her name, entirely content with her achievement. The sententiousness so charming in a child of eleven is still current in a number of these poems, but an earlier pertness and gaiety are missing. There are present also the same fondness for ballads in jog-trot time, the same breezy affectation of foreign place-names to insure a flavor of drollery, the same girlish taste for fantasy and myth, for bees, silkworms, roses, azure, and garlands—but like certain forms of youthful naughtiness, they have forfeited their capacity to delight.

Paul Engle's transformation is of another sort. In point of craftsmanship Mr. Engle remains as deficient as ever, and, indeed, in the current volume employs the blank-verse medium with more than ordinary slovenliness. He has, moreover, developed a taste for colloquialisms which must have been cultivated for the express entertainment of an Oxford coterie, since they long ago ceased to recommend themselves to American ears. Their effect, in general, is bathos itself:

To you life says, Step on it, kid,

Or yesterday will be kickin' you in the pants.

Occasionally they achieve a kind of humorless absurdity, as in the case of an ungentelemanly reference to the Statue of Liberty as "you skirt." The lyric interpolations with which the sections regularly conclude are scarcely more successful; one would like, for example, to attribute doggerel such as the following to recklessness rather than to an atrocious ear:

But never have I known
A deeper grief by a deep
Ocean than here where the blown
Men of the wild foam creep
Over the clutching sand,
Over the gray, gull-flown
Beaches . . .

Yet when all Mr. Engle's damaging limitations have been pointed out—his fondness for personal oratory, his technical irresponsibility, his dependence on rhetorical afflatus and literary cant, his willingness to substitute easy generalities in place of considered dialectic—the book remains an astonishing one, in terms of its flat abnegation of the pioneer ideal for the Communist ideal. It would have been difficult even for the astute in such matters to foresee that the author of "American Song" would follow his celebration of the complete individual with a celebration of Lenin, Trotzky, Marx, and the Communist Manifesto. Yet the whole of "Break the Heart's Anger" is an inflamed protest against the forces of capital, fascism, and imperialist war, in which the chief nations of the world are taken in turn, declared ripe for revolution, and exhorted to present or eventual action.

The evocation of the Marxian ideal is, however, a highly romanticized one, even if it is a highly militant one. There will be many to question the validity of Mr. Engle's confused attempt to couple Lenin with Lincoln, and Trotzky with Washington, as kindred spirits. The fact that Mr. Engle has approached his task with the same evangelical fervor that he lent to his earlier apocalypse of the Wild West may serve to discredit to some extent the force of his present mood. Yet it must add an ironical flavor to the augury of an inspired supporter who in 1934 prominently advertised his contention that "Paul Engle is . . . a writer who will play his part in the resurgence of creative force that will mark this decade in our literary history." It would seem that Mr. Engle has again resurged, but, to borrow a valued Hearstian epithet, this time his song is strictly "un-American."

BEN BELITT



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The Illusion of Neutrality

NEUTRALITY: ITS HISTORY, ECONOMICS, AND LAW. Columbia University Press.

VOL. II. THE NAPOLEONIC PERIOD. By W. Alison Phillips and Arthur H. Reede. \$3.75.

VOL. III. THE WORLD WAR PERIOD. By Edgar Turlington. \$3.75.

VOL. IV. TODAY AND TOMORROW. By Philip C. Jessup. \$2.75.

THREE centuries ago Hugo Grotius, the "father of international law," wrote: "It is the duty of those who stand apart from a war to do nothing which may strengthen the side whose cause is unjust, or which may hinder the movements of him who is carrying on a just war; and in a doubtful case to act alike to both sides."

Diplomats and jurists of more recent times have been less capable of distinguishing between justice and injustice and have accordingly developed the concept of the neutral obligation of complete impartiality. Not until 1935, however, was this obligation made a basis for a national neutrality policy which, though impartial in form, does in fact strengthen the side whose cause is unjust and hinder the movements of the victim of injustice. This achievement of the American Congress appears the more remarkable when it is reflected that the United States furnished the world the moral impulse which today denounces all military aggression as unjust. Such judgments, moreover, have been translated into political and legal decisions, subscribed to by the overwhelming majority of mankind, on the basis of international instruments largely fashioned by American statesmen—for example, the League Covenant, the Kellogg pact, and the Stimson doctrine.

The amended neutrality act, which in effect ignores the Covenant, scraps the pact, and dumps the Stimson doctrine into the ash-can, was signed by President Roosevelt on February 29, 1936, the date of publication of the last three of the four volumes on neutrality edited by Professor Philip C. Jessup of Columbia. Had these invaluable historical and analytical studies been read and taken to heart by Congress, the present legislation would be less appalling. Under its terms the President is bound until May 1, 1937, to ban American arms and loans not only to aggressors, who seldom need them, but also to those who may need them desperately for self-defense or for the collective restraint of aggression. Mussolini has already expressed his satisfaction. Hitler and Araki should be equally gratified. The isolationist redefinition of American neutral obligations might well have for its slogan: "Make the world safe for aggression!"

This unforeseen and undesired result flows from the current illusion that the problem of peace for America is the problem of neutrality and that the abandonment of neutral rights insures peace. Messrs. Jessup, Phillips, Reede, and Turlington demonstrate brilliantly and conclusively in these pages that neutral "rights" are always simple rationalizations of greed. But the abandonment of these rights is no guaranty of peace unless those economic interests of the nation abroad which these "rights" symbolize are also abandoned. Peace can be had through the sacrifice of profits only by retreat into the cyclone cellar of complete economic isolation. The only alternative is the cooperative protection of interests abroad through a system of collective security and sanctions. "Liberal" isolationists who oppose the collective system would be more honest if they frankly advocated the complete junking of American foreign

trade and investments. There is no habitable halfway house.

The confusion and frustration of American "neutrality" policy are consequences of a refusal to face these alternatives. The complete abandonment of the American economic stake abroad would mean the collapse of American economy in the event of a general war. Recognizing the impossibility of any such fantastic policy, Congress has barred only loans and trade in arms. Other trade will go on as before—subject to ineffective moral pressure by the President—and will create anew all the old controversies and all the old ties which make American prosperity dependent upon belligerent markets in war time. Flight to the cyclone cellar is unthinkable. But American cooperation in a system of collective security is also unthinkable to the irrational isolationists. Congress has repudiated the collective system and done much to wreck it without daring to embrace the impossible alternative of autarchy. The result is hopeless muddle.

In the concluding volume of this excellent series Professor Jessup unfortunately shows evidence of not having quite thought through the muddle himself. He proposes American cooperation with other neutrals to embargo all trade impartially with all belligerents on the basis of the Argentine anti-war pact of 1933. He believes that the choice is between profits and peace, that no line can be drawn between justice and injustice in war, and that neutrality (modified) can be preserved in this fashion. His scheme is ingenious but in the reviewer's opinion unworkable. In a general war it would mean economic disaster for the United States, as would any scheme of economic isolation. In a limited war it would have little effect. "Neutrals" which are members of the League cannot embargo victims of aggression as well as aggressors. And if this distinction cannot be made, if justice and injustice, treaty-observance and treaty-violation, attack and defense are indeed indistinguishable, then the law of nations and the conscience of mankind are both bankrupt and we may as well throw up the whole enterprise of keeping the peace and descend into savagery forthwith.

For the future there will either be collective security or no security. Peace will either be preserved by cooperation among all nations interested in preserving it or it will not be preserved. Whatever its policies may be, America will not escape involvement in general insecurity and conflict, for America is part of the world. It is not free, economically, politically, psychologically, or morally, to stand aside and till its own garden. War spreads like a prairie fire, even to gardens behind high fences. Isolationism is unworkable, and "neutrality" has become dangerous nonsense. An America desiring peace will cooperate with Geneva in penalizing aggressors and strengthening the collective system. The price of peace for the United States is the sacrifice not of profits but of prejudice, not of trade but of tradition, not of interests abroad but of isolationism at home. These truths are elementary. Those who insist upon them are not dogmatists, pretending to speak with the voice of God, as Charles A. Beard would have it (*New Republic*, March 18, 1936). They are merely taking cognizance of certain obvious propositions which have never been refuted by those, like Beard, who remain muddled by "the uncertainty, tragedy, and sadness of things." These truths may be learned before May 1, 1937. Or they may not be. Washington may use Geneva's weakness as an excuse for non-cooperation. Geneva may use Washington's isolationism as an excuse for inaction. In either case aggressors will benefit, a second world war will be made inevitable, and America will be dragged into a catastrophe caused by blindness, lunacy, and stupidity.

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN

"Take What You Want"

SOUTH RIDING. By Winifred Holtby. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

WINIFRED HOLTBY, who died before this novel could be published, had chosen for its motto a Spanish proverb: "'Take what you want,' said God. 'Take what you want—and pay for it.' " It was the perfect proverb for Miss Holtby's purpose, which was to reveal the fullness of life in one of its aspects. Life is always full in good fiction, but here it is full in a special way—a social way, in fact, though one must not leap to the conclusion that Miss Holtby has any more to say about society than that it is full. For her, or at any rate for the people in a mythical South Riding which she has set down somewhere in Yorkshire, society is absolutely full; it is a plenum. No individual can move in it without disturbing or displacing another individual; what is added to Smith is subtracted from Brown, and the multiplications of modernity produce a division in every soul. This is not what Emerson meant in "Compensation," nor is it what God meant, presumably, in the Spanish proverb. It has to do entirely with the vision of society which a sober and responsible person like Miss Holtby would have in days like ours—in days, that is to say, when society is assumed to be a machine running by itself, a machine with all of its parts exposed and with all of its mysteries waiting merely upon time to be explained.

Miss Holtby can be supposed, then, to have begun not so much with a vision of the people whose stories she wanted to tell as with a concept of the society which would contain and condition them. This is why she has to have so many people—there are 166—and why most of them have to be indistinct; the sum is Miss Holtby's theme, rather than any or even all of its parts. Each person is to be understood in the light of his relations, first to a few other persons and then to the whole of South Riding. Lydia Holly is more than a brown-legged girl who lives in a shack and loves Shakespeare; she is also the victim of a system which has not foreseen the likelihood of ambition in such waste places. The result is that Lydia makes a certain contribution to our knowledge of the Riding but in herself remains a sketch—a clear and delightful one as far as it goes, yet limited to a few strokes mechanically repeated. So down or up the entire list; Astell, Snaith, Huggins, Sawdon, Castle, and Mrs. Hubbard are suggested rather than created; no matter how many times we see them, and we see them many times, they mean exactly what they meant before, and make precisely the same gestures. So even with the three principals, Mrs. Beddows, Miss Burton, and Robert Carne. For all of Mrs. Beddows's reputed richness and depth she remains singularly empty of anything like personal force; and as for the other two, the lovers, Miss Holtby seems to have understood how necessary it was to borrow them from another literary tradition altogether. She borrows them from romance, and indeed from the Brontës—who also lived in Yorkshire, but who probably never knew that there is such a thing as society. They simply gave their people souls and dared them to save them; it was quite an individual matter, and intensely dramatic. Miss Holtby uses what she borrows only long enough to insure that her novel shall not be as dull as by definition it ought to be; then, true to her own tradition, she kills off Carne and reinstates the genius of local government.

If it is doubtful that a good novel can be written around an idea capable of statement in simpler terms, it is perhaps more doubtful that a good novel can be written around an idea as

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dreary as Miss Holtby's was—the idea, in brief, that the world will grow steadily if slowly better under the ministrations of many brave, obscure persons who cannot be daunted by its obvious desire to stand still. To say the worst of "South Riding" at once, it is a social worker's novel; or rather, since I do not want to call Miss Holtby names, a novel for all those who like to be warmed by such sentiments as fill the final chapter to overflowing. But to say the worst of "South Riding" is to misrepresent it and its author.

I admire both—the book for its numerous sections wherein the purpose is forgotten and the idea transcended, and the author for the great native ability which she undoubtedly possessed. This ability, and the remarkable amount of character that went with it, saved Miss Holtby from being either dull or false beyond the degree made inescapable by her prescription. If she was condemned to sketchiness, her sketches nevertheless are brilliant; and she tells a dozen stories as well as they could have been told under the circumstances—under the prohibition, that is, to let any one of them become absorbing. She was most the artist, as often happens, when least aware of her program; when, for example, and here I make use of Vera Brittain's "Epitaph" at the close, the shadow of her own death deepened what she wrote. It was perhaps no paradox for her that Robert Carne became most lifelike as he faded from the world she had made for him, or that this world grew most credible and beautiful in proportion as it tended to hang stationary, a remote vision, in her mind. She paid, of course, the highest possible price for her success; and so did contemporary British letters, which boasted too few names of her distinction.

MARK VAN DOREN

Highbrow Shockers

GAUDY NIGHT. By Dorothy L. Sayers. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

THE CRIMSON PATCH. By Phoebe Atwood Taylor. W. W. Norton and Company. \$2.

THIS mystery is also a novel. This novel is also a romance." So the blurb-writer for Messrs. Harcourt, Brace announces "Gaudy Night," a new detective story by Dorothy Sayers. This statement has a rather pathetic and desperate candor, the candor of the unregenerate bluffer who hopes by putting a bold face on it to convert a liability into an asset. The facts are that "Gaudy Night" as a romance is cloudy and long-winded; as a novel it has moments of atmospheric interest; but as a detective story it is a thoroughgoing, dismal flop. This tale of the terrorization of an Oxford woman's college commits at least three unforgivable detective-story sins. In the first place, there is no murder; and while some detective-story readers like few murders and some like many, all detective-story readers like *one* murder. In the second place, there is no action: almost 275 pages of the conversation of female dons must be leafed through before the Shrewsbury College Menace becomes anything more than mildly annoying. In the third place, there is no problem, and therefore, really, no mystery. It is true that the identity of the culprit is shielded until the last few pages of the novel, but more than this is needed to make a mystery story truly mysterious. The essence of the pure detective story is that it should present a central problem, or problems, which seems, on the face of it, impossible of solution: the mystery of the locked room and the mystery of the perfect alibi are the problems most frequently used and therefore most familiar to detective-story readers. In the perfect mystery the murderer avoids detection, not because the detective cannot physically lay his hand on him, but because the criminal has so cleverly distorted and thereby camouflaged his crime that it is impossible for the detective even to grasp its nature and meaning, let alone its perpetrator. Dorothy Sayers has, in the past, produced excellent examples of the pure detective story, but in the hybrid "Gaudy Night" she has given us a primer mystery in which the criminal escapes her pursuers only by being slightly fleet of foot.

The metamorphosis of Dorothy Sayers is interesting, even though a little unfortunate. It may be that from the very beginning Miss Sayers, the brilliant detective-story writer, was a frustrated novelist. Certain it is that in successive mysteries she has been edging, more and more boldly, into the novelist's territory, until with "Gaudy Night" she has flatly put her foot in it, in more senses than one. Miss Sayers as a detective-story writer was considered, quite rightly, a stylist, a wit, a psychologist, a scholar. Since the standards by which a novelist is measured are inevitably more severe, Miss Sayers as a novelist can now lay claim to scholarship alone. She can still quote aptly from Burton, Drayton, Sir John Harington, Sir Thomas Browne, Sir Philip Sidney, but laid bare in a full-length novel her style seems prosy, her wit over-prim and spinsterish, her psychology slightly antiquated and mechanical. Her venture into the novelist's field is exactly as regrettable and as awkward as the stage debut of a drawing-room mimic. The novel has gained no new Aldous Huxley, and the mystery story has, temporarily, at any rate, lost one of its most able practitioners.

The metamorphosis of Miss Sayers is perhaps significant. It is possible that the mystery story is even now in its death throes, and that mystery-story writers, powerless to invent new soluble-insoluble problems, will soon be obliged to follow Miss Sayers

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into "art" literature or else give up writing altogether. "The Crimson Patch" by Phoebe Atwood Taylor also foreshadows the death of its genre. The latest of Mrs. Taylor's Cape Cod stories is, as usual, loaded with local color, "picturesque" humor, and diehard political propaganda; but like "Gaudy Night" it is not very mysterious. Here again the unmasking of the villain comes as no shock to the reader. "The Crimson Patch" has action, and it has two murders; but it has no proper knotty central problem. It is a thin, conventional story, but, in its small way, symptomatic. Mrs. Taylor too, though more quietly and tentatively than Miss Sayers, has sauntered out of the detective-story preserves. By pinning the murders on a "parlor pink" who has a number of unkind and absurd things to say about capitalists, she has, in a ladylike manner, identified herself with the rostrum.

MARY MCCARTHY

DRAMA

"The Holy Blissful Martyr"

THE Federal Theater Project has undertaken plays of various sorts, from the simple entertainment to the revolutionary drama heavy with the problems of today. Being sensible persons, its directors have assumed that the audience for drama at popular prices was most likely to be attracted by either the one or the other, and "Triple A Plowed Under" did, indeed, achieve a sort of *succès de scandale*. But who—sensible or not sensible—would have supposed that its one real "hit" to date would be a drama in verse dealing with certain complicated events in twelfth-century England? T. S. Eliot, the author, is not an easy writer, and the question of the extent to which the character of Thomas à Becket was truly saintly is hardly a burning one today. The relevance to contemporary problems is indirect, to say the least, and it would be easy to prove that no one with a head on his shoulders or a heart in his breast could possibly concern himself with it just now. Yet "Murder in the Cathedral" (Manhattan Theater) is a hit. The fact proves nothing at all; but there are some things upon which it does, perhaps, cast certain doubts.

When the play was published here last fall, it was reviewed by Mark Van Doren in our issue for October 9. What chiefly remains to be said is that it acts extremely well and that Mr. Eliot, whom we thought of as a lyric and reflective poet of intense if constricted force, can write lines which are speakable and chantable with striking effect. To say this is not—as any prospective spectator unfamiliar with the text should be warned—to say that he writes in what we are accustomed to think of as the natural style of the poetic drama. He does not attempt to adapt the manner and moods of poetry to contemporary theatrical practice, as Maxwell Anderson, for example, does. Neither does he make any effort to achieve the Shakespearean effect, produced through the fact that the language and versification are so flexible, so varied in accordance with the situation and the character, that dramatic verse becomes something entirely different from lyrical or reflective poetry, and that in consequence one comes to be more aware of its richness and adaptability than of the fact that it is verse. Mr. Eliot has neither the vitality, the exuberance, nor the broad sympathetic understanding of men and tempers for anything of the sort. He is intense rather than (pardon the paradox), in this sense, cath-



Act I

"DIE WALKÜRE"

A new Victor recording by
Lotte Lehmann

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with the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra under Bruno Walter

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under the great Bruno Walter

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RCA Victor Division, RCA Manufacturing Co., Inc., Camden, N. J.
RCA Victor Co., Ltd., Montreal, Canada

olic. For all his critical studies in the field he is, for that reason, by no means Elizabethan. He is medieval instead, and what one thinks of is not "Hamlet" but "Everyman," the liturgical drama of the church not the popular if exalted entertainment of the sixteenth-century inn yard.

To some extent, of course, this effect is due to the fact that some of his characters are pure abstractions—the four "Tempters" for example; that other characters, like the Women of Canterbury, are symbols not persons; and that the action is conducted in a manner closer to that of the pageant and procession than to that of the more complexly evolved drama. But its medieval character goes deeper, pervading as it does the whole conception both of what is suitable expression and what is the nature of essential reality. The tone is uniform not varied, because the sense of the importance of personality as expressed in individual variations is foreign to the spirit of a drama dealing with conceptions not persons, and because, therefore, it is through formalization rather than through representational variety that the intended effect can be achieved. And unless I am very much mistaken, the point of view of the dramatist, the judgment which he finally makes upon the events with which he has been dealing, can also be grasped only in these essentially medieval terms.

Eliot begins when the people of Canterbury, cleric and lay alike, are awaiting the return of Thomas from his seven years of exile. He shows the Archbishop beset by four tempters, the last and most dangerous of whom whispers that the crown of martyrdom is the only crown really worth a great man's ambition. And he ends with the lamentations of the people, who, as he had told them in a sermon true Christians must often do, find themselves mourning and rejoicing at the same time over a Christian mystery, this time the mystery of martyrdom. At no time is there any attempt to hide the human and often unworthy forces at work. Just as Thomas is not only a saint but an ambitious man as well, so the conflict between Henry and the Pope is a struggle for power as well as a struggle between the idea of earthly sovereignty and the idea of the Divine Will, to which even kings should be subject. Yet the whole emotion of the play would be meaningless if these facts were interpreted in accord with the habit of post-Renaissance rationalism. Mr. Eliot is certainly not saying that Becket was a fraud and his martyrdom no more than an incident in a political struggle. After all, the Middle Ages knew as well as we know that men were fallible and their motives mixed. Mr. Eliot is saying, or rather putting us in the mood to feel, that it was, nevertheless, rather they than we who knew how to interpret that fact. The human and the unworthy are incidental, not central, and the mystery of martyrdom is more real than the circumstances amid which it occurs. It is we not they who mistake what seems to be for what really is.

Halsted Welles, who staged the present production, deserves great credit for the extremely effective grouping, and Tom Cracraft deserves equal credit for the fine stylized set. Most of the performances are also good, especially that of Harry Irvine, who gives Thomas fine dignity and fire. For obvious reasons the cast is miscellaneous and its members of varying degrees of suitability for their roles, but the direction has pulled things together in surprisingly effective fashion. The little comic interlude toward the end in which the four assassins address the audience is a superb piece of parody. The following note—doubtless not formulated with this production in mind—appears on the program: "The Federal Theater Project is part of the WPA program. However, the viewpoint expressed in this play is not necessarily that of the WPA or any other agency of the government." JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

RECORDS

OUT in Bridgeport, Connecticut, William Seltsam has for the past four years been quietly issuing to the members of his International Record Collectors' Club repressings of records by such artists as Adelina Patti, Edouard de Reszke, Lilli Lehmann, even Ellen Terry. The organization has members in places as distant as Denmark, Australia, and Manchuria. Occasionally Mr. Seltsam digs up an unpublished recording, such as the Caruso-Farrar duet from the end of the first act of "La Bohème." Some of the earlier versions have only piano accompaniment for operatic arias, like the 1903 recording of "Mi par d'udire ancora" from "The Pearl Fishers," by Caruso, found on the other side of the "Bohème" duet. But if the few I have heard are fair examples, the repressings are worth having, for more than mere historical interest. Prices range from \$1.75 for double-sided ten-inch records to \$2.50 for the more expensive twelve-inches. Mr. Seltsam's address is 318 Reservoir Avenue, Bridgeport.

One of the most gratifying of the recent Victor orchestral releases is a new version of Mendelssohn's "Italian" symphony, played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Serge Koussevitzky (three records, \$6.50). It is issued to replace an older recording by the Scala Orchestra under Ettore Panizza. Mr. Koussevitzky does not play little tricks with the tempi, as he did with the Mozart G minor, but gives a straightforward, direct, and therefore exciting performance. The Boston "Pops" Orchestra, directed by Arthur Fiedler, adds to its list of best-sellers Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance" march and the "Grand March" from "Aïda" (one record, \$1.50). Here is a good present for your adolescent nephew who is just beginning to appreciate "good" music. It will gratify him to discover a symphony orchestra acting up like the Seventh Regiment Band.

An even louder recording, though not so likely to be appreciated by the nephew, is that of Arnold Zernak's Chorale and Fugue in D minor (two records, \$4). It is played by the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy, who is to conduct the Philadelphians next year. The composition sounds like one of Mr. Stokowski's transcriptions of Bach, only more so—ingenious and dramatic imitations of the pipe organ that try to go it one better and often succeed. The music is highly effective but recommended only for phonographs that can reproduce the maximum of sound without distortion. A good phonograph is also needed to do justice to the delicate orchestral colorings of Debussy's "Iberia" and "Soirée dans Grenade," re-recorded by the Paris Conservatory Orchestra under Piero Coppola (three records, \$5).

The solidest musical fare of the month is offered in the first album of the Brandenburg concertos, played by the Busch Chamber Players under the direction of Adolf Busch (eight records, \$11.50). Mr. Busch plays the solo violin parts himself and does them superbly. The album contains the first four concertos, and Columbia promises the other two next month. The only appreciable defect in the performance is that Marcel Moyse, the first flute, forces his instrument off pitch in one or two fortissimo passages; but this is more than compensated for by his accomplished playing of the softer passages, and by the beautiful performance of the solo oboe, Evelyn Rothwell.

In a less serious vein are Heifetz's album of the "Vieux-temps" concerto in D minor (Victor, three records, \$6.50) and Robert Casadesu's two records of the Weber "Concertstück" (Columbia, \$3).

HENRY SIMON

Joseph Wood Krutch says:

CALL IT A DAY. *Morosco Theater.* Gay and delightful comedy about what almost happened to an English family on the first dangerous day of spring.

DEAD END. *Belasco Theater.* A play about gangsters in the making on an East River waterfront. More a good show than a great drama, but a very good show indeed.

SAINT JOAN. *Martin Beck Theater.* Brilliant interpretation by Katharine Cornell of what may well be Shaw's most enduring play.

END OF SUMMER. *Guild Theater.* The wittiest of American playwrights sets a group of interesting people to talking about the world as we find it. Ina Claire and Osgood Perkins help make a very happy evening.

ETHAN FROME. *National Theater.* The apparently impossible task of dramatization of Edith Wharton's novel achieved with conspicuous success. Outstanding performances by Pauline Lord, Ruth Gordon, and Raymond Massey.

THE CASE OF CLYDE GRIFFITHS. *Ethel Barrymore Theater.* A "Now, children" version of "An American Tragedy," showing how economics explains everything.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE. *Plymouth Theater.* Amazingly successful adaptation, brilliantly staged and acted. A thoroughly delightful evening in the theater.

VICTORIA REGINA. *Broadhurst Theater.* Delightful series of scenes from Laurence Housman's drama stunningly acted by Helen Hayes and others. Fairer to the matron queen than Strachey but funny nevertheless and charming besides.

Mark Van Doren says:

AH, WILDERNESS. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Eugene O'Neill's touching and searching comedy of high-school days translated into a film which charms by its own right. Full of recognitions for the middle-aged.

A NIGHT AT THE OPERA. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* The Marx Brothers in their best picture to date. Hilarious and brilliant.

ANNIE OAKLEY. *R.K.O.* A minor American masterpiece based on the life of Buffalo Bill's best-loved sharpshooter. Barbara Stanwyck as Annie Oakley divides the honors with Sitting Bull.

MODERN TIMES. *Charles Chaplin.* Charlie Chaplin returns to the screen disguised as his old self and fulfils every expectation. Should be seen by everyone—and heard, for he has sound effects.

THE 39 STEPS. *Alexander Korda.* Months old, but should be seen wherever possible. A swift and beautiful thriller set in the Highlands, and one of several films which argue British leadership in the immediate future.

THE GHOST GOES WEST. *Alexander Korda.* René Clair's first film in English, with scenes in Scotland and the United States. Clever, satirical, and fanciful, but without the master touch.

THE PRISONER OF SHARK ISLAND. *Fox.* Tells the story of Dr. Mudd, convicted in 1865 of having helped Booth to escape. Somber and powerful; does not spare the spectator.

THEATRES

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A Comedy by S. N. BEHRMAN

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GUILD THEATRE, 52nd St. W. of B'way. Evgs. 8:40
Matinees, Thursday and Saturday at 2:40

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a new play by ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

with ALFRED LUNT and LYNN FONTANNE
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The Intelligent Traveler

BY JOHN ROTHSCHILD

SOURCES OF INFORMATION

IT IS easy enough to get on a boat and go abroad, but I venture to guess that on the homeward voyage many a traveler tries to sift his jumbled impressions and wonders why he went. Generally speaking, the things that everybody does abroad are the things that nobody ought to do.

Certain agencies in this country are prepared to remedy this situation. Some are government information offices; others are cultural organizations whose function is the spread of knowledge about particular countries. The organizations suggested here are sometimes official and sometimes not. Most of them do not sell travel services. The railroad offices give details on costs, hotel accommodations, and the usual "tourist events"; the cultural organizations help you to decide what you want to see and where to find it.

The Soviet Union. All visitors to the Soviet Union make the acquaintance of Intourist; indeed it is almost impossible to travel there otherwise unless one has official business. Intourist is unique: it constitutes a complete monopoly of travel facilities—an administrative centralization of services, Soviet style, which has as its aim not the exploitation of the consumer but standardization of services, price uniformity, and elimination of waste motion. This does not mean regimentation of travelers. In such a vast country, strict control of what visitors see and do would be impossible, even if there were the will to exercise it, which there is not. Intourist acts as the coordinator, and is improving services for travelers with every season. In this country Intourist, 545 Fifth Avenue, is an information center; it does not sell travel services to the public direct.

Germany. Readers of *The Nation* who want to see what fascism means to the German people and have the sort of contacts that will enable them to do so will find the German Railroad Information Office, 665 Fifth Avenue, helpful in giving technical travel information. Since this is a government agency, its advice on what to see and how to see it naturally represents an official point of view. Any-

one who wishes to approach Germany critically will do well to make contact with the various relief organizations for suggestions.

Italy. Italy, as well as Germany, attempts to counteract distrust of fascism by special discounts to travelers. The Italian State Railways, 626 Fifth Avenue, furnish technical information. The Italy-America Society, 301 Park Avenue, exists to foster good-will between the countries, and although it represents the government point of view it is prepared to give intelligent information on Italy's art, festivals, and other classic attractions.

England. The British Travel Association in Rockefeller Center furnishes lists of interesting events and places to see, as well as railroad and hotel information. For specific cultural or educational information the British Library of Information, 270 Madison Avenue, is useful. The English-Speaking Union, 19 West Forty-fourth Street, has branches in all parts of the British Empire. It performs many services for members in the way of introductions, the use of its clubroom facilities, and the like. Its travel department has available much helpful information.

Spain. "Revolution hunters" who want to see the barricades and have the courage to brave the more or less uncharted hotels and trains of Spain should communicate with the Spanish Official Chamber of Commerce, 501 Madison Avenue, for what little information exists in this country regarding Spain.

Scandinavia. The Scandinavian countries are among the few places in the world where early radical trends have resulted in a social and economic pattern which withstands the shocks of world depression. The cooperative movement and the adult-education movement are better developed and more consequential there than anywhere else in the world. The librarian at the American-Scandinavian Foundation, 116 East Sixty-fourth Street, can help visitors who want to do more than tourist sightseeing. The Swedish State Railways, 630 Fifth Avenue, are the source for technical travel facts.

Eastern Europe. Poland, Rumania, Hungary, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia are rich in peasant arts, in scenery, and in associations that go back to the beginnings

of man's history. The great festivals are well advertised, but the charm of this region lies off the main routes. The following are enthusiasts who know one or another of these countries well and are willing to share their knowledge.

Elma Pratt, director of the International School of Art, 5 East Twenty-eighth Street. The school has representatives in all of the countries named—usually citizens distinguished in the arts. Miss Pratt can be especially helpful to travelers interested in peasant arts, but will give general advice to others.

Meda Lynn, at the Hungarian-American Society, Rockefeller Center, is particularly informed regarding peasant life.

Mme. Irina Piotrowska, of the Polish Cultural Center, 151 East Sixty-seventh Street, is an authority on Poland. The center is part of the Polish consulate but goes far beyond the usual governmental services in helpfulness to travelers.

Yugoslavia. What technical information there is can be had from the Consulate of the Kingdom of Yugoslavia, 745 Fifth Avenue. Miss Pratt, listed above, also knows Yugoslavia well.

France. The newly opened French Information Center, 610 Fifth Avenue, is a cultural institution prepared to dispense all sorts of general information, but travel questions will be answered by the Railways of France at the same address.

Other countries and localities are more or less covered by the following agencies:

Switzerland. Swiss Federal Railways, 475 Fifth Avenue.

China. The China Society of America, 570 Lexington Avenue.

Japan. The Japan Tourist Bureau, 551 Fifth Avenue; the Japan Society, 527 Fifth Avenue.

India. India State Railways Bureau, 38 East Fifty-seventh Street.

North Africa. North African Tour Department, French Line, 610 Fifth Avenue.

South Africa. South African Legation, 2125 Leroy Place, Washington, D. C.

Egypt. Egyptian Tourist Development Association, Rockefeller Center.

South America. Pan-American Airways, 135 East Forty-second Street, has just finished a thorough survey of all the South American countries.

Mexico. Committee for Cultural Re-

lations with Latin America, 112 East Nineteenth Street; Aguirres Guest Tours, Cinco de Mayo, 16-C, Mexico City.

Summer Schools. About the cheapest and most satisfactory way of sizing up a country in a short time is to attend one of the many excellent summer sessions abroad. Complete information waits upon the publication of summer catalogues, which often arrive here late. The Institute of International Education, 2 West Forty-fifth Street, has the dates as soon as they are available.

Information regarding student gatherings may be obtained from the National Student Federation of America, 8 West Fortieth Street, and the American Student Union, 112 East Nineteenth Street.

Information regarding conferences and lecture series in the field of international relations may be obtained from the League of Nations Association, 8 West Fortieth Street, and the World Peace Foundation, 8 West Fortieth Street.

Conferences and events of interest to educators may be learned about from the

Progressive Education Association, 310 West Ninetieth Street.

The Summer Theater Abroad. The April issue of *Theater Arts Monthly*, 40 East Forty-ninth Street, contains invaluable information on theatrical and musical events and festivals abroad during the coming summer. These schedules should be in the pocket of everyone who visits Europe or Mexico this summer.

All addresses in the foregoing article are in New York City unless otherwise stated.

Letters to the Editors

THE FORMAT AGAIN

Dear Sirs: I like everything about the new format, especially the typographic variations which personalize your departments. The old format was growing definitely stodgy. The new format makes you look years younger and more healthy.

LEIGH WHITE

New York, March 23

Dear Sirs: We don't like your new format. We liked better the old, thin, light *Nation*, easy to hold and turn over. We feel irritated and unhappy and wonder how other *Nation* subscribers feel about the change.

L. S. AND M. N. MORRISON

West Hartford, Conn., March 22

Dear Sirs: I am very much distressed over the new format of *The Nation*. We have taken the paper as long as I can remember, and I have always enjoyed—yes, taken pride in—not only the contents but its elegant, distinctive appearance, which I considered the essence of good taste. Without exception I hate every one of your innovations, especially the common drawings. *The Nation's* format was perfect before; why change it?

EMILY DEMBITZ

Louisville, Ky., March 21

Dear Sirs: I regret that I am no one in particular, merely a long-standing subscriber, but I am moved to tell you how much I enjoy and admire your new format.

I like it all, save possibly the cartoons, which I don't mind if others find them pleasing.

It is a real pleasure to read it in its new, cheerful type. I do think it was a bit

stodgy before, though I never gave it much thought. Please accept my warmest congratulations.

HELEN LEIGHTON

Brookline, Mass., March 23

Dear Sirs: I rejoice to find in your March 25 issue companions to join me in my groans over the format of the new, blatant *Nation*. I have been a subscriber for so long a time that it seems it must be from my cradle (I am now seventy-one), and I feel as though I had lost an all-time friend.

AGNES GODFREY GAY

Washington, D. C., March 21

MORE SPACE FOR RECORDS

Dear Sirs: I have enjoyed Henry Simon's column on Records—it fills a long-felt want, at least in my own case. But may I offer a friendly criticism?

It seems to me the column is too short. Mr. Simon hardly does more than mention the new recordings. I should prefer to see him elaborate on some of the matters he now mentions and also to speak of some of the recordings he now omits, apparently for lack of space.

M. S. WEINSTEIN

Brooklyn, March 9

AND FOR CONSUMERS

Dear Sirs: I am glad to find Miss Brindze's articles on the consumer given a whole page in *The Nation*. Her articles are important and helpful and it is worth while to play them up. It is too bad you can't afford to give her more space.

New York, March 15

W. GLYN

MODERN PARIIAHS

Dear Sirs: My hearty thanks for Mr. Villard's article on the Jewish situation in Germany in *The Nation* of March 4. He has spoken the word which I hoped would come from some Christian friend of humanity and the Jews, because no statement however eloquent emanating from Jewish sources carries the conviction that such an article from a Gentile does.

Mr. Villard's approach to the question of anti-Semitism, that is, its effect on the soul of the anti-Semite, is the only one which will ultimately solve the problem. The world has been so full of horrors of which Armenians, Jews, Chinese, and so forth have been the victims that it has grown callous to the troubles of individual groups. The Hitler regime will be changed only when the best people of every land let it be known that the present leaders of the German people are the pariahs of civilization.

HUGO MOCK

New York, March 30

SALUTE TO MR. RAVAGE

Dear Sirs: I've just finished M. E. Ravage's article on French politics (*The Nation*, March 18) and I'm so overjoyed by his grasp of what seems to me the reality of the French situation. It does my heart good to see somebody writing on present-day France who knows what he is talking about and hasn't any ax to grind.

In general, *The Nation* is grand these days.

DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER

Arlington, Vt., March 18

A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION

Dear Sirs: I was shocked to see in the pages of *The Nation* so shallow, superficial, and sentimental an editorial as that in the issue of March 18 dealing with the decision of the New York Court of Appeals which declared the minimum-wage law for women unconstitutional.

You say, "It happened to involve the laundry industry, which is notoriously ill-paid, long-houred, exploited. The workers are principally Negro women. Their work is unskilled; cutthroat competition abounds in the industry; the firms are small and many; union organization is weak."

Is *The Nation*, of all magazines, contending now that the rights and liberties of hundreds of thousands of intelligent, hard-working women in the state of New York must be sacrificed to protect a small group of oppressed and unfortunate Negro women who could be protected infinitely better if the same amount of money and effort were put into organizing them that has been put into the framing and passage of this unfair and unjust minimum-wage law?

For one woman who gains by legislation that applies unequally to men and women, thousands lose through undercutting by men and boys. Time and time again it has been proved that minimum-wage laws, applying to women only, result in lower wages for all.

MARION LOUISE KENNEY,
Delaware State Chairman,
National Woman's Party
Marshallton, Del., March 16

Dear Sirs: A summary of the January work of the Enforcement Bureau of the Division of Minimum Wage of the State Department of Labor shows that in January, 1936, there was collected \$2591.88 for 1,046 women laundry workers in 134 wage adjustments. That certainly looks to me as if we needed a minimum-wage law.

Second, a study of wages and family responsibilities of employed women whose families are on relief shows that "6,674 gainfully employed women in New York City were on home relief (May to September, 1935) because their earnings were inadequate for the support of themselves and their families." It makes me indignant that taxpayers must thus subsidize the employers of these women in practically all industries and occupations.

In the face of this sort of situation, which could occur even while we had a minimum-wage law in effect, comes the

majority decision of the Court of Appeals that this law is unconstitutional. Reading the two opinions, and seeing them side by side, one can have no doubt as to which shows more careful thought, social intelligence, and real appreciation of the entire subject of constitutionality as applied to minimum-wage legislation. Can we never hope for the use of plain common sense by a majority of our judicial officers? I am outraged by this latest example of their stupid, hazy legal technicalities and evasions, and a number of citizens join me in what we feel cannot be too strong a protest against this myopic decision.

W. WEBSTER

New York, March 18

SOVIET CENSORSHIP

Dear Sirs: During the last few months the stupid Soviet censor has been stopping my copies of *The Nation*. For thirteen years he allowed them to reach me. But now he has apparently suffered a new accession of imbecility. The Foreign Commissariat intervened on my behalf, but the censor's authority, it seems is higher. Will you please, therefore, mail *The Nation* to me in sealed envelopes. Perhaps these will escape his prying fingers.

LOUIS FISCHER

Moscow, February 25

CORRECTION

In our issue of January 1, 1936, we published a letter signed by Helen Kay as secretary of the League of Women Shoppers about the activities of the League, which included a reflection upon Hyman Nemser and a Retail Clerks' Union of which he was then the head.

We are now informed by the League of Women Shoppers that that part of its communication was based on misinformation, and that in fairness to Mr. Nemser it desires to state that further investigation showed no basis of fact for the statement that the Retail Clerks' Union had no worker members or for the allegation that Mr. Nemser had extorted money from workers.

EDITORS OF THE NATION

INFORMATION FOR SUBSCRIBERS

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CONTRIBUTORS

LOUIS FISCHER, *The Nation's* Moscow correspondent, has spent most of the winter away from Moscow. He is now in Italy and presently will go to Spain. But in these days of interwoven international complications this is undoubtedly the best way to look at the Russian scene. Mr. Fischer will return to the U. S. S. R. in about a month.

CARLETON BEALS started his career as one of *The Nation's* star reporters when he followed Sandino around Nicaragua in 1928. Neither geographical, meteorological, nor temporal difficulties can prevent Mr. Beals from seeing all there is to see. His researches in Alabama, out of which he will write two articles, are no exception.

ALBERT VITON is the pseudonym of a young foreign correspondent formerly in Germany and Italy, now traveling in Palestine. Mr. Viton's article After Ethiopia—England? which appeared in *The Nation* for October 16, 1935, was quoted in scores of papers all over the country.

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN is the author of "American Policy Toward Russia Since 1917" and "The Nazi Dictatorship." He is a member of the Department of Political Science of the University of Chicago.

MARY MCCARTHY'S articles on the critics, which she wrote last fall in collaboration with Margaret Marshall, caused a very hot tempest in the book-reviewing teapot.

HENRY SIMON, *The Nation's* reviewer of musical recordings, is an enthusiastic amateur musician, preferring string quartets. He is also professor of English at New College.

JOHN ROTHSCCHILD, whose useful information for the intelligent traveler has appeared for several years in *The Nation*, is director of the Open Road.

GEORGE SCHREIBER'S lively caricatures of Washington celebrities, which appear regularly in *The Nation*, are drawn from life and on the spot. Mr. Schreiber is accompanying PAUL W. WARD on his reportorial rounds.

STUYVESANT VAN VEEN'S cartoons of William Saroyan and Havelock Ellis have already appeared in *The Nation*. He will draw T. S. Eliot next week.

CONTENTS

THE SHAPE OF THINGS

465

EDITORIALS:

THE COMING LABOR PARTY

468

IS CHILD LABOR ABOLISHED?

469

MULCTING THE AGED

470

WASHINGTON WEEKLY by Paul W. Ward

471

OUR NUMBER ONE FASCISTS by Evelyn Seeley

473

RED CLAY IN ALABAMA by Carleton Beals

475

HITLER'S TOTALITARIAN THEATER

by Lilian T. Mowrer

477

"SOAKING THE RICH" by George Terborgh

479

THE CONSUMER FRONT by Ruth Brindze

481

ISSUES AND MEN by Oswald Garrison Villard

482

BROUN'S PAGE

483

BOOKS AND THE ARTS:

"WINTERSET"—CRITICS' PRIZE-WINNER

by Joseph Wood Krutch

484

THE MAINSPRINGS OF CAPITALISM

by Maxwell S. Stewart

485

LOVE IN CONNECTICUT by Louis Kronenberger

486

A QUARTET ON CRIME by Austin H. MacCormick

487

THE ECONOMY OF PLENTY by Frederic Dewhurst

488

JOURNEY FOR JOURNEY'S SAKE

by Melville J. Herskovits

489

DRAMA: THE DEVIL'S TUNES

by Joseph Wood Krutch

490

FILMS: BYRON IN THE U. S. S. R. by Mark Van Doren

492

DRAWINGS: by Edmund Duffy, Georges
Schreiber, and Refrégier

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The Shape of Things

*

PROMOTERS WILL REJOICE, BUT INVESTORS should mourn at the Supreme Court decision on the Truth in Securities Act. The court majority of six, again voting in a solid phalanx, has been extremely clever in not declaring the act unconstitutional outright: that would have raised far too much of an outcry. Following the Brandeis technique of not deciding more than has to be decided by the facts of the immediate case, Justice Sutherland has turned the technique to his own uses. He has decided that J. Edward Jones, a New York promoter whose registration statement was believed to contain fraudulent items, could by withdrawing his statement avoid further investigation by the commission and prosecution by the courts. Having thereby very considerably crippled the effective administration of the act, Justice Sutherland goes on blithely to say that "it becomes unnecessary to consider the constitutional validity of the act." Indeed he is right, for as far as any effective check upon fraudulent and unscrupulous issuers of securities is concerned, the act might just as well have been declared unconstitutional. In the words of Justice Cardozo's dissenting opinion—with which Justice Brandeis and Justice Stone joined—"To permit an offending registrant to stifle an inquiry by precipitate retreat on the eve of his exposure is to give immunity to guilt, to encourage falsehood and evasion, to invite the cunning and unscrupulous to gamble with detection. If withdrawal without leave may check investigation before securities have been issued, it may do so thereafter. . . . The statute and its sanctions become the sport of clever knaves."

*

THESE ARE HARD AND CUTTING WORDS, AND they come from a judge who is not given to reckless statements. But the tone of Justice Cardozo's dissent, sharp as it is, was sufficiently justified by the enormous consequences that may follow upon the decision and by the nature of Justice Sutherland's opinion. It is by turns excessively legalistic and vaguely rhetorical. It takes the view, in effect, that Mr. Jones's registration of his securities was an isolated individual act with no implications for the public welfare; and that his decision to withdraw it ended the whole matter. It pays no attention to the social importance of the act—the needs that led to it and the purposes it was intended to serve. It strives to maintain a decent ignorance of what is known to everyone else—what, in Justice Cardozo's phrase, "a host of impoverished investors will be ready to attest, that there are dangers in untruths

and half-truths when certificates masquerading as securities pass current in the market." For a problem that is primarily one of the technique of the control of corporate securities, the majority decision offers as solution a treatise on arbitrary power and autocracy. It conjures up phantoms of the young lawyers of the SEC trying to institute a new Stuart despotism over business. Justice Cardozo's answer will be remembered by future generations for its classic understatement. "A commission which is without coercive powers . . . is likened with denunciatory fervor to the Star Chamber of the Stuarts. Historians may find hyperbole in the sanguinary simile." Historians will also set this decision down as one in a long line by the Supreme Court which so crippled the attempts to regulate business that it led finally to the drastic curbing of the court's power.

*

AT FIRST SIGHT THE WAGNER-ELLENBOGEN Housing bill seems a poor substitute for the type of housing legislation which the Administration has promised on numerous occasions. The total expenditure contemplated under the bill during a four-year interval is only \$976,000,000, or \$98 for each of the 10,000,000 families which Senator Wagner himself estimates to be in need of new housing facilities. Nevertheless, the bill is sound in that it represents the first carefully planned program for providing housing for the low-income groups in our population. In order to make low rents possible, the bill would authorize outright grants not to exceed 45 per cent of the construction costs, coupled with a government loan for the balance at an interest to be fixed by the housing authority which is to be repayable over a period of sixty years. A significant innovation is the recognition of "public housing societies," whose members are low-income families, as the sponsors and lessees of projects. This should not only stimulate the organization of local labor and consumer groups for housing, but also take the curse off federal ownership and administration where there is no local housing authority. Nearly all the organizations interested in low-cost housing are behind the bill, not because it is adequate, but because it represents the only hope of achieving anything at this session of Congress. Its chances of passage at this session are dependent entirely on the President's attitude, which is to say, they depend on the speed with which public pressure can be mobilized behind it.

*

THE IMPORTANT CAMPAIGN DEVELOPMENTS last week took place in the ranks of labor (commented on elsewhere) and among the Socialists. The sweeping victory of the left-wing Socialist group in New York must be hailed as proof that the Socialist rank and file are ready to abandon the sectarian policy once followed with such fatal results by the radical parties of Europe. Compared with these developments the struggles in the Republican primaries seem just shadow-boxing. As was expected, Senator Borah was badly beaten in New York. But the Senator is probably reserving his best oratorical bolts to hurl at "the interests" in the presence of audiences in Illinois cities. The Institute of Public Opinion shows Lan-

don leading the Republicans with 56 per cent of the sample vote, while Borah lags with 20 per cent. The Senator is showing courage, but it seems clear that he is waging a losing fight in his paradoxical attempt to clean "the interests" out of the Republican Party. It is a little difficult to understand what would be left if he succeeded. Meanwhile Mr. Hoover continues to thwack the New Deal in once-bright phrases that tarnish with every passing week. It is worth noting that in his Fort Wayne speech on April 4 his anxiety to prove that he did not leave the country in ruins was so great as to lead him to twist some figures. He cited the A. F. of L. figures which show 12,600,000 unemployed now, and compared them with the estimate of 11,600,000 at Mr. Roosevelt's election. Unfortunately he used the revised A. F. of L. estimate for today and the old estimate for 1932. According to the revised estimates there were 15,653,000 unemployed when Mr. Hoover left office in March, 1933.

*

AIDED BY THE USE OF POISON GAS AND THE aerial bombardment of unfortified towns, the Italian army appears to have dealt a crushing blow to the Ethiopians of the northern front. For the first time since the beginning of hostilities last October the Ethiopians were forced into an open conflict, to which there could be only one outcome. Granting that the Italian reports of the utter rout of Haile Selassie's Imperial Guard may have been touched up for home consumption, there can be little doubt that Mussolini has finally gained the upper hand. This does not mean, however, that the war is necessarily nearing its end. Hundreds of miles of mountainous territory lie between the advance guard of the Italian troops and the rich highland country surrounding Addis Ababa. Merely to penetrate this territory unharassed by opposing forces would require weeks of careful preparation. With the rainy season approaching, the chances are that the Ethiopian troops, though scattered, can still carry on an effective guerrilla campaign. Should the League suddenly rouse itself from its stupor and take its long-threatened action of prohibiting Italy from importing oil, coal, and steel, there would still be a chance that Mussolini might never enjoy the fruits of his mad adventure.

*

GERMANY'S REJECTION OF THE POWERS' peace proposals marks a complete victory for Nazi diplomacy. A month ago all the Nazi leaders, including Hitler himself, were extremely apprehensive regarding the reaction of the powers to the unilateral abrogation of the Locarno agreement, and they have been surprised and gratified by the failure of the League to adopt stronger measures. Primary responsibility for the collapse of collective security obviously rests with Great Britain. And behind Britain's weakness lies a serious factional struggle in the National Government. The pro-Nazi faction, which includes, among others, Sir John Simon, Viscount Hailsham, and Viscount Monsell, has not only prevented the Cabinet from supporting punitive action against Germany but is now opposing the consultation of the military staffs

of the former Allies. Mr. Lloyd George has also come out violently against the staff talks on the ground that similar contact between the general staffs was largely responsible for drawing England into the World War. On the other hand, the dominant faction in the Cabinet, represented by Captain Eden, Alfred Duff Cooper, and the two Chamberlains, has supported the consultations as the one remaining means of curbing Nazi aggression. With the control of the government at stake, following the early retirement of Baldwin, the fate of Europe may be determined by wholly extraneous political maneuvers within the ranks of the Conservative Party.

*

THE REPORTED JAPANESE-GERMAN MILITARY agreement serves as further illustration of the danger of allowing Hitler to have his way in the Rhineland. While rumors of such an understanding have been afloat for many months, the story comes this time from a source which cannot be ignored—an informant close to the British Foreign Office. If it is true, and there is every reason to believe that it is, the German protestations of peace can only be interpreted as a temporary maneuver to divert attention from the plan for a concerted attack on the Soviet Union. In order to carry out this program with as little difficulty as possible, Germany has left no stone unturned in its effort to sabotage the principle of collective security. It has insisted on bilateral as against multilateral non-aggression pacts, and has consistently refused to enter into negotiations for a general treaty of mutual assistance against aggression. While the remilitarization of the Rhineland was prompted primarily by the pressure of Germany's internal crisis, its timing was very likely the result of Hitler's determination to prevent the League from being strengthened by the imposition of oil sanctions against Italy. Unlike certain British statesmen, he is aware that fascism and collective security are incompatible.

*

THE ROMAN HOLIDAY THAT THE LINDBERGH-Hauptmann case provided is familiar to persons not only in every part of the United States but in every quarter of the globe. Its first aspect was a sublimely hideous example of American hero-baiting. It went on through scene after scene of sadistic persecution, first of Colonel Lindbergh and his wife, and later of Hauptmann himself. Millions of words described the spectacle; millions of copies of newspapers were sold, in thousands of editions, to carry it on; millions of dollars were probably taken in by the newspaper exploiters of the greatest human-interest story ever sent to bless the yellow—and the not so yellow—press. An interesting sidelight is the suggestion that William Randolph Hearst bore a personal grudge against Colonel Lindbergh for the latter's efforts, along with those of his father-in-law, to bring peace in Mexico when Mr. Hearst wanted intervention to protect his holdings there. This, though it makes an American public which is avid for sensationalism a little less the villain of the piece, merely adds to the macabre fantasy. And not the least fantastic was the end, when the political ambitions of a Gov-

ernor of New Jersey imposed upon a human being the torture of three times facing the electric chair before the final shock was administered. There must have been a great number of Americans to whom the spectacle of making news copy of human misery was thoroughly repugnant. Yet in spite of them, in spite of common decency, humanity, and civilization, the incredible drama went on. The only thing that emerges from it without question is the brutality and stupidity of capital punishment. Without the shadow that the electric chair cast over the case, a good deal of the play would never have taken place.

*

THE WAR-PROFITS BILL FACES DRASTIC REVISION at the hands of the Senate Finance Committee as a result of "privately delivered testimony" to the effect that war-time production might be stifled by too severe war taxation. Where it has been proposed to take 99 per cent of individual incomes over \$10,000 and all but 3 per cent of corporate income, the committee has decided on a graduated schedule higher in the lower brackets and reaching a maximum of 70 or 80 per cent. At the same time the tax on incomes under \$10,000 is to be increased. No device has so far been invented which is powerful enough to thwart the profit-making instinct of modern capital once it is turned into the arena of war. Price-fixing and the excess-profits tax, on the basis of their World War record, do not fulfil their purpose of "taking profits out of war." Nevertheless, any legislation which tends to dim the prospect of war profits has its uses in dampening the war spirit among our dividend patriots. And the average citizen whose own regimentation is so carefully mapped out in the War Department's industrial-mobilization plan could not put a penny to better use than in sending a postcard to his representatives in Congress urging passage of the war-profits bill in its original form.

*

WHILE FRANCE AND ENGLAND SIMMER IN AN atmosphere of mutual mistrust, French and British intellectuals have managed to maintain a united front. A joint manifesto has been issued by the Comité de Vigilance des Intellectuels Antifascistes and the Society for Intellectual Liberty, whose presidents are respectively Paul Langevin and Aldous Huxley, urging collective action along specific lines as the only way of dealing with the crisis. Beginning with a vigorous blast against the British peace-at-any-price attitude, it calls the unilateral denunciation of Locarno "politically, juridically, and morally indefensible," and concludes with proposals calling for general, simultaneous disarmament, a reconsideration of the economic difficulties of all countries, and the enactment of a universal treaty of peace recognizing "the absolute equality of rights and duties." Unfortunately these proposals will be dismissed by the diplomats as visionary and impractical; and, indeed, with the post-war experience of shattered pacts and broken pledges no one can blame the diplomats for being hard-boiled. But the real worth of the manifesto lies in its proof that in the realm of the mind a unity can still exist which cuts across political allegiances.

The Coming Labor Party

THE formation of Labor's Non-Partisan League, with Major Berry of NRA fame as its sponsor, John L. Lewis as one of its supporters, and Mr. Roosevelt's reelection as its goal, indicates that at least one more Presidential year must pass before labor assumes its full political responsibility. At the same time it is apparent that Mr. Lewis and some of his allies in the Committee for Industrial Organization are not entering the Roosevelt coalition with a faith as blind as Major Berry's that labor will find its salvation in a Democratic heaven. And the drift of events makes it compulsory for all progressives to reexamine the possibilities and block out a course for an effective radical party.

Traditionally, third parties have been born in the West. That most of them have also died there is not without its lesson. The West, with its regionalism, its economic naivete, and its frontier conditioning, has been the easy prey for the more innocent brands of demagoguery such as Townsendism, Utopianism, and Epic, as well as the home ground of the more solid agricultural and reform movements represented by the La Follettes and Olson. By the same token these movements have for the most part been turned to the uses of the old parties which control the local and state political machines. The faith that an effective radical party will spring full-fledged out of the West must be checked against the fact that the impulse to rebellion there is so strong, yet so untutored that it must be corraled and trained with the utmost realism.

The truth is that a genuine radical party will come out of a soil which runs much deeper than regionalism. Labor—farm and factory, organized and unorganized, employed and unemployed—alone can give such a party a nationwide mass base. A new party must be a labor and not a liberal party. Aside from the increasing difficulty of liberalism in maintaining itself over the widening chasm between economic groups, a liberal party can never hope to overcome the hazard of a Roosevelt whose words—and even a few of his deeds—will plague it at every crossroads.

Politically American labor is in the earliest stages of mobilization. The dead hand of craft unionism, which was never capable of political action if only for the reason that by its nature it can have no mass basis, has not yet been thrown off. The movement for industrial unionism in the mass-production industries is barely beginning. There is not the slightest doubt that this new movement will tap sources of strength and devotion in yet unorganized millions. Moreover, it must inevitably move into the political field, for the motive force of industrial unionism is the collective principle that the individual worker can hope for no permanent advancement except in so far as all workers advance. At present, however, the great body of labor is not even organized; economically and politically it is illiterate and untrained as far as its own interests are concerned. Therefore any attempt to lead this raw army into a national venture must be undertaken only with the

greatest caution and after the most careful preparation.

This does not mean that the impulse toward political action which is operating more and more forcefully in every community should not be encouraged. On the contrary the new growth should be carefully nurtured, but on its own terms. A political party, like any other organism, is made up of small units. Those units must be first of all genuine living bodies indigenous to their communities, not bubbles of wishful thinking floating in a national ferment. This means that they must have a labor, that is, a trade-union base; it means also that they must conduct systematic and always difficult campaigns of education and organization. The raw regiments of labor, in a word, must learn to fight by capturing local objectives, both economic and political.

There are plenty of models available for the kind of hard work we have in mind. The share-croppers in Alabama and Arkansas are learning economics and politics in day-by-day lessons which they can never forget. Their unions are being shaped into fighting instruments literally under fire. "The raids," reads a letter from Birmingham, "sort of interrupt the work." Local 574 in Minneapolis is the center of a vigorous labor movement which long ago became an important factor in local and state politics and whose influence has spread far beyond its original limits. The Maritime Federation on the West Coast has steadily extended its influence until the Gulf ports are already lined up under a second maritime federation and the Atlantic Coast must eventually follow the same path. In a few communities labor parties have been formed which actually have a chance of electing local and state officials and of exercising genuine political power. The movement to form a labor party in Akron, where a notable labor battle has just been fought, is eminently sound. Such a line of specific advance offers the most constructive path toward a national farmer-labor party.

All this means that a new farmer-labor party must build solidly and realistically, and must not be betrayed into wishful thinking. We welcome the desire of the Minnesota convention to explore the whole problem of launching a national ticket this year. If the action of Minnesota meets with enough response from other local and state groups to force the calling of a national convention, that will be answer enough from the rank and file to the doubts that are being raised as to where they stand. But even when such a convention meets, its chief importance will still be the effect it will have on the Congressional and state elections. There can be no question of electing a President this year. But a national ticket and a national platform may easily form a rallying-point around which the local forces can gather. They may be able to return a bloc of Senators and Congressmen who will work more cohesively in Washington than any have done thus far, and they may be able also to send some state and local administrations to victory. But the most important consideration is that whatever local gains are made politically will help the struggle for economic organization and education, and thus aid in creating a long-run trade-union base for a really powerful farmer-labor party.

For the long run the situation looks more favorable

than it does today. The depression stripped large sections of the population of their fondest economic illusions. The New Deal advanced the process of education by arousing hopes and then dashing them. The new depression now preparing may be expected to sharpen the divergent interests of economic groups to the point where they will be compelled to compete for political power in their own true guises. When that time comes—and it may be in 1940 or it may be in 1944—the minorities that benefit from the present economic chaos will be found arrayed against the large majority whose interests lie in the direction of a socialized state. Then, and only then, will labor and its allies among the farmer and other middle-class groups face a real test of their strength.

Is Child Labor Abolished?

A TELEGRAM from Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, was received on March 31 by the New York State Senate Judiciary Committee which is conducting hearings on the child-labor amendment. President Butler, like many other estimable persons, is opposed to the amendment, not because he believes children ought to work for hire, but because he fears undue "control" by Congress of "persons under eighteen"—whom Mr. Butler refuses to admit are children. One sentiment in his telegram of protest is worth quoting: "We have the word of the President of the United States, who three times publicly repeated that child labor is no longer to be found in this country. Let it lie in the graveyard where public opinion buried it many years ago."

President Butler of course is a busy man, and perhaps he does not get around much. It is possible that he forgets, first, that President Roosevelt's remarks about the abolition of child labor referred to the NIRA, under which it was practically abolished in coded industries; and, second, that Mr. Roosevelt has at least "three times publicly repeated" that he is in favor of the adoption of the child-labor amendment. A few figures from the Children's Bureau in Washington which apply to conditions since the NIRA was declared unconstitutional may help to unsettle Mr. Butler from his Olympian calm. Figures from 129 cities in 29 states for the seven-month period after the NIRA expired show an increase of 58 per cent in the number of employment certificates issued to children fourteen and fifteen years of age. In New York State the National Child Labor Committee finds that for the last four months of 1935 issuance of work permits rose 400 per cent over the corresponding period for 1934. The figures themselves are interesting: Certificates for fourteen-year-olds rose from 266 to 570; for fifteen-year-olds, from 1,139 to 4,659. During the same months permits for sixteen-year-olds declined from 8,730 to 8,424. The jobs are now being given to younger "persons" who presumably work for lower wages than either their older brothers and sisters or

their fathers and mothers, who are consequently in large part unemployed.

There are many persons to whom statistics are always cold and unenlightening. Perhaps President Butler is one of these. For them the National Child Labor Committee presents in its bulletin each month some case histories which paint a more graphic picture. A few of them are as follows:

The girl at the machine. At fifteen, Mary had left school and was working in a drapery factory in New York City, eight hours a day and forty hours a week for \$5.

Where sixty minutes make a nickel. "The most you can make in an hour is a nickel," says Florence, speaking of putting strings of woolen on cards. Florence is only twelve, but she . . . works on the cards of woolen strings every night until midnight.

Of forty children working on a single onion farm in Michigan in the summer of 1935, sixteen were thirteen years of age or younger. One of the boys drove them out to the farm every day and back again. . . . The boy driver had neither driver's nor chauffeur's license. Another of the boys "doubled" with a job in a local store on Saturday nights in addition to his sixty-hour week in the onion fields.

Shortly before Christmas an investigator for the National Child Labor Committee found Ellen, a youngster of ten and a half years, working on lampshades in her tenement home in New York. . . . She said she had been doing this work since she was seven years old, and that even her little sister, only four and half, sometimes helped. On Friday and Saturday nights, Ellen said, she worked until midnight; but on other nights only until 10 or 10:30.

It is not to be expected that President Butler will be impressed by this evidence that child labor is all too unhappily not abolished in this country. Nor will it impress other opponents of the amendment whose objections are not honestly legalistic, as are his, but all too practical. It is true that in New York State, at least, local laws prohibiting the labor of children are in effect—though perhaps not always enforced. But in many other states, particularly in the South, there are no such laws. And as a result manufacturers who are on the look-out for cheap labor—and the cheapest labor is that of children—move their mills and factories to localities where they will not be interfered with. This is the shameful background for the fight against adoption of a federal restriction.

The fight has now been going on for twelve years. Before 1933 only six states had ratified; in 1933, under the impetus of the NRA, fourteen were added; the total now is twenty-four, out of a necessary thirty-six. At this rate ratification may take years longer. But at the recent Albany hearing 90 per cent of the argument and the applause was on the side of adoption. For the first time, it is believed by those close to the movement, there is a chance not only for the amendment to be reported out of committee but for its passage in the Senate. While there is this much life and hope, all possible pressure should be exerted on the New York legislators. Favorable action in New York would go far to hearten and instruct other states in which a vote will be taken either this year or next.

Mulcting the Aged

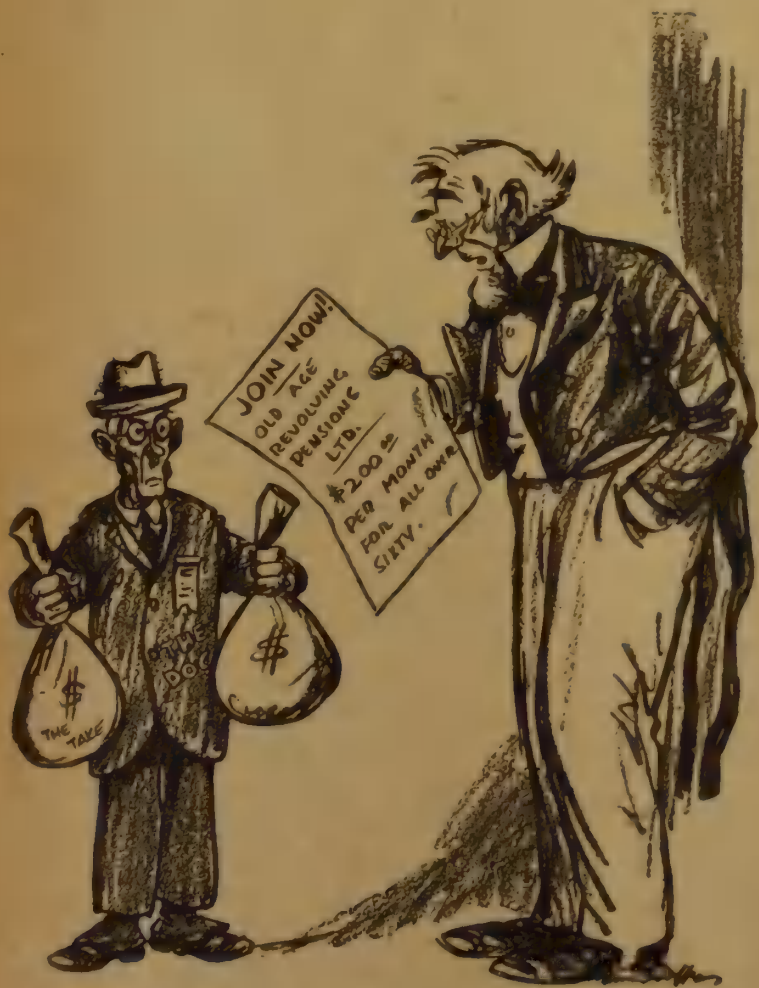
IF THE purpose of the Townsend inquiry was to strip the movement of its political power, the House's strategy has apparently been successful. A movement of this type is practically immune to charges of corruption and fraud, but it is peculiarly susceptible to internal dissension such as the inquiry has provoked. The investigation has brought out little that was not already common knowledge, but it has put the Townsend leaders distinctly on the defensive. Previously they could simply deny all accusations brought against them. As early as last October *The Nation* published an article by Richard Neuberger pointing out that the movement was a veritable gold mine for its organizers. It cited charges of Frank Peterson, former national publicity director for Dr. Townsend, that Clements and Townsend were making \$2,000 a week from the *Townsend Weekly*, and alleged that Dr. Townsend had received substantial sums which were not turned over to the treasury of the organization. All these charges were vigorously denied at the time by Dr. Townsend and Mr. Clements, and there were even veiled hints of a libel suit, which they subsequently proved "too busy" to prosecute.

In his testimony before the investigating committee Mr. Clements has made no effort to deny that the Townsend movement has proved extremely profitable for its founders. He has confessed to an income of \$12,585 in

1935, and admitted that the organization also paid the rent of his \$215-a-month apartment, his grocery and electric bills, the wages of his servants, and all traveling expenses. No one appears to know the total receipts of the organization, or what disposal has been made of them. Mr. Clements estimated the total income, excluding profits on the *Townsend Weekly* and the Prosperity Publishing Company, to be \$952,000,000, but five auditors have been at work for a week on the books of the organization without being able to reconcile the cash books, the control ledgers, and the bank statements of the Old Age Revolving Pensions, Ltd. The profits of the *Townsend Weekly* have not yet been revealed, but Clements is known to have received \$50,000 for his share in the paper. In addition there are other sums, like the \$1,700 which Dr. Townsend obtained at a mass-meeting for his proposed third party, the present status of which is cloaked in mystery.

It is difficult to see how anyone can read the sordid details brought out by the investigation without indignation against the men who have taken advantage of millions of needy old men and women. Prior to this investigation there has been a tendency to place the blame for the financial chicanery exclusively on promoters such as Clements and Edward J. Margett, manager for northern California. But the recent disclosures seem to indicate that Dr. Townsend was not wholly unaware of the lucrative possibilities of the movement. Before passing too harsh judgment on these men as individuals, however, it might be wise to recognize that their activity has a parallel in more respectable quarters. The recently announced plan of the Republican Party to collect a million dollars from a million individuals to "save America from dictatorship" is very much on the same moral plane as the dime-a-month collected by the Townsend movement.

Moreover, we should not allow our indignation against Clements and Townsend to obscure the fact that the Townsend movement has rendered a great service to the country by dramatizing the insecurity of our aged persons. For years a few individuals have been vainly preaching the need of adequate old-age pensions. But it took the organizing genius of a Clements to translate this need into terms of political action. It is true that the Townsend plan as originally proposed was utterly fantastic. Payment of \$200 a month to the 12,400,000 persons who are over sixty years of age at the present time would require nearly \$30,000,000,000 annually—or approximately 60 per cent of our national income. A transaction tax sufficiently high to raise this amount would double the present cost of living. Yet the effect of the proposal has not been wholly bad. It may yet be possible to harness the enthusiasm behind the movement to a legitimate social-security program. Reduce the pension from \$200 a month to \$50, obtain the funds by a levy on incomes rather than by taxing the masses, eliminate the absurd necessity of spending the entire amount within thirty days, and the program becomes far more defensible than the old-age provisions of the Administration's Social Security Act. With all its absurdities the Townsend movement will have served a useful purpose if it forces a reconsideration of that act.



It's a Great Idea—for Some People

WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD



Chairman Berry

Lewis, Berry, and Roosevelt

NONE of the "important" developments of the week seems to me so vitally related to the public's welfare as the formation here a few days ago of Labor's Non-Partisan League. This new organization, despite the fact that it has George L. Berry at its helm and was formed primarily to promote Roosevelt's reelection, contains the germ of the most promising third-party movement the country has yet seen. It contains that seed because its actual organizers are men of proved leadership, heads of large and powerful unions who, in addition to having imagination, humor, and boldness, speak the language of the great mass of Americans instead of the Marxian dialect, which to those masses is just so much frightening gibberish. They also have the patience, the hardness, and the talent for administrative detail so fatally lacking in those who to date have attempted to lead the third-party movements. I refer, of course, to John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers, and Sidney Hillman, president of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, and in so speaking of them I do not canonize them but stop and wait with fingers crossed for them to produce the fruits of which they are capable.

Meanwhile let me note a few facts about the league and its origin. Its gestation—by Hillman out of Lewis—was remarkably brief and hurried. What brought it into being almost overnight and without advance notice was the fact that Dan Tobin, czar of the teamsters and one of the least admirable of American labor leaders, was all set to be handed by Jim Farley the chairmanship of a committee to direct Roosevelt's reelection campaign in labor circles.

Tobin's appointment, typical of Farley's talent for choosing the worst forces in every field with which to make campaign alliances, would have been a feather in the cap of the A. F. of L.'s reactionary high command. By the same token it would have been a blow to the Committee for Industrial Organization, in which Lewis and Hillman are the ringleaders, if for no other reason than that Tobin typifies the kind of labor leadership that the C. I. O. forces threaten far more than they threaten craft unionism. Tobin's acute realization of this fact has led him recently to circularize all teamsters' locals with an edict commanding them under threat of expulsion to shun the C. I. O. and all its friends as they would the plague.

To thwart Tobin and his henchmen, the Non-Partisan League was rushed into existence by Hillman and Lewis. To give it the guise of an Administration-created agency, they picked Berry as its chairman and let him announce the league's creation—with the aid of a government-employed press agent—less than twenty-four hours after Roosevelt had granted a zero-hour extension of Berry's term as Coordinator for Industrial Cooperation. The announcement surprised and chagrined the Democratic National Committee, which had not been consulted, stunned Bill Green, and infuriated Tobin and his pals. Berry lost no time in stating that the primary purpose of the league was to line up all organized labor's votes for Roosevelt's reelection. Berry's presence at its helm was a sufficient guaranty to the capital press corps that the league had no other purpose. He is known to the corps as a man who indubitably idolizes Roosevelt and, in addition, could not under any consideration be lured away from the Democratic Party. A Tennessean of slight literacy, some animal intelligence, and sufficient cunning to capture and hold the presidency of the printing pressmen's union, Berry will make an admirable foil for the Hillman-Lewis purposes so long as there is his loyalty to Roosevelt to hold him in line. Roosevelt, to be sure, is the immediate gainer by the combination, for it is one that will get votes.

Ultimately, however, Roosevelt may lose by the combination, for if he wins reelection, as seems certain, he will want to dictate the choice of his successor in 1940, and here Labor's Non-Partisan League, or its successor and assigns, promises to stand in the way. It was not for nothing that the word "non-partisan" was inserted in the league's name. It was the careful choice of Lewis and Hillman, and signals their determination to keep the league from being a mere adjunct of the Democratic machine. It was their way of serving notice that the league reserves the right, outside the Presidential race, to support Progressives, Socialists, Farmer-Laborites, or any other candidates in state and Congressional elections whom its members believe would best serve the interests of the working class.

It is no secret that neither Hillman nor Lewis believes in the divinity of Roosevelt. Once Roosevelt has served their purpose by getting a new lease on the White House so that Liberty Leaguers may be held at bay for another four years, Lewis and Hillman are prepared to use that breathing spell to build up labor's fortifications and organize a movement that will have chances of success in 1940.

MEANWHILE, all sorts of traditionally important things have been happening in the halls of government these last few days. The Supreme Court, in the Sugar Institute case, refused to rewrite the anti-trust laws to the taste of the trade-association boys, and though contributing nothing new to the implementing of those laws, kept alive the factor of uncertainty of prosecution, which is the sole functioning deterrent to the monopolists. . . . A House committee rushed through hearings on the new tax bill, with Republican members chuckling over the panic into which their Democratic colleagues were thrown when a Communist Party representative testified in favor of the major tax proposal of the Administration. . . . A Senate committee under the prodding of Michigan's Vandenberg—who seems increasingly to be the most likely Republican choice for President—voted to require publication of the names of all firms and persons who have received AAA benefit payments in excess of \$1,000, together with the exact amounts they received and what they received them for. The list, while it will not erase the basic price-boosting tenet of the Administration's farm program, will destroy the emotional, help-the-poor-toiling-farmer appeal which made enactment of that program possible. . . . Preliminary plans were laid for a Senatorial investigation of the War and Navy departments, with the object of exposing the dunderheaded incompetence of the generals and admirals and thus lessening the effectiveness of their pleas as "experts" for bigger armies, bigger navies. . . . Secretary Hull imposed an embargo on tin-plate scrap exports under a recently enacted law aimed chiefly at Japan. . . . The Capitol heard that Italy to a significant if not considerable degree is circumventing this government's attempts to curtail its munitions supply by having its agents in this country encourage Italian-Americans to send Easter greetings to their relatives at home on paper-thin cards of solid copper, sold for five cents and mailed in ordinary envelopes. It is said that thousands of dollars' worth of copper has reached Italy in this fashion.

THE FCC, continuing its investigation of "the world's largest private enterprise," turned its searchlight on the far-flung lobbying activities of the A. T. and T., which, according to Walter Gifford, its \$206,000-a-year "front," always puts the public interest ahead of its private ambitions out of respect for its own strength and the nation's generosity in permitting it the privileges of monopoly. The searchlight showed the company's agents using, with the knowledge and consent of their superiors, all the sordid tricks in the lobbyists' bag to defeat social and labor legislation, tax-reform measures, and resolutions for the investigation of the public-service commissions that fix the rates of the company's operating subsid-

aries. In Kansas, because it was "hard enough to get a hung jury now," the company's lobbyists fought a resolution for a public referendum to permit a two-thirds' jury vote to decide civil cases; in New York they fought a bill to require jury trial in labor-injunction cases because a single juror might "frustrate" justice. Finally, before recessing the hearings until April 14, the investigators disclosed Mr. Gifford, talking privately to fellow-officers of the Bell system, as saying that when he hears a business man vow that his concern puts the public interest ahead of its private interest, he says to himself, "Oh, bunk!"

SECRETARY WALLACE saw the Senate by a vote of thirty-two to eighteen take a step toward putting the Administration farm-relief thesis into actual operation. That thesis is that agriculture's current ills arise largely out of a lack of balance due to industrial prices being frozen while agricultural prices remain flexible to the point of liquidity. The New Deal has attempted to correct this by freezing farm prices too, whereas, if the thesis expounded by Wallace and his cohorts is correct, proper treatment would call for a thawing out on the industrial side of the scale. The Murphy amendment to the Packers and Stockyards Act, drafted by Wallace's lieutenants and adopted Thursday by the Senate, is a step in that direction. It would put the packers—who in recent years have doubled their share in the consumers' meat dollar, while the farmers' share has been halved—under stringent federal regulation, forcing them to keep books and accounts according to federal dictates. It is not so strong a measure as the



Secretary Wallace

Capper bill for which it was substituted under pressure by Connally of Texas, who speaks for the big cattlemen. The Capper bill, in addition to doing all the Murphy bill prescribes, would have given the Secretary of Agriculture jurisdiction over the 600 direct-buying stations the packers have set up throughout the country in the last few years. This direct-buying system, it is charged, results in a concentration of low-grade cattle at Chicago to make the market price-base on which the packers' agents then proceed to buy up high-grade stock at the field stations.

Our Number One Fascists

BY EVELYN SEELEY

LOCAL chambers of commerce rank second only to the American Legion as "agencies of repression and attacks upon minority movements," according to the last annual report of the American Civil Liberties Union. With the Legion apparently preparing to default, local chambers may step up and claim top honors. In New Jersey the Legion recently declared its opposition to teachers' oath laws sponsored by Hearst; in New York 100 Legion representatives voted to uphold freedom of speech even for those who espouse "dangerous" ideas. If this new attitude prevails, the field is clear for the local chambers, with the Daughters of the American Revolution trailing quite a stretch behind.

Local chambers show no signs of recanting. They stand firm in a pattern that varies only with local conditions—strike-breaking (open or secret), red-baiting, company-union promotion, fostering of "runaway shops" with their lowering of wage levels and working conditions, open-shop propaganda, keeping education "safe," checking "subversive activities" that cover as broad a field as Mrs. Dilling's network. Each local makes its own program according to its needs, but a plan found effective in one community quickly spreads to another. New devices catch on, but the pattern itself is old.

A high-pressure campaign for new armories is beginning in Montana and California, sponsored by local chambers. The armories will house military units and more modern equipment and will also be useful, chamber members explain, as "civic auditoriums." Labor growled so loudly in Great Falls, Montana, that the chamber there dropped the campaign like a hot potato, but in California the plan has met only enthusiasm. It is centered in Santa Rosa, where labor troubles have been plentiful and harshly dealt with and where last summer a radical labor leader was tarred and feathered.

"What we want to do," said L. L. Baleisen, industrial secretary of the Brooklyn, New York, chamber, "is to destroy the whole A. F. of L. It's a racket from top to bottom. . . . Oh, we're not against unions. In fact, we help to organize lots of them."

Baleisen has done his part. When the National Labor Relations Board, on December 27, 1935, held him guilty of coercion for promoting and cherishing a company union at the Atlas Bag and Burlap Company in Brooklyn, Baleisen admitted he had been active in some 200 labor disputes, and had made it a practice to bring about agreements under which strikes were prohibited. "I did my duty," he said, "to protect Brooklyn industry."

The New York Board of Trade, which functions as a local chamber of commerce and is affiliated with the United States Chamber of Commerce, last month launched a campaign to illegalize strikes, on the ground that "the

time has come to protect the interests of workmen and employers alike." "Unions are rackets, the shame of our cities," the board stated in a letter calling the first meeting. "Let us stamp out this malignant growth!" It backed its declaration with the fantastic statement that eleven to fifteen billion dollars, half the national income, goes annually to racketeers.

Charles Mariner recently boasted to the Hi-Twelve Club of San José, California, that the California State Chamber of Commerce had spent \$50,000 in labor disturbances, framing organizers when evidence was not sufficient to convict them, and using physical violence when necessary. Mariner, according to Alfred Aram, a San José attorney who wrote to Attorney General U. S. Webb demanding an investigation, "clearly implied that the purpose of such physical violence was to bring home to the persons involved the pressing necessity of choosing between physical safety and constitutional rights."

California locals have won a lot of credit for their anti-union, strike-breaking, red-baiting methods. The San José chamber has done its part in winning for Santa Clara County, of which it is the capital, the name of "cradle of American fascism." It helped whip up the terror that followed the general strike of 1934 by signing up a "committee of safety" in its offices, although it disclaimed connection with the vigilantes who attempted to enforce safety by means of night raids and pickax handles. In Los Angeles the chamber currently blesses and backs the barring of "vagrants" at the state border. Los Angeles's notorious red squad operated for a long time out of the Chamber of Commerce building. In both Los Angeles and San Francisco the sons of wealthy industrialists are flocking to join the Junior Chamber of Commerce under a program more frankly vicious than the senior chamber ever admitted.

In San Francisco the Industrial Association functioned as chief strike-breaking machine during the general strike of 1934, but when it was all over J. W. Mailliard, Jr., president of the San Francisco chamber, pledged his organization to the protection of "public and private rights." "We must realize," he said, "that the security of San Francisco can never be guaranteed until the clean-up of agitators in our community has been complete to the last man."

These incidents are typical of what happens in many places. Somebody else—vaguely called a "committee of safety," "committee of 500," or "citizens' committee"—does the dirty work of breaking the strike and promoting the post-strike terror; then the chamber, having kept its name pure, emerges to deliver resounding pats on the back.

In Oregon the chamber has been quite open about it. During the 1934 longshoremen's strike, the chamber up-

held the mayor when two pickets were shot for throwing stones at a freight train. And during the lumber strike of last summer it upheld Governor Martin when he ordered state police to take pickets and "paddle 'em down the road."

Members of the chamber played an open role in labor difficulties in the state of Washington too, but, in Tacoma at least, their action has proved a boomerang. Keeping up membership is difficult, and the chamber's prestige has fallen so low that it dare not openly sponsor anything it wants put over. Two years ago the Tacoma chamber purchased submachine-guns and tear-gas and nausea-gas bombs and donated the supplies to the police department, ostensibly to use against gangsters. Nobody took this explanation seriously, however, since Tacoma boasts few gangsters who rate such heroic treatment. M. J. Muckey, a chamber employee and an army reserve captain, with the blessing of his superiors organized local reserve officers into flying squadrons for use at a moment's notice. These men are armed, and their mobilization plan is extremely efficient.

The chamber functioned during the longshoremen's strike of 1934 as the Citizens' Emergency Committee, headed by John Prins, then also president of the chamber. This committee organized the waterfront employers, furnished office workers, raised a slush fund for advertising and another for the purchase of weapons and the importation of "finks." It happened that local police drove the imported gunmen out of town, but they were used elsewhere—notably in Seattle, where a similar "committee" masked the activities of the chamber.

During last summer's lumber strike the Citizens' Emergency Committee blossomed out as the Committee of 200 in Tacoma and the Committee of 500 in Seattle, each a front for the respective chamber. They raised a large sum of money with which they launched extensive advertising campaigns, using the same copy throughout the Northwest and merely changing the name of the sponsor. Seattle's committee was headed by Alfred Lundin, then president of the chamber. He had a regular radio period in which he pointed out the dangers to American liberties in organized labor. Mr. Lundin is still active with the Seattle chamber, and his latest exploit was to organize the Washington Industrial Council, an employers' organization which seeks to use the same tactics as the National Manufacturers' Association.

Publicly owned utilities naturally are anathema to local chambers, whose duty it is to promote private business. In Portland, Oregon, the chamber is working with all its might and main to forestall a Columbia Valley Authority at the giant Grand Coulee and Bonneville power projects. The Brooklyn chamber was found to have received \$21,250 from the Consolidated Gas Company, along with others in a Citizens' Committee of 500, to fight Mayor LaGuardia's "yardstick plan" for gas distribution.

Chambers in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts are taking a leading role in the "runaway-employer" picture. This activity of theirs particularly hits the strong garment workers' unions in the East. Chambers are offering financial aid, free rent, free power, sometimes outright

gifts of factories to induce clothing manufacturers to flee from the cities' high business and labor standards. Mayors, police chiefs, and sheriffs back up the local chambers with guaranties of low wages and "no labor trouble." They restrict picketing, run organizers out of town, arouse the citizenry to undercut labor in the name of patriotism.

Open-shop agitation by chambers is widespread and an old story. The Dallas Open Shop Association, housed in the Chamber of Commerce building, is particularly militant and has prevented unions from gaining much of a foothold in a bad sweatshop center. In Des Moines, Iowa, the Business Men's Association, with which the chamber is unofficially connected, ran five advertisements of this nature:

Question: How would the "closed-shop" principle affect the welfare and prosperity of all citizens?

Answer: Firms considering locating in Des Moines would give this city a wide berth to locate in a community where men who are willing and want to work are permitted to work, regardless of whether or not they belong to and pay dues to some organization. Des Moines has many establishments that employ a large number of people and are important factors in the prosperity of the city. If the "closed-shop" principle were cracked down on them, isn't it probable that all, or a large number of such firms, would quickly seek locations elsewhere? Des Moines would be kept in the throes of constant bickerings and disputes. Thus all citizens would be forced to pay the price, in one way or another, if Des Moines should become a "closed-shop" town.

The Association of Commerce of New Orleans has a committee called the Subversive Activities Subcommittee of the National Defense Committee, the general committee headed by Colonel L. Kemper Williams, a military man and wealthy lumber dealer. Last year, although its activities are secret, it tried to bar from a high-school building the New Orleans Forum, a group which presented lectures on capitalism, fascism, socialism, and communism. It aided in the removal of a charity-organization official who had a liberal viewpoint. Two newspaper publishers connected with it last year were not reappointed lest their participation "embarrass" them.

Red-baiting agencies get a formidable background of information from the United States Chamber of Commerce, which sends out, to a select public, confidential pamphlets called "Safeguards Against Subversive Activities." These pamphlets are a pulse of professional patriotism. They report "red" activity broad enough to include Christian pacifists. They keep lists of red-baiting articles, books, lectures, mostly of the guttersnipe variety. They include, for instance, all the Hearst anti-Soviet series, but never a Walter Duranty. They list articles in *Liberty* and *True Detective Stories*. They wind up with a suggested legislative program for sedition bills, limiting the use of the mails, conditioning immigration and naturalization, and proposing a special Department of Justice agency to investigate subversive activities.

Otherwise the national chamber, busy with its legislative program, takes no hand in the direction of the locals, which, in accordance with local conditions and using local means, go the local lobbyists one better.

Red Clay in Alabama

BY CARLETON BEALS

II. Another Tobacco Road

TOWARD the end of 1934 R. K. Greene, plantation owner and federal rehabilitation administrator in Alabama, boasted that 80 per cent of the farmers' federal debts had been paid—this in about six months' time! Shortly afterward he declared that not a single rehabilitation farmer in the whole state owed a dime. This was probably true, because those still in debt had been cleaned out, lock, stock, and barrel. Everything they possessed having been taken to liquidate their accounts, these unfortunate farmers were written off as "rehabilitated," and a new batch of human misery was fed into the mill. Such methods make the statistical record in Washington look better.

In any case the showing is truly remarkable. The gross cash income per family rarely exceeds \$150 a year; most families see not one red cent of this. One share-cropper to whom I talked was worried because in six months he had not been able to pay off his grocery bill of nine cents! A study of conditions in Gorgas in northern Tuscaloosa County, made by Dr. V. M. Sims and an associate of the state university for the Tennessee Valley Authority, shows that in this more favored hill setting the average gross income for white tenant families is \$144 and for Negroes \$148. Conditions are much worse in the black belt, and the rehabilitation farmers, almost without exception, have got the worst lands—exhausted, eroded, stony acres which the landlords otherwise would find it difficult to rent. The federal rehabilitation farmer has had to work his head off for the little food credited to him at plantation stores—in amount and quality "scarcely worth the trouble to go an' tote it home"—and lives mostly on coarse unleavened corn bread and syrup. In return he has the doubtful privilege of coming to own an "ornery" steer and a plow, which in most cases, especially in Chambers County, he has had to turn back to the federal authorities or, the year following, to the landlord.

R. K. Greene has described the rehabilitation policy as that of "learning to crawl before you walk." Most of his clients are crawling with their bellies closer to the ground than ever. He boasts of his record in inducing successful belly-crawling. One glowing story tells how a noble Negro farmer with nineteen in his family made a success by hitching himself to the plow and having one of his boys drive him. Another canned story concerns a poverty-stricken "rehabilitation" farmer who survived the first year and as a result will be able to have an evening meal of hot biscuits and syrup, after which he will "contentedly munch goobers" (peanuts). Hot biscuits, if not especially good for children, are a slight improvement over unleavened corn bread. But there is something wrong

when many "rehabilitation" farmers, though they produce a good crop and take outside work at every opportunity, face the winter with a few bushels of corn and little chance of employment.

At the beginning of 1935 George Hawkins (that is not his real name), a Negro share-cropper in Talapoosa County in the Alabama black belt, was one of five tenants on a hundred-acre tract rented by the federal Resettlement Administration from an absentee landlord and sublet in small patches at \$50 a year each, three times the ordinary rent. The land, moreover, is the worst in the vicinity, full of ruts, stumps, and stones. Mr. Hawkins had to work hard indeed to put it in shape for planting. But if the land was bad and the rent high, he was to have the benefit of federal assistance.

No one had ever been concerned about the share-croppers before except the Share-Croppers' Union, and that had caused bloodshed. But now the family received \$14 a month and had a ton of fertilizer, a sack of soda, a plow stock, and actually a mule instead of a steer. Hope was spreading its golden wings. Unfortunately the mule turned out to be "just ready to get home and die," which it did. Hawkins was then given a steer, too young to do much work.

Nor was an ordered budget easy to manage, because after two months the payments from the government were cut to \$10; after six months they abruptly ceased but were as abruptly renewed for October and November. Yet after all, \$108 was probably more real cash than Hawkins had ever received before in his life in any single year. Out of it, it is true, he had to buy gin certificates from speculators in order to sell his two bales of cotton. On the other hand he grew sixty bushels of corn, which, if not taken away, would permit the family of fourteen to have its customary two-meals-a-day diet of corn bread and syrup.

The Hawkins family did not do so well, but the federal field foreman told them he wanted them to stay on another year. Then, out of a clear sky, Hawkins received from the landlord himself a notice to vacate. He found a very



Drawing by Refrégier

dilapidated shack where he could begin farming on shares. Momentarily he expected the federal authorities to "clean him out." Hawkins's neighbors said he was thrown off because he was suspected of belonging to the Share-Croppers' Union. The federal officials are bitter against the union. Fortunately, when he was finally evicted, he was generously provided with a temporary erosion job at \$22 a month. Every day before dawn he has to walk eight miles in the mud and rain, and eight miles back in the dark. But fourteen mouths have to be fed. Hawkins doesn't feel very rehabilitated.

Henry Mason, a Negro World War veteran in poor health, was also paying the excessive rent of \$50 for a little piece of the same gullied land. He worked through 1934 under the rehabilitation plan, then the government cleaned him up, taking his corn, plow lines, some fertilizer, fodder, so he would "get straight." He was told—and Greene also publicly stated—that his debt was cleared, though later it seemed there was still pending a charge of \$54.

In 1935 Mason received some new supplies and \$2.40 a week for his wife and five children. This continued for part of May and until the end of August, when they were "chopped off." They had received fertilizer, four "scooters," or plow-holds, an "old fifty-cent bridle," garden seed, ash potatoes, and every two weeks three to four cans of meat, "any ol' kin' of meat," but "not enough to walk after." They had also received an old mule, for which they were charged \$60, but which "wuzn't wo'th \$5." The federal field foreman promised that he would see they got a better one, but when an animal was most needed during plowing, he told them just "to scratch along." Since Mason couldn't work, his wife Callie, who was expecting a new baby, pushed the plow as deep as she could. The mule died in June. Callie didn't die because she is a strong woman and has magnificent courage.

After a while Callie and her husband stopped getting their living checks. The county farm agent had asked them to indorse their checks over to Roy Patton, the field foreman, in payment for debts. When they refused, since they needed the money badly, they were simply informed that the checks had never come. Suspected of being members of the Share-Croppers' Union, Callie and her family were ordered to vacate in October. But Callie fought eviction so

strenuously, declaring she had a right to stay on the place until the end of the year, that Patton was "afraid to come around" to see her. Thereupon the farm administrator for the absentee landlord ordered her off. Again she fought for her rights and stayed until January 1. The place was then turned over to Fred Harris, known to the Share-Croppers' Union as a stool pigeon.

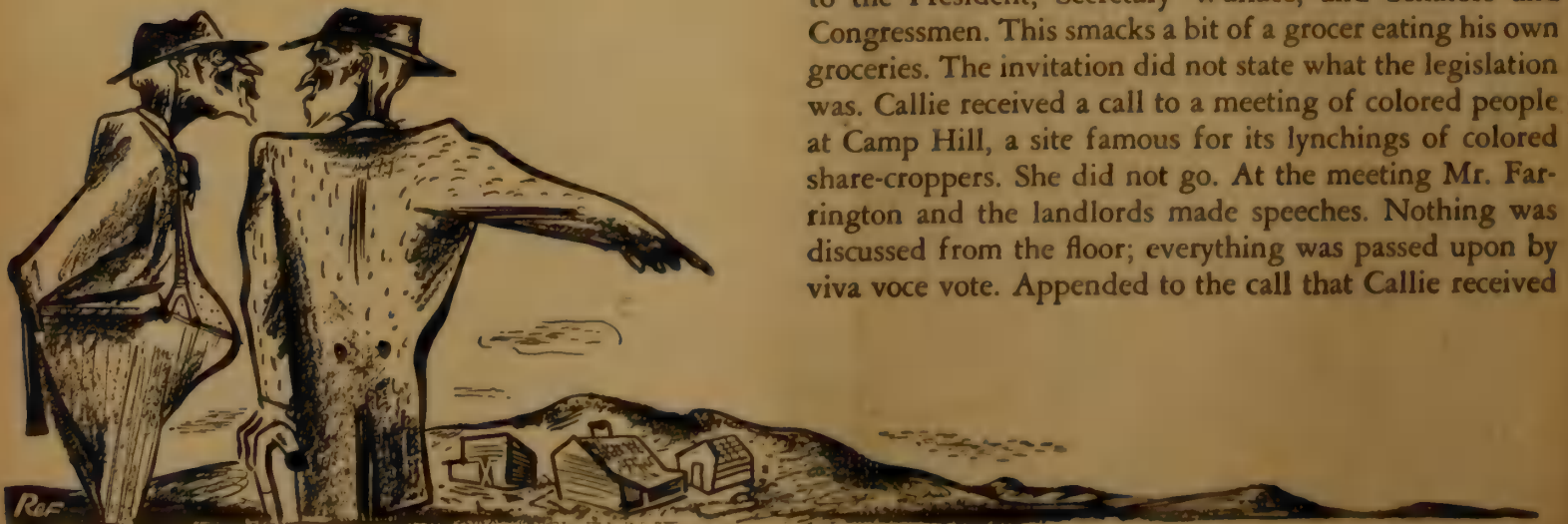
Just before Callie was evicted, her husband was taken to the veterans' hospital near Tuskegee. Callie herself was offered work on the erosion project at \$22. She refused, pointing out that she couldn't walk eight miles to work and back with a nursing baby to care for. Her new place stands in a puddle of red mud, and while she explained these things to me in a quiet but intense monotone, her baby lay on the edge of one of her two ancient beds on which the rain was beating through holes in the wall. Callie does not feel "rehabilitated" either, but she is as cheerful as she can be with her husband in the hospital and only a few bushels of corn on hand.

She had to move by herself on an icy day with the thermometer close to zero. That same day she received from F. N. Farrington, the federal county agent, with offices in Dadeville, a touching mimeographed circular. At the top was a picture of a sun rising over a hill and on either side were clusters of Christmas bells. It read:

Ring out the Old . . . Ring in the New . . . Happy New Year . . . Howdy and Happy New Year to Yours. . . .

This beautiful Christmas season has been made happier for us by the thoughts of the fine friendships we have enjoyed among the farm people of Tallapoosa County.

Mr. Farrington works hard to build up the landlords' organization, known as the Farm Bureau Federation. Since the Share-Croppers' Union came into being, the federation, amazingly enough, has made a drive for Negro members, and even pays their \$2 initiation fee for them. In Lowndes County, right after the terrible lynchings of last year, it even held a joint meeting of blacks and whites, with a Negro speaker, a doctor from Tuskegee, who was asked to lead them in "Swing low, sweet chariot." However, usually in notices of the meetings of this organization the race is carefully designated. On January 23, 1936, Mr. Farrington sent out calls for meetings to discuss legislation pending in the national Congress and to send wires to the President, Secretary Wallace, and Senators and Congressmen. This smacks a bit of a grocer eating his own groceries. The invitation did not state what the legislation was. Callie received a call to a meeting of colored people at Camp Hill, a site famous for its lynchings of colored share-croppers. She did not go. At the meeting Mr. Farrington and the landlords made speeches. Nothing was discussed from the floor; everything was passed upon by viva voce vote. Appended to the call that Callie received



Drawing by Refréprier

was one of Mr. Farrington's touching sentiments: "Usually after the darkest cloud the sun shines brightest, but sometimes the cloud lingers too long." Typical of Farrington's meetings was one at which the farm-measurement committee was chosen to determine the acreages for cotton-crop production. The farmers and share-croppers were presented with the names of four leading plantation owners, which were railroaded through.

Similar set-ups exist in all the black-belt counties. The pattern, with minor variations, is as follows: the landlords control the acreage allotments; the reduced acreage they have granted themselves is often far greater than any amount they ever cultivated. On the other hand, the acreage of the poor farmers and croppers has been cut to the bone. Naturally the landlords then have more tax-free federal gin certificates than they need; the poor folk do not have enough for a crop which will permit them to survive. Often the landlord has kept even the gin certificates allotted by the government for the cropper's minimum. The croppers must then go to the larger landlords and buy, for from three to six cents a pound of cotton, certificates which have cost the possessor nothing. Thus the planter often makes as much as eighteen cents on part of his cotton, the cropper only six cents.

The landlord has other advantages. The government has been giving a rental check of three and one-half cents per pound of lint cotton for the 40 per cent of production curtailed. These allotment checks went out at picking and selling times, and theoretically made it possible for the

cropper to survive without exceeding his allotted acreage. At first the allotment checks were taken by the landlords; later when the checks were made out directly to the cropper, the landlord either forced him to indorse them over or simply forged his name. The government, of course, guaranteed twelve-cent cotton, and sent out parity checks for any difference. These checks went the same route as the rental checks—into the landlord's pocket.

Furthermore, the marketing of cotton is a white privilege and a landlord's privilege. The cropper has no say over the disposition of his crop, and only in recent years has he even dared be on hand to check up on the weighing of it. He has no means of knowing exactly when his cotton is sold, and he is charged fifty cents a month per bale for storage. The cropper rarely sees any cash, because the food and supplies he has been furnished at a 20 per cent interest charge usually eat up every cent.

With this arbitrary set-up the cropper has no chance to succeed. The land itself is nearly exhausted, eroded, and worthless. Still greater disaster for the cotton industry looms ahead so far as the black belt of Alabama is concerned. Even with the fairest economic set-up, even if the croppers received the full product of their labor, they could scarcely make more than a starvation living. The tragedy is that the federal government in its rehabilitation program has adhered to all the old vicious landlord practices, and has in fact strengthened them.

[*This is the last of Mr. Beals's two articles on "rehabilitation" in Alabama.*]

Hitler's Totalitarian Theater

BY LILIAN T. MOWRER

WHEN the National Socialists came into power in January, 1933, the German theater was the liveliest in Europe. For more than a century the reigning monarchs had subsidized playhouses and encouraged native and foreign plays, players, and music. Then came fourteen years of republican rule, during which state and municipal support replaced court patronage. During this period a bold experiment in popular art was undertaken in the creation of the People's Theater. This association, with its own theater in Berlin and affiliations and touring companies throughout the country, provided its half-million members with good drama and music for the trifling price of from one mark to two marks fifty a performance.

The Nazis were not interested in the theater for artistic experimentation, but recognized its possibilities as a megaphone for their ideas, and immediately set about to destroy in it everything connected with the hated republic. Not only Jews but Social Democrats, intellectuals, radicals, "Kultur-Bolsheviks," and of course all personal enemies were thrown out. Everyone who had contributed to the brilliance of the former regime was banned, not

only actors and directors, but all the playwrights from Hauptmann to Hasenclever. It was a clean sweep in the world of art, and soon the stage was deluged with political tracts written by hitherto unknown young men. Goebbels's play "Michael," an amateurish bit of spite which had been refused by countless managers, was put on at twenty-six different theaters.

By the end of 1933, in spite of favored box-office treatment to Brown Shirts, the theaters were half empty. The Propaganda Minister was quick to realize the criticism of Nazi culture that this implied and the unfavorable conclusions that people would draw. He set about not to repair the damage but to cover up the traces. The Theater Act, passed in May, 1934, gave him the necessary power. He dissolved the three existing actors' and managers' unions and confiscated their funds. "Syndical chambers" for the professions of acting, playwrighting, stage design and direction, music, and so on were formed under leaders who were legally bound to carry out their task "in the spirit of national responsibility." This obligation means that a record of party activity is more important than artistic or technical ability. The entire personnel of

each chamber is governed by the *Führer Prinzip*, blind obedience to a leader. The leader may be a storm trooper, former doorkeeper, or one of the "old gang" whom the Nazis wished to reward—or even a man competent at his job. But the theater audiences did not grow any larger. Subsidies to state theaters were doubled and tripled: private backers who had been rash enough to finance productions were "helped" in order to keep up appearances.

"The theater is no welfare institution," warned Minister Göring at the reopening of the Prussian State Playhouse, which has been very much enlarged and handsomely decorated with red silk brocade. "It is no place for niggling critics, and we will tolerate no dishwater internationalism"—which in Nazi diction means anything foreign or liberal. "As long as there exists in Germany any unpolitical, neutral, or individualistic art our task is not ended," declared the *Völkischer Beobachter*, Hitler's own sheet. So the Nazi aims are quite definite. But the results are nil. Not a single playwright of worth has emerged to put their ideas into dramatic form.

The handful of writers turning out new pieces are quite inadequate to the task of keeping the German stage supplied, although Goebbels offers prizes for plays, and Göring simply commissions them. Richard Billinger, a man of sixty, born of Austrian peasants, was hailed at first as the "poet of the New Age." His contact with the soil was to provide all those mystic qualities of *Blut und Boden* which were to regenerate German art under the Nazis. He has written three or four episodic sketches, not without a vague lyrical beauty, full of local color which skilful direction can turn into effective stage pictures. There have been some heavy back-to-the-soil dramas like "Mensch, Aus Erde Gemacht," by Friedrich Griese, of great brutality unrelieved by any poetry. The necessity of avoiding "dangerous" subjects has led to an outcrop of historical plays, little more than facile journalism. So much suppression is exercised that creative work has ceased.

When I visited Berlin during the past winter I found all the theaters full and hardly a Brown Shirt visible. The government is spending immense sums on building and decorating; there is a second state playhouse and a new popular opera house. To judge by appearances, everything is booming, and I wondered why, for the playbills offer no explanation. At the Grosses Schauspielhaus and at the once famous Volksbühne were two faded operettas from the early nineties. There were four plays by Shakespeare, including Hans Rothe's very freely translated "Two Gentlemen of Verona," which is delightfully produced but marred by two much buffoonery. At the Kurfürstendamm Theater a repertory of Ibsen, Grillparzer, Goethe, and Calderon was being played in the manner of Victorian melodrama. A popular actress had revived Sardou's "Madame Sans Gêne." I went to the première of "Thomas Paine," by Hanns Johst, marveling that this champion of the Rights of Man should figure on a Nazi stage. But the humanitarian Paine fades before the patriot who dared the Americans to fling off England's yoke. Paine is the "drummer" of the United States, just as Hitler (see "Mein Kampf") prides himself on being the drummer of the Third Reich. A brilliant production by Jurgen Fehling

could not disguise the crude philosophy of this thin little play.

In all Berlin only four theaters remain in private hands, and their future is problematic. All the rest are on the dole. For although they are full they do not pay. Goebbels has organized the public as ruthlessly as he has critics and actors, but it is an expensive business. To fill the theaters he founded three *Gemeinschaften*, or leagues. Membership in the Culture League is open to all non-Masonic Aryans who pay one mark annually (unemployed twenty pfennigs) and pledge themselves to attend ten plays during the season. In return they get seats at half the box-office price. (The average cost of the best seats is nine marks.) They cannot choose their plays or the nights they visit the theater, but at least joining the league is not obligatory. The Workers' League and the famous *Kraft Durch Freude* Association circulate theater tickets throughout all shops, factories, and offices at prices varying from seventy-five pfennigs to one mark fifty. If these are not taken voluntarily they are simply charged up to recalcitrants, and the sum is deducted from their week's wages.

Two innovations in the German theater may be credited to the Nazis. Since Jews are not allowed to participate in any German cultural activity, they have founded their own cultural leagues and have theaters of their own in Hamburg, Frankfurt-am-Main, Gleiwitz, and Breslau. There is one in the east end of Berlin which many cultivated Jews refuse to visit as they consider it "ghetto." Hebbel's "Judith" has been given here, and friends tell me that the musical shows are distinctly good. It is strictly forbidden for any Aryan to attend a performance without very special permission from the Minister of Propaganda, and I had no time to apply for this.

Another more intentional Nazi contribution is the *Thingspiele* political mystery plays for the open-air theaters—*Thingplätze*—of which sixty are planned and twelve actually built. Summer festivals are held in them, and a rather hysterical self-glorification is celebrated with singing, marching, and flag-waving. One of the earliest of these mysteries, Richard Euringer's "German Passion, 1933," is a symbolic representation of Hitler as the Messiah; Kurt Heynicke's "Way into the Kingdom" is a loosely thought-out emotional approach to National Socialism; the "Eternal German Destiny" grapples with the "mythos" of the Nordic race. There are dozens of these tribal plays, and a certain amount of technical skill is shown in their staging (the Nazis have never lacked showmen). Their weakness lies in their simplification of ideas and vague sentimentality. The authors do not seem to realize that this emotional propaganda might equally well serve any political system. But the masses who are swept into the arenas to witness these exhibitions are usually extremely young and willing to believe almost anything.

For in spite of exhortations and commands that the theater serve the people as a political rostrum, its function in the Third Reich becomes daily more apparent. It is a vast social device for absorbing just so many workers who would otherwise be unemployed, and just so many spectators who might otherwise spend their spare time thinking of other days. From this point of view it functions well.

"Soaking the Rich"

BY GEORGE TERBORGH

THE inequality in the distribution of wealth and income in modern industrial countries provides a perennial theme for the prophets of discontent. This is not surprising when we consider the spectacular character of the statistics on this subject. In predepression America, for example (later estimates are not available), the richest 1 per cent of the population enjoyed as much income as the poorest 60 per cent and owned more wealth than the poorest 90 per cent.

Proposals to rectify these inequalities by abolishing private ownership of the means of production have at no time gained any great following in this country—even during the recent depression, when widespread distress and destitution created a favorable background for revolutionary propaganda. The proposals which have made real headway are, in appearance at least, less radical. They assume the continuance of private capitalism and rely on a further extension of an ancient and familiar device—taxation.

"Soaking the rich" may be of recent currency as a slogan, but as a fiscal practice it has long been well established. It began when the principle of "progressive" taxation was first applied. The departure from the rule of uniform tax rates for rich and poor opened the door to a gradual but persistent evolution in the direction of increasing the relative burden on the rich. While this evolution has thus far stopped short of the kind of "share-the-wealth" taxes sponsored by Huey Long, it is well advanced in the field of income, gift, and inheritance levies. Today the question is no longer whether the rich shall be "soaked," but merely how far the process shall be carried.

From the ethical standpoint the principle of progressive taxation has developed but one important rationalization. This is the claim that such taxation adjusts the burden to the "ability" of the taxpayer to pay. Thus, for example, Mr. Jones, with \$100,000 a year, is supposed to be able to pay more than one hundred times the tax of Mr. Smith, whose income is \$1,000.

The formula "taxation according to ability" is thought to provide a rule by which a fair and proper distribution of burdens may be made among incomes or estates of various sizes. Popular belief to the contrary, it does nothing of the kind. Who can say what tax rates equalize the burden for two incomes, one of which is one hundred times as large as the other? It is argued by one school of thought that the burden is equalized when the tax absorbs the same percentage of both incomes, and by another that it is equalized when the incomes remaining after the payment of the tax are themselves equal. Between these views is an area as wide as the sea, without chart or beacon. In practice, tax rates are fixed by the play of political forces, not by formula. The claim that a particular schedule, once

arrived at, adapts the burden to the ability to pay must be put down as an effort to dignify a practical compromise by giving it an appearance of scientific precision.

What is really involved in soak-the-rich taxes is a conflict between different social groups. The fundamental ethical question is which of these interests should be favored. Someone has to provide the revenues of government: should it be the rich or the poor? The answer to this question depends largely on the social philosophy and sympathies of those who are doing the talking.

The classic economic argument in behalf of inequality in the distribution of wealth and income runs somewhat as follows. People in modest circumstances ordinarily spend the bulk of their incomes for current consumption, with a negligible amount of saving for outside investment. People of wealth, on the other hand, if for no other reason than that they have more than they can conveniently spend for consumption, save a large fraction of their incomes. In a highly mechanized and dynamic economy such as ours the optimum progress in production calls for a large and steady stream of investment funds for embodiment in new capital goods. If the national income were distributed with any approach to equality there would not be enough saving to supply these funds; hence material progress would be slowed down, and in the long run even the immediate beneficiaries of the redistribution would be worse off than they would have been if the incomes of the rich had been left undisturbed.

A recent study by the Brookings Institution indicates that as a whole families receiving less than \$1,250 a year save virtually nothing, while those receiving \$100,000 and over save more than half of their income. It is estimated that, in 1929, 67 per cent of the total family savings was accumulated by less than 2.3 per cent of all families at the top of the income scale, families whose incomes aggregated but 28 per cent of the total family income. There is no doubt, therefore, that anything which served to divert income from the top to the bottom of the scale would drastically reduce the proportion devoted to investment and increase the share going to current consumption.

This much one may concede without assenting to the proposition that any and every step toward income equalization through taxation is a blow to progress. It is by no means certain that it is always desirable to have the largest volume of saving attainable; indeed, there is a large and respectable body of opinion in support of the view that, despite the extensive use of progressive taxation characteristic of modern fiscal practice, the volume of saving has at times been excessive and has led to maladjustments in the economy which have retarded progress. The truth is that we do not know within wide limits what rate of saving represents the economic optimum in the long run, and

since we have no clear criteria on this point we do not know how far soak-the-rich taxes can be carried without an undue curtailment of saving. It seems very probable, however, that unless some alternative source of savings should be developed, these taxes would have to stop far short of equalizing wealth or income throughout the nation. A very substantial degree of inequality appears on this ground to be economically useful, if not necessary.

While this time-honored arrangement certainly works, after a fashion, it cannot be considered, from the social standpoint, a highly economical method of obtaining a supply of savings. The price paid is measured by the amount of income which the rich dissipate in consumption before they begin to save. The Brookings Institution has estimated that in 1929 the "wealthy and well-to-do," comprising but 2.4 per cent of the population, accounted for about 20 per cent of the total national consumption. They consumed more, in fact, than the poorest 40 per cent of the population. What is equally to the point, they consumed more in the aggregate than they saved. It is quite evident that the cost to society of the savings secured through the maintenance of inequality is a heavy one.

There is another common economic argument against heavy taxes on the rich, namely, that these "destroy initiative." The first question this raises is whose initiative is destroyed—the initiative of those who are hoping to become rich or those who are already rich?

Even a very broad classification of the rich and well-to-do embraces only about 2 per cent of the population. The effect of soak-the-rich taxes on the initiative of the other 98 per cent may be considered negligible. Most of the individuals in the larger group are far below the lower limits of even the well-to-do category. It is more than doubtful if their acquisitive efforts would be seriously restrained by the knowledge that if and when they became wealthy they would have to pay higher taxes.

In this 98 per cent are found the owners of most of the nation's unincorporated business enterprises, the bulk of which consists of farms and retail trade establishments. These people would still be free to exercise their talents and enterprise to their hearts' content. The rest of the business enterprise of the country is in the hands of corporations. If heavy taxation of the rich and well-to-do has a seriously re-

straining influence on business initiative, it must be because it impairs the exercise of that quality by corporate enterprise.

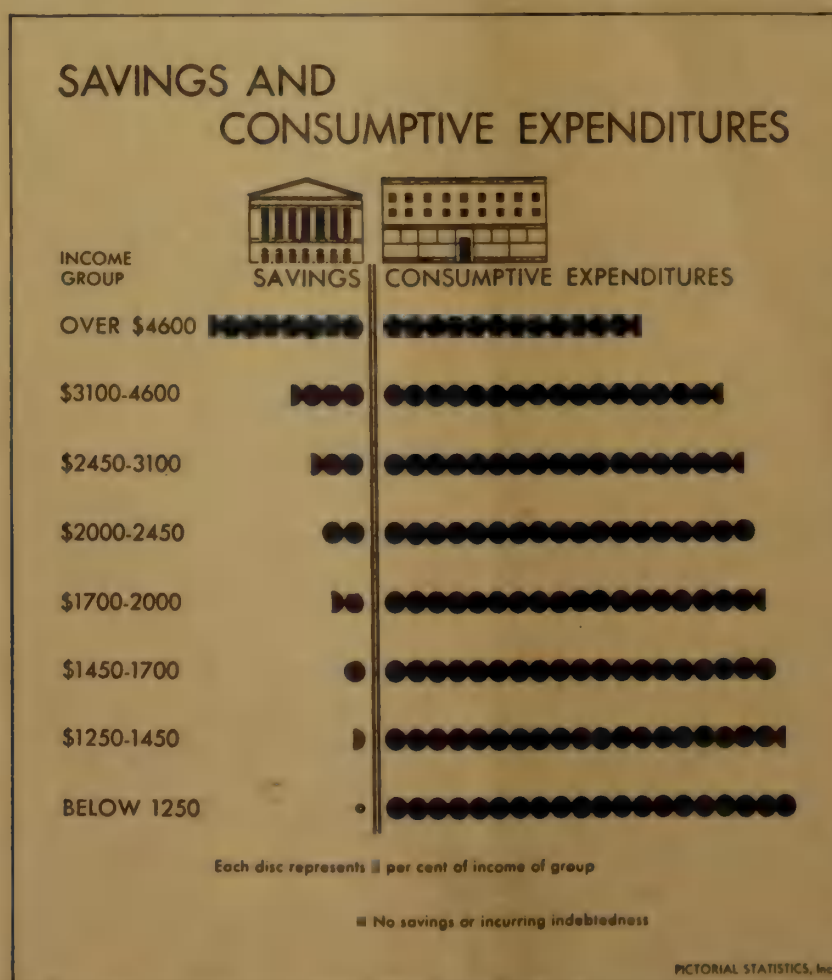
It cannot be denied that there are many corporations, of which the Ford Motor Company is the outstanding example, whose activities are largely the reflection of the initiative of a wealthy individual owner. There are others, like the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, whose operations are quite independent of the fortunes and the efforts of the proprietors. It is only where wealthy stockholders are actively concerned with the management and control of corporate policies that soak-the-rich taxes could conceivably "destroy initiative" for the corporation as a whole. For a large proportion of the nation's corporate enterprise this effect would probably be negligible.

While a tax on the income from labor can be escaped by idleness, a tax on the income from property—if comprehensive and adequately enforced—can be escaped only by ceasing to own property. By far the largest component in the incomes of the rich consists of the return from ownership. It makes, for example, more than 75 per cent of the aggregate income of those receiving \$50,000 and over annually. A great many rich individuals exercise no business initiative whatever beyond that involved in receiving interest, dividends, and the like. This form of initiative will continue as long as taxes leave anything to be received.

It is sometimes argued that heavy taxation will lead the rich to withhold their funds from investment in risky undertakings, from industrial pioneering, and to place them in government bonds and similar conservative commitments. This would be true if the latter enjoyed a partial or complete tax ex-

emption, as government bonds unfortunately now do, but if the rates were the same on property income from all sources there would be no reason for the shift.

The social-security legislation, perhaps quite accidentally, constitutes a small first step in relieving society from its dependence on the rich for the function of saving. Whether the future will see other governmental action for the promotion of compulsory saving can only be conjectured. If carried farther, such developments might make possible a far heavier taxation of the rich and a greater equalization of wealth and income than are now advisable.



Courtesy of the Public Affairs Committee

The Consumer Front

BY RUTH BRINDZE

THERE is a two-minute scene in "Triple A Plowed Under," the first edition of the Federal Theater Project's Living Newspaper, which for effectiveness of presentation is head and shoulders above the second interim report of the Federal Trade Commission on the milk monopoly. At the desk sits the middleman, a humanized robot who controls the producer on one hand and the consumer on the other by repeating the simple rule of the monopolist, "Take it or leave it." They both take it: the producer takes three cents for a quart of milk which the consumer takes for fifteen cents.

The FTC report supplies explanatory details on the operation of the milk monopoly and shows how the milk trust maintains profits at the expense of producers and consumers. So far only the findings about the Pennsylvania and Connecticut milksheds have been published, but since the two all-powerful holding companies, the National Dairy Products Corporation and the Borden Company, control the milk supply in other parts of the country as well, the reports are a fair enough sample of what the final conclusions will be. Competition in the retail field has been largely eliminated by the simple expedient of buying out competitors and paying them with holding-company stock. The outward semblance of competition is, of course, maintained, even though this necessitates the continuation of the uneconomical system of sending half a dozen milk wagons along the same route, all delivering the same quality of milk at the same price. For the Connecticut companies delivery expense increased from 17.5 per cent of net sales in 1931 to 20.3 per cent in 1933. The Philadelphia companies checked off 21.4 per cent of net sales for delivery expenses in 1934. In both milksheds operating and administrative expenses steadily increased throughout the depression. But despite the high cost of doing business and the decrease in milk consumption, the dealers continued to make a handsome profit, the average for the Connecticut dealers being 14.14 per cent and for the Philadelphia companies 21 to 28 per cent.

Producers made even heavier contributions than consumers to the business success of the distributors. The companies collected these involuntary contributions from the producers by paying them the low "surplus" prices for millions of gallons sold by the distributors as fluid milk, by overcharging them for hauling the milk from the country receiving stations to the city processing plants, and by making them foot the bills for laboratory and field work done by employees of the distributors. The profits that accrue from these and other transactions are not necessarily reflected in the books of the milk distributors, for by complex intercompany sales the profits and losses of units of the operating companies are successfully hidden.

In addition to demonstrating the monopoly's control of

price, the commission's investigators uncovered some particularly shabby tricks that had been played on the consumer. There was, for example, the postdating of caps on milk bottles. One of the offenders, it was alleged, was a producer of certified milk under contract to Scott-Powell Dairies of Philadelphia. The commission developed evidence that an official of the dairy had given instructions to date milk a day ahead.

The reported testimony of Milton T. George, formerly a Grade A producer for Supplee-Wills Jones, indicates that the chief difference between Grade A and Grade B milk may be the letter on the label. At the Red Hill station to which he delivered there was only one tank. All milk, without regard to the bacteria content, was dumped into it.

THERE has been a decided swing on the part of consumer groups from complete absorption in price and quality of goods to a concern for fair standards for labor. The contention that our luxuriously appointed emporiums are glorified sweatshops is now substantiated in the Robert committee report, recently sent to the President.

In its study of wage and hour changes in industry since the invalidation of the NRA, the Robert report lists the retail industry as among the five worst offenders. But this report, according to the refreshingly frank comments of the trade press, does not show how bad conditions actually are, since it was based on conditions existing before Labor Day, when winter schedules were not yet in effect. The United States Department of Labor states that for January of this year "average hours worked by employees in retail trade were 3.8 per cent higher than for the same month a year ago . . . average hourly earnings were 0.9 per cent lower." In commenting on this statement the trade journal *Retailing* says: "That so much pressure should have been exerted on wage and hour standards during 1935, the year in which retail trade generally showed a gain of 14 per cent and department stores 5 per cent, constitutes a general comment on the trade. . . . Is the present trend toward sweatshop conditions to be allowed to continue to the point where some outside authority will be forced to step in?"

The speed-up and the stretch-out have now been successfully applied to retail selling. The personnel managers' orders are to cut staffs and to increase the sales per day for each sales clerk. This system is condemned when it is practiced in the textile-manufacturing industries; if it is permitted to gain a strong foothold in retailing, it will be directly the fault of consumers, individually and as an organized group. This is the time for consumers who object to sweatshops to test the honest intentions of retailers who so persistently and so monotonously have repeated that the customer is always right.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

IT SEEMS to me that President Holt of Rollins College rather let his enthusiasm run away with him when he referred to Eleanor Roosevelt as the "first woman citizen of America." Isn't this a case where comparisons are extremely difficult, not to say odious? I am one of those who admire Mrs. Roosevelt not a little, who believe in her right to carry on her work and live her own life although a resident of the White House. I am grateful to her for breaking the tradition that the President's wife must always sit in the Executive Mansion and devote herself to giving tea and food to the diplomatic corps, army and navy officers, high civilian officials, and the hundreds of strays, foreign and American, who are entertained at the White House in the course of the year. She has rendered a great service to the nation by the simplicity and independence of her life, her refusal to put on airs as the "first lady of the land"—a revolting designation utterly out of place in a democracy, for which the snobbishness of our dailies is wholly to blame. Mrs. Roosevelt's refusal to be accompanied by a Secret Service man, her rebuke to the New York City police when they sought to assign to her a uniformed man who would have deprived her of all privacy and made her conspicuous, her insistence that the wife of the President should behave and be treated like other American women have been a real contribution to our political life. The average person does not realize how strong the tendency has been in Washington in the last twenty-five years to surround the occupants of the White House with the attributes of royalty. Hence it is a valuable precedent that Mrs. Roosevelt is setting when she travels in taxis or occupies an ordinary lower berth in trains.

Everybody ought to be grateful that we have in the White House a woman who thinks for herself, who has vision, and who is well aware that this country is not in a happy condition and needs a radical overhauling. I especially admire her serenity in carrying on her work as she sees fit despite the malicious gossip relating to herself and her husband, deliberately set afoot by the rich and prosperous who are so bitter against the New Deal and its author, even to the extent of believing, incredible as it sounds, that the President is a regularly enrolled member of the Communist Party. Because of Mrs. Roosevelt's sympathy for so many good causes, I am quite willing to overlook the banality and the intellectual poverty of her diary, now syndicated in many dailies, and to put aside my feeling of regret that she makes as many speeches as she does and talks so frequently over the radio, even if the latter is for charity. These regrets are impersonal—by which I mean that no one can write as much and talk as often as Eleanor Roosevelt and not run pretty thin. They do not counterbalance the usefulness of her example in the ways that I

have already cited. She is of course bound to support her husband's policies and is indubitably limited by her relationship to him. I cannot but believe that if she were a free agent she would give us some extremely effective criticism of the whole vacillating and dangerous handling of the relief problem. I think she might also have something cogent to say about the failure of the housing program and other errors of the Administration.

But all this does not make her the feminine leader of the United States, and I am sure that she would be the first to say so. Who is the leading woman of the United States? To my mind there is none. Jane Addams merited that title. She left no successor. No other American woman today typifies in herself such glorious achievement or has made herself an international figure of Miss Addams's stature. Certainly Mrs. Roosevelt has failed to take Miss Addams's noble and uncompromising stand on peace—the greatest question before humanity today. Judging by some of her utterances, Eleanor Roosevelt has fallen for the old, stupid argument that because other countries have large armies and navies we must have them, too, without stopping to analyze just what that means. But waiving that, we have a number of distinguished women besides Mrs. Roosevelt. They are great in their respective fields, yet somehow I cannot think of one who really merits the designation of the first woman citizen of the United States.

The rest of this page I wish to devote to Theodor Wolff's remarkable new book "The Eve of 1914." I know that many people are fed up with the World War and what caused it. They do not wish to read anything further about it; indeed, more and more persons are so heartsick over the world today that they want to forget all about it and no longer even care to peruse the reports of Hitler's aggressions or of the dissensions and lack of a vigorous program among the former Allies. Still I feel that I must mention this great historical contribution of the man who was the foremost editor in Germany during and after the war. There should certainly be a clearer understanding of the machinations and intrigues which led the world into its present impasse. I do not mean that one must accept Wolff's interpretations as final truths. But here is one who was a key man in Germany, who risked a great deal by his outspoken criticism of his own government during the war. Now he is a victim of the horrible misgovernment of Germany for which the Allies and we ourselves are responsible. It seems to me that if any of us still wish to try to prevent a final disaster, we should profit by the present judgments of Theodor Wolff. Particularly enlightening are his conversations with Bethmann-Hollweg. But the whole book is a historical document of lasting worth.

BROUN'S PAGE

IT HAS always been my contention that virtue can best be maintained when access to vice is kept fairly open. We speak sternly of believing in liberty not license as if the latter mode of existence had been widely tried and found wanting. Frankly I am not prepared to say that life under license would be both beautiful and enjoyable, for I have never had a complete shot at any such dispensation. Who has? Even those cities which boast of being wide open set restrictions somewhere along the line and interfere with the wholly lawless state.

Henry Mencken used to speak with pride of the "free state of Maryland" and intimate that Baltimore was the logical successor to Gomorrah. But those were empty boasts. Recent years have exposed Mr. Mencken as a respectable burgher, and he meant no more than that it was possible to procure bootleg beer in the city of his choice. But that hardly set Baltimore apart among the metropolises of the nation. In my dream of an almost perfect United States I have thought of the establishment of regional cities of sin. The districts used by the Federal Reserve system might suit the purpose in the main. These selected spots would be beyond and above the law. Quite possibly we shall yet return to prohibition on account of the manifest evils of alcohol. But no restrictive legislation would be binding in the cities of sin. Naturally gambling and all behavior held to be immoral would be permitted in these special havens.

My aim, of course, is to promote morality. In other words, I believe in liberty not license. Or, to be more precise, I think license might be fine if we were all developed somewhat beyond our present natural timidity. The cities of sin would serve to keep the great majority of us in the straight and narrow path because we should know that escape from our chosen routine was always possible. The average man might say to himself, "I will abide by righteousness and good conduct for another year and then I'll get a round-trip ticket to the nearest C. of S. and cut loose for a fortnight."

But when the year ended, the expedition could go over for another six months. Human nature leans to procrastination, and even the sinners are inclined to say, "Next week will do. Depravity can wait." According to my theory men and women under this dispensation would live and die without fault simply because they never took advantage of their opportunities. They went along quite cheerfully in rectitude because high jinks were always just around the corner.

The city where I am now spending the last few days of my vacation has made a rather gallant try in the right direction. At its best Miami, Florida, is as wild as any mining camp and much more luxurious. Unfortunately the city possesses what is known as a "better element." My luck is so bad that I generally arrive just after the better element has come into power. Slaving away at various tasks in New

York mid ice and snow each spring and winter, I read the newspapers and learn that the weather is clear and warm in Miami and that all the vicious gambling resorts are running wide open. A week later I put my affairs in order and show up in the city of sin prepared to relax and get the roses back into my cheeks. After a pleasant dinner I cash a check and inquire at the desk as to where I may go and lose my money. The clerk shakes his head dubiously. "Everything is closed, Mr. B," he says. "There's a reform wave on and all gambling has been outlawed."

"But," I object, "I read that this city was wide open all through the season."

"And so it was," explains the Miamian. "But now the season is over and the law-and-order crowd have stepped in."

I wish Miami would make up its mind whether it intends to be another Zion or a new Babylon. It annoys me to arrive invariably upon the up-wave of reform, and I want it distinctly understood that these sackcloth interludes are no part of my doing.

In all fairness to the resort which proclaims that it is "America's playground" I must report that puritanism has not won the citadel utterly. During the afternoon it is possible to bet upon the horses, and at night the greyhounds run. But at the stroke of midnight Miami becomes completely a city of law and order. Or is somebody fooling me? Again it is a town of strict Sabbath enforcement. The dogs and the horses go into retirement until the Lord's Day has ended. There is nothing to do but listen to sermons or try to catch sailfish. And both are tedious sports.

Still something should be said in compliment to the clergy of Miami. The Florida metropolis contains more churches than any city of its size in the entire nation. And yet the preachers give a surprisingly small amount of trouble. While the season is on they are never under foot. All their sermons against gambling are delivered in summer when there isn't any. During the good months of the year the men of the cloth content themselves with thundering at the Morbites and the Philistines. The children of darkness and the children of light lie down together much as the lions and lambs of the millennium. The men who run the gambling resorts even go to the length of paying for "Go to church on Sunday" advertisements. Miami at its best has a complete economic unity.

It is even possible that this town might hold its proper place as a city of sin throughout the year if it were not for local pride. Nobody here gets annoyed at Florida racketeers. Home-town talent is accorded free rein at all times. Unfortunately every once and so often gangsters from New York come down and shoot local boys who are making good. Miami resents that. It is still pretty parochial. But after all, one should be patient with a growing community. Even if Miami isn't the perfect city of sin it makes a perfectly elegant try.

HEYWOOD BROWN

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

"WINTERSET"—CRITICS' PRIZE-WINNER

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

THE Dramatic Critics' Circle, composed of seventeen metropolitan critics including *The Nation's*, gave its prize for the best play of the season by an American author to Maxwell Anderson's "Winterset." This is the first annual award; it was made with only three dissenting votes; and it augurs well for the future significance of the prize.

I happen to have concurred in the majority opinion, but nearly all who are familiar with the tragedy, either through the performance or the printed version, will probably agree that it is, at least, an easily defensible choice. Obviously, the selection was not, as too many of the Pulitzer Prize selections appear to have been, the result of a compromise upon some inoffensive mediocrity agreed upon as a last resort. The play has character; its virtues and defects are positive; and no one could well remain merely indifferent to so unusual and so passionate an appeal to deep emotions.

The official announcement of the award reads in part as follows:

The Circle's decision is based upon the conviction that in "Winterset" the author accomplished the notably difficult task of interpreting a valid and challenging contemporary theme dealing with the pursuit of human justice in terms of unusual poetic force, realizing a drama of rich meaning and combining high literary distinction with compelling theatrical force.

Speaking only for myself, I should like to particularize somewhat further and to say that there are at least two reasons why I believe "Winterset" a play of more than usual significance.

To begin with, it is verse drama of a very special kind. I do not mean to assume that a play in verse, even a commercially successful play in verse, would necessarily be noteworthy merely because it was at once "poetic" and successful. Mr. Anderson himself has written "poetic drama" before now, and despite the popularity of his "Mary of Scotland" I could never feel that that play, as a play, was more than respectable. Indeed, the very fact that its author, who had collaborated in "What Price Glory?" and independently written at least one excellent comedy, turned to a historical subject when he wished to write a play in verse was distinctly dispiriting. It seemed to confirm the almost universal if tacit assumption that only the past can be conceived in poetic terms, that the poetic drama has ceased to exist, not because we have left poetry, but because poetry has left us—because modern life and our conception of it are radically unsuited to that degree of elevation which makes verse a natural medium of sincere expression. To a considerable degree at least,

"Mary of Scotland" partook of the nature of a pastiche, and a pastiche is not merely the opposite of a work of art. It also usually amounts to a confession on the part of its maker that he was compelled to use fragments of other men's art because he found it impossible to transmute his experience into art of his own creation.

"Winterset," on the other hand, is a contemporary theme treated in connection with contemporary life. The important fact is not that its language is metered. Furthermore, when one stresses the fact that the scene is contemporary, one does not, of course, mean to assume that only in connection with contemporary events can anything significant be said. But verse is an outward sign that the author proposes to reach a certain degree of elevation. And the choice of the contemporary scene is an outward sign that he proposes to attack in the directest possible manner the problem of demonstrating that the life of today affords themes inviting treatment in the poetic form. The measure of his success is just the fact that the impressiveness of the drama is nowhere diminished by any sense on the spectator's part that the matter and manner are radically incongruous.

"Winterset" exhibits most of the usual technical characteristics of the poetic drama. Its personages not only speak verse but are endowed with that supernormal power of expression which sacrifices realistic representation to completeness of communication. The meanest of them takes on a dignity which belongs to him not as a person but as a necessary participant in an action the sum total of which is grand in its implications. The most important are capable of philosophic reflections which, as individuals, they would never be competent to formulate but which are permitted them by virtue of a convention endowing the chief figures in poetic drama with the power to understand the significance of their own character and actions. Yet to anyone not unduly disturbed by the mere unfamiliarity of such a play the fact that twentieth-century persons should speak in the form and manner of poetry soon becomes as readily acceptable as the fact that a twelfth-century Danish prince or a fourteen-year-old Italian girl of the Renaissance should do so. To say all this is not to say that "Winterset" is perfect or everywhere completely realized. For example, the deaths which constitute the catastrophe seem annoyingly fortuitous. But it does indicate why it demonstrates more successfully than any other American play that the poetic drama is not dead beyond hope of resurrection.

The second great virtue of "Winterset" lies in its illustration of the manner in which a "socially significant" theme may be treated in genuinely dramatic and genuinely

poetic fashion. Obviously the situation was suggested by the Sacco-Vanzetti trial, but Mr. Anderson has realized that the attempt to use such a subject in imaginative literature is justifiable only if imaginative literature can produce an effect or reach a depth of understanding beyond the scope of the essay, the speech, or the polemic. There is no excuse for saying in the dramatic form what can be said in a simpler manner, and Mr. Anderson has justified himself, first, by his brilliant generalization of the subject and, secondly, by the success with which he has explored its deepest implications—the question of the nature of justice and the question of the effect upon various human beings of their success or failure in the search for it. By dealing not with the event itself but with the reverberations of that event in after years, he sacrificed journalistic immediacy but gained to an immeasurable degree in emotional and philosophic richness.

As I am not unaware, many persons would maintain the superior *usefulness* of the previous play on the same subject which he wrote with Harold Hickerson, and it is true, perhaps, that he would never have written "Winterset" at all had it not been for the social indignation which found direct expression in "Gods of the Lightning." But that play merely said what had been said with equal effectiveness in journalistic terms dozens of times before, and the most useful play is the play which contributes to the intellectual or emotional understanding of a subject something which only a playwright can contribute. Looking back to the review which I wrote when "Winterset" was first produced, I find myself remarking that if "Gods of the Lightning" represents what, as a citizen, Mr. Anderson had to say about Sacco and Vanzetti, then "Winterset" represents what, as poet and playwright, he had further to say upon the same subject. The distinction, I still think, is significant. And the artist serves society best when he serves it in ways of which only the artist is capable.

BOOKS

The Mainsprings of Capitalism

THE GENERAL THEORY OF EMPLOYMENT, INTEREST, AND MONEY. By John Maynard Keynes. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.

IN CONTRAST to the general run of orthodox economists, Mr. Keynes has distinguished himself throughout the depression by proposing concrete measures for alleviating the crisis. While neither his own government nor that of the United States can be said to have given his suggestions a fair trial, his views have unquestionably influenced policy in both countries, though in a markedly different manner. His was one of the strongest voices in support of the easy-money and re-funding policies of the British government, while his bold proposals for public-works expenditures, spurned in Britain, found favor with the Roosevelt Administration. Throughout this period Mr. Keynes has encountered vigorous opposition from his orthodox colleagues, who are patiently waiting for a

reconstruction of economic life according to the copybook maxims of laissez faire theory.

It is these maxims, so firmly held by the majority of present-day economists, to which Mr. Keynes turns attention in the present book—his first important theoretical work since the "Treatise on Money" published five years ago. While accepting many of the postulates of orthodox dogma, he finds it necessary to modify certain of its basic assumptions. He starts by challenging the view—widely held by economists as well as business men—that reduction of real wages is the only known road to full employment. As against the contention of the classical theorists, Mr. Keynes maintains that there is often no way by which labor as a whole can reduce its real wage by means of voluntarily accepted cuts in money wages, and any attempt to do so only aggravates the fundamental difficulties. A reduction in wages may aid a single establishment to curtail its costs, and thereby make it possible for it to expand production and employment, but a general wage cut can only reduce consumption and accentuate the deflationary process. Although this conclusion is fully in line with everyday experience during the depression, Mr. Keynes is compelled to reconstruct a considerable portion of the classical theory in order to show why the traditional economists are wrong. His argument is so technical and detailed that it is impossible to do justice to it in the scope of a brief review, but at the risk of oversimplification it may be said to run somewhat as follows:

The national income, measured in terms of real wealth, is obviously dependent primarily on the level of employment. An increase in the number of persons engaged in productive activity should normally yield a larger aggregate product to be divided among the population. The volume of employment in turn tends to be fixed at a point where business yields the maximum profits. In determining the level of business activity which they believe will give the highest return, entrepreneurs are guided by the status of three variable factors: (1) the propensity of the population to consume; (2) the prospective yield of new capital investment; and (3) the current rate of interest.

A number of influences play upon the "propensity to consume," but the primary element is unquestionably the level of income. Most men will increase their expenditures for consumption as their income rises, though not to the full extent of their new income. Now a rise in employment and income can only come through an increase in investment. Any expansion in business activity requires capital. But investment cannot grow unless it is accompanied by a rise in consumption, for otherwise there would be no demand for the increased production. Nor can all of the new output be consumed, since there must be a margin of savings from which the capital can be drawn. It is possible to measure the effect of each new investment on the general level of employment, according to Mr. Keynes, by what he calls the "marginal propensity to consume." If the habits and psychology of a community are such that they consume, say, nine-tenths of each new unit of income, it follows that the total employment produced by increased public works, or any other new investment, will be ten times the amount of primary employment created by the new enterprise.

Business men will be inclined to invest in new capital equipment as long as the returns from such investment promise to be in excess of the current rate of interest. A rise in the interest rate discourages productive investment and reduces employment, while a lowering of the rate—within certain limits—tends to stimulate both. Thus while the orthodox economists assume that an increase in the interest rate would encourage savings

and thereby promote investment, Mr. Keynes maintains that the only function of interest is to prevent people from hoarding; and if the public has confidence in the stability of economic conditions, 2 per cent may be fully as effective as 6 in accomplishing this result. He denies that the interest rate is affected under present conditions by fluctuations in either spending or investment, insisting that the rate is largely determined by tradition except where it is definitely controlled by the monetary authorities. Thus instead of being an automatic regulator of economic activity, as traditional theory has it, the rate of interest must be manipulated if it is to be helpful, and in the opposite direction from the change envisioned by orthodox theory. Thus a cut in real wages, instead of reducing the marginal demand for capital and thereby reducing the rate of interest and stimulating investment, would lower the "propensity to consume"—by redistributing income in favor of the *rentier* class—and probably lead to a postponement of investment and increased tendency to hoard.

Stripped of the technicalities which might baffle the lay reader, there is much similarity between Keynes's analysis and that of Moulton in the "Formation of Capital." Both find the key to our present economic difficulties in the tendency toward oversavings, which is accentuated by the maldistribution of income; both show that the new investment which is necessary to revive employment is dependent on consumption rather than on savings; and both would agree—in opposition to the orthodox school—that a reduction in wages is self-defeating in that it inevitably curtails consumption. But between a price-lowering and a wage-raising policy, Keynes chooses the latter on the ground that it is more likely to maintain full employment. And for some reason he does not follow out the logical trend of his thought by considering, in any detail, the effect of a redistribution of income as a means of increasing the "propensity to consume." Despite a considerable amount of evidence to the contrary, he clings to the view that low money rates together with public expenditures will stimulate investment sufficiently to offset the deficit purchasing power of the underprivileged. While admitting that governmental expenditures must do more than replace private expenditures if they are to be effective, he does not foresee the danger—as exhibited in the WPA—that government investment may have the effect of depressing wages and thereby accentuating the underlying disequilibrium.

It will be seen that the theoretical weakness of Mr. Keynes's

position does not lie so much in the factors which he discusses as in those which he omits. He appears to assume, as do the orthodox economists whom he berates, a flexible or semi-flexible economic system which no longer exists, and he neglects the all-important phenomenon of an economy dominated by gigantic corporations and trade associations whose fundamental interests and policies are in conflict with the interests of society as a whole. Given the undeniable trend toward rigidity in our economic structure, the type of controls which he envisages are bound to become increasingly ineffective. This he tacitly admits in the final chapter when he suggests that it would be desirable ultimately to eliminate interest and advocates a more rigorous system of progressive taxation. Yet even these proposals, admirable though they are, seem to overlook the apparently irresistible counter-force exercised by monopolies and trusts, which utilize governmental power to strengthen their anti-social policies.

MAXWELL S. STEWART

Love in Connecticut

AS THEY REVELED. By Philip Wylie. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.

MR. WYLIE in "As They Reveled" has written about a group of people to whom sophistication is another word for sex. That very concept insures their being made a subject for satire; it also makes clear just how startling the satire is going to be. It also, I am afraid, makes clear how from time to time satire will take a back seat, and sex will be put on display as a diverting spectacle in its own right. Indeed, you need not be a passionate lover of satire in order to enjoy much of what goes on in these pages; for that matter, perhaps the less you love satire the better.

The people herein described did most of their reveling on a few jointly shared acres in Connecticut, but they also reveled now and then on Cape Cod, in Manhattan, and along the Jersey shore. There were four men and five women in all, and by the law of combinations and permutations nine people can be grouped and regrouped in a staggering number of ways. In "As They Reveled," what is more, they are. The two most interesting of Mr. Wylie's nine people are Alice, to whom all this open-shop philandering is new, but who learns, and



Moments

Mr. Eliot Wonders Why His Eaglets Have Flown in the Wrong Direction

Claudette, a Southern homebreaker in her teens who is punished for not having a shred of character by soon not having a shred of reputation. Mr. Wylie is merciless with Claudette, but somewhat indulgent toward all the others—except the lowborn Charley Everest—and at the end most of the husbands are again in possession of their wives.

Mr. Wylie shows almost no insight in dealing with these people. He shows a certain worldly knowledge, but that is a different thing. It would be hard to avoid, of course, exposing their moral illiteracy and the infantile complacency with which they tumble in the hay. But other things that would seem equally hard to avoid—their leisure-class frivolity, their suburban brand of taste, their bankrupt minds—he has somehow strangely ignored. He has been satisfied to confine himself to love: "Sweet love," as he puts it, "love whereof even the shadows are rose-tinted. Love illimitable. Love unfettered. Modern, civilized, biochemical, endocrinological, adept, expert, unemotional, functional, promiscuous, unbigoted, and enlightened love." As for social criticism, Mr. Wylie seems to admire the suave Mr. Larch, who plays golf and learned how to dress at his Eastern university, much more than he admires the coarse Mr. Everest, who visits bowling alleys and never learned how to dress at all. His book abounds in distinctions of this sort, and though I will not affirm that they ruin him as a satirist, I fear they do not quite exempt him from the satire.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

A Quartet on Crime

FIGHTING THE UNDERWORLD. By Philip S. Van Cise.

Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.

CRIME'S NEMESIS. By Luke S. May. The Macmillan Company. \$2.

FAREWELL, MR. GANGSTER! By Herbert Corey. D. Appleton-Century Company. \$3.

CHEESE IT—THE COPS! By Emanuel H. Lavine. The Vanguard Press. \$2.50.

READING four books on crime in rapid succession has made me very nervous. Instead of going quietly to bed, I have taken to going down to the Tombs at night and looking anxiously under all the beds to make sure no burglars are there. To make matters worse, I found one a few nights ago. Apparently his telephone call to the professional bondsmen had gone astray. We fixed that up, you may be sure, and the bondsman and the lawyer came right over. As a matter of fact, they were already on their way, hanging on the tail-board of a patrol wagon full of crap-shooters that would need to be sprung. Within half an hour the burglar, tool kit in hand, was back in overalls and ready to go to work. That night, for once, I went to sleep happy, knowing that a couple of adjournments of the trial would give the good fellow time to earn his fees for lawyers and bail bonds. One thing I like about criminals is that they try to pay as they go; there is none of this business of running into debt when a little extra work—at night, if need be—will keep the business of beating the rap on a strictly cash basis.

For a person like myself, through whose nands—figuratively speaking—about 80,000 offenders pass each year, too many books on crime at once are always confusing. Take, for example, the four I have just gulped down. Mr. Lavine wants me to believe that the cops are crooked and incompetent and that crime flourishes unchecked. Mr. Corey, on the other hand, makes it clear that the G-men combine the qualities of Sherlock Holmes and the United States Marine Corps and have driven

all the crooks into the nearest ocean. Mr. Lavine insists that the cops beat the crooks with rubber hose, but Mr. May says they beat them with microscopes, chemical analyses, moulage, and ballistics. Only Colonel Van Cise's theory leaves me unconfused and in accord. He says that the bunco men are always with us and always will be, so long as people try to get something for nothing and thereby label themselves suckers.

I started to skim through Colonel Van Cise's book because it seemed to me rather a thick tome to come out of a single prosecution, and that a Denver case now fifteen years old. But I read it avidly, page after page. Such a case carries no date line, is never localized. The con men are the one enduring group in crime: they never go out of date, never stop working, never confine themselves to one locality, never stop corrupting law-enforcement officials, and seldom reform, even on their death-beds. I think their idea of heaven is a place where everyone is an Oklahoma oil man and there are no cops, prosecutors, or sheriffs with whom you have to split.

Those of us who knew Denver in the gay twenties, when those amazing owners of the *Denver Post*, Bonfils and Tammen, were still in power, will read "Fighting the Underworld" with special interest. (Note to Editor: Their power is gone. No fear of libel suits.) Denver was the last of the great cities to lose its frontier qualities; probably it has not lost them yet. It was the Mecca for all the men in the mountain states who made money fast and stood ready to lose it with equal speed. Naturally, it was also the Mecca for all the con men who worked the Florida resorts in the winter, the Southwest all the year round out of Kansas City, and Denver in the summer-time.

Denver swigged its crime raw fifteen years ago. Pickings were easier and richer than in any other city of its size in the country. For the police, too, there was a pot of gold at the end of every policeman's rainbow in those days. I was out there quite often in 1924-25, just after Colonel Van Cise had sent Lou Blonger and his gang of steerers and spielers to the pen. Highly respectable citizens gave me some hint of the extent to which a large city can be dominated by known crooks. The essence of the frontier philosophy, however, was given me by an old friend, an ex-convict. His wife had left him for a dashing young rancher down-state. He was planning to go down and kill them both when I met him in the Brown Palace Hotel. We rode around in his car all night while I argued that it would be bad for his children if he did it. He didn't do it, finally, but this is the one thought I remember of all he said that night: "If I go down there to kill them, the deacon of my church will loan me his gun to do the job with. It's the law of the desert, and it will hold good as long as there's alkali in the water."

It is a mystery to me why Colonel Van Cise, a new district attorney with nothing much but a vague idea that Denver need not be dominated by grafters, should have thought he could beat the law of the desert, when Denver was still little more than a lawless frontier town. How he did it is fascinating reading. The chief man he got, Lou Blonger, virtual boss of Denver and fixer for Florida, makes Dutch Schultz look like a piker.

"Crime's Nemesis" deals with the scientific detection of crime. It loses entertainment value for the casual reader by contrast with an earlier and better-written book by Henry Morton Robinson called "Science vs. Crime." To the professional reader, however, it has greater value because Luke May is a highly competent scientific investigator who is writing about his own cases. A modest man writing about himself and his own work naturally tones everything down; Colonel Van

Cise, by the way, evaded the issue by writing very effectively in the third person.

Similarly, "Farewell, Mr. Gangster!" deals with the same subject and drew on the same sources as Courtney Riley Cooper's "Ten Thousand Public Enemies." Corey's book is more informative on federal machinery and is good reading, but Cooper skimmed the cream off the J. Edgar Hoover milk a year ago.

Lavine, on the other hand, has the good fortune to have been preceded by an even worse book, written by a fellow-reporter employed by the same newspaper service—Martin Mooney's "Crime Incorporated." If two worse book have been written on the subject of crime in the last decade, I will gladly read them as a penance. I am not a loud booster for the police of our American cities. They often are dumb-bells and sometimes grafters. They usually have the physical courage of the Bull of Bashan and very often the brains also. But it is dirty and cheap business to write a book that leaves one with the impression that police officers are all dumb brutes, without quoting one single grand-jury report, one bit of documentary evidence, one line more authoritative than an undated newspaper paragraph. The police deserve to be spared loose denunciation without documentation.

There is good meat in the books by Van Cise, Corey, and May. They are worth-while reading for the professional and better-than-ordinary reading for the layman. But if there is any meat in Mr. Lavine's book, it is certainly tripe.

AUSTIN H. MACCORMICK

The Economy of Plenty

\$2500 A YEAR. By Mordecai Ezekiel. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

IN THIS interesting and readable volume Dr. Ezekiel proposes what his publishers describe as "a definite and practical means for accomplishing the change in our economic society from scarcity to abundance." The author's immediate goal, to be reached within a few years, is a minimum family income of \$2,500 a year, or slightly less than the average family income in 1929. This would require a national income about \$24,000,000,000 above the actual total in that year, if all of the increase were used to bring lower incomes up to the \$2,500 level and higher incomes were left unchanged.

The author's contention that a family needs at least \$2,500 a year—an income enjoyed by less than one-third of our families even in 1929—to maintain a comfortable standard of living can be accepted without question. And we have ample resources, technical facility, and labor supply to provide every family with at least \$2,500 if the additional income were properly distributed. This would be possible even on the basis of the modest Brookings estimate of productive capacity, which takes full account of the limitations of weather and consumer-buying habits.

Dr. Ezekiel does not hold the individual business man responsible for this paradox of poverty in the midst of potential plenty. He attributes it to the malfunctioning of the profit system in an era of mammoth corporations, overhead costs, and "administered prices," and to a lack of "coordination between all segments within each industry and between different industries." Since the market for his product at a profitable price is limited, no single business man can expand his operations unless a general increase in buying power can be brought about. "What is needed is some method by which production,

buying power, and markets for goods can thus be increased all at the same time." This explanation is undoubtedly sound as far as it goes, but it doesn't go far enough to explain how business ever recovers from a depression or why business operating under the modern profit system was able to produce more than twice as many goods and services in 1929 as it produced in 1932.

So much for the author's diagnosis of our present difficulties. His prescription for the malady is far less convincing. It is extremely doubtful, at least in the opinion of this reviewer, whether the patient could ever be made to swallow the medicine, or whether it would produce a cure. What Dr. Ezekiel proposes is an "industrial-adjustment" program whereby individual producers would be induced by the offer of cash benefit payments to enter into "voluntary" contracts with the government to increase output, to employ more labor, and, in most cases, to pay higher wages while charging lower prices. The money for benefit payments would be obtained from production taxes collected from all producers, similar to the AAA processing taxes. Production schedules and benefit and tax rates would vary from industry to industry with the aim of securing a planned and coordinated expansion of business and employment. The individual business man would be induced to cooperate by the tax-benefit device and by the hope that profits would increase, in spite of lower prices, as the result of larger sales volume.

Entirely aside from the question of constitutionality, of which the author is aware, and the tremendous administrative complexity of any such plan, which he greatly underestimates, Dr. Ezekiel has made no attempt to show what amount of tax and benefit would be sufficient to induce the individual producer to agree to enlarge his output, lower his prices, and increase his direct production costs by raising wages and hiring more men. The individual business man would still be under the yoke of the profit system. He would have to decide whether the benefit was large enough to be worth the risk of higher costs, lower prices, and perhaps the burden of an unsalable surplus on his hands. Of course if, as Dr. Ezekiel hints, the government stood ready to purchase surplus output, producers would be happy to operate at full capacity, and without benefit payments. If the "ever-normal-granary" idea were applied to manufactured goods, the rest of the Ezekiel plan could be scrapped forthwith, for the building boom resulting from the construction of government warehouses would soon end the depression. But then the government would be cursed by the profit system.

The administrative machinery for the industrial-adjustment program would be a blend of the AAA and the NRA. At the top would be the Industrial Adjustment Administration. Then would come Industry Authorities, much like NRA code authorities but with labor and consumer representatives and inter-industry and regional committees. Dr. Ezekiel thinks administration would be simpler than under the NRA, but it seems to me that it would be so difficult as to be wholly impossible. NRA code authorities in most industries were responsible only for enforcing minimum wages, which applied to only a small fraction of the working force, and maximum hours, and this they did badly in most cases. Industrial adjustment would call for insuring compliance with contracts involving fixing of prices, hours, wage rates, and production. If we are to have production for use instead of for profit, complete government ownership and operation of the nation's industries would appear an easier task of administration than Dr. Ezekiel's industrial-adjustment scheme.

FREDERIC DEWHURST

Journey for Journey's Sake

CROSSROADS OF THE CARIBBEAN SEA. By Hendrik de Leeuw. New York: Julian Messner. \$3.

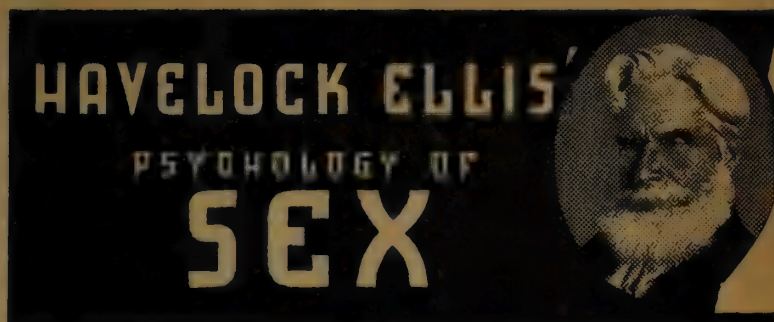
WHY are so many contemporary travel books banal and dull? A comparison of most of them with the accounts of voyagers who traveled in the days when to go to the remote parts of the world meant that a man was forced to stake his life against the risks of an unknown country and untamed natives reveals a difference that is startling. The reason for the quality of the earlier books, I have come to believe, is that their writing was incidental to the business in hand—the discovery of new territory, the assumption of the "white man's burden," the finding of treasure or of a new product to exploit. The travelers traveled for a purpose, and, their missions finished, they reported their successes or their failures. What has been said does not apply to all books of travel written today, for there are still those who go to the far corners of the earth with a purpose other than that of gathering material for a book. The volume of the late L. M. Nesbitt entitled "Hellhole of Creation" has the quality of the earlier books of travel; so have the books of Peter Freuchen.

The book under review is peculiarly undistinguished. There is nothing very bad about it, no particular distortion of truth, no special padding. One quite agrees with the author's claim concerning the distinctive character of his book: "Unless I am very much mistaken, this is the first work to treat of Netherlands Guiana, Venezuela, Curaçao, Haiti, and the Dominican Republic within the compass of one volume"; but this is no great justification for any volume. The territory he describes is interesting enough. But Mr. de Leeuw adds about as much to our knowledge of the places he visited as would the diary of someone who might take one of those "vacation trips" that carry people from New York back to New York by way of Haiti, Curaçao, Venezuelan ports, Trinidad, and, let us say, the Virgin Islands.

The book is not only dull; it is almost unbearably bright and cheerful. Mr. de Leeuw travels in the best of all possible worlds. Paramaribo is spotless and clean and the people are oh, so interestingly dressed. The Bush Negroes are nature's noblemen—even to the "naiveness" of their sex life, which as given is no more naive than the author's presentation of it. One never suspects that beneath the magnificence of Caracas lay the tension of the Gomez dictatorship, or that the "great man" himself, adulation of whom is thickly spread, had ever interfered with the happiness of anyone. The picturesqueness of Curaçao is well portrayed, but the manner of telling gives the island a sticky-sweet quality that repels rather than attracts. The accounts of Haiti and Santo Domingo are even more superficial. In one respect Mr. de Leeuw has made a mark as an innovator. Perhaps because he was so interested in presenting a picture that should be bright and full of good-will, he stresses the absence of filth in the streets of the Haitian capital. He happens to be entirely correct; one congratulates him on having been the first to record the fact.

The book is illustrated with sketches by the author. It is to be suspected that just as he has followed the writings of others who have described the places he visited, so he has been inspired by the drawings of his better-known countryman, Hendrik Willem van Loon. A bibliography is appended to the book, but it is carelessly made and consists of so miscellaneous a collection of titles that it can be of little use.

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS



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Homosexuality	Sex Practice in Marriage	Glossary of Sexual Terms
Hermaphroditism	Methods and Technique of Coitus	Index
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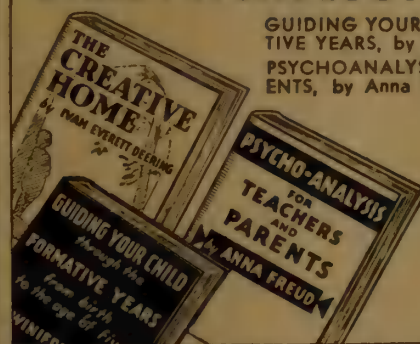
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Shorter Notices

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The author of "The Matriarch" has turned the solemn task of autobiography into something of a game. From three arbitrarily chosen objects, each long-possessed and dear, she follows a trail of association, winding and doubling on itself in an intricate curving pattern, until at the end she has spread out, like a map with pictures, a panorama of her mind. It is a detached and worldly mind, carrying its worldliness like a cockade, witty, malicious, exciting. It enjoys, among other things, the Marx brothers, Jane Austen, Elsie Dinsmore, the sense of being well dressed, the analysis of snobbery, the baiting of professors, pictures, wine, and revenge. Persuasive, unhurried, the thought travels along the glittering plain, and the reader goes gaily with it. We climb no mountains, but neither do we stumble over any molehills. There are no forbidding areas marked "unexplored." And the region of outer darkness, if it exists, is nowhere indicated on the map.

TO THE MOUNTAIN. By Bradford Smith. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$2.50.

This is a first novel of less than first caliber which has certain definite and admirable virtues. It is a modern love story of Japan which includes the political and social unrest agitating the young people and at the same time admits the strength of the ancient tradition of filial obedience. Because of her parents' bitter poverty a young girl is sold into prostitution; after a year of training she is claimed by an elderly man who wishes to keep her for himself. Bought out of her trade by a benevolent philanthropist, she falls in love with the son of her first customer, who loves her in return. It is impossible for them to marry; the young man's father would forbid it, and the young lovers cannot quite free themselves from the old tradition. They commit suicide. All this is certainly not new or even particularly striking. But Mr. Smith has rendered an atmosphere and has portrayed character with commendable success. He tells us that his young girl is lovely, composed, dutiful, quiet; and so she is, as he depicts her. His young man is quiet, too, although he is torn between the old life and the new. The whole story, indeed, is imbued with gentleness, order, and peace. In other words, Mr. Smith has taken the rather too familiar material of fiction and transformed it into something of his own making. This is nothing less than creative writing.

DRAMA

The Devil's Tunes

LAST year Robert E. Sherwood's "The Petrified Forest" was a delight to its audiences, a godsend to its actors, a gilt-edged investment for its producers, and an embarrassment to no one except those of us whose business it is to break butterflies on wheels. Our problem was the problem of deciding whether or not it really was merely one of the lepidoptera safely to be treated as such, and to this day I am not quite sure just how seriously I ought to have taken the

Joseph Wood Krutch says:

CALL IT A DAY. *Morosco Theater.* Gay and delightful comedy about what almost happened to an English family on the first dangerous day of spring.

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END OF SUMMER. *Guild Theater.* The wittiest of American playwrights sets a group of interesting people to talking about the world as we find it. Ina Claire and Osgood Perkins help make a very happy evening.

ETHAN FROME. *National Theater.* The apparently impossible task of dramatization of Edith Wharton's novel achieved with conspicuous success. Outstanding performances by Pauline Lord, Ruth Gordon, and Raymond Massey.

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VICTORIA REGINA. *Broadhurst Theater.* Delightful series of scenes from Laurence Housman's drama stunningly acted by Helen Hayes and others. Fairer to the matron queen than Strachey but funny nevertheless and charming besides.

Mark Van Doren says:

AH, WILDERNESS. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Eugene O'Neill's touching and searching comedy of high-school days translated into a film which charms by its own right. Full of recognitions for the middle-aged.

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ANNIE OAKLEY. *R.K.O.* A minor American masterpiece based on the life of Buffalo Bill's best-loved sharpshooter. Barbara Stanwyck as Annie Oakley divides the honors with Sitting Bull.

MODERN TIMES. *Charles Chaplin.* Charlie Chaplin returns to the screen disguised as his old self and fulfils every expectation. Should be seen by everyone—and heard, for he has sound effects.

THE 39 STEPS. *Gaumont British.* Months old, but should be seen wherever possible. A swift and beautiful thriller set in the Highlands, and one of several films which argue British leadership in the immediate future.

THE GHOST GOES WEST. *Gaumont British.* René Clair's first film in English, with scenes in Scotland and the United States. Clever, satirical, and fanciful, but without the master touch.

THE PRISONER OF SHARK ISLAND. *Fox.* Tells the story of Dr. Mudd, convicted in 1865 of having helped Booth to escape. Somber and powerful; does not spare the spectator.

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Letters to the Editors

"M-DAY"

Dear Sirs: In his review of "M-Day" in your issue of April 1 Mr. Walter Millis makes some serious charges. The fact that he violently disagrees with several parts of the thesis, even to the point of calling them "fantastic," is neither surprising nor alarming. Those who are familiar with Mr. Millis's interpretation of war causes will find his reaction in this instance perfectly normal. However, he makes two charges which are serious.

He charges the author with "lamentable carelessness," but offers no further proof of this charge than the statement that "at one point she puts into Mr. Baker's mouth the words of his biographer." This is simply not true. If Mr. Millis will take the pains to refer to Frederick Palmer's biography of Newton D. Baker (the volume and page numbers are given in the footnotes of "M-Day"), he will find that any words of Mr. Baker's quoted from that source are recorded in the biography as a direct quotation. Unless Mr. Millis knows of some rule which forbids quoting a quotation, he is wholly unjustified in his contention. His further remark that an "unwarranted twist" is given to Mr. Baker's statement by "associating it with events happening months after the time referred to" cannot be answered in the absence of specific details.

The second charge is even more serious. He says: "Miss Stein . . . makes extensive use not only of the committee hearings but of information which it did not place on public record." What is his authority for charging that material that is not yet on public record has been used? Mr. Millis was in no way connected with the Senate Munitions Committee, so that he could not have derived this bit of information from that source. As a matter of fact, Senator Nye had the complete manuscript and did not raise a single objection to it. Does Mr. Millis know the committee's record better than does Senator Nye?

It so happens that Thomas W. Lamont of J. P. Morgan and Company, in one of his several attempts to block the publication of "M-Day," made the same charge. However, when he wrote down his objections to the book in a memorandum addressed to the publishers, he not only failed to make this charge but emphasized that the book suffers because it does

not include the evidence introduced into the committee's *final* hearings. Mr. Millis, unlike Mr. Lamont, does not hesitate to put the charge in writing. He owes it to the author, to the committee whose secretary's name he drags into the picture, and to his own readers to explain the source of the information which led him to make a charge both unfair and untrue.

ROSE M. STEIN

Pittsburgh, March 29

Dear Sirs: On page 107-8 of her book Miss Stein says: "Even the strongest advocates of preparedness, admits Secretary Baker, 'never breathed a word suggesting that a single soldier should ever be sent to Europe.'" The citation is to Palmer's "Newton D. Baker," Vol. I, p. 52, where the words clearly appear as those of Palmer, not Baker. They refer to the preparedness agitation of the early summer of 1916 but are introduced without explanation of this fact in support of the contention that up to "and after" the declaration of war in April, 1917, "no one admitted" the possibility of sending a great army to Europe—which seems to me unwarranted.

It was Miss Stein's own remark (page 296-97) that "information divulged to the Senate Munitions Committee, although not made part of that committee's record, indicates that similar action was taken . . . by the British government," as well as her occasional more general comments upon the committee's labors and researches, which gave me the impression that she had been able to utilize material not made part of the public record. Frankly, it never occurred to me that my remark to this effect could be regarded as a "charge"; certainly, I intended by it no accusation of bad faith or of any other sort and am, of course, happy to withdraw a remark which seems to have been open to such misinterpretation.

WALTER MILLIS

New York, April 2

Dear Sirs: You have sent us a copy of a letter by Rose M. Stein which, we understand, you plan to print. We must call your attention to an incorrect statement in Miss Stein's letter: "It so happens that Thomas W. Lamont of J. P. Morgan and Company, in one of his several attempts to block the publication of 'M-Day' . . ."

The publication of "M-Day" was de-

layed about four weeks because of questions raised concerning it by Mr. Lamont, but it would not be correct to say that Mr. Lamont attempted to *block* publication of the book. Through the editorial offices of a New York publication, one of whose staff turned to Mr. Lamont as to one well acquainted with this field of literature for advice concerning the book, Mr. Lamont saw a set of galley proofs of "M-Day." After two preliminary telephone calls, raising certain questions concerning the book, Mr. Lamont, at our request, sent us a memorandum outlining his findings in "M-Day." His memorandum did not deal with the questions raised over the telephone but called attention to facts and statements in the book which he considered inaccurate and misleading. His written communication was, of course, a private one, similar to communications we frequently receive which call attention to alleged inaccuracies in a publication. After consulting with Miss Stein we published "M-Day" on March 19.

CHARLES A. PEARCE,

Harcourt, Brace and Company
New York, April 3

MURDER, MARX, AND McCARTHY

Dear Sirs: I take pen in hand on the subject of murder and Mary McCarthy. To have her little Marxian holiday Miss McCarthy must needs exaggerate. The ideological detective story is hardly new. One of the earliest detective-story classics, Anna Katharine Green's "The Leavenworth Case," reeks with moral homiletics. The tales of M. P. Shiel are adorned with sociological disquisitions on progress. In one of them he even attempted to popularize the Nietzschean elimination of the unfit by means of a brotherhood especially devoted to this noble purpose. Chesterton's Father Brown stories are no more than allegories revealing the eternal verities of the Catholic faith. Our own Dashiell Hammett, in his best stories, has always seemed to me to be worth a whole pile of tracts of the American Civil Liberties Union, and I would earnestly recommend to professors of municipal administration his "Red Harvest," a beautiful and gory tale of how a private detective solved the

problem of political corruption in a city of the second or third class by instigating feuds between the chief of police, the higher-ups, and the big shots, with the result that they exterminated each other.

Naturally some echoes of communism and fascism have crept into the contemporary detective story. But why does Miss McCarthy fail to mention that celebrated Marxist critic and detective-story writer, G. D. H. Cole? More than a decade ago he injected communism into the detective story. In his "The Death of a Millionaire," which pillories high finance, he has a Communist character lay down the correct party line on assassination. Thus: "I am a Communist—what you call Bolshevik. I avow it. I am proud of it. But do you not know that assassination is against the principles of my party? Mass action, yes: assassination, no—a thousand times no. Do you mistake me for a petty bourgeois conspirator?" And in a somewhat later story, "The International Socialist," Cole triumphantly proves that the suspected Communist most emphatically did not commit the murder.

I wish to inquire also why Sister McCarthy has elected not to mention one of the best of the recent American detective stories which is very much in point. I refer to Darwin L. Teilhet's "The Talking Sparrow Murders." Although the author is an American, the locale of the story is Nazi Germany. The principal murderer in the book turns out to be an American, but the whole spirit of the book is anti-Nazi.

May I ask Miss McCarthy as one addict to another: Is nothing to be sacred? Must we drag the shade of Marx into the world of the detective story? Are we never to relax? Her clarion call to the typewriter, "It remains for the writers of the left wing once again to borrow the methods of the bourgeoisie and to make murder the handmaiden not of Morgan but of Marx," leaves me cold. I doubt whether the subject will be on the agenda of the next Writers' Congress. After all murderers do bump off people with whose politics they are in entire agreement. And if the detective-story writer is to be allowed to have a Democrat murder a Republican, there is no good reason why he should not be allowed occasionally to make the murderer a Communist. As matters stand, the implications of the average detective story are all in favor of communism. It is a sad reflection on the owning classes when a captain of industry is removed by a nephew who is the chief beneficiary under his will.

WILLIAM SEAGLE

New York, March 30

SUPREME COURT JUSTICES

Dear Sirs: An error of fact appeared in the last of Max Lerner's articles on The Riddle of the Supreme Court in *The Nation* for March 25. While a correction has no effect on the conclusion, it is worth making to keep the record straight and for the light it throws on the part that fate plays in the composition of the Supreme Court. Calvin Coolidge did not appoint both Justices Stone and Sutherland as was stated. He did elevate Stone from the attorney-generalship after the latter had sat in the Cabinet for only nine months. But Justice Sutherland was appointed in 1922, three years earlier, by Warren G. Harding. Indeed, Justice Sutherland, as is not well enough remembered in these days of widespread discussion of the Supreme Court, was only one of Harding's four appointments to the supreme bench in his two years and five months in the Presidency. One other sitting member, Justice Butler (1922), and two late members, Chief Justice Taft (1921) and Justice Sanford (1923), were also Harding appointees. Yet it has been President Roosevelt's fate during a period of momentous constitutional decisions not to have had the opportunity to name a single Supreme Court member, notwithstanding the fact that his Administration is now in its fourth year. Granting that Presidents sometimes guess wrong on their Supreme Court choices, it is hard to believe that Roosevelt, given the opportunity of Harding, would not—in the exercise of one of his constitutional functions—have shaped a court which would have upheld the AAA or in any event would have sustained the Railroad Retirement Act, voided by a five-to-four decision.

IRVING D. HARD

St. Louis, March 25

MARBLE STRIKE

Dear Sirs: I have just read in your issue of April 1 the report of Anita Marburg on the Vermont marble strike against the Proctor Company. There was an error in indicating that "at last" the Department of Labor conciliator came to study the strike and made a report to the department under date of February 13.

I was in Rutland on December 12, immediately following the receipt of information by the department on the labor situation there, and my report was made on December 16, supplementing previous bulletins. It has since been followed by various other reports on two subsequent

official trips to Barre and Rutland. The date given in the article in *The Nation* was in error by almost two months. I have also written Miss Marburg to this effect.

CHARLES J. POST,

Commissioner of Conciliation,
United States Department of Labor
Washington, March 28

A CHANCE FOR CONSUMERS

Dear Sirs: Many of your readers are probably unaware of the ominous labor situation which is developing in the Borden Company as the result of the company's refusal to renew its agreement with the drivers' union. If the company persists in its attitude, a strike is inevitable. Fortunately, a movement is spreading among Borden customers to help the employees by notifying the company to cease delivering milk until it has come to an agreement with the drivers' union.

It is seldom that we consumers have such a clean-cut opportunity to make our pressure felt. Even suburbanites are lending their aid, and the company is beginning to be disturbed at the loss of business. With prompt and widespread action a strike, with its attendant hardships, may yet be averted.

F. A. B.

New York, March 28

FASCISM IN BRAZIL

Dear Sirs: Brazil is potentially one of the greatest nations in the world, not chiefly because of its immense natural resources, which are probably greater than those of any other country except the Soviet Union, but because of the profoundly original and creative character of the Brazilian people. This people is beginning to rise. Its first movement of self-expression inevitably has brought it in collision with the small oligarchy, gathered largely in two or three of the southern Brazilian states, who for two generations have been exploiting Brazil under orders of British and American imperialism. In response to this first stirring of a great people, the government is having recourse to the most brutal repressive measures. Seventeen thousand Brazilians are today in jail, among them a host of intellectual leaders—economists, writers, engineers, liberal statesmen. American opinion has great influence on the Brazilian government. If our voice is now heard in protest against this fascist suppression in the largest republic of the American continents, the Bra-

zilian people will receive the kind of support it deserves from us.

Victory for reaction in Brazil will strengthen reaction not only throughout South America but in the United States and Great Britain—the real “rulers” of Brazilian economics.

WALDO FRANK

New York, March 24

HONOR TO DR. LINVILLE

Dear Sirs: I am sure you will want to record in the columns of *The Nation* the testimonial luncheon accorded Dr. Henry Richardson Linville at the Hotel Astor in New York City on Saturday, March 28. At this luncheon more than 600 men and women, many of them outstanding leaders in the cause of improved social, economic, and political conditions, assembled in public recognition of Dr. Linville's distinguished service in behalf of education and in honor of his seventieth birthday.

His activities in the past twenty years have been summed up by John Dewey:

Both in war time and in peace Dr. Linville has been outspoken for the rights of teachers; more than any other individual he helped to bring about the repeal of the Lusk laws; he has aroused within the teaching ranks a determination to stand for academic freedom and intellectual integrity; he has given many faltering teachers the courage to stand by the dictates of their own conscience; through his efforts teachers enjoy higher salaries, fairer pensions, improved physical surroundings, a voice in curriculum making and administrative undertaking; always he has emphasized his unequivocal stand for identity of interest of all who worked with hand or brain, whether at desk or in factory, in classroom or in mill. Now as head of the New York Teachers' Guild, Dr. Linville is still valiantly leading the fight for better education, for social and civic welfare.

V. T. THAYER

New York, March 25

THE MONTJOY CASE

Dear Sirs: An indefinite stay in the execution of John Montjoy, Negro, of Covington, Kentucky, convicted for a criminal attack upon a white woman and sentenced to be hung early in April, has been won from the Kentucky Appeals Court by his attorney, William E. Wehrman. The case will now be taken to the United States Supreme Court. Alfred Bettman, Cincinnati attorney for the American Civil Liberties Union, and a

well-known constitutional lawyer, will appear for the defendant.

The bases on which this case will go up to the Supreme Court are as follows: (1) the alleged victim did not present testimony indicating an attack; (2) she failed to apply for proper medical examination; (3) Montjoy's confession was signed without a lawyer or friend of the accused present but in the presence of eight police officers; (4) Negroes were excluded from both the grand jury and trial jury; (5) the defendant was advised by counsel not to take the stand; and (6) the commonwealth attorney's plea aroused race prejudice.

MARY D. BRITE,

Secretary, Cincinnati Branch,
American Civil Liberties Union
Cincinnati, March 26

PROSTITUTION IN CHICAGO

Dear Sirs: The experience of New York City is similar with that of Chicago in regard to prostitution. However, the Chicago Department of Health attributes much of the city's prostitution to economic conditions. The Department of Health report says:

There has been an increase of unemployed working girls, waitresses, sales clerks, and factory girls, many of them apparently respectable, among the women arrested for moral offenses. Although most of these girls have had multiple sex experiences, it is hardly fair to call them prostitutes; nevertheless, they are quite as important a factor in the spread of venereal diseases as are the prostitutes. In this group are often found young women ranging from eighteen to twenty-five years of age who, unlike the prostitute, are not under medical supervision; nor do they understand the value of cleanliness and prophylaxis. Often the first knowledge of the fact that they are venereally infected is brought to them as a result of the examination following their first arrest. . . .

There is an urgent need for the establishment of quarters for the proper housing and care of indigent patients who are suffering from venereal diseases.

T. N. HALL

Chicago, March 20

INFORMATION FOR SUBSCRIBERS

THE NATION. Price, 15 cents a copy. By subscription—Domestic: One year \$5; Two years \$8; Three years \$11. Canadian: 50 cents a year additional. Foreign: \$1 a year additional. The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Dramatic Index, Index to Labor Periodicals, Public Affairs Information Service. Three weeks' notice and the old address as well as the new are required for subscriber's change of address.

CONTRIBUTORS

EVELYN SEELEY first saw the activities of the chamber of commerce at close range when she covered the San Francisco general strike in 1934. She has been a newspaper woman in many parts of the country. Now she writes a column, "Free Press," in the *Guild Reporter*, the organ of the American Newspaper Guild.

CARLETON BEALS writes the second of two articles on the plight of the Alabama share-cropper and tenant farmer. Mr. Beals's impressions, as his articles plainly indicate, are always made at first hand. While he was in Alabama he slept in share-croppers' huts and shared with them their daily corn pone.

LILIAN T. MOWRER, wife of Edgar Ansel Mowrer, well-known foreign correspondent now in Paris, spent eight years as dramatic critic in Germany before Hitler came to power. Dramatic critics are probably as useless in the Third Reich today as good plays are scarce.

GEORGE TERBORGH is an economist on the staff of the Brookings Institution. He is the author of a Brookings pamphlet, "Price-Control Devices in NRA Codes," and with John H. Gray of "First Mortgages in Urban Real-Estate Finance."

RUTH BRINDZE, author of "How to Spend Money," is a lecturer on consumer buying and is active in the groups now seeking a new deal for the consumer.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER is a regular reviewer for *The Nation* and the *New York Times*. He is the editor of "An Eighteenth Century Miscellany."

AUSTIN MACCORMICK is the energetic Commissioner of Correction of New York City who began his term of office with a dramatic raid on Welfare Island and a disclosure of shocking conditions there.

FREDERIC DEWHURST, formerly economist on the staff of the Twentieth Century Fund, is now director of the Committee on Social Security of the Social Science Research Council in Washington.

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS is in the Department of Anthropology at Northwestern University. His researches have taken him into various parts of the world, notably to French West Africa and to Haiti, where he studied Negro culture.

THE *Nation*

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CONTENTS

THE SHAPE OF THINGS

EDITORIALS:

LIBERTY AND TEAR GAS	500
THE AIR DISASTERS	500
LABOR AT SEA	501
MONGOLIA—RED OR WHITE?	502
WASHINGTON WEEKLY by Paul W. Ward	503
"GERMANY—A WINTER'S TALE" by Lion Feuchtwanger	505
CONFLICT IN OUTER MONGOLIA by T. A. Bisson	507
AFTER EPIC IN CALIFORNIA by Lillian Symes	509
ON BEING CONTEMPORARY by William Troy	511
ISSUES AND MEN by Oswald Garrison Villard	513
BROUN'S PAGE	514
BOOKS AND THE ARTS:	
... BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT I LIKE by Joseph Wood Krutch	517
THE FLOWERING by Charles Hudeburg	518
GOVERNMENT IN THE U. S. S. R. by Abram L. Harris	518
MARVELOUS BOY by Louis Kronenberger	520
CRITICISM BY EXCLAMATION by Mark Van Doren	520
POEMS—BY MACLEISH by Philip Blair Rice	522
THE RED AND THE WHITE by Ben Belitt	522
MR. SANTAYANA'S WISDOM by Eliseo Vivas	524
LITTLE SISTER FRANCIS by Dorothy Van Doren	525
MR. BROWDER STUDIES HISTORY by Louis M. Hacker	526
SHORTER NOTICES	528
RECORDS by Henry Simon	529

The Shape of Things

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PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S SPEECH AT BALTIMORE on April 13 to a throng of enthusiastic Young Democrats shows that he has one element of strength that may prove as valuable to him as all the Liberty Leagues and Hearst newspapers are likely to prove to his opponent. This is the fact that he seems to be retaining some of his hold on the imagination of the young people of the country. The polls of the Institute of Public Opinion show not only growing Roosevelt strength but an impressive proportion of that strength among the young voters. His most recent proposal to keep the working age within the limits of eighteen and sixty-five is calculated at once to gain votes and to decrease the vast army of the unemployed. No doubt it will do the first, although the recent hearings on the national youth bill (which the President forgot to mention) should qualify any over-great optimism about the real mood of the young people. The hopelessness of their situation is not greatly relieved by the knowledge that their school years will be lengthened a bit before they have to face a world without jobs. One may ask of what use it will be to be kept at school unless the relief appropriations will supply decent food and clothing at home, or what use to be retired at sixty-five unless we have an adequate program for old-age security. Nor shall we even begin to solve the problem of providing reemployment without a more drastic program of socialized control of industry than the Administration seems willing to commit itself to. Mr. Roosevelt's program resembles a meal that has all the trimmings but lacks the *pièce de résistance*.

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AFTER A LONG LAPSE PARIS HAS ONCE MORE become the center of gravity in Europe. The British have shown their cards. They are determined to play for time in dealing with Hitler, while pushing for more drastic action against Mussolini. Nothing that France can do is likely to change British policy. France has the choice of throwing its support to Great Britain and the League or seeking a rapprochement with Italy as a step to building a general European alliance against Germany. Moreover, to complicate the situation further, the choice must be made on the eve of an all-important general election. At the moment public sentiment is aroused against Britain, and there is even widespread talk of abandoning the League. Without the League the French plan for a voluntary European sys-

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tem of mutual assistance would merely be a general alliance against Hitler. The nationalist press is apparently ready to scrap collective security altogether. The left is torn between a desire for strong action against Hitler and anxiety to save the League in order to preserve a broad united front of the democratic nations against fascism. But with Herriot and Blum supporting collective security, it would appear that the League is not as dead as some of the correspondents have indicated.

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WITH FRANCE HOLDING OUT FOR A BOYCOTT against Germany in the event Hitler seeks to fortify the Rhineland and Britain pressing for further sanctions against Italy, compromise should not be impossible. Logically the two countries could agree either to abandon sanctions and all thought of collective security or to impose penalties against both aggressors. The first course would seem the path of least resistance, but it would create a storm of disapproval in both France and England. The second would be unpopular only with the extreme right. Although Italy's recent victories in Ethiopia make action by the League at this time somewhat comparable to its belated strictures against Japan in March, 1933, the logical argument for sanctions will remain unassailable until the last Italian soldier is withdrawn from Ethiopian soil. Even at this late date a strong stand against Mussolini would do much to restore the prestige of the League, a development which would be as unwelcome in Berlin and Tokyo as in Rome.

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SENATOR VANDENBERG'S BOTHER OVER THE big AAA payments turns out now to be much ado about nothing, as far as scaring up anti-New Deal ammunition is concerned. After some heartache Secretary Wallace finally was wise enough not to wait for the Senate to adopt Vandenberg's resolution calling for the publication of all payments over \$10,000, which would have forced his hand, but released the figures of his own accord. By emphasizing a hitherto neglected aspect of the agricultural problem, these figures have served a more important purpose than that of partisan politics. What they show is the great extent to which American agriculture is concentrated in large-scale holdings. Amounts running to six figures which were paid to huge corporate enterprises in wheat, cotton, sugar, and hog farming have shocked many people who had thought of the AAA payments rather as relief for the poor than as subsidies for the rich. But it is obvious that payments had to be made to the large-scale producers, since without their cooperation it would have been futile to try to raise prices by having crops plowed under. Vandenberg's suggestion of adopting a sliding scale of payments, reducing the amount paid in inverse proportion to the amount of acreage taken out of cultivation, might have been an improvement. But it would not have eliminated disproportionate AAA payments or solved the problem of how to break up large-scale holdings. The need for a solution is all the more immediate under the new Soil Act than it was under the

Triple-A, for under the new act the tenants' and croppers' share of the payments is increased from 15 to 25 per cent and therefore they are all the more likely to be evicted by the big planters, who will want to avoid paying them their share.

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THERE IS MUCH TO BE SAID FOR REPRESENTATIVE Jones's proposed resolution calling upon the Tariff Commission to report the names of all corporations which benefit from the existing tariff to the extent of \$100,000 a year or more. Few voters have the slightest conception of the amount of money which is extracted from the pockets of the American people each year to enrich the producers of protected commodities. Prior to the negotiation of the Cuban-American reciprocity agreement, the sugar tariff alone cost the public some \$200,000,000 annually. Even today the consumer pays close to \$100,000,000 for the doubtful privilege of supporting an uneconomic beet-sugar industry. On the basis of figures for 1929 and 1931 the duty on lead costs the American people \$29,000,000 a year; that on ferro-manganese nearly \$7,000,000; and that on watch movements approximately \$7,000,000. In 1932 the tariff on dairy products added \$105,000,000 to the nation's food bill. Although the total tariff bill paid by the consumer has never even been estimated, it has been found that on twenty-one products, the imports of which constituted less than 15 per cent of the total dutiable imports of the United States, the extra cost to the public was more than half a billion dollars. Not all of this vast sum finds its way into the pockets of American producers. In 1931, for example, consumers paid over \$2,000,000 in duty on embroidered linen handkerchiefs, while the total American production was valued at only \$90,000. The textile industry has been built under a high protective wall, yet it is bankrupt. Like all subsidies, tariffs must be constantly increased if they are to serve their purpose. The proponents of the AAA who are demanding these statistics would do well to ponder on this aspect of the problem.

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GOOD MEN ARE OFTEN PROPOSED FOR PRIZES but prominent men generally receive them. This dictum applies with particular force to the Nobel peace prize, which, with a few honorable exceptions, has sought out the more conspicuous pillars of our society such as Charles Gates Dawes, Nicholas Murray Butler, and Theodore Roosevelt instead of the genuine heroes of the war against war. It is for this reason that we greet with more enthusiasm than hope the proposal that Carl von Ossietzky be given the peace prize in 1936. His nomination has been made by ninety-three British M. P.'s representing all parties and has been seconded by peace organizations and individuals in several other countries. No more suitable or less likely candidate could have been put forward. Von Ossietzky worked for peace from the time he emerged from the trenches of the World War until he disappeared into a Nazi concentration camp in 1933. There he remains today, broken by torture and the rigors of imprisonment.

A recent dispatch to the New York *Times* from Amsterdam, quoting the Netherlands labor paper, *Het Volk*, states that Ossietsky, who has been seriously ill for months, was recently discharged from the camp hospital and set at heavy labor in the fields. "He collapsed within a few hours, and since then has not left his bed," *Het Volk* reports. To give this man the Nobel peace prize, while it might not ease his sufferings, would magnificently dramatize the judgment of the civilized world on Hitler's *Schrecklichkeit*. But it is too much to expect. The greater likelihood is that von Ossietsky, honored only by those who knew his work, will die of his sufferings, or face execution. It was Ossietsky whom Goebbels meant when a few weeks ago he ominously remarked: "It is better that the head of one traitor should fall, in peace, than that later in war a hundred soldiers should lay down their lives for his sake."

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THE DISMISSAL OF PRESIDENT ZAMORA HAS only served to heighten the political turmoil which has gripped Spain since the February elections. The fact that only five members of the Cortes voted against his dismissal is a sufficient indication of his extreme unpopularity. Although formerly a liberal, Zamora had incurred the hatred of the entire left because of his reactionary policies during the years in which the right was in power. The conservatives, on the other hand, could not forgive him for dissolving the Cortes and paving the way for the recent left triumph. No one concedes the right a chance in the Presidential election which will be held on May 17. Judging by the present trend of events, much may depend, however, on whether the new President is a Socialist or a representative of the republican left. With political bitterness deepening daily there can be no guaranty against a disintegration of the Popular Front or against an attempted seizure of power by the fascist clique under Robles. In either instance a strong Marxist President might avert disaster.

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THE EXILE OF EX-PRESIDENT PLUTARCO ELIAS Calles and four of his reactionary aides brings to a climax the long struggle between President Cárdenas and the clique headed by the man who exercised undisputed mastery over Mexico for more than eleven years. To say that it was a struggle between radicalism and reaction would be to oversimplify the situation. Calles was usually regarded as a liberal until within the past year, while Cárdenas—like Calles, a very wealthy man—has never been more than a mild progressive. But sympathy with the labor movement is good politics in Mexico, and Cárdenas has been clever enough to recognize this in his struggle for mastery over Calles. With remarkable skill at playing both sides against the middle, Cárdenas also made a bid for Catholic support by lifting the restrictions against the church. Calles may not, as is charged, have been responsible for bombing the Vera Cruz express, but he unquestionably was engaged in anti-government activities. His elimination from the Mexican scene should at least simplify the fundamental political issues facing the country.

A SUCCESSFUL WORKERS' MOVEMENT IN THIS country will probably spring from the underprivileged—if they can ever be brought together. And there is surely no more fruitful ground than the ranks of the unemployed. The unification of unemployed organizations which was effected last week in Washington is therefore a significant step. Seven hundred delegates representing a membership of 150,000 from thirty-five states were present. Organizations taking part were the Workers' Alliance of America, which is in close touch with the left-wing Socialists, the National Unemployment Council, affiliated with the Communist Party, the National Unemployed League, sponsored by the "Trotzkyite" wing of the Communist movement, and several independent groups. The group as a whole picketed the WPA offices, attempted to interview somebody at the White House, from the President down—it was told that they had all "gone fishing"—and agreed to sponsor a comprehensive legislative program. The latter included passage of the Frazier-Lundeen social-insurance bill, the Marcantonio relief-standards bill, and the American youth bill. The National Executive Board urged the cooperation of liberals and trade unionists. If the united unemployed organizations could further unite with the embattled social workers who week after week are insisting—with impressive statistics—on the inadequacy of relief, they might even force Congress to pass a proper relief program.

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MAYOR LA GUARDIA MADE PUBLIC ON APRIL 6 the report of his special committee to investigate the four-months-old strike at May's Department Store in Brooklyn. The report found that the strike was caused by the discharge of two employees for union activity, that wages at May's averaged from 20 to 33 per cent lower than city-wide averages for department-store and retail-trade employees, that during February, 1936, less than 22 per cent of the May employees worked full time, and that they were compelled to contribute fifty cents a week to a "benevolent" association. The committee also criticized Magistrates Folwell, Rudich, and Sabbatino for excessive bail or harsh sentences in cases of disorderly conduct arising out of picketing of the May store, and scored the office of the District Attorney of Kings County for attempting to obtain a charge of conspiracy against the strikers. Wage percentages are never as illuminating as the figures themselves. During the week of December 14 the pay of 349 employees averaged \$13.47, the average for the forty lowest-paid workers being \$7.76. The part-time average for 162 workers was \$10.21, 27 in the lowest-paid part-time group averaging \$5.73. The average weekly wage for the city as a whole was \$19.78 for December. A lengthy answer to the committee's report from the officers of the May store evaded many of the charges, denied others, and bitterly attacked not the committee itself but Will Maslow, of the staff of the Commissioner of Accounts, who assisted in preparing the report. May's is not a healthful place to work. But the blame for conditions there rests partly on the consumers, who forget that excessively cheap merchandise can be sold only at the expense of the workers.

Liberty and Tear Gas

THERE is one thing at least for which historians to come will be grateful to Mr. Roosevelt and his allies in Washington. That is the work the various Congressional committees and other government agencies are performing in laying bare the ribbed structure of American industrial power and the methods the industrialists use in maintaining that power. The researches of Mr. Pecora and others into American financial and banking organization and the delvings of Senator Nye and his committee into the activities of munitioneers and the maintenance of war profits have taught us more about economics and government than all the institutions of higher learning have been able to teach us in a generation. Now, as Paul Ward reports elsewhere in this issue, there are three inquiries going on in Washington that reveal with an even more terrifying clarity the anatomy of power in America today. Senator La Follette's committee on labor and education is conducting hearings on the denial of civil liberties and the right of collective bargaining to workers; Senator Black's committee on lobbying is revealing the political organizations through which the industrialists are seeking to retain and increase their power over workers; and the National Labor Relations Board is holding hearings on the employers' organizations by which the anti-union campaigns are financed.

The disclosures are none too savory, although they should not surprise those who have had any intimate contact with the realities of the struggle for labor organization today or who know the history of American industry. An elaborate system of labor spies, operating through some 200 espionage agencies and employing an army of private detectives running somewhere in the region of 100,000; the purchase by the industrialists of guns, tear gas, and munitions of all sorts in preparation for industrial warfare; the pouring of money into every means to break up trade-union organizations, terrify the workers, and poison even their confidence in one another—we have known all this, but it has never been so clearly documented in official sources.

At any time methods and activities of this sort would be alarming. But today, in the context of world fascism, we have even more cause to ponder their meaning. Whenever fascism has appeared it has been preceded by a concerted threefold effort. One phase has been the campaign to destroy trade unions, deny collective bargaining, outlaw and cripple the strike weapon, and prevent the extension of labor organization. A second has been the stifling of whatever civil liberties existed, especially for the workers. A third has been the formation of private armies and terrorist squadrons directed against labor organizations.

The pattern is all too startlingly like the one being disclosed in the Washington hearings. This does not mean that what we are witnessing is an American fascism, nor even that it has conscious fascist intentions. It is difficult to dig into motive, but there can be little doubt that most of the industrialists feel only that they are trying to main-

tain their business and profits, and fighting a force—trade unionism—that they regard as threatening both. Yet this does not make their actions any the less disquieting. In the sequence of fascism, motives are trampled under foot in the onrush of events. If the big industrialists, in the attempt to maintain their power over their workers, wish actually to destroy the fabric of American liberty they are taking the swiftest road toward that goal.

Liberty and tear gas do not jibe. The quality of American life is not sweetened by the spies that infest factories and make their way into trade unions, or by the gorillas who smash strikes. The promise of American life is not fulfilled by the creation of private armies which arrogate to themselves the function of the law and become little governments in themselves. Everything we have learned from recent history in Europe shows that as soon as private armies of any sort begin to be set up, whether of Black Shirts or Brown Shirts or just Pinkertons or Bergoffs, the capacity of the state to protect the ordinary liberties of men crumbles.

Our generation of liberals and progressives is a sadder and perhaps wiser one than any that has gone before. We have seen whole civilizations crushed by the brute strength of reaction. We have no hopes of building overnight any of the gleaming heavenly cities that men have dreamed of. We are learning that the only prospect that offers any sort of light for the future is to protect the tradition of American civil liberties against its enemies as long as possible, and to build slowly the economic and political power of labor and its allies. That is why liberties for workers are not only the concern of workers but of every group in America that wants liberty of any sort to survive. That is why the maintenance and extension of the right of collective bargaining, and its defense against everyone who threatens it—whether it is the industrial tyrants, the Liberty Leagues, or the espionage agencies—is the principal task we must confront.

The Air Disasters

THE tragic crack-up of a TWA airliner on the hogback of the Alleghenies last week, with the death of eleven, stunned the country out of all proportion to the casualties. Perhaps it was because it was the fourth spectacular accident in recent American air passenger travel due to low flying with little or no visibility. More deeply considered, it shook people's confidence in what they had come to consider a newly but definitely conquered realm—the realm of the air. Here, where all the resources of science and construction combine with the most daring skills, we had prided ourselves upon having attained a measure of security. It has been only in the last two years, with the development of new mechanical aids such as the radio directional beam, that blind flying, whether at night or in fog, has been authorized. It is in that same period that all four crashes have occurred. Assuming that somewhere our system of air-navigation aids is at fault, we are all asking where the fault lies.

Three investigations have been started—one by the air line, one by the Bureau of Air Commerce of the Department of Commerce, and one by the Senate Committee on Air Safety. The results of the first two have thus far canceled out, for while the air line charges that the radio beam operated by the bureau was at fault, the bureau denies it and by implication charges the company with negligence. We place our own hope for light in the hearings of the Senate committee. Created to investigate the crash in Missouri last May when Senator Cutting and three others were killed, the committee has since been made a permanent body. Even before the recent disaster it had uncovered charges of a startling nature—charges of waste and inefficiency in the Bureau of Air Commerce which Secretary Roper ought not to let go unanswered. These charges were aired again recently in a debate in the House of Representatives.

In recounting them we do not vouch for their accuracy. It is all too easy for investigating committees to be turned to political purposes, especially with a campaign approaching. But the case of J. A. Mount is, if true, so flagrant as to require a clear answer from the department. Mr. Mount, upon being appointed Superintendent of Maintenance in the Bureau of Air Commerce in July, 1934, went on a tour of inspection of the country's airways. He found that of the radio signal systems in the twenty-six leading stations that he surveyed, not one was in perfect working order. He found wasted equipment rotting in unopened packing boxes, soot-blackened lamps through which beacon lights could shine for only a few feet. He reported these conditions and others to his superiors, with an utter lack of result except for his own demotion. Later he said in testimony that "he hoped it would not take a serious accident to awaken the bureau." Five days afterward came the Cutting airplane crash.

When the Senate committee met after the Cutting disaster it brought Mr. Mount back again to testify about maintenance standards. He told how half a million dollars appropriated for safety aids had been diverted to construction purposes "at the cost of serious deterioration in radio-beam plants and beacon lights." This was in August. In September the bureau woke up long enough to dismiss Mount outright, then went back to sleep. Meanwhile the committee found that the conditions which caused the Cutting crash "are by no means confined to the area where the crash occurred, but are general throughout the airways system . . . and unless corrected will most certainly take further toll of life and property." The bureau opened one eye, sleepily regarded the committee, and relaxed into its former somnolence. Four months later came the Arkansas disaster which killed seventeen. The committee resumed its hearings. Testimony showed that authority in the bureau was divided under three commands which conflicted in responsibility, that all except the lowest brackets of the bureau personnel had been exempted from civil-service examinations, thus allowing inspectorships to be filled by untrained political appointees, and that two other officials of the bureau besides Mount had been dismissed for complaining of faulty safety-aid maintenance. Between 1927 and 1935 the bureau investigated 101 crashes, for no

single one of which it accepted responsibility or even collateral responsibility.

We are aware that bureaucracy, no matter how flagrant, does not account for the whole situation. What has happened is that the entire aviation industry has grown up so rapidly that no adequate system of control has yet been devised. Passenger miles flown in the United States have increased in four years (1931-35) from about 106,000,000 to about 314,000,000. Our advance in construction and in flying skill has been immense; there does not seem to have been a similar advance in the available flying aids. The figures of most of our commercial airlines show them operating at a loss, and continually demanding subsidies. With such a situation, obviously safety will also tend to show a deficit. In view of this a stringent governmental regulation of safety is not merely desirable; it is indispensable. Anything short of 100 per cent efficiency is criminal, given the consequences that flow from it.

If the Department of Commerce is unable to handle the situation adequately, it should release the job to someone else. The proposal now being discussed in Congress to transfer the responsibility to the Interstate Commerce Commission may prove a step in the right direction.

Labor at Sea

SAFETY at sea is a fairly simple concept. It means that ships should be so constructed as to be liable to the least possible danger from fire, leaks, and sudden emergencies; that they should be held to a rigid standard by frequent inspections; and that as a final guaranty of safety they should be manned by a trained and experienced crew of both officers and men, paid in proportion to their responsibility and decently housed. But safety at sea in the hands of Secretary Roper, like freedom of the press in the hands of Hearst, has become the slogan for a red-hunt and a device for obscuring and defeating the very methods by which safety at sea might be secured.

Secretary Roper has recommended augmenting the power of the Bureau of Navigation and Steamboat Inspection, which is a part of the Department of Commerce. In his opinion the prevention of ship disasters will depend largely upon the extent to which the bureau has jurisdiction and control over ship personnel, ship operation, and the design and construction of vessels. On its face this seems reasonable enough. But the bureau's record, allowing for all its limitations, is not reassuring. Only a few weeks ago Secretary Roper discharged two officials of the bureau for "violent and explosive insubordination" in connection with the "unauthorized" release of a resolution of the board of steamboat inspectors. This document which Mr. Roper did not care to have passed on to the public called for more rigid inspection of American passenger vessels, and recommended changes in the administration of the bureau, declaring that at present serious hazards to life are tolerated on American vessels. On April 1 Representative Bacon revealed certain facts about

the conduct of the bureau which arouse further question whether, under its present control, it can be trusted with additional powers. Mr. Bacon pointed out that "they have six boats in the inspection service which are used . . . in enforcing rules for safety of life at sea." But further revelations suggest that the bureau has scarcely made the best use of what little equipment it has. Of the five boats in the service before June, 1935, according to Representative Bacon, "three of them were so old and in such bad condition that they would not stand the inspection of their own service." Of the other two, the boat named Eala has been intensively used for the past year—but not to promote safety at sea. For five months and ten days in the winter of 1934-35 the Eala was used for "political joy rides" by several persons named Roper or by various officials of the Department of Commerce, their families, secretaries, and guests.

Secretary Roper's approach to the important problem of ship personnel casts further doubt on his competence and his genuine interest in promoting safety. A primary element in the many sea disasters of the past few years has been human failure. For the same reason that the ship-owners have blocked legislation which would have forced them to instal at their own expense more efficient safety devices, they have maintained a scandalously low scale of wages for both officers and men. We have the spectacle, as has been pointed out, of a great shipping line intrusting a five-million-dollar ship and the lives of a thousand people to a chief executive officer receiving a salary of forty dollars a week; in the lower brackets, because of the blacklist, inadequate pay, and inspection practices which are to say the least inefficient, government certificates for able-bodied seamen and lifeboat men are often carried by unqualified persons.

Considering that the United States government owns the greater share in all American shipping, it would seem to be in a position to enforce decent minima of pay and working conditions in the interest of safety. But Secretary Roper has a different answer. With the help of the ship-owners but not, so far as we know, of any labor representatives, he is now sponsoring a red-hunt among the underpaid workers of the seven seas. He has so far found some 500 cases of "interruption." At first the Department of Commerce laid emphasis on cases of sabotage aboard American vessels "manned largely by foreign crews." However, in the statement of Joseph B. Weaver on April 9 the emphasis had changed. "These interruptions," Mr. Weaver said, "were primarily confined to the West Coast but recently have extended to the Gulf and the East Coast ports and to the high seas." The course of the "interruptions" follows with amazing closeness the trail of the seafarers' revolt.

The Bureau of Navigation and Steamboat Inspection should have authority and equipment adequate to the important function it is expected to perform. It should not be subject to the influence of politicians or of shipowners more intent upon keeping sea labor in line than in making boats safe for passengers. The question is whether Secretary Roper, on the basis of his record, can be intrusted with this responsibility.

Mongolia—Red or White?

BY A strange coincidence the section of the earth which has come to be recognized as possibly the earliest home of man has today become one of the chief battle grounds of the struggle between the Old World—as exemplified by a feudal-fascist coalition—and the new gospel of Soviet communism. For the daily clashes along the Manchurian-Outer Mongolian frontier are merely symptoms of a far more fundamental conflict which has been raging for years in this primitive, remote section of the globe.

Elsewhere in this issue Mr. Bisson describes the fifteen-year struggle in Outer Mongolia between the revolutionary elements, drawn from the cattle breeders and serfs, and the reactionary hierarchy of princes and lamas. For the time being, at least, the revolutionary elements are completely in the ascendancy in Outer Mongolia. But only a few hundred miles away in Inner Mongolia and Manchuria other princes and lamas are still in power. The Japanese have sought to exploit the class struggle to further their own aims. The coronation of Kang Teh as Emperor of Manchoukuo was a step in a far-reaching campaign to gain the support of the Mongol princes who had long given allegiance to the Ching dynasty. Where this campaign has not been successful, Japan has resorted to bribery and military conquest to gain control. What is more natural than that it should turn its attention to Outer Mongolia as a final step in preparation for the expected war with the Soviet Union? If the Japanese should be able to occupy Urga, it would be almost impossible to prevent them from cutting the Trans-Siberian near Lake Baikal and isolating the Soviet Far East.

But while the Japanese have been taking up positions in Inner Mongolia with a view to outflanking the Soviet troops in Siberia, they have in turn been threatened by the brilliant strategy of the Chinese Red Army, which has suddenly appeared in Shansi after a 2,000-mile trek through the heart of China. Though the Chinese Communists are not strong from a military point of view, their mobility makes them a constant menace to the Japanese lines of communication, while their propaganda threatens to provoke an uprising among the Young Mongols. Moreover, by an irony of fate, Chiang Kai-shek has seized upon the presence of the Communists in Shansi as an excuse for sending five divisions of Nanking troops into the forbidden North China zone. The possibility that the strength of anti-Japanese feeling in China may yet force Chiang to enter a united front with the Communists leaves Tokyo in a most unenviable position. Driven by internal pressure, the Japanese are almost certain to advance farther. Chiang may not fight; in which case the Communists are likely to gain in power. But if he chooses to resist, the chances are that the Soviet Union, and possibly the whole of Europe, will ultimately be involved. Thus it may happen that the future pages of human history are being written today in the same region which locks the secrets of the past.

WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD



Young Bob La Follette

Washington, April 12

RAPIDLY there is being written into official records here a concrete, dollars-and-cents answer to the question: What is unionization worth to America's working men and women? It is being formulated on the conservative basis of determining what the big employing interests of the nation think it is worth to their own pocket-books to block effective organization of their employees in both the political and the economic fields. Three lines of investigation opened up here in the last few days are building up the collective answer.

One of these is the inquiry being followed by the Black lobby-investigating committee that swung into high gear on Wednesday following Chief Justice Wheat's conclusion in the District Supreme Court that no matter how much William Randolph Hearst and his attorney, Elisha Hanson, might desire it, he could not set himself above the people's representatives in Congress and by enjoining the Black committee try to tell the Senate how to run its business. The committee, only indirectly concerned in the question raised here, proceeded with its task of showing that the du Pont-General Motors interests and kindred groups consider it worth many thousands of dollars to themselves to keep in existence groups, such as the American Liberty League, that with constitutionalism as their shield and patriotism as their buckler wage war on the Wagner Labor Act, the TVA, and any other legislation in the interest of the wage-earners. The committee showed that the men who support the Liberty League are also the owners of the Crusaders, the Farmers' Independence Council, the Sentinels of the Republic, the American Veterans' Association, the Minute Men and

Women of Today, the National Civic Federation, the Women Investors of America, and the League for Industrial Rights. A cross-indexed list of contributors to all these groups, offered in evidence, showed that Irénée and Lamot du Pont had doled out more than \$125,000 to the support of this anti-social congeries. Other big donors were Alfred P. Sloan, E. F. Hutton, George H. Houston, J. Howard Pew, the Heinzes, Swifts, Stuarts, and Armours, and E. T. Weir, the steel magnate, who is known in Wall Street as a Rockefeller man.

The committee has not yet shown the total receipts of all the organizations mentioned, but what it has shown runs into millions. Add to this the sum that the same sources contribute to both the Republican and the Democratic national committees, and one has a good start toward answering what the nation's economic overlords consider a fair price for balking and bilking in the political field the millions of men and women from whose labor they live. To this aggregate there can then be added some comparable figures suggested by the testimony thus far taken by another Senate committee. This committee, which is headed by Senator La Follette and opened hearings Friday, has before it the question: Should the Senate vote an investigation of civil-liberties violations in the United States, including interference with the right of workers to organize for collective bargaining? It is more than likely that the answer will be no, unless Senator La Follette shows a more aggressive and sympathetic attitude than he has manifested in the two brief hearings held to date. He left the task of questioning the witnesses to the other members of the committee. These two Democrats, Murphy of Iowa and Thomas of Utah, indicated by their questions that they considered that the proposed investigation would be a useless undertaking, and it is their word, rather than La Follette's, that will carry weight with the Senate majority and with the reactionary Audit and Control Committee that holds the Senate purse-strings. Sitting through the hearings with a preoccupied air strikingly unlike that of his famous father under similar circumstances, Young Bob showed an astonishing reluctance to guide the witnesses into lines of testimony that would overcome the sense of futility obsessing Murphy and Thomas.

Even the eloquent opening statement of J. Warren Madden, NLRB chairman, could not counterbalance their lack of familiarity with the intricacies of labor relations. Madden, a lawyer himself, was particularly effective in arraigning such solicitors as Hal H. Smith, of the Michigan Manufacturers' Association and the Liberty League's lawyers' committee, who appeared on the employers' side in the Fruehauf Trailer Company case.

Madden and his aides went on to tell the committee

that American employers value unionization so highly that they are willing to spend millions each year for its prevention. They testified that their preliminary investigations indicate that from 40,000 to 135,000 detectives are kept constantly employed in union espionage and sabotage, that more than 200 espionage agencies exist in the United States, and that their business is highly lucrative. Furthermore, Madden and his aides presented to the committee three steel workers—clean-cut young fellows impressively symbolizing the new generation of American labor leaders that is arising despite the depressing efforts of the A. F. of L. hierarchy. These three—J. J. Mullen of Pittsburgh, George A. Patterson of Chicago, and J. P. Harris of Portsmouth, Ohio—gave the committee some eyewitness testimony of how the steel industry's espionage system works. Incidentally, Mullen and Patterson, backed up by Heber Blankenhorn of the NLRB, offered damaging testimony in refutation of the claim of Arthur Young, vice-president of the United States Steel Corporation in charge of labor relations, that the gigantic Morgan combine has discharged its army of labor spies. According to the three witnesses, all that has happened is that headquarters have been shifted to a subsidiary, the H. C. Frick Coke Company, and the spy-in-chief is George F. Ruck, a former G-man and pal of J. Edgar Hoover. Ruck, assistant to the president of the Frick Company, was identified by Mullen as a man who under the name of "Mr. Macklin" treated with him after he had hired out at \$50 a month to spy upon fellow-workers at the Clairton works of Carnegie Illinois Steel. Mullen took the job but turned over to the NLRB for use as evidence all but his last month's spy pay. He used that to pay his and Patterson's expenses to Washington to testify before the La Follette committee. That committee also learned before the week closed something of the sums that employers are paying for guns and gas for their own private armies and the local police departments they control in furtherance of their war against their workers.

More difficult to trace are the sums spent by employers for the support of nation-wide associations which integrate their anti-union campaigns, but a beginning toward this has been made in the third line of official inquiry that has been under way here. This is an NLRB inquiry in preparation for a major court test of the Wagner act. It has marked the board's adoption of the "Brandeis technique" of crushing legalistic arguments against social legislation under a mass of sociological and economic data. Brandeis originated the method in 1908 when he won from a Supreme Court no less reactionary than the present one a favorable decision on Oregon's ten-hour law for women. His brief of approximately a thousand pages devoted only a dozen of those pages to argument of principles of law; the rest were given over to a summation of the testimony of experts from all parts of the world. Taking "judicial notice" of the experts' unanimity, the Supreme Court decided that the Oregon legislature had been "reasonable." The NLRB hopes similarly to convince the present Supreme Court that Congress in enacting the Wagner bill was "reasonable," and to that end it spent the first eight days of this month in collective hearings

on a group of steel cases, the sole purpose of which was to compile a mass of expert, non-partisan testimony in support of the Wagner act's purposes and principles.

One of the last witnesses to be heard was Glen A. Bowers, New York State Director of Placement and Unemployment Insurance. Testifying under subpoena, Bowers identified himself as a Harvard Business School alumnus who from 1917 until recently had been engaged continuously as an expert on labor policy by various chambers of commerce and manufacturers' associations. Al Wirin and Tom Emerson, NLRB attorneys, drew from him testimony to show how extensively and tightly the employers of the country are organized in a deliberate anti-union campaign, and in the process Wirin and Emerson demolished the claim of corporation lawyers that the relations between employer and employee are purely local, personal, and familial. They showed that the employers themselves regard that relationship as a cause for collective and nation-wide action. Bowers traced the ramifications of this anti-union network, beginning with the National Association of Manufacturers, which, he said, was organized "primarily against the growth of trade unionism among workers." He added that "the vast majority of the employers who have ten or more employees are affiliated with one or another of these . . . constituent bodies of the National Association of Manufacturers." Among the bodies he mentioned as constituents were the Associated Industries of Massachusetts and the National Industrial Council, which heads them up; Walter Gordon Merritt's League for Industrial Rights, which "is composed of those employers who have an interest in financing the adjudication of cases having to do with employer rights"; the American Plan Association and its adherent chamber-of-commerce labor committees; such research adjuncts of the anti-union pyramid as the National Industrial Conference Board; numerous trade associations, including the Iron and Steel Institute, the Automobile Manufacturers' Association, and the enormous National Metal Trades Association, which has agents out instructing employers in anti-union tactics. Bowers also told how Industrial Relations Councilors, Inc., grew out of the efforts of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., to direct and unify the labor policies of all the vast Rockefeller enterprises. He described espionage and blacklisting except by telephone as "antediluvian." His testimony blandly carried the suggestion that an employer who resorted to them was foolish; he could so much more easily and safely establish a company union.



Madden

"Germany—a Winter's Tale"

BY LION FEUCHTWANGER

HENRICH HEINE'S satirical narrative in verse which bears this title is still being widely read today; it is read in many languages and by many people who are deeply stirred by its present timeliness. This timeliness is truly amazing. Any number of Heine's sparkling verses strike at the heart of present conditions in Germany, and half the introduction could be used in its original form as the preface to a book by any of our German émigré authors.

Nevertheless, a grim thought obsesses the reader: how very different, how tranquil things used to be! How temperate the brutality of bygone Germany when compared with that of the present! What cultured despots those rulers were, what soft bedroom slippers they wore compared with the heavy boots with which the masters of the Third Reich trample to death those who displease them! The social relations of that era still permitted its reactionary rulers to observe certain rules of the game and show some degree of fair play. What a paragon of intellect and humanity was the man Metternich, the leader of the reactionary movement during Heine's time, as compared with the man whom the generals, great landowners, and big industrialists have set up to be the *Führer* of Germany!

Truly the German winter of 1935-36 is very different from the winter of 1843-44, whose darkness Heine deplored in his great epic. What a delightful twilight that darkness was, compared to the night in which the Third Reich lies! The struggle between the classes has finally reached the point where the old leaders have been obliged to drop their masks and to boast cynically of their ruthlessness. There is no room in Germany today for fine words or romantic notions. Brute force is the supreme deity. War is no longer a last resort but a primary end; brutality is glorified for its own sake; life has become nothing more than a preparation for death on the battlefield.

Heine could speak with the rulers of his time. They understood his language. Today we can do nothing but turn in disgust from the masters of our country, these ill-bred little men who allow their diseased instincts to run riot in an orgy of vile atrocities. We can almost pity the old leaders of our reactionary movement, the generals, the great landowners, the big industrialists, who could see no other way of safeguarding their privileges than by bringing to power the degenerates who today represent Germany. Goethe's remark—"The masses fear nothing so much as reason. If they knew what was really frightful, they would fear stupidity"—aptly applies to these puppet masters behind the scenes. Our generals and industrialists could see no way out of their difficulties; they appealed for help, not to reason, but to the grossest stupidity and brutality, and now they themselves suffer from the barbarity they evoked.

During its third winter of National Socialism what is the condition of this Germany which formerly possessed thriving industries, an orderly, productive life, science, and art, and which always stood high whenever civilization was discussed? A people which once had the means to be well housed, well fed, and well clothed from the resources provided by its ancestors is reduced to slim rations, inadequate living quarters, and insufficient clothing. The country which formerly believed "humanity" and "reason" to be words of the noblest significance now indulges in the barbarous execution of women; defenseless persons are hideously mistreated in public, and such acts are considered great national spectacles. The nation which coined the phrase about the equality of everything that bears a human shape has been forced to deny this equality and to accept an absurd doctrine—compiled from pseudo-zoology and bureaucracy—of the inequality of men as the basis of law and life. Men who have been legally certified by physicians as mentally incapable of looking after their own interests are in charge of public affairs. Countless Germans, the majority, are obliged to lie or keep silent. Day after day the leaders of the people demand of their subjects lies and more lies, countless sacrifices to reason. And this Germany has set up for its idol a man whose powers of judgment are greatly inferior to the intelligence of the average citizen. This great German people, which has acclaimed the works of its great thinkers by the millions of copies, is forced to accept as its new bible "*Mein Kampf*," in which this new god declares that the bolshevik Russian Jew has destroyed thirty million people. During the official celebration of his party, which he puts on a par with the state, this new god, *der Führer*, announced as the strongest argument against the Marxist teachings that the real name of Karl Marx was Mardochei.

Many Germans complain that our generals, our big industrialists, our great landowners have led us back to the Middle Ages through this man Hitler. That is not true. He has led us back to the savagery of the primeval forest, to the time when men banded together in hordes which fell upon each other because each horde considered itself the best. This Third Reich of our present "Winter's Tale" is one tremendous munitions factory, a breeding farm of slaves, whose entire hope hangs on the success of the great marauding expedition toward the East, in which all the resources of the nation are invested.

No, the sharp darts of Heine's wit cannot pierce the raw, clumsy structure of the Third Reich; they are futile in the face of this gigantic attempt to lead a great people from the paths of civilization back to the primeval forest. Despite the apparent timeliness of "A Winter's Tale," present-day Germany is mirrored even more clearly by Shakespeare's sixty-sixth sonnet:

Tir'd with all these, for restful death I cry
 As to behold desert ■ beggar born,
 And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
 And purest faith unhappily foresworn,
 And gilded honor shamefully misplac'd,
 And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
 And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
 And strength by limping sway disabled,
 And art made tongue-tied by authority,
 And folly—doctor-like—controlling skill,
 And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
 And captive good attending captain ill;
 Tired with all these, from these would I be gone. . . .

A living author, no matter how gifted, can scarcely hope to present as accurate an account of Germany today as Heine, in his "Winter's Tale," succeeded in giving of the Germany of a hundred years ago. Some may have visions of doing so—may dream of recording the grim drama of this decaying Germany in an epic as great and as moving as Dante's "Inferno." What a task it would be adequately to depict the three-headed Cerberus which stands guard over this Germany! What a triumvirate! The megalomaniac, the little deified man who, without knowing it, is a creature of the Reichswehr, the man without mind or culture who has been made a god and whose slightest utterances are considered emanations of the highest wisdom. At his right the empty adventurer and bully—brutish, bloated, hiding his nakedness in a thousand gaudy uniforms. At his left the littérateur, stunted in body and spirit, who stands on tiptoe ranting about heroes while he throws mud at everything great in the present epoch.

The members of this triumvirate consider themselves the representatives of a "sovereign people." Yet only a decade ago this people was to the highest degree civilized.

However, I do not believe that the final literary picture of this Germany will be a melancholy one. In spite of the fearful afflictions which this last attempt of the ruling powers to seek safety through barbarism has brought upon the people, there is in this Third Reich much grotesque stupidity and symbolic laughter. Odysseus and David are heroic figures; Polyphemus and Goliath—no matter how much mischief they cause—will always remain characters in a rough-and-tumble farce. The Third Reich has done me much harm. It has killed some of my friends, imprisoned many others, and deprived me of home and property. Nevertheless, when I think of the ridiculously bureaucratic manner in which these outrages were executed, I am moved to mirth. All the stupendous lies of National Socialist propaganda and the bible of the *Führer* will in the last analysis arouse more laughter than indignation, despite all the misery they are creating. To laughter at last will come the colossal self-exultation of National Socialism and its *Führer*, the babblings about ■ Reich which will continue for ■ thousand years. I remember in a comic journal a drawing of ■ tiny dog standing beside a huge puddle; the sentence beneath the drawing read, "And to think that it was I who did all this." Something of the sort will, I believe, be the picture the Third Reich will leave for history. The reign of the National Socialists will be immortalized in literature in the style not of Heine but of Aristophanes. In the not too distant future of the National Socialist Reich which is to last for ■ thousand years there will be nothing left but laughter.



"When, Germany, I think of thee, At night, all slumber flees from me."—Heinrich Heine

Conflict in Outer Mongolia

BY T. A. BISSON

FOR centuries Outer Mongolia has seemed as remote and inaccessible as any country of comparable size on the face of the earth. Yet this vast, relatively unsettled land threatens to become the focal point of a new world war which is maturing in the East. Military clashes of increasing severity have been occurring along the Mongolian-Manchurian frontier for more than a year. The conflict of March 31 was of a particularly alarming character. Several hundred Japanese-Manchurian troops, equipped with tanks, airplanes, heavy artillery, and machine-guns, penetrated nearly thirty miles into Outer Mongolian territory south of Lake Buir Nor. They were presumably opposed by equal or superior forces, which finally drove them out after some twenty-four hours of severe fighting. A struggle of such dimensions approaches perilously close to what is generally defined as a state of war, and the attempt to "play down" its significance becomes proportionately more difficult. This latest outbreak of hostilities took place against a diplomatic background which has been markedly altered by the recent stand of the Soviet Union with respect to the Mongolian People's Republic. Until lately there has been some reason for Japanese military circles to believe that Outer Mongolia might be "peacefully" absorbed without serious opposition from the U. S. S. R. But all illusions of this character were finally dissipated by Stalin's categorical statement to Roy W. Howard on March 4, which was later confirmed by the announcement that a mutual-assistance agreement between the Soviet Union and Outer Mongolia had been in effect since the end of 1934.

To find the clue to the Soviet Union's attitude toward Outer Mongolia, it is necessary to turn back the pages of history to the year 1921. In the spring of that year Baron Ungern von Sternberg, a White Russian adventurer exercising mastery over Outer Mongolia, launched an advance against Soviet Russian forces around Lake Baikal. Based on Urga, the army of the "Mad Baron" formed part of the network of White Russian forces utilized by Japan in the final phases of the Siberian interventionist campaign. From Japanese sources in Manchuria von Sternberg's army had been equipped with munitions and other supplies. His advance against Lake Baikal coincided with a monarchist coup at Vladivostok and renewed White Russian military operations against the Far Eastern Republic in Siberia.

At this time a revolutionary movement was spreading rapidly over Outer Mongolia. Rumblings of the approaching upheaval were heard in 1919-20 during the regime of the Chinese general, Hsü Shu-tseng, an unscrupulous agent of the Japanese-dominated Anfu clique at Peking. Bled white by its feudal-lama hierarchy and further impoverished by the tribute exacted by foreign

commercial firms, the people of Outer Mongolia were finally driven to revolt by the ruthless oppression of General Hsü and his successor, Baron von Sternberg. After preliminary military successes a number of the revolutionary leaders met early in March, 1921, at Kiakhta in Soviet territory and formally constituted the Mongolian People's Revolutionary Party and a provisional government, with a program for the overthrow of imperialism and feudalism in Outer Mongolia. Consolidating its forces under the new government, the Mongolian movement took the offensive in the north. Joint action of the Mongolian and Soviet Russian forces repulsed von Sternberg's advance on June 5-8. A month later, on July 5, the allied Mongolian-Soviet armies captured Urga. Baron von Sternberg was seized and executed in August. By the end of the year the country was united under the Mongolian People's Government at Urga.

On November 5, 1921, the Soviet government signed an agreement with the Urga authorities which repudiated the Czarist treaties with Outer Mongolia and recognized the Mongolian People's Government. Each party to it undertook, in Article 3 of this agreement, to prevent the formation or sojourn of hostile "governments, organizations, groups, or individuals" on its territory, as well as the importation or transportation of arms by "organizations struggling directly or indirectly" against either government. Nearly three years later, by a treaty with China signed on May 31, 1924, the Soviet Union recognized Outer Mongolia as "an integral part of the Republic of China," and agreed to "effect the complete withdrawal" of all Soviet troops from Outer Mongolia. This latter pledge was fulfilled in 1925. Nevertheless, the strict application of the 1921 agreement, intended to assure the preservation of the new Outer Mongolian regime and forestall any future attempts to invade the Soviet Union through Outer Mongolia, has in effect closed that country to diplomatic or consular representatives of third powers, including China. Since the end of 1921 the development of Outer Mongolia has taken place in close association with the Soviet Union.

The first phase of this development, from 1921 to 1924, consisted of a vigorous attack on the feudal elements of the old regime, particularly on the lama monks, who possessed great power. The prerogatives of the Living Buddha were constitutionally limited, the governing rights of the feudal lords in the local districts were abrogated, and the crushing taxes on the lower classes were abolished. Toward the close of 1924 the feudal-theocratic elements, allied with new capitalist forces led by Danzan, made a desperate effort to reestablish political control. The struggle against "Danzanism" culminated in August, 1924, at the Third Congress of the Mongolian



People's Revolutionary Party, which crushed the movement. This victory, and the death of the Living Buddha on May 20, 1924, laid the basis for a frontal assault on the political system of Mongolian feudalism. In June, 1924, Outer Mongolia was declared a republic, with supreme power vested in a Great Huruldan (People's Assembly). The first Great Huruldan met in November, 1924, and adopted a constitution which swept away the feudal political system. Feudal lords, lamas, merchants, and usurers were deprived of political rights, which were to be held by the laboring people only. Lands, mineral wealth, forests, and waters were nationalized. Church and state were separated, and religion was declared the private concern of every citizen. Political power was to be exercised through the Great Huruldan, which elects the government, through the Small Huruldan, an executive committee of thirty members meeting at least twice a year, and at other times through the latter's presiding committee of five members and the government.

Although the feudal political system was overthrown, the economic base of feudalism and the developing capitalism was not seriously affected. Capitalist relations grew as feudal economic restrictions were removed, and reached their peak during the years 1924-27. The feudal capitalist bloc was reestablished in 1925, quickly regained political influence, and carried out policies in trade, transportation, and industry which strengthened the trend toward capitalist development. A left-wing opposition formed in 1927 sought to mobilize mass support against the right-wing party leaders, and the political struggle was transformed into a broad anti-feudal agrarian revolution. The climax was reached at the end of 1928 in the Seventh Congress of the Mongolian Party, where the right-wing leadership was routed.

The program inaugurated in 1929 was later stigmatized as "forced socialist construction." Cattle estates of

the lamas were confiscated, and a drive for collectivization was begun. With inadequate technique and transport the difficulties of managing the collectives soon became insuperable. The too rapid introduction of government-controlled trading led to a similar impasse. By the end of 1931 the population began to experience a "commodity hunger," which finally led to the repudiation of the 1929-31 policy.

In July, 1932, the Mongolian Party instituted a series of measures roughly analogous to the New Economic Policy of the Soviet Union from 1921 to 1928. Most of the collectives were voluntarily dissolved. Private enterprise was partially reestablished in the spheres of distribution, mining, and transportation, and was accommodated under certain conditions with bank credits. To counteract the effect of these concessions, annual contracts stipulating wages and hours of hired labor were enforced. This general policy, steadily adhered to since 1932, has markedly stimulated the output of cattle and agricultural products. Small-scale industrial enterprises for the processing of livestock products have been established, agriculture has been mechanized in the north and northwest, and the means of transportation have been improved. The number of lamas is declining, the network of new schools is weakening their religious hold, and their economic activities are being gradually curtailed. Expansion of the cooperative distributing apparatus has reached the point at which collective organization of production is making a new sound start.

Until 1935 the Mongolian People's Republic was free to concentrate on the problems of internal reconstruction. Except for occasional rumors of an overthrow of the new revolutionary regime Outer Mongolia was largely forgotten by the outside world. On January 24, 1935, however, the first of the long succession of "border incidents" occurred near Lake Buir Nor, on the Manchurian-

Outer Mongolian frontier. A conference to settle these disputes met on June 3 at Manchouli in northwestern Manchuria. At this conference Japanese officers attached to the Kwantung army shamelessly browbeat the Mongolian delegates. Their aims were bluntly expressed in a note handed to the Mongolian delegation on July 4, which demanded the right of permanent residence for Japanese military observers in Outer Mongolia and permission to run telegraph lines into Mongolia to facilitate contact with Manchoukuo. Border raids staged by the Kwantung army, designed to test the strength of the opposition, have been thrown back by the Mongolian guard detachments without ceremony.

These attacks are directly related to the inner political strife in Japan, which in turn derives from the financial and diplomatic crisis of Japanese imperialism. The assassinations of February 26 in Tokyo have not solved any problems. In the new Cabinet Premier Hirota and the Finance Minister, Eiichi Baba, continue to bar the immediate realization of the army's program. Despite the retirement of the firebrands, Araki and Mazaki, the army is still committed to continental expansion, which means it must have more funds to speed up the pace of rearmament. On the other hand, the Premier and the Finance Minister represent the conservative views of the major section of Japan's business interests, which is anxious to delay the plunge into a "big war" until adequate diplomatic and financial preparation has been made.

The most immediate issue revolves around Hirota's efforts to come to an agreement with the Soviet Union on a joint border commission to investigate disputes on the frontiers of Manchoukuo. On March 17 the U. S. S. R. conceded a point by agreeing that the proposed commission might delimit the boundary, interpreting this to mean "verifying the border as fixed by treaties" by setting up additional border posts, stretching barbed wire, and digging ditches between the posts. Negotiations then

struck a snag over Tokyo's insistence that the commission's competence be restricted to one section of the Manchurian-Siberian border, while the Soviet authorities held that it should cover the whole of the Manchurian-Siberian as well as the Manchurian-Outer Mongolian frontier. This issue closely affects the Kwantung army—the Japanese force in Manchuria which has been the moving spirit behind Japan's continental expansion since September 18, 1931. The formation of a Soviet-Japanese border commission would tend to limit the Kwantung army's ability to resort to independent military action on the Manchurian frontiers. To this extent it would blunt the edge of a weapon which the army extremists have used to telling effect in the struggle against the moderates at Tokyo. Border clashes at this time thus constitute the Kwantung army's answer to Hirota's negotiations with the U. S. S. R. The Soviet Union pointedly alluded to this fact on March 31 by warning the Japanese government that it assumed grave responsibility if it permitted the actions of "subordinate organs" to intensify the existing causes of friction.

Responsible authorities in Japan continue to assert that there is no possibility of a Soviet-Japanese war. Hirota declared on March 25 that there would be no war while he was Premier, and ranking Japanese military officers have recently made statements deprecating war with the Soviet Union. The logic of this position is sound—for the moment. It would be suicidal for Japan to plunge into war against the Soviet Union unless it had a hard-and-fast military agreement with Germany, and assurance of financial support from Great Britain. The first of these is rapidly maturing, if, indeed, it has not already been consummated. But Germany is not yet ready to act, and Britain's stand is still uncertain. Meanwhile the Kwantung army consolidates its war base in Manchuria, North China, and Inner Mongolia, and the time for the ultimate showdown approaches.

After EPIC in California

BY LILLIAN SYMES

SIX years of continuous economic demoralization have produced only one major—though not quite successful—political revolt in the United States. It took place in 1934 when that prodigal Ariel of the social revolution, Upton Sinclair, startled the nation by capturing the Democratic nomination for governor. Though Sinclair was pledged at the moment to carry out his program under the Democratic banner, it seemed inevitable, after he had been double-crossed by Roosevelt and Farley and outsmarted by the McAdoo machine, that his movement if it survived at all would be driven into independent politics.

On February 23 of this year, having just publicly announced his complete withdrawal from politics, Sinclair permitted his name to appear at the head of the EPIC

slate of delegates to the coming Democratic national convention, a slate pledged to Sinclair on the first ballot and to Roosevelt thereafter. Temporarily this gesture has galvanized and solidified—on the surface at least—his weakened forces and will probably inspire the extension of the EPIC Sinclair-for-President fight into other Western states. But when the second ballot is taken in Philadelphia this summer and the EPIC slate—if elected—lines up behind a national platform *sans* any mention of "production for use," the End Poverty movement in California or in civilization will have come to the end of a blind alley. If, as is much more probable, the EPIC slate is defeated in the California primaries, the question of a third party and, more important, of what kind of third party

will confront not only the EPIC remnants but labor and radical forces generally in the state. It is because both insurgent and leftist political experience in California in the past two years has a direct bearing upon the labor and farmer-labor-party ferment throughout the country that a brief review of that experience is particularly pertinent at this time.

Any fad which takes root in southern California may be expected to assume Gargantuan size within a few weeks, but not even the shrewdest political observers were prepared for the EPIC-Utopian sweep of 1934. Within a few months both the End Poverty League and the Utopian Society became mass movements, religious crusades. Though organizationally quite separate, they overlapped, and probably 99 per cent of the Utopians supported the EPIC candidates. Neither movement made similar headway in northern California until after the general strike of July and particularly after Sinclair's capture of the Democratic nomination. As the Sinclair-Merriam fight progressed in bitterness and the issue became one of labor and liberalism versus big business and reaction, Socialist and Communist candidates were ignored. Thousands of Socialist and many Wobbly and even Communist "old-timers" were giving their all to the Sinclair cause. The August primary triumph also brought with it the support of certain "loyal" Democratic politicians who were quite willing to hop on the Sinclair band-wagon even though they considered the driver "slightly nuts."

Such a mushroom growth could never survive intact its first defeat. In spite of a nucleus of twenty-two state Assemblymen around which to rally, in spite of nominal control of the state Democratic machinery by the floor leader, Cuthbert Olsen, the EPIC movement, no longer an immediate threat, lost much of its leverage. Municipal elections in Los Angeles in the spring of 1935 revealed a loss of strength in that district, and the movement split into several factions. Sheridan Downey, Sinclair's running mate, deserted to the rapidly growing Townsend movement; several of the more clear-headed ex-Socialists had become disgruntled by Sinclair's apparent paralysis of will and his unfortunate choice of advisers; and Sinclair himself was unquestionably tired of politics. To the bulk of the EPIC followers, however, Sinclair was—and still is—the pivot of the movement, the one leader whose honesty and integrity outweigh his defects of judgment.

At this auspicious moment the Communists began a "united front" drive which split the EPICs still further. The drive was started after Earl Browder's return from Moscow with the "new line" on social fascism but before the recent Comintern Congress. It created pandemonium at the EPIC convention, but it was obvious that any attempt of the Communists to drive a wedge between Sinclair and his followers in southern California would not get very far. The invaders were ejected.

In San Francisco, however, where the EPIC boom had practically collapsed after the 1934 election, they were more successful. Two or three EPIC leaders, previously active radicals, were flirting with the Communists. It surprised no one, therefore, when one or two of the almost defunct EPIC and Utopian clubs suddenly bloomed with

fellow-travelers, and a newly formed Democratic Council appeared upon the roster of all united-front gatherings. Shortly thereafter a United Labor Party was launched in San Francisco to participate in the municipal elections.

The Communist Party is probably stronger in California than in any other section of the country outside New York. In San Francisco, more than in any other city, it can boast of a labor base through well-organized fractions in certain powerful unions. It also has a large and articulate group of sympathizers in professional, literary, and other middle-class circles. In addition to this specific support, a United Labor Party, as opposed to the Communist Party or even the Socialist Party, might have been expected to attract a substantial share of the protest vote registered by Sinclair and to gain the support of certain progressive labor elements.

The new party was launched by a united-front nucleus originally based on the criminal-syndicalism issue, but its sponsors made vigorous and unquestionably sincere efforts to widen its base. The powerful Maritime Federation with 12,000 members in San Francisco indorsed it, as did some smaller unions. This indorsement brought with it the support of Harry Bridges, whose popularity in left-wing labor circles was the party's chief asset. Two EPIC and Utopian candidates were chosen from the affiliated clubs. The Socialist Party refused to join, but in the absence of Socialist candidates probably nine-tenths of the Socialist vote went to the U. L. P. The most subversive planks in the party platform were indorsements of the Patman bonus bill and the Lundeen insurance bill. In all its campaign literature the United Labor Party claimed a membership of 50,000 through its affiliated groups. Allowing for exaggeration, it did seem that with the support of the Maritime Federation and its sisters, cousins, and aunts, plus the regular Communist-Socialist vote, plus the EPIC-Utopian vote, plus the sympathizer-protest vote, it was safe to bet on a total of 30,000.

The vote received was something over 14,000, less than that polled by the Communist Party in the general election of 1932, slightly more than the combined Communist-Socialist vote in the average municipal election. In short, the campaign had been a flop.

Here was a situation which should have resulted in some quiet analysis and serious thinking among the more precipitous supporters of the "any kind of labor party" idea. The workers are more sophisticated in these matters than are many of the leftist liberals, pacifists, and divinity students, and it is obvious that no labor party is going to win their support if they believe that it is either the Communist or the Socialist Party in false-face.

With the approach of the Presidential campaign, the EPICs were faced squarely with the issue of production-for-use versus Roosevelt. They dodged it temporarily. A conciliatory faction led by Senator Olsen was willing to let the President pick the slate of Democratic delegates and to pledge that slate to him. But on the Presidential slate when announced were only ten EPICs in the forty-eight delegates. At an indignant state convention in February the more or less united factions decided to run an EPIC ticket against the President's hand-picked slate, a

ticket pledged to support Sinclair on the first ballot and to write a production-for-use plank into the national Democratic platform. Sinclair, who had gone into silence many months before, emerged, and consented in this crisis to head the ticket.

Obviously this decision settles nothing. Barring some spectacular development the defeated EPICs will meet again in a conference called for May 10, ten days after the primaries, and will there find themselves under strong Communist pressure to organize another "farmer-labor party" made up of "all pro-labor groups," including the Townsendites. A party of this all-inclusive type would obviously be neither farmer nor labor but an amorphous "people's party" torn by factions without even a common immediate objective and without sufficient labor ballast to hold it down to earth.

At its recent state convention, dominated by the militants, the Socialist Party declared itself in favor of a farmer-labor party and made friendly gestures toward the EPICs. But it also defined carefully the type of farmer-labor party with which it would cooperate as "a federation of bona fide working-class and farmer organizations in

the economic and political fields," to be initiated preferably by the progressive and radical forces in the labor movement itself. The Socialist Party will probably send delegates or observers to the May 10 conference.

Whether a farmer-labor party will come out of that conference, and if so, what kind it will be, depends upon the good judgment of the EPICs who are initiating it and the kind of propaganda played upon them from the left. The inclusion of the Townsendites—the largest and best-organized pressure group in the state—would mean the swamping of EPICs, Communists, and Socialists alike. It would automatically transfer the base of the party from labor to a group of elderly lower-middle-class persons pledged to "a balanced budget" and believing that the profit system is "the mainspring of civilized progress." Such a labor party would be a joke on its promoters.

In the meantime the End Poverty League is circulating an initiative measure to put California on a production-for-use basis which would in time guarantee \$200 a month for everybody—a move calculated either to capture the Townsendites or put them out of business. It is also expected to usher in the Cooperative Commonwealth.

On Being Contemporary

BY WILLIAM TROY

WHEN Ben Jonson said of his friend Shakespeare that he was not of an age but for all time, he set the pattern for a kind of literary compliment that has caused much confusion from his time to our own. For as both Shakespeare and Jonson recede into the past, it becomes evident how distinctly "Nature's child" was also the child of that tempestuous misalliance between the Middle Ages and the Renaissance which gives its peculiar character to the Elizabethan Age. Shakespeare was also, as Jonson had apostrophized him a little earlier, "Soul of the Age." Undoubtedly a more accurate tribute would have been that Shakespeare gave such a profound expression to the dominant conflict of his time as it was rehearsed in his own personality that even his contemporaries could perceive the timeless quality of his work. He was for all time because he was so profoundly and completely of his own age. Nothing of the compliment is lost through the paradoxical restatement; in fact, we admire more the sensibility that could absorb so many diverse materials, the intelligence that could operate on them, and the imagination that could finally fuse them into a succession of enduring wholes.

One is reminded of the Jonsonian eulogy by the number of eloquent reassertions that we have had in recent months of the same belief in the extra-temporal nature of literature and the literary experience. Edmund Wilson, addressing a letter to the Russians on the subject of Ernest Hemingway, deplores the so-called decadent elements in this writer's work—the bullfighting, the lion-hunting, and

the rest—at the same time that he points out the coexistence of certain moral values, like courage and integrity, which are represented as timeless and therefore capable of being used over and over again. André Gide, describing how he spent one whole day of his life recently, offers what is really an apology for having turned from his social and political preoccupations to a reading of the "Odes" of Ronsard. "Nothing could be less contemporary," he confesses. "Merely very beautiful verses, answering to no other need than that of filling the heart and mind with a species of dynamic and thoroughly wholesome joy." A little further on and this emotion is qualified by the phrase "extra-temporal." And then we have had in these pages Mr. Krutch's sharp reprimand to those reviewers and critics who are in the habit of referring to one living writer after another as belonging to the past. The objection to this habit, according to Mr. Krutch, is that it is "to render trivial the whole enterprise of literature by depriving it of one of its fundamental assumptions—the assumption, that is, that human intelligence and human feeling are characterized by a continuity in virtue of which it is possible for a man to say something which will continue to seem to the point some centuries, let alone some months, after it is said."

Certainly all three of these writers are justified in stressing at this time the essential continuity of those elements of a literary work which are capable of being detached from its content. The relevance of their defense will be appreciated by anyone who has been following the cur-

rent trend of literary criticism all over the world. But also the uncomfortable impression must strike some readers that these absolute values, this extra-temporal emotion, and this intelligence and feeling are spoken of in a way to suggest that they float about, like platonic essences, in a kind of purified literary arcanum. Certain qualities and effects have been isolated and then reduced to their proper abstractions by the mind. Further discussion of these abstractions would almost certainly require the critic to build up intellectual structures that would soon become quite independent of the particular and concrete work. We should be asked to pass, in other words, from the contemplation of the individual work to the more general problems of morality, aesthetics, and human psychology. Unquestionably the value of such criticism would be very great, for it would prove to us how much these problems are involved in every literary work. But its danger perhaps is to make us forget that every worth-while work is in itself the solution of a problem, of a whole host of problems, all of which are embraced in the general problem of the writer's relationship to his experience. A more practical program for the critic in any time would therefore be to determine, in so far as he is able, how those qualities of literature which are indubitably perennial and universal may be recreated in terms of the materials and ruling conceptions of his own age.

The problem is upon us today with such urgency that unless we do something to clarify it we are going to have very little writing possessing "form, values, and intelligence" to bequeath to posterity. The most volatile and prolific movement in American poetry at the moment, for example, is operating on the theory that to be contemporary is to invoke the future. In fact, the general mass of revolutionary poetry turned out in the last few years provides an excellent example of just how much criticism can affect the writing of a period. This criticism has instructed the writer in the belief that he is most surely of his time when he gives expression to its aspirations for the future. It encourages him to mortgage his experience for an abstraction, with the result that his work falls into the didactic, the forensic, and the oratorical, all legitimate forms of discourse but none of them dependent for their effect on the kind of direct representation of experience that is essential to literature. Form is absent from most revolutionary poetry because form in literature arises from the conflict between intelligence and experience within the writer himself, and the conflict of the revolutionary poet is waged exclusively with society. As for "values," the rendition of these is projected, along with the experience which alone could give them any reality, into the abstract future. And the intelligence, when it is allowed to operate at all, is turned outward to ends beyond the work. The type of utopian revolutionary writer in every age offers such an unsatisfactory example of the contemporary because he offers us, in the first place, such an unsatisfactory example of the writer.

Yet the quality of his work is ultimately no worse perhaps than that of the more ubiquitous type of writer who for one reason or another is cut off from the vital currents of the life and thought of his time. Examples enough

we have in the writer who persists in troubling ghosts that have already been laid, the writer who is too slow to recognize when a literary attitude or method has been at least temporarily exhausted, the writer who attempts to fan into life sentiments and beliefs that have perished with the social patterns to which they were attached, and the writer who disguises his timidity or distaste beneath a disingenuous archaism. If there are more examples of this type of writer than of any other, it is because the combination of courage and awareness that stimulated great literary energy is rare in any time and place. From the standpoint of the reader who looks for the "perennial and universal" the absence of this energy is felt not so much in any backwardness in ideas and theories as in the total quality of the experience revealed in the writing of those who remain behind or "outside" their time.

We are left then with the notion of the writer who is neither of the past nor of the future but quite simply of his own time. But it should be evident that it is never simple for the writer to be of his own time. It is much easier to stuff experience into the handy molds of the immediate past or to make statements about the future. Either evasion makes fewer demands on the energy than the attempt to render with precision a setting of experience that never has been, and never will be again, quite the same in all its features. To be contemporary in this sense is to maintain the kind of equilibrium that Ronsard was able to maintain in the fifteenth century, Shakespeare in the sixteenth, and every complete writer in the centuries that have followed. This equilibrium in the writer is of course between his consciousness of the changes going on in the social and intellectual life around him and his sense of duty to those things which we call the perennial and the universal. His awareness of the first is important because it is the measure of his energy, and while energy is not the sole measure of his merit it is an indispensable perquisite to everything in his work. But this awareness can never be allowed to carry him to the point where he is led from his own object to objects outside his proper sphere. The object with which he is concerned must remain the unique expression of a unique complex of experience.

It may be added that perhaps one of the greatest handicaps to being truly contemporary is a too self-conscious effort of awareness. Among current American writers, for example, Archibald MacLeish has been particularly distinguished by the nervous concern that he has betrayed throughout his career over the necessity of being contemporary. This has led him into a succession of different versions, including, more recently, the revolutionary. It has even pressed him to the extent of composing a revision of Matthew Arnold's "Dover Beach," a poem which might be considered a classic illustration of the wrong way of being contemporary. Like Arnold, Mr. MacLeish merely convinces us that it is not by talking about one's time that one best expresses it. The consciousness of being of one's time becomes an idea which, like any other idea carried beyond its limits, gets very much in the way of that deep saturation of experience which alone can render the "soul of an age."

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

AND so they killed him—after all that playing cat and mouse with him which led André Maurois to write in Paris that so much agony of suspense ought to entitle him to freedom. (The foremost law club in London felt that Sacco and Vanzetti should have been released as properly punished, if guilty, after having had the death sentence over them for seven years.) Fifty-five witnesses were invited to see this deliberate murder by the state. "A few of the witnesses," the Associated Press reports, "sickened at the sight of the execution and had to be helped out of the room." Colonel Mark O. Kimberling, veteran warden of the penitentiary, who gave the signal to the electrician by raising and lowering his arm, never once looked at the prisoner, alive or dead. Why did he not, if this is such an admirable procedure, vindicating the majesty of the law, and such a superb deterrent to private murder? The witnesses were carefully searched to see if they had cameras on them. Why? If this is a justifiable and necessary procedure to keep society intact, why not broadcast photographs of the event so that every boy and girl may be deterred by seeing just what happens when a man is accused and found guilty of killing a child? It would be nice, surely, to continue the good work by placing these pictures upon all the bulletin boards of our public schools. Then the warning of this dreadful example would have its full effect.

The state refrains from this simply because it knows that it is engaged in the most revolting business imaginable; it is stooping to the very crime for which it punishes. It knows equally well that ordinary human beings never get over their horror of witnessing such a scene, and that the more they see of it the more they are outraged by it, as are Warden Lawes and Warden Kimberling, or, in Mr. Lawes's case at least, utterly opposed to it. These men, like everyone familiar with the history of penology, are well aware that killing by the state is no deterrent whatever. When men were executed in Great Britain for stealing handkerchiefs, handkerchiefs were regularly stolen in the crowds surrounding the scaffolds. Highway robbery was not stopped in England by execution; it faded out for various reasons, but not at all because robbers were terrified into goodness by the spectacle of their pals hanging in chains at Newgate.

If execution by the state were a deterrent, the United States would today be one of the most law-abiding of nations instead of the most murderous of the allegedly civilized ones. Oh, yes, I know the statistics which show that only a small percentage of our murderers are executed. But there are still enough murders by the state to make the ordinary murderer—anyone except a woman killing in a "crime of passion"—know that he runs a mighty big risk

of being shot down by a G-man or going to the scaffold. In England justice is swift and certain. There are many years when every murder in London is cleared up either by the suicide or the conviction of the murderer; yet murder goes on. Why is it that every humane man deeply versed in the psychology of crime and the handling of criminals is invariably in favor, not of increasing the length of sentences and making punishments more cruel, but of imposing milder penalties? It is because he knows that even burning alive is no deterrent but rather inflames certain types of degenerate minds, inspiring them to the very crime for which burning is so often the mob's penalty. I once walked over a spot in Alabama where a colored boy had been burned to death for an alleged rape. The law-abiding colored people there certified that he had been feeble-minded for a long time, and they doubted whether he had committed the crime which he confessed.

The truth of it all is that murders will surely go on just as long as states themselves commit this crime either on battlefields or in the death chambers. Just as long as they violate the Commandment "Thou shalt not kill," individuals will follow suit. Undoubtedly in states which have abolished capital punishment for murder, like Soviet Russia, murders will take place in fits of passion or because of mental degeneracy. For this there are different remedies. But if headway is to be made in the United States it will certainly not be before the state recognizes the sanctity of human life, declares it inviolable, and refuses to go into the killing business itself.

The worst of it is the finality of an execution. Suppose it appears some day that Hauptmann was not the killer but just a dastardly, scoundrelly profiteer by the dead? The one thing that human beings cannot replace is life. Unlikely that someone else will be found to be the Lindbergh murderer? Not wholly. Read Edwin M. Borchard's book "Convicting the Innocent." It is full of cases of the miscarriage of justice, of innocent men sent to prison or to death. Only a month ago a young man in the Tombs in New York was freed from a murder charge in the nick of time by the confession of a prisoner in the next cell. They were physically enough alike to be twins. In Kentucky a few years ago a young man was sent to prison for life for killing his sweetheart. The body was found, unrecognizable, where they were last seen together, and the father of the girl identified her clothing. After the "lifer" had served seven months, the girl walked into town alive and well. Had he been sentenced to death it would have been too late. No, what is needed is not more executions but preaching in every school and in every government office that human life is sacred and inviolable—and living up to that belief.

BROUN'S PAGE

ONE of the reasons why I am fond of business men, particularly the big ones, is that they possess such a charming naivete. To them politics is a fairyland where anything can happen. This accounts for the numerous services which supply Wall Street with the "inside news" of Washington. I have not the slightest doubt that the professional letter-writers are men of acumen and sincerity and that they guess right upon occasion. But the notion that any of these agencies has some private pipe-line into the White House is utter nonsense. The specialist merely gives a hard ride to the familiar newspaper practice of beginning, "It is learned on good authority," and then proceeding to guess.

On many occasions I have stated the opinion that American newspapers often omit a great deal of news well worth printing, but even so I am extremely doubtful whether the various Inside Ikes provide any useful information which is not contained in the run of the news. Just now one popular game is discussing the next Roosevelt Cabinet. I do not know whether the Wall Street guides have conceded the President's reelection as yet, but I will herewith furnish gratis to all clients of the Broun Burrowing Service, Inc., the information that a Democratic victory is in the bag. I will further inform my fortunate subscribers that it won't even be close.

How do I know all this? On what research work and private polls are my dicta based? The answer is none at all. It's just a hunch. But for the most part that is the only foundation for most of the plain tales from Capitol Hill which the business men buy. A recent "letter" sent out the information that George Creel was to be a member of the next Cabinet. Mr. Creel was very much annoyed. It was news to him and also embarrassing, since he holds a job with *Collier's* as commentator on national affairs. Picking cabinets for Presidents is always pleasant, and even if you get it wrong nobody can sue you for libel.

Broun's Burrowings, Inc., looks for few changes in the official family of the President. Roper ought to go, but since he was a monstrous choice even in the beginning there does not seem much likelihood that he will be let out. Frances Perkins has been the biggest disappointment of the official family. And the rock on which she has been wrecked is one which I would never have suspected. It seems to me that Miss Perkins has tripped herself up by standing on her dignity. Surely there must be more important things for her to do than write letters about her ancestry. But Frances Perkins will probably be in the Cabinet again. Hers is a difficult post to fill while the war between the crafts and the industrialists is on. Any change might seem to favor one side or the other.

The Secretary most severely under attack happens to be the Cabinet member who has come closest to doing what he was supposed to do. I refer, of course, to Jim Farley. Reformers, as well as Republicans, have had a

lot to say about "Farleyism," but there is no warrant whatsoever in naming the present spoils policy after genial Jim. It is an extremely unfortunate practice that the Postmaster General should be the political debt payer and delegate collector in each administration. The system ought to be discarded and broken. But it is the most arrant hypocrisy to picture Farley as a sinister figure unique in the history of national politics.

Homer Cummings is the mystery man of the Cabinet. I have never heard any reasonable explanation for his original temporary appointment, and so there is every reason to believe that he will go on and on. While the predicting mood is with me I will venture another guess about Presidential appointments. Republicans have made a good deal of use of the fact that many members of the Supreme Court are advanced in years, and one of the arguments for the defeat of Mr. Roosevelt is the contention that he would have a chance to alter the character of the high bench. My inside information is that there is a grave possibility that President Roosevelt will find no vacancies occurring during his second term. Again I may be challenged as to the sources of my information. I do it all by the pricking of my thumbs. It is my experience that a watched judge never boils, resigns, or dies. Friends and advocates of such jurists as Justice Sutherland, Justice McReynolds, and Justice Pierce Butler could afford these gentlemen no more effective rejuvenating tonic than the reelection of Franklin Delano Roosevelt. The will to live is a powerful factor in survival, and if Mr. Roosevelt remained in the White House long enough, I fully believe that each one of the sages I have named would touch a hundred and never miss a decision day in court.

The service which I am prepared to render Wall Street subscribers seems to me in some respects more exciting than any of those now current. Not only would my weekly letter contain a mention of things likely to happen, but I should also name a few long shots for those who like something better than even money when they wager. There is no getting away from the fact that Alf M. Landon now seems a wholly possible Republican nominee. I should not care to quote more than two to one against him. Vandenberg I hold at fives, but my long-shot special is Jim Wadsworth. If the Republican convention goes into a deadlock, a highly conservative candidate will be chosen. After a good many hours or days of balloting somebody is certain to spy Wadsworth sitting somewhere about the place. Since he has made no tangible tie-ups he will be smooth, unruffled, and of pleasing appearance. It will be possible to distinguish Mr. Wadsworth from the other delegates by the fact that he is wearing a clean collar. Somebody will say, "What's the matter with Jim?" At that late hour nobody will be able to think up an answer, and James Wadsworth will be nominated on the twenty-first ballot.

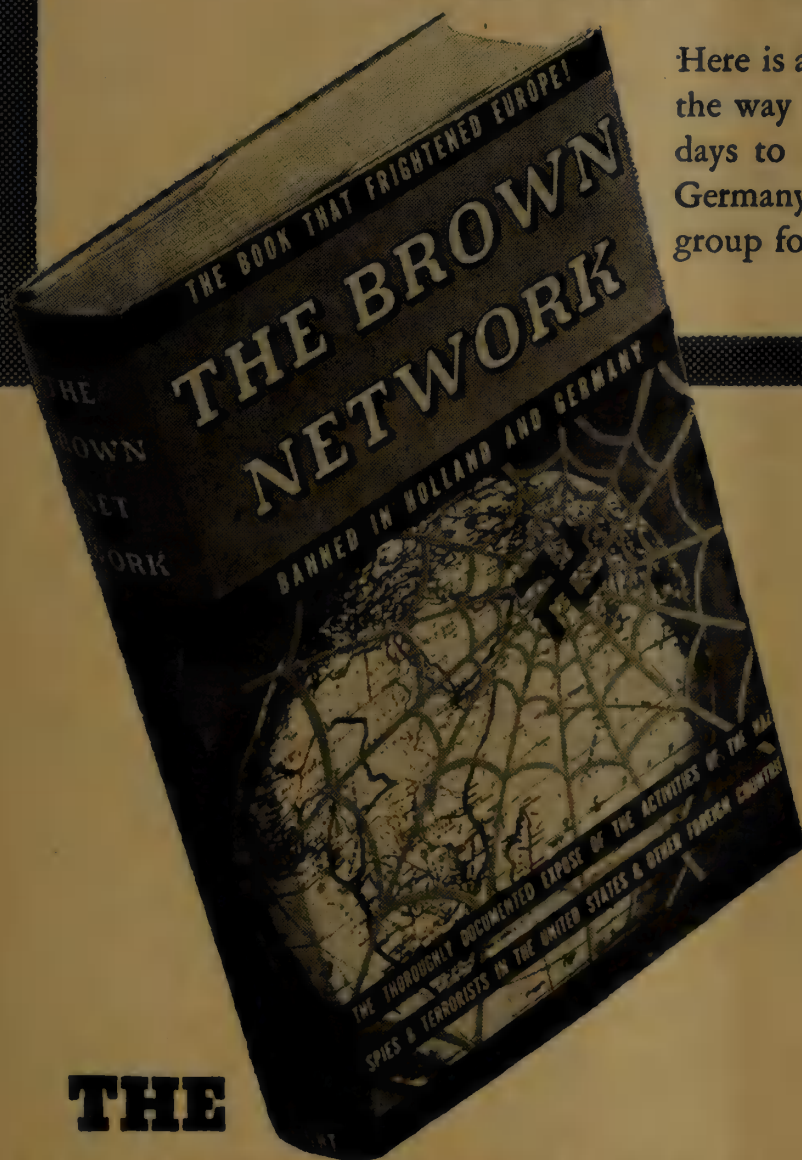
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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

... BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT I LIKE

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

THE individual who proclaims with a triumphant air "... but I know what I like" has been the butt of critical scorn for a long time. At his worst he can surely be a very exasperating fellow, but he has been told off so frequently that in these days he very seldom raises his voice in the sacred groves where the intelligentia gather; and it has, indeed, been a very long time since I last heard anyone confess (or boast), "I don't know anything about art."

On the contrary nearly everyone seems now to know nearly everything about it. Ever since "society" became the obligatory subject of every conversation, ever since the very tinker or piano-tuner became ashamed to discuss his craft except in connection with its "social implications," it has been necessary that everyone should at least profess to know nearly all there is to know about nearly everything.

And one result of this development is that tone-deaf unfortunates can discuss the function of music even though they cannot tell one note from another, and that both economists and political scientists, to say nothing of soap-box orators, now explain "where the novel is going" or "what our theater ought to be" even though they never willingly read any work of the imagination until that recent date when they discovered that such works were necessarily part of a "social plan." And to this day many of them attend performances at experimental theaters or read "proletarian" novels only with that same air of performing a civic duty which used to be remarked on the face of a certain distinguished American philosopher who was accustomed to sit sadly through symphony concerts because he was intellectually convinced that the aesthetic emotion had a place in the good life, and who would certainly append to his next book, as he always had to the others, a short chapter in which he stated all he knew about it—namely, that he was convinced it was very important.

For all of these reasons it seems to me that the man who knows nothing about art but who knows what he likes is, at this particular moment, a less conspicuous bore than an opposite type which has never, so far as I know, been defined—namely, the type of man who knows all there is to know about it, who can explain its functions and expound its laws, but who does not know what he likes, if indeed, as seems somewhat improbable, he really likes anything.

Perhaps this last suspicion is unjust. Such a man has been known to sneak off to a movie or a musical comedy after advising his friends not to miss the latest drama of

social significance. But to watch him at the process of deciding what is good art and what is bad is to perceive that his liking counts for very little in the business. Instead of beginning with the simple fact that he was or was not interested, moved, exalted, or amused, he dismisses this fact as essentially irrelevant and drags out his theories. Does the work in question perform those functions which, according to his abstract theories, it ought to perform? Does it deal with a subject that is relevant to what he is convinced everybody ought to be interested in? Is it the kind of work which, as he can prove at some length, is the only kind of work an artist could possibly create at this particular moment in the world's history? And also, of course, are its conclusions sound? Does it give the right answers; does it observe what, a priori, ought to have been observable in that particular situation; does it represent people as behaving in the manner in which it has been scientifically demonstrated people of that particular class must behave?

The natural result is that he succeeds in proving by logic absolute not only the unimportance but the dulness of a work which everybody with the least appreciation of literary values insists upon reading, and demonstrates not only the importance but the flaming interest of another which is read only by those who, like himself, read what they ought to read instead of what they like to read. And of course he is merely repeating the folly of those who, in every generation, have been sure that artistic worth was something whose degree could be demonstrated on the basis of a priori principles, whether those principles happened to be largely rhetorical as they were in the eighteenth century, sentimentally moral as they were in the Victorian era, or largely social as they are today. The only play of its time which the great Augustan Age of English letters believed to be a conclusively demonstrable masterpiece was Addison's "Cato." It was indisputably great because it conveyed a useful moral at the same time that it was written in a manner strictly in accord with what was believed to be true classical principles. Yet "Cato" was attended in its own day chiefly from a sense of duty, and for more than a hundred years has been scarcely readable for any reason at all.

The great self-confidence of those theorists who do not know what it means to undergo an artistic experience arises in a curious way out of their very deficiency. Perhaps some still remember Anatole France's aesthete who could formulate with great completeness the laws of beauty because he was blessed with an eyesight so bad that he had never actually seen any of those works of art which

he described so glibly; this fortunate myopia is a symbol of what is often the dogmatic critic's chief qualification. The more insensitive he is to artistic values the easier it becomes for him to believe that his theories fit the facts, and he is never confounded by dulness which ought to be beautiful or by beauty which ought to be ugliness because he has not real sensitiveness to either and judges only by a priori rules which he makes the pretense of having himself deduced.

Some readers may also remember the awful warning contained in the story of this same philosopher, who once discovered that he was surprisingly happy while hanging pictures in a new apartment and who began a process of introspection in order to discover why that was. He found the reason but he lost the happiness. He was happy because he was driving nails into the wall instead of trying to find out the reasons for things.

I am not unaware that Anatole France is a writer who very conspicuously "belongs to the past." Few great reputations ever collapsed so suddenly or so completely—among the intelligentsia at least. His heart had hardly ceased to beat before Paris bookstalls displayed attacks of an almost unparalleled ferocity, and the inheritor of his still warm chair among the official immortals so far disregarded the tradition that he should eulogize his predecessor as to deliver a speech which might have appropriately begun with a perversion of Shakespeare: "I come, not to praise Caesar, but to bury him—once and for all." Yet I am not, for all this, entirely convinced that some lesson is not to be learned from the example of his purblind assessor of the value of works of art, that the fable about him is not relevant to the case of those persons who, though quite frankly more interested in other things, can say with such positive conviction what literature ought to be.

I shall not go so far as to urge that criticism be given back to the critics. In the first place, to do so might be to invite the suspicion that I wished to protect my own vested interest or the retort that in that case I ought to stick closer to my own last than I sometimes do. In the second place, the professional critic of literature, like M. France's professional critic of the graphic and plastic arts, is not infrequently no less hag-ridden by theories which do not work than the social reformer who merely takes aesthetic theory in his stride.

But I do suggest that we may justifiably look with some suspicion on the artistic pronouncements of those who have never before shown any great interest in or susceptibility to the arts; that the man who never concerned himself much with books or the theater until he discovered the "artistic front" is probably not very sensitive to artistic values no matter how hard he may applaud at what he is convinced is the right moment. Molière makes one of the speakers in "The Critique of the School for Wives" remark: "When I am amused at a comedy I do not ask myself whether or not the rules of Aristotle forbid me to laugh." That saying involves a thoroughly sound aesthetic principle. It may not be the end of critical wisdom, but it is certainly the beginning. Aristotle is oftener wrong than are what Molière liked to call "honest fellows."

The Flowering

By CHARLES HUDEBURG

For us the hesitant flower:
not naming or knowing it, we
grew it bigger from the hour
the seed, and casually, lay free
parted from older flowering—
a mystery, clean and good to see.

The rented rooms and cheap hotels
barrooms and nickleinthelot
pianos took and nurtured well
us with it, two and the flower
until the husbanding was whole:
we knew and named it in that hour.

And perfecter than lust the seed
that came to mate us as we met
and perfecter than both the one
we did with seed and flower get:
for if the seed at first was lust
parted from older flowering
the flower's seed was more than both
and more than love the flowering.

BOOKS

Government in the U. S. S. R.

SOVIET COMMUNISM: A NEW CIVILIZATION? By Sidney and Beatrice Webb. Charles Scribner's Sons. Two Volumes. \$7.50.

THESE two volumes are the result of several years of investigation, comprising personal visits to the Soviet Union as well as the examination of practically the entire voluminous literature to which the new regime has given rise in the past nineteen years. They constitute, without question, the definitive account of the political and economic system of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. The work stands also as a monumental climax to half a century of study of social and economic problems by two eminent English scholars.

The account of the Webbs differs from other appraisals of the Soviet Union in that it does not simply describe the mechanics of the system—its aims, successes, and failures—but demonstrates how the system operates in terms of its own logic and its guiding preconceptions. According to the Webbs' analysis the citizen of the Soviet state functions in four interrelated capacities—as a political citizen, as a producer, as a consumer, and as a super-citizen "engaged in the vocation of leadership" in the Communist Party. Whether it be as a purely political agent, or as a producer in the trade union or the industrial or agricultural cooperative, or as a consumer in one of the 45,000 consumer cooperatives, or, finally, as one of the 3,000,000 members of the Communist

Party, the Soviet citizen participates in government through a vast hierarchy of councils beginning in the village, extending up through the city, the district, the province, and the constituent republic, and ending finally in the supreme bodies of the Union. In this multiformity of social organizations is to be found "the essence of the reality of democracy in the Soviet Union."

If it is asked how one can speak of democracy in a country where civil liberty and freedom of speech are suppressed, the Webbs would reply that Soviet democracy consists in the participation in administration and legislation of the greatest possible number of individuals above eighteen years of age, irrespective of sex or race. The authors admit that there is still a considerable number of persons in the deprived category, but contend that the number is steadily declining. They maintain that there is widespread and free discussion of policy in the factories and in the village and city soviets; as an example they cite the continuous discussion of the agricultural question from 1925 to 1928. As soon as policy has been agreed upon, however, all opposition must cease. Those who would argue that the continuance of opposition is the real test of freedom are reminded by the authors that to numerous classes in Great Britain, among other countries, freedom of expression of opinions displeasing to the government, or to the majority of the citizens, is denied, either formally by regulation or unofficially by taking away their means of livelihood. While granting that in Russia the fundamental teachings of Marxism are not open to criticism, the Webbs insist that the prevailing orthodoxies of capitalistic nations are likewise not to be questioned without penalties. They attempt no justification, however, of the extreme measures often employed by the Soviet government in the liquidation of class enemies and the punishment of political criminals. They do submit that if the human suffering and persecution during the past nineteen years of Russia's combined industrial, religious, and political revolution is inestimable, so also was that caused by similar changes in the Western world in the period beginning with the Protestant Revolution and ending with the triumph of the factory system and parliamentary government.

The phase of the Webbs' analysis most seriously open to question is their treatment of Stalin as dictator. They point out that Stalin, unlike Hitler and Mussolini, "is not invested by law with any authority over his fellow-citizens, and not even over the members of the party to which he belongs." They further note that it is the party, not Stalin, whose directives guide the administration of the Soviet Union, and that decrees are issued in the name of the party only after lengthy discussion and agreement among the members. Yet there is no denying that although Stalin is in no sense a personal dictator, his powers are far greater than those of the President of the United States, with whom the Webbs compare him. They themselves admit that he cannot be removed from his position of supreme leadership of the party and therefore of the government from which the party is inseparable.

In their criticism of the Communist Party and the Third International (Comintern) the Webbs are more realistic. As the vanguard of the proletariat the party performs the highly essential function of guiding the general will and infusing it with socialist ideals. But its fanatical zeal in shaping the mental environment of the Soviet Union breeds the "disease of orthodoxy," which strait-jackets scientific and intellectual work and leads to much witch-hunting of "left" and "right" deviationists. In its attempt to direct the world revolution from Moscow, the Comintern has virtually killed the Com-

munist movement in other countries. The people of these countries, the Webbs declare, resent Moscow's interference and will not follow its chosen leaders, whose chief interest is "rebellion not social reconstruction."

Within the Soviet Union the solid achievements of the regime have been largely due to the self-sacrifice and religious enthusiasm of its leaders. The greatest feat has been definitely to establish a "planned economy for community consumption," in the teeth of hostility from without and resistance from within. This socialist-industrial transformation of an essentially agricultural country was continually hampered by the peasants' resistance to the collectivization of agriculture on which the program largely depended. To overcome this opposition, which culminated in the "man-made" famine of 1931-32, a series of reforms was instigated following Stalin's famous manifesto, "Dizziness with Success." Forceful collectivization gave way to voluntary membership in agricultural cooperatives. Successive requisitioning was discontinued. Henceforth only one official levy was to be made. This was to be fixed in advance and in proportion to the normal harvest. In addition to this normal tax, the cooperatives contracted to pay the state a definite amount for the use of tractors, machinery, and seeds. The remaining surplus could then be sold in the open market and the proceeds divided among the members in proportion to their varying contributions in stock and labor. Although the cooperatives rather than the individual members owned the land, each member retained the right to own a certain amount of stock and to cultivate his garden. These owner-producer cooperatives (*kolkhozi*), paralleling in agriculture the *artel* in handicraft industry and fishing, represent a decided retreat from forceful transformation of peasants into wage-earners on state farms (*sovkhozi*) or in agricultural communes. But judging from the superior harvests, they have eased the peasants' recalcitrance and are paving the way for complete socialization even though at a much slower pace.

In the past it was contended that socialism could never be established in Russia if for no other reason than that the peasant was too individualistic. This argument having been discredited, the doubt has found a new basis in theoretical economics. Orthodox economists like von Hayek, Brutzkus, and von Mises are now declaring that the planned economy is doomed to failure. In combating this view the Webbs unfortunately overlooked the essential point in the argument. These economists do not, as the Webbs seem to think, contend simply that in the absence of profits an economy is bereft of administrative guidance. They maintain rather that the whole market mechanism with which capitalist profits and risks are connected serves properly to allocate the productive resources of the community through the medium of the relation between costs of production and market prices. From their argument it follows that in a social economy where not simply profits but this entire mechanism is destroyed there is no way of determining the most economic employment of labor and capital. A planned socialist economy is therefore without administrative guidance and must ultimately bog down in hopeless confusion. Since these critics admit that Russia has at present no unemployment or business-cycle problem but contend that these will develop as soon as the country is sufficiently industrialized, it is rather futile to attempt to refute their argument, as the Webbs do, by pointing to the success of the Five-Year Plan. Yet on the basis of a theoretical analysis of the functioning of costs and prices in the Soviet economy, Gourevich, among others, has shown that no insoluble problems of this kind need arise.

It has been pointed out before that the real problems the Soviet Union faces are political rather than economic. They are problems of human nature. The Webbs believe that the Soviets have already disproved the old theory that human nature cannot be changed. In education, health, and sex relations, in the treatment of criminals and prostitutes, and in the care of the aged the Soviets have already effected a virtual revolution. According to the Webbs, they are well on the way toward the creation of a "classless" society in which every person will be free from exploitation and free to develop his capacities on terms of equality without regard to sex or race—in short, a new social environment for the remaking of man.

The problems remaining to be solved—notably housing, administration, and raising the standard of living—are manifold and difficult. But this new industrial civilization which functions without benefit of landlord or capitalist has manifestly established new industrial incentives and social ideals. And the authors conclude that it will not only endure but spread to other lands, in modified or unmodified form, by revolution or by peaceful means.

ABRAM L. HARRIS

Marvelous Boy

YOUNG MR. DISRAELI. By Elswyth Thane. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.

THE young Disraeli to whom Miss Thane limits herself must be regarded in a very different light from the statesman whose career unrolls itself in the four bulky volumes of Buckle and Monypenny. Thinking of the early years alone, we must place him with those other geniuses of his century who turned their youth into good theater—Byron, who so little antedated him, and Whistler and Wilde. The aspiring Jew who at his first meeting with Melbourne announced that he intended to be Prime Minister bears a marked resemblance to the poet who awoke one morning to find himself famous and to the other poet who had nothing to declare to the customs but his genius. There was in him much the same love of show and craving for the limelight, and much the same impudent wit to command them. Only the young Disraeli was less undisciplined and, it may be, less frivolous; his dandyism and showmanship were a mask as well as a costume, and what they masked was a strong desire to win fame not by glitter but by achievement. In the boy of twenty who captivated Sir Walter and fetched Lockhart to London were the seeds of the master strategist of the Congress of Berlin.

But it is the fledgling of whom Miss Thane writes—the boy speculator whose large debts were not to be discharged for thirty years, the debonair author of "Vivian Grey," the ecstatic visitor to Constantinople and Cairo, the diner-out at impressive London dinner tables, condescended to by Peel, patronized politically by Lyndhurst, taken up by Lady Blessington, squired round by D'Orsay; and we leave him, having already been the lover of one society woman, about to become the husband of another. Already he has conquered the town, entered Parliament, and sought to engage in a duel, and carries with him that faint breath of scandal and promise of fireworks by which unknown men become lions in society.

All this Disraeli had accomplished at thirty-five, during an era of momentous changes and imposing personalities, his wits somehow managing to keep pace with his enthusiasm; and we may agree with Miss Thane and with so many others before her that it rivals the most spectacular fiction. Indeed, it is almost of a piece with the trashiest novel ever composed; no

self-respecting writer would care to sign his name to such a story, and perhaps no altogether self-respecting person would care to live it. It is not high comedy, but something badly balanced between romance and caricature, and only redeemed—or rather, only made ironic—by the sincerity with which Disraeli attempted a great career from the springboard of coxcombry. In those years he did not so much have personality as a staggering ingenuity, and his clever stunts are more amusing than his clever phrases.

In offering us Disraeli against the background of his age, Miss Thane has done nothing better than a picturesque job. She has not the wit to match his wit, or the suavity to match his suavity; he is allowed to participate in some intolerable imaginary dialogues, his relations with his sister and with Mrs. Lewis are dilated upon without taste or insight, and nowhere does one get a true understanding, or even a vigorous interpretation, of the man. It may be that Miss Thane counted so heavily on Disraeli's inherent glamor and appeal that she did too little in an artistic way to enhance them.

As for the background, she has plucked carelessly out of whatever she has read, and plumped things down wherever they seemed in keeping. There are fairly irrelevant bits about Louis XVIII, fairly hackneyed bits about Victoria and her uncles; but this sort of thing no more provides a really illuminating background than Miss Thane's addiction to famous names. Had she really wanted to make clear the world in which Disraeli spent his youth—that social transition from the Regency to Victorianism, that political transition from Whigs and Tories to Liberals and Conservatives—she would have given us a more considered picture of Wellington and Canning, Peel, Melbourne, and Stanley; she would have complemented the atmosphere of Lady Blessington's with the atmosphere of Holland House, and perhaps thrown in for contrast the early career of that so different literary M. P., Macaulay. As it is, what we are told of politics smacks of a raid on the encyclopedia, and what we are told of people is chiefly tittle-tattle. These, eked out by the third-rate invented conversations, add up to a pastiche in which Disraeli plays too ornamental and Byronic a role. It is quite true, of course, that the stagi Disraeli of those years was influenced by Byron. But it is worth remembering that he somewhere chose Bolingbroke for his model and that, though no scoundrel like his forbear, he forged his career in the same courtly school. Miss Thane might have employed her hindsight to show us that the Byronism was hardly skin-deep.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

Criticism by Exclamation

SHAKESPEARE. By John Middleton Murry. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.

I CANNOT understand what Edwin Muir, Harold Nicolson, and Rebecca West could have been thinking about when in the blurbs they wrote for this book they called it "patient," "scholarly," and "sensible," and praised Mr. Murry for "his return to 'pure' as distinct from sentimental criticism." Blurbs are seldom worth refuting, but these three persons are known for their shrewd wits and their sharp tongues; so it becomes necessary to warn the purchaser that Mr. Murry has written one of the breathiest of all books about Shakespeare. It contains the following master strokes of patient scholarship and sensible, pure commentary:

"Gentle" three times, and thrice-gentle. . . . How lovely! The difference between us and Shakespeare is that Shakespeare

can express the kind of knowledge which remains unutterable and unuttered in the hearts of us ordinary folk.

There are moments—and this is one of them—when I think that the most marvelous speech in all Shakespeare. It is wonderful. There is nothing remotely like it in all the literature of the world. How should there be? It is Shakespeare's requiem over the darling of his imagination. There is no death like Falstaff's; therefore there is no description of a death like this.

What Englishman has not thrilled to it? It is the speech of an English king [Henry V.]. No English king ever spoke like this. But no matter. . . . He is king by right divine, and by right of nature: for these two rights are one.

We have seen what she [Ophelia] has seen—all and maybe more. It is one of the crowning privileges of being born an Englishman.

"This is a most sensible and sympathetic book," writes Rebecca West, "full of imagination properly governed by reverence for its subject." I don't know about reverence. I suppose Mr. Murry has a lot of it. But of the more relevant thing, respect, he lacks even the last decent shred. Somewhere he speaks with scorn of the critic who does not know how to "avoid ascending or descending into some private universe of his own and calling it Shakespeare." Yet that is what he has done, wantonly and wallowingly. He has used the ablest artist in English letters as an excuse for airing his personal views about Poetry and Life; views, furthermore, which he does not know how to keep from sounding like gibberish, and which I say *are* gibberish. It is time to quote again.

In the end there is nothing to do but to surrender to Shakespeare. . . . He is like life itself, he *is* life itself.

Behind and beyond the unfolding of his poetic genius is an upsurge in the blood: the spiritual happening is also physical. This is creation out of richness, the spontaneous overflow of the naturalness of human nature, expanding into utterance through genius.

We can tell the difference between the thoughts which he did entertain creatively, and to which his being was responsive, and these which were merely thoughts.

Into that shape, or this, Shakespeare's creative spontaneity could pour itself without constraint: this was a congenial incarnation of his impersonal self.

The ideal is the real.

The basis and root of poetry is spontaneous utterance of the undivided being. It is not the utterance of thought, neither is it the utterance of emotion: it is the utterance of the being before these faculties are differentiated.

It was not in his natural method to compose a drama as he composed "King Lear." The creative was not creating itself.

A day will come when the world of Experience itself will be transfused and transmuted by the Imagination, so that Innocence may grow to ripeness unbroken. I believe this, but it is from Shakespeare above all others that I have learned to believe it.

We are at the end of the resources of terminology: and we must take the plunge into meaningful nonsense. Shakespeare *is* Life, uttering itself, through the twofold Imagination: the spontaneous speech of the undivided, reunited Man, and that spontaneity provoked through his self-identification with the figures of his Imagination, in the more familiar sense—the figures of his Dream. It is the intensity of his self-identification with the figures of the Dream which breaks down, ever and again, the resistance of the continually reformed Self to the spontaneity of the Life within him.

He [Prospero] is the quintessence of a quintessence of a quintessence.

Shakespeare can stand this sort of thing, of course, better than Keats can; a few years ago, remember, Mr. Murry was

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ascending into Keats. Shakespeare, in fact, has been standing it a hundred and fifty years, for Mr. Murry represents romantic criticism in its latest phase; and I hope its most decadent. The very rottenness of this writing, and the appearance here of every romantic fallacy in its feeblest and most ridiculous form, encourages me to believe that the decadence is complete. What was well done by Coleridge needs never to be done again, or at any rate so badly. Who after reading Mr. Murry's book would want to write one like it? Who, even, would want to write about Shakespeare at all? Mr. Murry seems to have been haunted by similar questions. "Is it really necessary," he cries, "that some poor pedagogue like myself must stand at the blackboard to make a diagram of divinity? If only I were convinced that silence in others meant understanding, how gladly would I hold my peace and leave Shakespeare's enchantment to work its miracle upon the minds and hearts of men!" He has our sympathy, even more than he supposes. We want to believe as badly as he does that silence in others means understanding; the only difference is that we do indeed believe it. Shakespeare survives in the minds of his readers, the vast majority of whom, praise God, are inarticulate. Not that books, most of them bad, will cease to be written about the author of "Hamlet" and "Henry IV." And not that any of them need ever be entirely valueless, since the variety of possible truths about this author is very great. I should make it clear, for instance, that Mr. Murry has said some good and useful things about such specific matters as the loyalty of the Duke of York in "Richard II," the vitality of the Bastard in "King John," the language of "Othello," the sadness of "Twelfth Night," the concept of time in "Macbeth," and the significance of Desdemona's handkerchief. But the rest should have been silence.

MARK VAN DOREN

Poems—by MacLeish

PUBLIC SPEECH. By Archibald MacLeish. Farrar and Rinehart. \$1.

OF THE twenty poems in this volume half are, after a fashion, tracts for the times. Hence the title, "Public Speech," despite which the poems suggest not so much the orator swaying crowds as a man's colloquy with himself. Although they comment on matters of public import in a vein of gnomic wisdom, one is forced to discuss them in connection with their author's mental biography. The Proteus among contemporary poets, Mr. MacLeish has often changed both his style and his mind. To find a consistent attitude in his latest work would be difficult: his convictions seem to have been in flux even while he was writing this little book. The most significant fact is perhaps that Mr. MacLeish has come to feel the necessity of having convictions at all. Some years ago he wrote that "a poem should not mean but be"; now his work must be discussed largely in terms of its "meanings."

In politics he has continued to move steadily toward the left, at the same time weighing new values against old and attempting to bring them into some kind of synthesis. Certain of the old values, "liberty and pride and hope," he finds can no longer serve as guide marks. In their place is love, not a sentimental afflatus but a love that has seen faces "bloody from the slugger's blows" and has "heard the cold child cry for hunger":

Love that hardens into hate—
Love like hatred and as bright—

Speech to a Crowd urges the living to cease awaiting messages from the dead and to take the earth and enjoy its bounty.

Along with such calls to arms are other poems praising excellence "whether of earth or art" and warning "those who say Comrade" that brotherhood comes from living and suffering together and is "not to be had for a word or a week's wishing." Elsewhere the poet exults at living in a time of change, while professing himself unable to share in its impetus. He identifies himself with the dying order, the "outward wave that spills the inward forward," and yields to the young men with a kind of joyous stoicism:

Let them go over us all I say with the thunder of
What's next to be in the world. It's we will be under it!

These poems are bare and direct; as with most good aphoristic verse their merit consists in eloquence, a grave wit, and the rush of passionate sincerity. The falling rhythms which MacLeish took over from Ezra Pound's "Cantos," and which he chose in order to express the nervous exhaustion of American speech, still predominate. A tautening of them, however, is noticeable, and he writes also in stronger trochees and iambs. Now, in his forties, he has served a long apprenticeship to various masters; there are signs that a personal style is at last beginning to crystallize.

Mr. MacLeish has not received the praise that he deserves for writing some of the best love poems of our time, poems that combine a physical need, simply stated, with a hunger for the loved one's total presence. The love poems that compose the second half of this volume contain some of his finest imagery:

They stare
Each in the other's face like those who feed
Delight in mirrors . . .

What keeps this from being poetry of the first order is that the scene is not wholly particularized; objects are too often mentioned rather than recreated. The Reconciliation starts as though it might achieve a massive and luminous immediacy:

Time like the repetitions of a child's piano
Brings me the room again the shallow lamp the love
The night the silence the slow bell the echoed answer

Just as the scene is about to assume bold relief, associations from the past crowd it out. There are reasons why this should occur sooner or later in the poem; in fact, it constitutes the point of the poem, for the reconciliation of the lovers is not complete. Before dispersing the effect, however, he could well have given it firmer shape, and he would have heightened the intensity of the whole by thus sharpening the contrast.

PHILIP BLAIR RICE

The Red and the White

DARKNESS AND DAWN. By Alexei Tolstoi. Translated by Edith Bone and Emile Burns. Longmans, Green and Company. \$2.50.

WE THE LIVING. By Ayn Rand. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

MARKXISTS who have thus far preserved a united front of slogans, stencils, and steam rollers, would do well to examine Alexei Tolstoi's new novel. "Darkness and Dawn" is, on the face of it, ideally suited to propagandist treatment. Its theme is Bolshevik revolt; more significantly still, it is a work written by a revolutionary for revolutionaries. In our own country as elsewhere party parables have been called in to plead many a lesser cause; yet Alexei Tolstoi, working with the material of revolution itself, has written a novel whose general detachment and freedom from cant may well serve as a pattern for American zealots.

At first thought "Darkness and Dawn" strongly suggests Dostoevski's "The Possessed." Like that novel it is concerned with the clash of individual and revolutionary values, though to exactly opposite effect. However, Tolstoi's unit of measurement is neither so spacious nor so complex as Dostoevski's. The case has been made to rest—wisely perhaps—upon the fortunes of a single family group, with each member of the group carrying forward a more or less personalized problem in orientation. Thus Book One deals with the impact of a tottering order upon the two sisters, Katia and Dasha Bulovin, and upon those who touch the periphery of their lives. Despite her later conversion Katia, the eldest of the two, suggests the type of the declining regime, moving purposelessly in a formal void and courting vague talk of a coming "revolution of the spirit, the revolution of complete liberty." Dasha, on the other hand, is seen less clearly as an emblem of transition than as an individual in her own right—her strange blend of assertiveness and indecision is accountable, certainly, in terms of either.

The novel achieves full stature with the second of the two books, which treats of the outbreak of the World War and the Bolshevik uprisings of 1918. Here the theme takes leave of the drawing-room to cut a wide swath through battlefields and city streets, and evoke an unforgettable picture of a nation spilling its blood helplessly in two causes. The individual portraits are suspended or lost sight of: Dasha and Katia appear and reappear to little purpose, though their husbands, Telegin and Roshin, take on portent in the conflict. Unfortunately, it cannot be said that Tolstoi has in the end shown himself equal to his massive undertaking. Too much is left in limbo in the closing section, or is obscured by mass violence: yet what has been achieved has been achieved powerfully.

Miss Rand, who is described as young, Russian, and a former colonist of the U. S. S. R., is out to puncture a bubble—with a bludgeon. She has written a novel to make it finally plain that the Soviet state, as far as she has been able to discover, is not only a farce on the face of it but is likewise fostering a race of "crippled, creeping, crawling, broken monstrosities." Miss Rand is determined that her readers shall have nothing less than the whole truth. Kira Argounova, her protagonist, speaks for her on at least one occasion: "For one insane second Kira wondered if she could tear through the crowd, rush up to that woman [a visiting English trade-union delegate] and yell to her, to England's workers, to the world, the truth that they were seeking." We are left to assume that "We the Living" is the answer.

We first meet Kira as a girl of eighteen with the "fearfully expectant look of a warrior who is entering a strange city"; she enrolls in the Technological Institute soon after arriving, which presumably would make her an intellectual. From the very outset her attitude toward the experiment in which she shares is one of contempt and ridicule; she "loathes their ideals but admires their methods"—which would conceivably make her a mystic. Not many chapters on, she offers herself to one Leo Kovalensky, a total stranger, a few moments after first laying eyes on him, because she "liked his face"; which, one is left to ponder, might in some way account for her "individualism." The remainder of the novel shuttles about aimlessly from bedroom to rostrum, with Kira playing the role of a patient Griselda to Leo's Don Juan. Much love-making occurs in the interim, and considerable speech-making, and one is bound to confess that the former is managed to vastly greater effect. Leo in due course of time is revealed in his true colors as a counter-revolutionary, a cad,

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Maury Maverick on the South

When Congressman Maverick asks, "What is wrong with the South?" he does so as a Texan who knows and loves the South of today, not as a romancer who pines for "the sweet imaginary odor of the magnolia blossoms." Have Northerners caused the plight of the South? Absurd, asserts Mr. Maverick. Contrary to popular opinion he accuses factions which at this moment exploit the North and West as well as the South!

M. E. Ravage on the French Elections

The fate of France and to an extent that of the whole of Europe depend on the French elections this month. M. E. Ravage, *The Nation's* correspondent in France, discusses the frantic last-minute efforts of the fascists to utilize the Rhine-land crisis to prevent the expected left sweep, and appraises the balance of forces as they appear in the final days of the campaign.

Louis M. Lyons on Governor Curley of Massachusetts

The phenomenal rise of Jim Curley continues to astonish observers who have become accustomed to fantasies in American politics. His mastery of the Massachusetts Irish, his strange tactics, his amazing ambitions—all are discussed by Louis M. Lyons, a Boston newspaperman who has covered the unsavory story from its beginning. We present Governor Curley at this time because of his importance in the Presidential campaign, in which Massachusetts is regarded as a crucial state.

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and a gigolo; Kira dies in a snowdrift while attempting to cross the border; and, presumably, the myth of a communist state explodes to the sound of low, mocking laughter.

It is not the intention of this reviewer to quarrel with Miss Rand's politics except to point out in passing that her excessive theatricality invites suspicion. It may be, as we are asked to believe, that petty officials in Soviet Russia ride to the opera in foreign limousines while the worker goes wheatless and meatless; similarly it may be true that consumptives are denied asylum solely for the reason that they are not affiliated party members. Yet it must be said that if Miss Rand has indeed presented us with the facts, she has given us no reason to respect Kira as her spokesman.

BEN BELITT

Mr. Santayana's Wisdom

OBITER SCRIPTA. LECTURES, ESSAYS, AND REVIEWS. By George Santayana. Edited by Justus Buchler and Benjamin Schwartz. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

THE editors of this volume deserve thanks for making easily available to the student of Mr. Santayana a number of his papers not easy to obtain. At least four of these papers—Philosophical Heresy, Literal and Symbolic Knowledge, The Unknowable, and Some Meanings of the Word "Is"—are an admirable introduction to Mr. Santayana's philosophy; and the paper on Ultimate Religion, read at the Spinoza tercentenary at The Hague, is a welcome postscript to the third volume of "The Life of Reason."

By far the best and the most important papers in this collection are the essentially technical ones, and this makes one wonder at the attitude which has sought to deny Mr. Santayana a place in the world of academic philosophy while granting him a "wisdom" for which he has become almost legendary. It is true that of late a willingness to admit that he has "paid his debt to the professors" has been expressed. And yet the truth would seem to be that his contribution to technical thought has been considerable and that it is his wisdom which needs to be questioned. For in what does this wisdom consist, and from what sources does it spring?

It springs, I will be told, from detachment, and consists in a "sweet reasonableness" which has generously sought to understand the inward bent of things and the perfection of which each is capable after its kind, in order to celebrate as the supreme value a measured life, free from sweat, malice, and unseemly excess. And isn't this what we all in our hearts want? The answer is familiar but not convincing. For even the most sympathetic reader can never quite free himself from the sense of the fundamental irrelevance, the underlying frivolity, of Mr. Santayana's work, even that done before the war.

The irrelevance will appear if we consider in what consists that "pure philosophy" of which he speaks in the author's preface to this book, and to which he has been wedded, he says, by nature. Pure philosophy is achieved when one attains to a "radical clearness" and to "an ultimate courage." These virtues will enable us to keep our gaze steadfastly on a realm of perfection and eschew the market-place and the fetid air of the crooked alleys which lead to it. This realm of perfection—of which he gets a better glimpse, it seems, from Mussolini's Rome than from Harvard or from Oxford—is a realm in which the "actuality of spirit" burns without combustion, and loves essences without animal urge; solves, in short, the difficulties of experience by ignoring the conditions of existence, while asserting with sweet reasonableness that ideals must have natural bases.

Thus envisaged, Mr. Santayana's wisdom turns out to consist of affirmations which one soon discovers to be denials, of a pretended detachment which turns out to be indifference, and of a scorn of "partisan heat" and an avoidance of "resolution," not because they are blind, as it claims, but because the need for them is never felt, and they are not therefore the expression of a disciplined effort—as in Spinoza, for instance—but the drift of a mind without passion or without animal urge. Is it any wonder, then, that we have always vaguely felt that under Mr. Santayana's richly embroidered wisdom lurked the frivolity of a mind engaged by "the hypnotic charm of identity or [by] the dialectic pattern of essences," which, in a phrase in one of these papers, "soon wearies a restive animal and seems to him idiotic"?

But when we have said this we have not said all. For this philosopher-poet still taunts us with his cadences and his ironic smile, and in spite of our dissatisfaction we turn to his fabled realm of essence and to his dream of a life of reason for the coolness and the serenity which those who stand close to their fellows often need, and find, in our day, more readily and satisfactorily in his pages than anywhere else.

ELISEO VIVAS

Little Sister Francis

THRESCORE. THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SARAH N. CLEGHORN. With an Introduction by Robert Frost. Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. \$3.

MR. FROST, in his sharp, wise, and witty introduction to Miss Cleghorn's book, calls her by her right name—a saint. He points out also that saintliness is only a glorified way of minding other people's business. When she was a girl, Sarah Cleghorn could go up to a man on the street and ask him not to spit on the sidewalk. When she was a woman, marching in the great Socialist peace parade that filled Fifth Avenue a couple of days after Armistice Day, she saw the attempts of "a little body of men in uniform" to break the lines of marchers. Let her tell it: "I saw two more khaki uniforms coming toward us, and ran over to them and seized one of them by the sleeve, without premeditation, saying in ladylike tones, 'Please don't!'"

Anyone to whom this episode sounds ridiculous does not like saints. Such a person would have been amused—or disgusted—by St. Francis when he gave his cloak and his coat to the beggar. But there are others who are eternally moved by the force of pacific non-resistance; who are touched when they hear "Please don't," in ladylike tones; who respond when someone courteously says to them, "I am your brother." These persons will be touched by Sarah Cleghorn.

She spent the greater part of her girlhood and early womanhood in Manchester, Vermont. Her life was orderly, quiet, pleasant, and secure. She and her brother Carl lived with two elderly aunts. Young Sarah was not very different from her companions except that occasionally she "burned." Vivisection fired her first. She loved animals; she could not bear to know they were being hurt. Such simplifications were always possible to her. She was steadily writing poetry which the *Atlantic Monthly* almost as steadily published. Although she knew nothing of the labor movement or the Socialist struggle, she began, several years before the war, to "burn" in those directions. She had long since become the champion of the Negro. It was only a step to what are probably her most famous four lines, published by F. P. A. in the *New York Tribune* in 1914:

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She was a thoroughgoing pacifist during the war and has remained so ever since. Of the "necessity" of war she speaks eloquently:

I saw its "necessity" exactly like the "necessity," 300 years ago, to burn Protestants and rack Catholics in order to defend their respective religions. I saw it just as I saw the "necessity" to fight duels, the "necessity" to kidnap slaves, the "necessity" to hunt out witches, the "necessity" to flog children.

Sarah Cleghorn, in short, has never known the meaning of the word compromise. Her principles are firm and unassailable. She thinks she could not endure physical suffering for them, but I have a notion she is wrong. Saints can also be martyrs.

At a time when the virtues which Miss Cleghorn so persuasively manifests are being for the moment passed over, her book is very warm and refreshing. Young revolutionists to whom the world is a flame, a peak to be scaled, a long march in which the strong will reach the goal and the weak will fall, unmourned, by the way, do not often remember poverty, charity, a pure heart, and a cheerful countenance. But they should be warned. For these things have power. The people who weep over "Little Women" and "King Lear" are in a sense crying over the same thing—the struggle between good and evil. It is a great theme, for a book or for a life.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

Mr. Browder Studies History

WHAT IS COMMUNISM? By Earl Browder. The Vanguard Press. \$2.

HIS present book, says the secretary of the Communist Party, is "the authoritative answer . . . to the question 'What is communism?'" One has every reason to expect that the spokesman for the American Communists will talk up boldly on ideological and tactical problems. Mr. Browder does not do so. Indeed, so confused and obscure is he on almost every fundamental question that the reader quits these pages wondering whether he is not witnessing the disintegration of one of the two radical political parties of the country.

Mr. Browder, in search of a broad political platform, has somehow lost his political principles; and having been prevailed upon to relinquish his earlier ultra-leftist tendencies, has also somewhere in the process left behind his Marxism. Increasingly isolated as a result of its former dual-unionist and social-fascist lines, the Communist Party has been compelled to start out on a hunt for new, notably middle-class, allies. For inspiration it has gone back to the pages of American history.

Mr. Browder, this book shows, has been reading American history. That he has read it hastily is perhaps unimportant; nevertheless, it is a little difficult to accept even upon his authority such statements as the following: the task of 1776 was to "free a rising capitalism from the fetters of a dying feudal system"; and "the men who wrote the Declaration of Independence had been nurtured upon the French Encyclopedists and the British classical political economists." These errors could easily be forgiven him if the secretary of the Communist Party did not, at the conclusion of his adventure, bring out with him a knapsack full of new heroes. That they are the heroes of yesterday's petty bourgeoisie and not of the working classes Mr. Browder does not seem to have realized.

The study of the past for the Marxist has an important theoretical and political significance. In the broader sense, the history of mankind's struggles indicates that progress has been achieved dialectically: we have gone ahead, compelled at crucial moments to utilize the instrument of revolution, because we have succeeded in transforming decaying social organisms into new ones healthy and fresh with young life. In our own past the War of Independence and the Civil War were such turning-points; and in each instance a suppressed class seized power, gave the economic life a changed direction, and molded the political and legal institutions to fit its own purposes. This is our revolutionary tradition.

But the triumphant leaders of the revolutionary crises of the past are not the heroes of those who will be in the van of tomorrow's struggles. In the first American revolution the upper and lower middle classes were compelled to smash the chains that bound them to English mercantilism; in the second, the stranglehold of the slave system had to be broken before capitalism was completely free to perform its historical mission. In both these movements the working classes as such participated obscurely. True, the workers of today and tomorrow must learn from example. But their heroes and their slogans are their own and not those of another class; their inspiration springs from the lives and deeds of the Sylvises, Debses, and Haywoods who fought against capitalist oppression even before their challenge for power had any hope for success.

Mr. Browder, it would seem, wants to forget this. For in an effort to win new friends to the cause of communism to take the place of those he seems irretrievably to have lost he appeals for guidance to the petty-bourgeois leaders of a past in American history that is completely closed. Mr. Browder quotes with approval Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln, Walt Whitman, and Milo Reno! Even his vocabulary has become lower middle class. Thus: the new fascists are "carrying on a campaign against everything that is *liberal or progressive* in the country"; and "it is high time the *progressive* forces of the United States . . ."; and "the nine gray-bearded vestal virgins who guard the altar of private property slammed the door of *constitutional law* against social legislation and government intervention in economic questions." (Italics mine.)

The hand of friendship is held out beseechingly to the Townsendites, the Longites, and the Epic Planners; these are to be welcomed into the ranks, as Father Divine, Milo Reno, and Governor Olson already have been made welcome. Party work for the purpose of radicalizing the workers and the submerged lower middle classes apparently is to be abandoned: the Trade Union Unity League is gone, but the Trade Union Educational League is not to be revived; the Agricultural and Cannery Workers' Industrial Union may die; the United Farmers' League is to be liquidated. Communists are to forget about the workers, the agricultural laborers, the bankrupt small farmers, and that communism has been a revolutionary faith, that power can be won only through the workers, that the middle classes are their enemies, that the road to socialist victory is through the dictatorship of the proletariat, and that imperialist war must be converted into civil war.

There is a dimly conceived plan behind all this bewilderment, obviously. The immediate enemies are fascism and war, and therefore all of us are first to rally to the defense of democratic institutions; the class struggle can wait. Mr. Browder, however, never defines fascism in any exact sense. Last year the New Deal was fascist; a half-year ago the Longs and the Coughlins were the fascists; today the fascists are the Repub-



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lican Party and the American Liberty League. And we are to prepare ourselves for immediate mortal combat by creating a farmer-labor party which flies Populist banners and is captained by the owning commercial farmers of the Middle West and Northwest!

But if this is the worst kind of confusion, what are we to think of Mr. Browder on the war question? Communists are to take leadership in fighting the imminent peril of war in this way:

We must explain that the only way to fight seriously against war is by the independent action of the toilers against the war-makers, using this action at the same time for pressure on the League of Nations and Roosevelt government, in favor of measures for peace and for cooperation with the Soviet Union.

What can this mean? Mr. Browder is opposed to isolation and regards the League of Nations with suspicion; he is contemptuous of the neutrality legislation of the Roosevelt Administration. He will have nothing to do with governments and super-governments. How, then, are we going to achieve a militant peace program that will not be pacifist on the one hand and that, if war does break out, will still make realizable the conversion of the imperialist war into civil war? We are to cooperate with the Soviet Union. But does Mr. Browder mean a formal defensive and offensive pact? And if we enter into war on the side of the U. S. S. R. what shall be done about the American civil war that will free the workers from their class chains? Mr. Browder does not say, as he does not about so many other vexing questions. It is difficult to see how the secretary of the Communist Party has been helped by his recent study of American history.

LOUIS M. HACKER

Shorter Notices

THE YANKEE BODLEYS. By Naomi Lane Babson. Reynal and Hitchcock. \$2.50.

Novelists have often enough been told by helpful critics that the great novels are of large scope, include many characters, and cover a considerable period of time. It does not follow, of course, that a novelist who is faithful to this description necessarily writes a great novel. Miss Babson, who has covered three generations in time and has occupied herself with the doings of a family of seven with their sons and grandsons, has written merely a pleasant and sensible one. The seven Bodley children and their parents live in Massachusetts; they experience the usual emotions of mankind—love, hate, jealousy, grief, joy, and despair. They grow up, marry, and some of them have children; the husband of one sister dies and leaves her desolate; the husband of another dies and leaves her happily free. Certain of the earlier situations are moving and tender; toward the end the second and third generations get to seem like strangers. The great pattern is not here, although this is more than an amiable first novel.

UNCOMMON PEOPLE. By Helen Hull. Coward-McCann. \$2.50.

The "uncommon people" depicted in this volume of short stories are not at all uncommon except in the special sense in which Miss Hull has used the term. D. H. Lawrence once, when accused of picturing abnormal types in his novels, people who were not "true to life," replied that it was astounding when you stopped to think about it how many queer and extraordinary human beings there were in England. One would not draw that conclusion concerning the people of

America from reading this volume. In fact, the characters in it are the very unretouched tintypes of our recognizable neighbors and ourselves, from the small-town family to the city commuter. What Miss Hull has done is to penetrate beneath the surface of commonplace lives to discover the drama which is often hidden there. Nevertheless, one cannot but feel at times that the talents of the writer are cramped by the requirements of the magazine story. Her ability to enter into a point of view and an experience not her own appears to admirable advantage in *Waiting* and in *Mainstay*, but in neither of these stories is the ending quite convincing.

THE MANCHU ABDICATION AND THE POWERS, 1908-1912. By John Gilbert Reid. University of California Press. \$5.

This thoroughly documented study of the international rivalries in China which preceded the Manchu abdication in 1912 is significant for its detailed revelation of pre-war diplomatic alignments in the Far East. Then as now China was the pawn in the game, but the ultimate stakes were much larger, more ramified and far-reaching. The last Manchu emperor, reigning from 1908 to 1912 as Hsüan-T'ung but better known today as P'u-Yi, was historically doomed to be a puppet pulled by foreign strings. At that time he was an international puppet; today he is a Japanese puppet, used to serve Japan's continental ambitions. His present role of titular Emperor of Manchoukuo and the diplomatic possibilities for future Japanese expansion in China connected with it acquire new meaning in the light of this historical analysis of his "boy-emperor" days.

VIGILS. By Siegfried Sassoon. The Viking Press. \$1.50.

If at fifty Mr. Sassoon regards his first childhood with a kind of nostalgia, the poems he has assembled in "Vigils" have for the most part an economy of phrase sufficient to redeem them from the worst pitfalls of the subject matter. But individually they have no unity and no variations of rhythm, so that it is impossible from internal evidence to distinguish where one ends and another begins. "Allow me now much musing-space to shape my secrecies alone," the poet says, and his musings take the shape of mildly sorrowful memories plus an occasional cosmic gem in language strongly reminiscent of the rugged philosophizing in Thomas Hardy's poetry: "Degrees of groping thought have taught me to conclude . . ."; "having grown world-wise through harshly unlearned illusion." The best poems are those with least "message," like *The Gains of Good* and *An Emblem*. The rest read like poems about poems; the reader feels that Mr. Sassoon has described his emotions rather than given them expression in words. Of simple feeling newly expressed or of subtle feeling simply expressed there is none. Poetry so plainly devoid of felt rhythms must be considered platitudinous, and it is fortunate that Mr. Sassoon deals in platitudes that bear repetition.

THE LOST GENERATION. By Maxine Davis. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

The tragic plight of the depression generation and the necessity of a comprehensive youth-assistance program are made abundantly evident by this study based upon four months of travel and investigation. Unfortunately, however, Miss Davis seems to have made no great effort to gauge the magnitude of youth's problems, to get the facts, to get them accurately, or to view the scene with scientific objectivity. For some inexplicable reason—possibly her connection with the Republican *Washington*

ington Post is explanation enough—she minimizes matters, stating, for example, that there are only three million jobless young people; this though she is aware that Aubrey Williams, executive director of the National Youth Administration, has authoritatively put the figure at between five and eight million. Some three million young people between sixteen and twenty-five years of age have been on relief according to widely publicized FERA figures, but this fact Miss Davis disregards. She emphatically insists that the present generation is basically true-blue American old style, and goes so far from the facts as to aver that "even at Columbia University . . . we find no influential radical group." The innumerable instances of contrary evidence, including the revolt of youth on the campus, in the church, and in the factory, are blandly ignored. To Miss Davis one of the happy signs on the American campus is the fact that the sons of the rich no longer publicly display their Rolls Royces and Pierce Arrows. The CCC camps are not in the least bit militaristic, let Assistant Secretary of War Woodring indiscreetly say what he will to the contrary. The NYA isn't any good because, among other complaints, "youth doesn't want to serve youth in this country." Inaccuracies are not infrequent; George Soule, for example, is referred to as George Soule, Jr., and as George H. Soule. Yet for all its faults the book will serve a splendid purpose if it helps to focus public attention on the young casualties of America Incorporated.

RECORDS

ON ALL sides organizations are springing up to give recitals of phonograph music. The American Gramophonic Society, 50 West Sixty-seventh Street, New York, will complete a three months' cycle of thirty-six concerts when they give the Bach B minor Mass complete on April 25. Their programs have been divided into three series, twelve concerts each, devoted to orchestral works, chamber music, and Bach. The concerts provide music, especially chamber music, under the most favorable conditions, the studio seating not more than thirty. Prices are kept at thirty-five cents a concert, with reductions for subscriptions. Apparently the series has been a success, for another is planned for the fall. I. Katell, of 44 Bennett Avenue, New York, who is engaged in a similar enterprise, gives concerts once a week and is planning a more ambitious program for the Mohegan Colony this summer and again for New York in the fall; and a group headed by Philip Glaberman, 1450 Broadway, is projecting concerts of gramophone music for towns that have no concert series of their own.

Meanwhile the Richard Wagner Society, 54 West 104th Street, is also featuring recorded programs. The latest addition is, of course, the much-heralded Act I of "Die Walküre," recorded by Victor with Lotte Lehmann, Lauritz Melchior, Emanuel List, and the Vienna Philharmonic under Bruno Walter (eight records, \$16). It is the finest of the more ambitious grand-opera undertakings, and the set leaves little to be desired. Exception might be taken to some slight echoes that sound as if the recording had been done in an empty auditorium of some size; to certain cuts, probably inevitable if the set was to be kept at a reasonable price; to Mme. Lehmann's failure to rise to the intense dramatic heights achieved by Göta Ljungberg in an earlier but on the whole less successful

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Victor recording of "Die Walküre" (fourteen records, \$21); and to a lack of brilliance in the closing orchestral passages. But the singing of Mr. Melchior, especially in the narrative, of Mme. Lehmann in the quieter sections, and of Mr. List throughout is so dramatically conceived, so well articulated with the dynamics of the orchestra, that the above considerations should deter no one from adding the album to his collection. For once the singers do not shout it out in a death grapple with the eloquent accompaniment.

To replace an older recording by the Leners, Columbia has issued Beethoven's opus 95 Quartet in F minor played by the Roth String Quartet (three records, \$5). For Mozart and Haydn there is perhaps no better quartet than the Roths—see, for example, their recent recordings of the Haydn F minor, opus 20, no. 5, and the Mozart A major, K-464 (each, three records, \$5). Their performance of the later Beethoven, however, is not so heroic as that of the Leners, though better recorded and, as always, played with perfect balance and exquisite phrasing. You will find no better example of string-quartet virtuosity than the Roths' rendition of the ticklish coda of the last movement.

Victor's contribution to chamber music this month is the Pro Arte Quartet's impeccable rendition of the Schubert C major Quintet with the assistance of Anthony Pini (five records, \$10). It is so impeccable, in fact, that one feels that the gentlemen sat down to the first movement with the comment, "Now we will give you the *definitive* version." The result is a loss of some of the careless verve that marked the playing of this composition by the London String Quartet some years ago for Columbia (six records, \$9). In every other respect, however, the Pro Arte album is the better. And as for the recording—you can hear the pages being turned toward the end of the fifth side.

Among the finer single discs the following vocal records are recommended: Alexander Kipnis's two Mozart arias, one each from "Die Zauberflöte" and "Die Entführung aus dem Serail" (Victor, \$1.50); John McCormack's two Hugo Wolff *Lieder*, "Herr, was trägt der Boden hier" and "Auch kleine Dinge können" (Victor, \$1.50); five Russian numbers by the Don Cossack Choir (Columbia, \$1.50); and three Negro spirituals by Marian Anderson (Victor, \$2). We trust that Victor will see its way to letting Miss Anderson record *Lieder* as well as spirituals—which is not a complaint, but just greed. And just to show that we are not pleased by everything, let us warn you away from Albert Spalding's two inconsequential encore bits, "Burlesca" by Suk and "Cortège" by Lili Boulanger (Victor, \$1.50), and from Efrem Zimbalist's "Zigeunerweisen" by Sarasate, which is not Zimbalist at his best (Columbia, \$1.50).

HENRY SIMON

Joseph Wood Krutch says:

CALL IT A DAY. *Morosco Theater.* Gay and delightful comedy about what almost happened to an English family on the first dangerous day of spring.

IDIOT'S DELIGHT. *Shubert Theater.* Robert Sherwood manages somehow to make a smashing theatrical success out of an anti-war play. With the Lunts and many other entertaining trimmings.

DEAD END. *Belasco Theater.* A play about gangsters in the making on an East River waterfront. More a good show than a great drama, but a very good show indeed.

SAINT JOAN. *Martin Beck Theater.* Brilliant interpretation by Katharine Cornell of what may well be Shaw's most enduring play.

END OF SUMMER. *Guild Theater.* The wittiest of American playwrights sets a group of interesting people to talking about the world as we find it. Ina Claire and Osgood Perkins help make a very happy evening.

ETHAN FROME. *National Theater.* The apparently impossible task of dramatization of Edith Wharton's novel achieved with conspicuous success. Outstanding performances by Pauline Lord, Ruth Gordon, and Raymond Massey.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE. *Plymouth Theater.* Amazingly successful adaptation, brilliantly staged and acted. A thoroughly delightful evening in the theater.

VICTORIA REGINA. *Broadhurst Theater.* Delightful series of scenes from Laurence Housman's drama stunningly acted by Helen Hayes and others. Fairer to the matron queen than Strachey but funny nevertheless and charming besides.

Mark Van Doren says:

AH, WILDERNESS. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Eugene O'Neill's touching and searching comedy of high-school days translated into a film which charms by its own right. Full of recognitions for the middle-aged.

A NIGHT AT THE OPERA. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* The Marx Brothers in their best picture to date. Hilarious and brilliant.

MODERN TIMES. *Charles Chaplin.* Charlie Chaplin returns to the screen disguised as his old self and fulfils every expectation. Should be seen by everyone—and heard, for he has sound effects.

THE GHOST GOES WEST. *Gaumont British.* René Clair's first film in English, with scenes in Scotland and the United States. Clever, satirical, and fanciful, but without the master touch.

THE PRISONER OF SHARK ISLAND. *Fox.* Tells the story of Dr. Mudd, convicted in 1865 of having helped Booth to escape. Somber and powerful; does not spare the spectator.

DUBROVSKY. *Amkino.* As romantic as Pushkin, on whose unfinished novel it is based. Not wholly successful, but interesting as a variation on the orthodox Russian theme.

THE STORY OF LOUIS PASTEUR. *Warner Brothers.* With Paul Muni as Pasteur this film makes "science" exciting, or at any rate uses the life of its hero to excellent dramatic advantage.

TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER—THE CHILD!

Which Society Offers the Most to Its Children?

ITALY—Dr. Howard R. Marraro, Columbia University.

U.S.—Dr. Goodwin Watson, Teachers College.

U.S.S.R.—Dr. Frankwood E. Williams, Psychiatrist.

At PYTHIAN TEMPLE, 135 West 70th St.

FRIDAY, APRIL 24th—8:30 P.M.

ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS, *Chairman*

Tickets on sale at Federation of Children's Organizations, 175 Fifth Ave.; Columbia Bookshop, 2960 Bwy.; Pand Book Store, 7 E. 15th St.; New York University Bookshop, Washington Sq.; Chelsea Bookshop, 58 W. 8th St.; Bookshop, 50 E. 13th St., and all other People's Bookshops.

Letters to the Editors

A TEST OF LIBERALISM

Dear Sirs: Are dictatorships always bad and the maintenance of civil liberties and the rights of individuals always good? Or does it depend on the circumstances in each case?

There are still a considerable number of people who maintain that dictatorship is always bad. But Roger N. Baldwin, director of the American Civil Liberties Union and staunch defender of the rights of minorities, startled the world in 1928 by making a distinction. There are dictatorships and dictatorships, said he in *Liberty Under the Soviets*, and the Russian Soviet dictatorship, in contrast to all others, is "a moving, progressive organism," exercising a control "responsive to pressure from the forces at its base."

There are also people who maintain that invasion of the supposed rights of private individuals and groups is always bad. An excellent test of this position is furnished by the recent seizure of telegraphic records by the Black committee of the United States Senate. Roger Baldwin and the American Civil Liberties Union viewed with alarm the committee's actions, as did also the American Liberty League. But *The Nation* in its issue of this date commends the committee. "The essential question to ask is what the temper of the investigating committee is, and what objectives it is aiming at."

Isn't it time that we had a restatement of the liberal position (if there is such a thing) in terms a little more related to the actual forces at work in the world today?

HORACE B. DAVIS

Bradford, Mass., April 1

NATIONAL INDUSTRIAL POLICY

Dear Sirs: Your comments in *The Nation* for March 25 about the report of the Committee on National Industrial Policy were, I hope, made after reading one or more of the characteristically poor summaries in the New York daily papers and not after a study of the report itself.

I wish to quote briefly from the report which you say introduces necessary proposals with "fear and trembling" and shows that "our business executives seem to have forgotten nothing and learned

nothing since the beginning of the depression."

It must be clear that our present economic ills are attributable to the maldistribution and unwise use of the national income; that surplus production and unemployment arise chiefly, if not solely, from the diversion of too great a portion of the national income from the consuming market into the investment field, working injury to capital, to labor, to management and to the general public by depriving people of buying power, by depriving workers of the opportunity to produce needed goods, by depriving management of production and marketing opportunities, and by causing production facilities to become unusable, destroying their capital value almost in exact proportion to their non-use.

Is this concise statement of our present predicament, as you have suggested, "proof of the bankruptcy of economic thought on the part of our business leaders"?

What you have termed "a dangerous tendency toward a semi-fascist set-up" was a proposal for the establishment of a permanent advisory council with a "purely advisory function." It was the expressed conviction of the committee that "as an intelligent and representative adviser such a council will have more influence and find more general acceptance than in any other role."

PAUL GARRISON

Scarsdale, N. Y., March 29

PROSTITUTION—"IN A NICE WAY"

Dear Sirs: I often wonder what naive persons write such editorials for you as the one on Prostitution in New York City. Certainly they appear to write from second- or third-hand information. To a certain limited extent it is perhaps true that prostitution is an economic problem and to that extent it should have such regulation and treatment as is accorded it in Soviet Russia. On the other hand, I think you will agree that the most recent general raid in New York City, which your editorial so signally neglects to mention, was the most interesting to date because it was predicated upon strict economic doctrine. No effort was made to convict anyone of moral turpitude. The

point that bothered the authorities was the fact that an organized big-business ring was exploiting the girls economically in such manner as to prevent them from collecting the due fruits of their conscientious industry. Girls who were taking in from \$150 to \$300 weekly—and such a take is far more common than the low scab prices you mention in your editorial—were being paid but \$35 to \$50 weekly for their industrious application to their chosen profession. That the authorities held was altogether wrong and should be amended.

But the point you overlook is that great numbers of interesting, attractive, and highly intelligent women voluntarily enter this profession even when other avenues of artistic expression and economic reward are open to them. A few of them, it is true, are nymphomaniacs, but only a rare few. You will always have quite a number of women who are perfectly intelligent and of full mental stature, but who simply prefer to prostitute themselves, in a nice way of course, and it is too much to expect men to resist their ethical complacency. It is simply naive to place prostitution entirely upon an economic basis. It is more than naive for anyone to write an editorial like yours on the assumption that New York prostitutes are weak, idiotic, filthy, infected, and degraded. Some of them are. They would be, regardless of what profession they followed. But this general indictment is an insult to the professional standing of a very considerable number of fine women in the oldest profession, who fill a social need, and who are in a position to resent this stigma upon their excellent characters.

T. SWANN HARDING

Washington, March 20

A LETTER FROM WALTER BAER

Dear Sirs: Thank you very much for your publicizing of my case. The results thereof have been and are still making themselves felt. I just now received a letter from a woman who used to go to a little country school with me, and from whom I've never heard for some twenty years. She too has sent a protest to Secretary Perkins, and expressed her disgust with the unjust application of the law.

For your information, the Supreme

Court of the state of Oregon has just rendered a decision validating the \$6,000,000 bond issue which was voted by the citizens of Portland on the plans I submitted gratis to the City Council, and has stipulated that the construction of the proposed sewage-treatment works must "substantially" follow "the Baer plan." This action, which was entirely unexpected by any of us, certainly vindicates me to the last degree, and makes me very happy indeed. However, actual construction will be hampered by the continued activities of the reactionary elements for a long time. These same elements have, I suspect, already intervened in my appeal to the extent of prevailing on the United States District Attorney to demand an exorbitant bail for my release pending our filed appeal.

I want to thank you, too, for your kindness in helping to brighten my incarceration with a free subscription for *The Nation*. I appreciate it, as do my confreres, Alfred Miller, Fred Werrmann, Domenick Sallitto, and Vincent Ferrero. The last two boys expect to leave here on bail of \$1,000 each tonight or tomorrow. Miller may go out as soon as his \$1,000 bond is raised, and Werrmann is awaiting the outcome of an application to enter Mexico, under the right of political asylum, a right evidently unknown in this country, more's the pity.

WALTER E. BAER

Ellis Island, New York, April 3

U. S. S. R. AND WPA

Dear Sirs: The Massachusetts WPA Adult Recreation Project recently scheduled two talks in Boston upon the U. S. S. R. The speaker, who was serving without compensation, is a descendant of Revolutionary soldiers, of a major general in the United States army, and of a member of Congress, and is not a Communist. The first meeting, one of an international-relations series, upon the topic "Russia's Contribution to Civilization," was canceled because in that entire section of the city, strangely, not a single available hall could be discovered. The second talk, upon "Glimpsing Russia in Forty Days," was canceled because the WPA found itself unable to provide automobile transportation from one section of Boston to another—in spite of the fact that the speaker offered to provide the automobile.

The United States government may have recognized Russia, but the WPA of Massachusetts has not.

MARY ELIZABETH SANGER

Boston, March 31

A FREE PRESS

Dear Sirs: There is general approval of the decision of the United States Supreme Court on the freedom of the press. Contrast this with the complete muzzling of the press in India under British rule. Every Indian newspaper must deposit with the government a large sum of money, to be forfeited if it publishes anything that the government regards as objectionable. At first this was represented as merely temporary, an emergency measure. Lately the government has sought to incorporate it in the permanent law. The legislative assembly refused to make it permanent. Then the British viceroy enacted it into a permanent law, over their heads.

ALICE STONE BLACKWELL

Boston, March 6

VETERANS OF FUTURE BONUSES

Dear Sirs: We write to correct some widespread misapprehensions about the Veterans of Future Wars. It seems to be generally believed that this great cause enlists only college students. Since war does not discriminate in choosing its victims, why should we? We welcome into our ranks all men between the ages of eighteen and thirty-six; the Home Fire Auxiliary for future wives and mothers of future veterans is open to all women between the ages of one and 115.

More serious, perhaps, is the unworthy imputation that our chief purpose is to tweak the guilty consciences of veterans of past wars. Emphatically, we insist that their guilty consciences have nothing to fear from us. On the contrary, it is because we believe with them that dead men enjoy no bonuses that we want ours before most of us are killed.

CHARLES BERLINRUT,

Commander, Washington-Jefferson-
Lincoln-Roosevelt Post

Newark, April 2

CORRECTION

[The letter entitled Supreme Court Justices, which appeared in last week's Letters to the Editors and which was signed Irving D. Hard, was from Irving Dilliard.—Editors *The Nation*.]

INFORMATION FOR SUBSCRIBERS

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CONTRIBUTORS

LION FEUCHTWANGER, one of the company of distinguished German writers exiled from their fatherland, is now living in France. He has written many novels, the best known of which are probably "Jew Süss," "Josephus," "The Oppermanns," and "The Jew of Rome."

LILLIAN SYMES, with her husband, Travers Clement, is the author of "Rebel America." Miss Symes carried on the Consumers' League investigation of candy factories in 1926, in the course of which she worked in sixteen different factories. Out of the investigation grew the manufacturers' "white list," which was widely publicized. Miss Symes's article on California politics will be followed by a study of the Northwest, with particular reference to the Townsend movement and to Senator Borah, by Richard Neuberger, whose earlier Townsend article in *The Nation* was quoted all over the country.

T. A. BISSON, expert on the Far East on the staff of the Foreign Policy Association, lived in China for four years. He has lately written an F. P. A. pamphlet, "Outer Mongolia, A New Danger Zone in the Far East."

WILLIAM TROY, formerly film critic for *The Nation*, is in the English Department at Bennington College.

CHARLES HUDEBURG was a contributor to "Trial Balances," Ann Winslow's admirable anthology of the work of young poets.

ABRAM L. HARRIS, professor of economics at Howard University, is coauthor with Sterling Spero of "The Black Worker," and author of "The Negro as Capitalist," soon to be published. He has just received a Guggenheim fellowship for a continuation of his studies of the economic systems of Karl Marx and Veblen.

PHILIP BLAIR RICE regularly reviews poetry for *The Nation*.

ELISEO VIVAS, member of the Department of Philosophy of the University of Wisconsin, has been closely connected with the work of the Experimental College there.

LOUIS M. HACKER, author of "A Short History of the New Deal," was a member of the editorial staff of the Encyclopedia of Social Sciences. He is now lecturer in economics at Columbia.

GEORGES SCHREIBER continues his disconcerting portraits of our statesmen drawn from life and on the spot.

THE *Nation*



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CONTENTS

THE SHAPE OF THINGS

EDITORIALS:

FRANCE AT THE POLLS	536
ROOSEVELT SPEAKS OF SECURITY!	536
HANDING DOWN JUSTICE	537
WASHINGTON WEEKLY by Paul W. Ward	538
JIM CURLEY AND HIS GANG by Louis M. Lyons	540
IS IT SAFE TO GO TO SEA? by M. R. Bendiner	542
JESUS LOPEZ by Erskine Caldwell	545
SPAIN MOBILIZES FOR REVOLUTION by Anita Brenner	546
FRANCE VOTES FOR THE FUTURE by M. E. Ravage	549
ISSUES AND MEN by Oswald Garrison Villard	550
BROUN'S PAGE	551
BOOKS AND THE ARTS	
JOHN REED: NO LEGEND by Max Lerner	552
PLANNING AND SLUMS by Alvin Johnson	553
ESKIMO BY CHOICE by Shepard Stone	554
BACK TO HUTCHINS! by Donald Slesinger	556
THE COMIC VIEW by William Troy	556
INTERNATIONAL GANGSTERS by Benjamin Stolberg	557
SHORTER NOTICES	558
DRAMA: POLITE REVUE by Joseph Wood Krutch	559
FILMS: AFTER THE NEXT WAR by Mark Van Doren	560
THE INTELLIGENT TRAVELER by John Rothschild	562
DRAWINGS: by Georges Schreiber, Gropper, and Stuyvesant Van Veen	

The Shape of Things

*

ITALY'S SPECTACULAR VICTORIES IN AFRICA have precipitated what may prove to be the gravest of all the recent crises in Europe. Emboldened by the belief that his armies have definitely broken the long stalemate in the north, Mussolini has abruptly spurned all efforts at conciliation and informed the League that he will be satisfied with nothing less than complete mastery over Ethiopia. On the surface the situation appears to be extremely favorable for him. His armies are advancing on Addis Ababa and Harar, while the League is immobilized by the French elections. Civilian morale has been greatly improved by the reported victories. There is, however, at least a suspicion that the Black Shirt triumphs have not been as final as official Italian dispatches would lead us to believe. The road between Dessye and Addis Ababa is long and tortuous; the Italians have apparently not reached Jijiga, much less Harar. An early beginning of the rainy season would render the present Italian positions untenable. Moreover, Mussolini's intransigence and brazen disregard for the rules of "civilized" warfare have brought new pressure from Geneva. Sanctions have already cut Italian trade in half, and further penalties are not yet impossible. Captain Eden's warning that London may relapse into a Gladstonian isolation in the event the League fails dramatizes the gravest danger in the situation. If war comes it will not be as a result of the imposition of sanctions, but because certain of the powers, notably France, have turned their backs on the fundamental principles of collective security.

*

THE COUNTRY IS MOBILIZING FOR PEACE. IN rapid succession we have had the Nye report, the launching of the Emergency Peace Campaign, and the observance of Peace Day. The Nye report is an event of the first importance. If we may be allowed a play on the word, there is dynamite in it. It indicts the munitions makers of bribery, obstructing peace efforts and jettisoning disarmament conferences, playing one country off against another, making the War, Navy, and Commerce departments adjuncts of their profit-seeking, manufacturing poison gases and high explosives irresponsibly, and placing their own advantage ahead of the national interest. The recommendations of the majority (Senators Nye, Clark, Pope, and Bone) for nationalization of munitions making and naval construction follow from this indictment with a relentless logic. An industry as ruthless as

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this will find a way of avoiding any degree of government regulation. Only by government ownership can the profit economy be kept from running wild at its most irresponsible and nationally dangerous point—war profits. After joining with the majority in the indictment, the minority (Senators Vandenberg, Barbour, and George) lamely contents itself with "rigid and conclusive munitions control"—without even suggesting how such control can be effective. Too much destruction has been wrought by the munitioneers and too much has been revealed as to their methods to make question-begging of this sort anything but a mockery of the committee's efforts. What remains is for the committee to apply equal realism and courage in dealing with neutrality legislation, conscription, and industrial mobilization.

*

THE BLACK LOBBY COMMITTEE'S HEARINGS day by day reveal the kind of democracy that the American Liberty League and allied organizations are seeking to preserve in the United States. The various "grass roots" conventions, for example, were hailed as an expression of the American democratic tradition. Here were a group of men who did not like the Administration, and were expressing their dislike in the usual democratic manner. It now develops, however, that at least one of these spontaneous expressions of the popular will was made possible by generous contributions from such disinterested citizens as John J. Raskob, Pierre and Lammot du Pont, Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., and Ogden Mills. Other organizations "to defend the Constitution," such as the Farmers' Independence Council and the Sentinels of the Republic, have been shown to be tarred by the same brush. Much of the committee's time was spent in a vain effort to find a "dirt farmer" who was in any way connected with the Farmers' Independence Council. Lammot du Pont was revealed to be one of its chief contributors, and Stanley Morse, "consulting agricultural engineer" of the Liberty League, served as its secretary-treasurer. No one would deny the right of these men or any men to organize opposition movements hostile to the Administration. But the rest of us have also the right to know who is behind the movements and where the money comes from.

*

SHIPPING ACTIVITY ON THE SAN FRANCISCO waterfront has almost ceased as this is written. In this latest crisis Harry Bridges and his Maritime Federation are fighting the battle of the East Coast rank and file. The immediate cause of the San Francisco shippers' decision to suspend relations with the stevedores' local, of which Bridges is president, was the refusal of dock workers to handle cargo of the Grace liner Santa Rosa when it arrived from New York. The Santa Rosa's crew was supplied by the old guard of the International Seamen's Union, which is using every means both fair and foul to break the strike now in progress in New York, even going so far as to send inexperienced crews through picket lines to man "hot" ships. The whole American waterfront, West Coast, Gulf, and East Coast, is seething with unrest

which deeply concerns the average American, whether he is merely a taxpayer who helps subsidize shipowners or a traveler who does not want to be drowned at sea. On another page of this issue M. R. Bendiner examines in devastating detail the kind of service given by Secretary Roper's Bureau of Inspection. An early issue will contain a first-hand account of the San Francisco deadlock by Louis Adamic, a story of the newly formed maritime federation in the Gulf ports by George N. Coad, and an account by Margaret Marshall of the rank-and-file revolt of the seamen in New York.

*

THE IMPEACHMENT AND CONVICTION OF District Judge Ritter for "high crimes and misdemeanors in office" calls attention once more to our lower federal courts. A successful impeachment is a rare thing in American history, only four having been carried through, and all of them in the case of federal judges. There were six counts against Judge Ritter all involving offenses punishable under statutory law. Yet he was acquitted on all and convicted only on a final indictment finding him guilty of general misbehavior and of having brought his court into "scandal and disrepute." When it is considered that the temptations to minor malpractice which proved Ritter's undoing must beset every other judge on the bench, it is difficult to assume that Ritter was the only black sheep and that his colleagues are all of unimpeachable rectitude. Yet it is these men, many of whom are doubtless no better than Ritter, who are today, through the exercise of judicial review, assuming the power to pass on acts of Congress and by their decisions are affecting the life of the entire nation. Another flaw in our political system emphasized by the Ritter verdict is the inability of Congress to shed its partisan character when acting as a judicial body. In the balloting the Senate divided almost entirely on party lines. Ritter is a Republican, and it is not surprising to discover that only five Republican Senators were willing to find him guilty.

*

JUDGE CRANE'S DECISION UPHOLDING THE constitutionality of the New York unemployment-insurance act not only shows humanity. What is even more important, it makes sense, both common and judicial. The decision is of considerable importance, being the first handed down by a state court of final appeal on the state laws now being passed to supplement the federal social-insurance program. A shocked editorial writer on the New York *Herald Tribune* has called it "a surprising decision." In the light of some of the recent decisions of the same court, especially in the Tipaldo minimum-wage case, we are inclined to agree. But our surprise is pleasant rather than Republican. Judge Crane's decision is noteworthy for three reasons. First, it does not start from an arbitrary conception of "due process of law" and work from that to an austere and catastrophic social conclusion outlawing a necessary piece of social legislation; it starts from social need and asks to be shown that a statute meeting that need is unconstitutional. Second, it states flatly

that "it would be a strange sort of government, in fact no government at all, that could not give help in such trouble" as our present unemployment mess. It is refreshing to find a judge who is not an anarchist. Third, it sweeps away all sorts of cobwebs about whether an individual employer can be made to contribute to a common insurance pool, by pointing out that the whole problem of unemployment is a *general* problem. We await with considerable suspense an assurance from the United States Supreme Court that it can write as sensible a decision as this.

*

THE ARABS AND THE POLES WERE ADEPTS AT anti-Semitic terror before Hitler perfected the technique, and the current outbreaks in Palestine, as in Poland, have local causes. In neither case are they mere by-products of Hitlerism. In Palestine the causes are buried deep in the nationalist emotions of the Arabs—emotions fed by economic jealousy as well as primitive racial pride. But even here the hand of Hitler can be detected. During the past two years the precarious inter-racial peace in Palestine has been strained to breaking by the greatly increased immigration of Jews; and most of this increase has been made up of refugees from Nazi Germany. Arab leaders have violently opposed the influx and have protested against the further sale of land to Jews. An outbreak of violence was the almost inevitable sequel. It may be significant that in the course of the recent murderous attacks a German is said to have been stopped by a mob which thought him a Jew. He shouted, "I am a German Christian," to which the crowd replied, "Go ahead, for Hitler's sake," and set him free. Whether this little legend is true, we don't know; but it is true in spirit if not in fact. The spirit of Hitler walks with the anti-Semites in Palestine.

*

HITLER'S SPIRIT SIMILARLY PRESIDES OVER the continuing terror in Poland. There, for months, the forms of fascism have been clearly taking shape. Official raids on workers' organizations, wholesale charges of red propaganda, riots and the killing of protesting workers—all these have occurred at the same time that mob attacks on Jews have multiplied under the eye of a government which verbally deprecates violence while it does little to prevent or punish it. Anti-Semitism is an old disease in Poland; but the present epidemic, in form and violence, suggests that the source of the infection is its next-door neighbor. Germany should be forced to post on its door a sign reading, "Unclean."

*

INFORMATION BY MAIL FROM CHINA INDICATES the extent to which our newspapers and press associations are cooperating, under duress or otherwise, in the suppression of all news revealing Chiang Kai-shek's subservience to Japan. Most illuminating is the failure of a newspaper like the *New York Times* to carry any report of the recent spectacular military raid on Tsinghua University, an institution at Peiping maintained by the American Boxer Indemnity Fund. At 3 a.m. on February 29 the

university was attacked by more than five hundred soldiers, police, and plain-clothes men who broke down the campus gates and scaled the protecting wall. After beating off the university police, the troops surrounded the dormitories and produced a list of between one and two hundred student leaders whom they intended to arrest. Warned by similar raids on other Peiping educational institutions, the student body counter-attacked, destroyed several of the motor trucks brought to carry them to prison, and forced the release of three arrested students. That afternoon the troops returned, five thousand strong, and conducted a thorough search of the premises without finding anything of an incriminating nature—one report asserts that they found a picture of Karl Marx! Attempts to search the students led to another tussle, but as the students were greatly outnumbered they agreed to a compromise by which twenty-two, not including the ringleaders, were arrested. The blundering tactics of the military brought vigorous protests in North China, which led General Sung Cheh-yuan, Japanese-appointed commandant of the Peiping-Tientsin garrison, to place the blame on Nanking. While it may be said that this is the only instance in which he is known to have obeyed Nanking, it is not without significance that the raids followed the issuance of a sweeping Nanking decree—similarly unreported in the *Times*—calling for the complete suppression of the student movement and placing the task in the hands of the army.

*

CHIEF FORESTER FERDINAND A. SILCOX HAS handed down a wage award in the dispute between the Realty Advisory Board and the building-service union in New York City which suggests that arbitrators in general and Walter Gordon Merritt in particular should spend more time in the woods. It virtually coincides with the demands the union fought for in a desperate three weeks' siege which cost the workers thousands of dollars and ended in defeat on other important issues such as reinstatement of strikers and the closed shop. The Silcox award, which deals only with wages, is informed by a simple logic. In making it, says Mr. Silcox, the first consideration was a recognition of the principle of the living wage as fundamental in any sound approach to the problem of reasonable minimum-wage standards. Six of the nine schedules of minimum wages set in the award are, as Mr. Silcox points out, below the lowest budget standard, but like the union he apparently felt that they were as good as could be obtained or enforced at this time. As for the continuous plaint of the owners that their financial situation makes it impossible to pay decent wages, Mr. Silcox states in firm language that the industry's first obligation is to make the financial adjustments necessary to meet its labor costs on a reasonable basis. The next problem is to enforce the Silcox award. The strike, after all, was essentially an attempt to enforce the modest terms of the earlier Curran award. We hope the Silcox decision will at least strengthen the morale of the building-service union. Only by holding its lines firm can it hope to compel Walter Gordon Merritt and his friends to observe even the lowest minimums of fair play.

France at the Polls

IT WOULD be difficult to overemphasize the importance of the French elections, discussed elsewhere in this issue by our Paris correspondent. Not only the immediate future of France but to a lesser extent the direction of events in the whole of Europe depends on the political complexion of the new Chamber of Deputies. A weak, unstable left majority such as exists at present would condemn France to four more years of political chaos; a strong disciplined majority might make France once more the dominant power of Europe.

At present there are no less than nineteen political groups with representatives in the Chamber. Most of these are loose aggregations which can scarcely be called political parties. There are, however, four which outrank the others in importance. On the extreme right is the Republican Federation headed by Louis Marin, which draws its support chiefly from the big industrial interests. This group had forty-two seats in the old Chamber and obtained 13 per cent of the vote in the 1932 election. The Democratic Alliance, headed by ex-Premier Flandin, occupies a position at the center and may be described as the party of commerce and industry. On the left are to be found the two most powerful parties of France—the Radical Socialists and the Socialists. The Radical Socialists are by tradition a moderate party representing the interests of the lower middle class. Recently, however, as a result of the open challenge of the Croix de Feu and other fascist organizations, they have actively cooperated in the Front Populaire. In 1932 the Radical Socialists polled approximately 20 per cent of the total vote and elected 152 representatives. The Socialist Party polled a somewhat larger vote, but obtained a somewhat smaller representation. The Front Populaire, comprising the Radical Socialists, Socialists, and Communists, together with certain of the minor left parties, actually possessed a slight majority in the old Chamber, but this majority has been rendered useless by the refusal of the Socialists and Communists to participate in a Cabinet dominated by a bourgeois party. If the present elections result in a marked increase in the left majority, a Front Populaire government is confidently predicted.

The election is being fought primarily on the issue of fascism. Economic issues have been deliberately subordinated by the Front Populaire in the interest of unity. Nevertheless, there is agreement regarding the necessity for nationalizing the arms industry, the railways, and the Bank of France. The left as a whole is opposed to further deflation and advocates economic planning as a means of escaping the paralyzing effect of the depression. Hitler's reoccupation of the Rhineland has brought an element of uncertainty into the political picture. While one might expect that the threat of a German invasion would strengthen the hands of the left as the chief supporters of the League, this has not necessarily followed. The very existence of the League of Nations probably depends on a left victory. Angered by the Franco-Soviet agreement and the imposition of sanctions against Italy, the right is in a mood to

abandon Geneva altogether. A substantial victory for the Front Populaire, on the other hand, would not only seal the doom of fascism at home but, through its support of collective action, impose a serious setback to fascism throughout the world.

Roosevelt Speaks of Security!

THE President's speech at Baltimore a few days ago indicates that he intends to make social security one of the dominant issues of the campaign. From the standpoint of popular appeal, we can think of no better issue. The unprecedented growth of the Townsend movement, despite the patent absurdity of the plan which it indorses, is but one of many indications that the desire for security is perhaps the most dynamic force in America today. Not everyone suffered from unemployment or bankruptcy in the depression, but there are few who did not fear them. It is safe to say that no one can be elected President of the United States in 1936 who does not offer at least a hope of abolishing this nightmare of insecurity. The question is whether Mr. Roosevelt can succeed in persuading the voters that the federal Social Security Act is an adequate step in this direction.

It is difficult to imagine what Mr. Roosevelt will say to the twelve million persons who are now without jobs, although not, fortunately, without votes. Almost two years have passed since he declared that "the security of the men, women, and children of the nation" was the primary objective of his Administration. Since that date economic conditions have improved measurably, but there has been an increase rather than a decrease in unemployment and there has been a serious weakening in the whole relief structure. The WPA has been a godsend for some, but many of the neediest families are even worse off than they were on direct relief. As a result of the inducements offered by the federal Social Security Act, twelve states have adopted unemployment-insurance laws, but not a single benefit can be paid until 1939. Pay-roll taxes for old-age insurance start next year, but no payments will be available until 1942. Even if all the remaining thirty-six states adopt unemployment-insurance legislation—and there is no certainty that they will—the exemptions are so numerous that only about half of the employed population will be covered. And it is estimated that at most one-half of the employed workers and one-third of the adult population will be benefited by the federal old-age program. For those aged persons who can establish genuine need there are state pensions—still few in number—or relief!

Practically nothing has been done, moreover, to make provision for one of the primary causes of insecurity—ill health. The President's Committee on Economic Security pointed out that the money loss attributable to sickness for families with less than \$2,500 income per year was approximately \$2,400,000,000 annually, of which \$1,500,000,000 represented the cost of medical care. The bulk of this burden falls on a very small portion of the popula-

tion at any one time. Fifty persons out of a hundred suffer no illness in an ordinary year, 7 per cent have three or more illnesses, and four families out of a thousand spend more than half their incomes for medical bills. The Committee on Economic Security was emphatic in urging that the United States follow the example of all the other important civilized nations and establish a compulsory system of health insurance for industrial workers. Definite action was postponed, however, pending the submission of recommendations by the professional advisory groups. Possibly Mr. Roosevelt can tell us what has become of these recommendations.

Experts testifying at the hearings on the Frazier-Lundeen bill before the Senate Committee on Education and Labor have stressed these and other deficiencies in the Social Security Act. Criticism has been directed particularly at the underlying principle on which that act rests—the establishment of an actuarial basis for unemployment and old-age insurance. Only a mind steeped in Puritan admonitions regarding the virtue of thrift for thrift's sake could countenance an old-age "security" program which accumulated nearly \$3,000,000,000 before any payments were made and piled up \$46,000,000,000 in receipts over and above all benefit payments within a period of forty years. The Frazier-Lundeen bill, though it is hardly an immediate alternative to the Administration's Social Security Act, rests on much sounder principles. It assumes that the established economic system can produce the resources required by the unemployed, and would obtain funds for benefit payments from taxes levied on high incomes, corporate surpluses, and accumulated wealth. It also assumes that, quite as much as the employed worker, the average unemployed or aged worker must eat, clothe himself respectably, and maintain and educate his children. Consequently, it provides that unemployment, old-age, health, and maternity benefits shall be equal to the average weekly wage payable in a worker's occupation or profession, with a minimum of \$10 per week plus \$3 for each dependent and a maximum of \$20 a week plus \$5 for each dependent. Self-employed workers whose income falls below the minimum specified in the bill are to be entitled to compensation sufficient to raise their income to the minimum. Unlike the Social Security Act, the Frazier-Lundeen bill covers the whole population.

It may be argued that a capitalist United States cannot afford to pay the cost of genuine security such as is envisioned under this bill. But the difference between the negligibly small sums to be paid under the Security Act and those projected under the Frazier-Lundeen bill constitutes an accurate measure of the amount by which the Administration act falls short of security. Moreover, there is every reason to believe that the Social Security Act, with its tremendous reserves accumulated by regressive taxation, will have an unstabilizing effect on the national economy. Consumer purchasing power will be impaired, which will further curtail the investment opportunities for the existing surplus of capital. A genuine security program, on the other hand, should increase and stabilize consumer buying power and lay the groundwork for the fullest use of the country's productive capacity.

Handing Down Justice

FIFTY years ago on May 4 sixty-seven policemen and three times that many workers were killed and wounded in Haymarket Square, Chicago, by an exploding bomb. Eighteen months later the state hanged four of the eight radicals hastily indicted for the crime. One of the convicted men committed suicide to escape execution; the others were given life sentences. Seven years later Governor Altgeld, a man of conscience, in a pardon message which cost him his political career, denounced the trial and convictions for what they were, the end-product of a witches' brew of hysteria, red-baiting, and plain lying. His pardon message opened the prison gates for those still living. The names of the others passed into the roster of working-class martyrs, and a familiar pattern in the fabric of democratic justice was once more filled out in all its dramatic and tragic detail.

It is a pattern that has repeated itself again and again. In the great Homestead lockout of 1892 unionization in the steel mills was deliberately and systematically crushed by the Carnegie Steel Corporation. Andrew Carnegie turned over to his manager, H. C. Frick, the job of eliminating the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers. Through false propaganda, control of officials, trickery, and brute force Frick performed his task so well that the union has never revived. In 1893 a Congressional investigating committee duly rebuked the company for using Pinkerton detectives and in general supported the workers' contentions. Invariably investigating committees are set up to satisfy a shocked and regretful public. Usually their reports find for the under-dog—and after a brief airing in the news that arouses and then quiets the public conscience, are filed away in archives that might well be labeled Atonement by Exposure.

In recent weeks we have had another exposure of the methods by which the steel industry continues to defeat union organization. Once again the job has been handed over to an agent bearing the name of H. C. Frick. The original Frick imported an army of Pinkerton detectives more or less openly. His successors in the H. C. Frick Coke Company employ the more subtle means of spies and company unions. Outraged public opinion has accomplished that much. But the issue is the same—working-class right against ruling-class might; and steel remains unorganized. We do not mean by these remarks to belittle the work of men of conscience. But the rank-and-file American must not be deflected into the easy faith that a wrong exposed in Washington is a wrong set right in Aliquippa.

Until the economic force exercised by workers matches and exceeds that which now rests in the hands of their employers, democratic justice, well-meaning and breathless, will continue to arrive on the field after the strike is lost, after the martyrs have been hanged. For the anniversary of Haymarket there could be no more suitable slogan than the parting words of another working-class hero, Joe Hill. "Don't waste any time in mourning," he wired Bill Haywood. "Organize."

WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

The Republican Agony

Washington, April 19

DAN HASTINGS, who represents the State of du Pont in the United States Senate, told a convention of American newspaper editors here Friday night that he and his fellow-leaders of the Republican Party know the 1936 Presidential race is a hopeless one and are preparing to put a candidate in the field merely to keep in practice for 1940. He pretended to be jesting when he said it, but Dan knew he was speaking the gospel truth. Dan knows that any nominee the G. O. P. conceivably may put forward will be a pushover for Roosevelt. He also knows that any suspense in the 1936 campaign will be trumped-up suspense, blown into the campaign (1) by journalists hoping thereby to make their columns more enticing, (2) by Congressional and local candidates prayerfully bent on riding into office on Mr. Roosevelt's slip stream, and (3) by professional politicians seeking both to keep down the third-party vote and to shake down the fat cows from whose pockets party coffers get their fillings. Dan knows these things because thirty-four years of playing squat-tag with the electorate have made him a realist, if nothing else. He knows them, too, because he has been reading the latest registration and primary-election returns.

Mr. Roosevelt also has been reading those returns, and one may safely assume that, as a result of them, he will make a campaign as dull and uneventful as was his speech last Monday night before the Young Democrats at Baltimore, a speech that Herbert Hoover in his 1929 prime could as easily have made. The returns are accepted at the White House as evidence that a safe majority of the voters love the Roosevelt of the moment and that no changes need be made. The voters, of course, are in love with the picture of Mr. Roosevelt that his most violent enemies in the Liberty League have painted, and there is no chance of his Republican opponent in the campaign doing anything to mar that picture. Mr. Roosevelt, as much a realist as Dan Hastings, may be counted on therefore to adhere to the old political axiom that in an election year the wise candidate strives to pacify his foes, knowing that his friends will vote for him anyway.

The returns to date show that he has better than 1,250,000 such friends in Illinois, or 400,000 more than Borah and Knox could poll by combining their friends in that pivotal state; that in traditionally Republican California he has 1,676,267 Democrats ready to vote for him, exclusive of those among the 1,156,696 registered Republicans in that state who are prepared to mark their ballots in his favor; and that in Pittsburgh, the Mellon stronghold, Democratic registrations have increased nearly 700 per

cent since 1932, so that his party for the first time in history is the majority party there. Reports from other sections of the country show comparable trends.

The two most amusing developments of the year here have occurred within the past fortnight, and one of them has happened within the past week. The first was the hiring by the Republican National Committee of a "brain trust." Its sequel was the disclosure that the G. O. P. "brain trust" and its employers are already at odds. The party of the first part quarreled with the party of the second part when Chairman Fletcher gave a very private little affair at his home here Thursday night to introduce his professorial troupe to a select group of Republican stalwarts, including Senators Vandenberg and Austin and Representatives Bacon, Snell, Taber, Ditter, Martin, Mapes, and Bolton. The quarrel broke out when Hired Brains No. 1, Professor O. G. Saxon of Yale, turned the meeting over to another member of the G. O. P. Cerebral Nine, Professor Niles W. Carpenter of the University of Buffalo. The latter proceeded to tell the assembled politicians exactly what sort of platform they ought to adopt at Cleveland in June. As one of his indignant listeners later blurted out, "Why, it was worse than the New Deal!" Another expressed his reaction thus: "Wotinell's come over Fletcher? That guy Carpenter's a damn' radical! Talks like a Communist. Got hair like one, too." It may be, of course, that Professor Carpenter's audience was guided in its reaction less by what he said than by what its members had read about him as the author of a volume on guild socialism. At any rate, it seems perfectly established that they proceeded—quite roughly, too—to set him right and kept at it until Chairman Fletcher intervened as mediator and pacified his guests.

Such a contretemps of course never would have happened had Professor Saxon kept the chair, for nothing he is likely to say would be found exceptional by the men Mr. Fletcher is trying to help get elected or reelected. Saxon stands only half a centimeter to the left of Thomas Nixon Carver, another member of the Cerebral Nine, and Carver, a Harvard professor emeritus of economics, represents the extreme right in his profession. Saxon's views on at least a few of the subjects he has been hired to grapple with were made known to the public at an NRA hearing held in January, 1935, at which he spoke at length in opposition to higher wages and shorter hours; what this country needs, says Professor Saxon, is more work and less money. How Carpenter came to be hired as a G. O. P. brain truster is a mystery, but no more so than the hiring of Archer Hobson of Wisconsin, a free trader and until recently an Administration economist in the Department of Agriculture, whose heads regard him respectfully as one of their own kind.

Costigan and Lesser Men

THE danger in the situation nationally is that too much attention will be concentrated on the Presidential contest and not enough on the House and Senate campaigns. A whole new House must be elected, and thirty-two Senators. Among the Senators whose terms expire this year are Robinson, Harrison, Glass, Couzens, Norris, Gore, McNary, Metcalf, Lewis, Borah, Dickinson, Capper, and Bailey. Another whose term expires this year is the invaluable Costigan of Colorado. The unfortunate and serious failure of his health which has just forced Costigan's withdrawal from the Senate and public life has been insufficiently deplored. One of the few first-rate men in the Senate and a member of the even more select group of true liberals, Costigan was also one of the most courageous and straight-shooting men in American public life. As such he is well-nigh irreplaceable and as such his case helps to illustrate my point, for it now seems altogether likely that Farley will attempt to transfer Costigan's toga to Governor Johnson. It belongs, instead, to Oscar Chapman, a veritable New Dealer who managed Costigan's campaign in 1930 and several months ago was furloughed from his post as Assistant Secretary of the Interior so that he might return to Colorado and repeat the performance. Chapman is an energetic and thoroughly competent young man with sound instincts. Johnson, who already has announced his candidacy, is a reactionary who has fought the New Deal at every turn.

It might seem strange to suggest that Farley would appoint such a consistent foe as Johnson, if it were to be the first time. But the record shows he has been making just such alliances in all parts of the country. A case in point is that of Governor Brann of Maine. Brann, who has crossed the Roosevelt Administration at every turn—and double-crossed it relative to the Passamaquoddy project—literally was begged by Farley to announce his candidacy for the Senate. Representative Moran at last report was so disgusted with this turn of events in his home state that he was preparing to return to private life. Out in Nebraska the Democratic Senatorial nomination has gone to a filling-station owner and former Congressman, Terry Carpenter, who made a ludicrous campaign on the Townsend plan. Meanwhile, the impeccable Norris continues to hold out against the urgings of his friends that he ask the people of Nebraska to give him a fifth term.

The Inexcusable Woodring

OCCUPANCY of even a relatively high post in the Roosevelt Administration is no guaranty that one is a veritable New Dealer. There is, for example, the case of Assistant Secretary of War Woodring. He has just committed the inexcusable offense of addressing an American Legion convention at Sarasota, Florida, in language that could not have been better calculated further to arouse the already inflamed feeling in that area, which also contains Bartow, the scene of the Tampa flogging trials. He delivered himself there Friday night of a fascist assault on virtually all the church, labor, pacifist, and student groups

of the nation, dubbing them "atheistic" and "communistic" and referring to 8,900 clergymen as "traitors" for declaring their unqualified opposition to war. Klan leaders must have rejoiced when they heard him bellow that "the pacifist seeks a leveling of races and creeds, sees national boundaries swept away, sees the brotherhood of the white, yellow, and black man an accomplished fact."

Woodring's address was devoted in the main to a defense of the New Deal's huge military appropriations, and to make that defense he had also to defend the munitioneers, who are the chief instigators and beneficiaries of those appropriations. This defense, coming at a time when the Nye committee is about to make public its report, included argument from Woodring's "personal knowledge" that the makers of gas, bullets, guns, and ships are not the chief beneficiaries of "preparedness." He should know, according to a report by the House Military Affairs Committee which has just been made public. This report shows that some Boston merchants paid \$30,000 in fees to Ralph O'Neill, former national commander of the Legion, and Robert Jackson, former treasurer of the Democratic National Committee, to intercede with Woodring and get him to make an illegal alteration in contracts between the merchants and the War Department for the purchase and sale of surplus army supplies. The merchants, according to documentary evidence in the report, made more than \$300,000 profit out of selling the surplus goods under the contract as altered by Woodring to permit them to market the stuff in this country; the original contract had required them to export the goods as a condition precedent to their obtaining them at bargain prices.



Senator Costigan

Jim Curley and His Gang

BY LOUIS M. LYONS

INVITED to speak at a state principals' convention in Massachusetts, Fulton Oursler announced as his subject, "Let Us Be Free," but the supervisor in charge of the program in the state Department of Education wrote him that the subject would not do because "of its controversial nature." Not long ago Massachusetts would have laughed at such an item of news from some hill-billy community, but times have changed in the commonwealth that Mr. Mencken recently found "the most civilized."

Times have changed since James Michael Curley floated into the governorship of Massachusetts on the strong Roosevelt tide. So ancient an issue as civil liberties has become a more controversial subject than at any time since Massachusetts won her emancipation from the Puritan theocracy of her first century. Civil marriage was brought to New England from old England as one of the sacraments of a free people. Curley had hardly become governor before he flouted the Massachusetts tradition of civil liberties with a threat to all justices of the peace that he would refuse to reappoint any justice who performed a civil marriage. Under him the Boston city machine has occupied the State House. The intolerance of the Irish politician in Boston for any sharing of political power or political liberties can be compared only to that of the early church magistrates of New England. Curley's regime is frankly racial beyond anything known elsewhere in America. In those great departments of government through which the state touches the lives of the people—education, welfare, civil service—the racial revolution has been complete. Such names as Dana, Conant, Payson Smith, which stood for the kind of departmental administration Massachusetts had boasted, have given way to Reardon, McCarthy, Murphy, which suggest the only qualification required of their bearers. "No man is indispensable," says Curley. That portion of Massachusetts which so recently rejoiced in Calvin Coolidge now squirms under Curleyism. The last Brahmin has been expelled from the Bulfinch front of the State House.

Of course this is only returning tit for tat. The new racial domination of Curleyism may be only a reflex of the intolerant, unyielding snobbishness of the older Boston that refused the Irish any place at all when they were the weaker race, still denies them social recognition, and still keeps them out of the commercial leadership of the most class-bound city in America. What has happened is that one set of intolerances has been replaced by another.

The average citizen is worse off under Curley than he ever was under the Massachusetts aristocracy. During the three hundred years of Brahmin rule a certain hard-mouthed idealism had come to leaven the administration of the human-welfare functions of government. Repub-

lican state administrations had pioneered in education and in public welfare, had effected such reforms as parole and probation, the extension of the civil service, the first departure from institutional relief, and the financing of public expenditures on the pay-as-you-go basis. True, Republican government meant banker control. But it proved generally pretty decent and broad-gauge until State Street began to run downhill in the present generation with the comfortable decay of Boston's old families, and to carry the leadership of the Republican Party down with it. From the earlier Republican administrations it is a crude transition to the reign of Curley, who controls the commonwealth by means of the smallest and cheapest political heelers that ever shined their trousers in the seats of public office in Massachusetts.

A glance at the outstanding Curley appointments suggests the kind of government the commonwealth is getting under him. At the head of the state civil service Curley has placed Thomas H. Green, member of a family that combines ward politics with real estate, which Curley himself once referred to as "the James brothers." For Public Welfare Commissioner he replaced a proved executive with an insignificant politician whose removal from the city welfare administration had been a necessary preliminary to reorganizing that service for meeting the relief crisis. The new commissioner's first act was to dismiss a corps of case workers and put in their places a group of unemployed, who, he said, were entitled to have their turn at the jobs. As Commissioner of Agriculture Curley appointed the grocery salesman who had had the genius to have him initiated into the Grange in the heat of the campaign for governor and who also engineered his adoption by the Mashpee Indians. For Commissioner of Education Curley replaced the nationally known Payson Smith, who was instantly snapped up by Harvard University, with an inconsequential, small-town superintendent, who had changed his name from Reardon to the fancier Reardan, but whose greater claim to distinction was that he was almost the only school superintendent who had not publicly held his nose at the Curley-supported teachers' oath law. Incidentally the treatment of witnesses against the teachers' oath law was something new under the golden dome of Beacon Hill.

Responsible Catholics shiver at the sort of homage Curley pays his church in politics. The distinguished Catholic head of the Boston schools, and after him the competent Fall River superintendent, refused Curley's proffer of the appointment as Commissioner of Education, knowing Curley and what he would expect of a man. The rise of Curleyism is by no means the equivalent of a Catholic party in Massachusetts. Though he nurses the church vote with worshipful care, Curley is not its spokesman. All

Irish politicians in Massachusetts, whether radical or conservative, highbrow or guttersnipe, accept the Catholic ethic as decisive in those aspects of government in which the church chooses to concern itself. They censor the Boston stage and book business. They limit the schools to guard the church's jealous role as the child's first tutor. They annually overwhelm the child-labor amendment, with private apologies to their labor friends. But the most effective resistance to Curley has come from his coreligionists. The Catholic cardinal of Boston has gone out of his way to cheer the Catholic Mayor Mansfield in his attacks upon Curley. Mansfield is Curley's most tireless foe.

As his most formidable political ally Curley has in the Governor's Council Daniel J. Coakley, who was disbarred from the practice of law after the notorious Mishawum blackmail cases that ended in the removal of two district attorneys from office. Coakley and Curley were long enemies. But they have joined forces to undo the painful progress that penal reform has made in Massachusetts, and to put pardons once more at the disposal of politics.

Sixty-one years old now, Curley has been in politics since he was twenty-six. He has been alderman, common councilman, legislative representative, Congressman, three times mayor of Boston; now he is governor. And he says that this fall he is going to take the Senate seat occupied by his nominal party colleague, Marcus A. Coolidge. Curley found long ago a suitable companion career to politics in the real-estate and bonding business. He is associated in that with his brother, who runs it for him when James Michael is occupied with the public business.

Curley's opponents have never been able to pin anything on him since, in his neophyte days, he was sent to jail for falsifying another's signature in a civil-service examination for mail carriers. This was an organized piece of business. Curley in the city council and his cousin Tom in the legislature operated the Tammany Club, a ward organization that took care of its own in return for favors at the polls. "In two years the Tammany Club has found employment for 700 men," Curley boasted after his conviction. In this particular instance Curley impersonated one Bartholomew Fahey, while Cousin Tom impersonated one James Hughes. The charge was "conspiracy to defraud the United States." The sentence was sixty days. Judge James Lowell of the older Boston, in passing sentence, denounced the effrontery of the Curleys in running for office after their conviction. But both Curleys were reelected before they entered the city jail.

When he graduated from West End gang politics to big-league stuff, Curley carried two fists with him, and he has known how to swing them. He felled an editor on State Street one day during his mayoralty campaign. A fist fight with a radio critic enlivened a broadcast in a more recent campaign. But even with his hands in his pockets he is always able to hit harder and to move faster than any opposition the sputtering G. O. P. offers him. Ruthless, adroit, self-dramatizing, he misses no tricks and seldom forgoes the chance for front-page publicity. While he still plays the game of politics in the same tough way he learned in the old Tammany Club, he has developed

a most disarming personality. He has more blarney than any other Boston Irishman, and he administers it with an exaggerated Boston accent that has been known to hypnotize the highbrows. His marvelously cultivated voice is one of the wonders of Massachusetts. Vocal-culture lessons have smoothed off the rasping edge of his early rowdy days. He sneers at such opponents as Bacon Saltonstall as being of the "royal purple," but the lavish ostentation he displayed at his daughter's wedding last year offered the closest imitation of royalty that Massachusetts has seen in this generation. The trappings and ceremonial of the governor's office have doubled in expense under Curley.

He has never failed in his instinct for the dramatic moment or in his capacity to place his opponent at a disadvantage. During the recent flood he was everywhere, showing himself, calling attention to the need, proclaiming the emergency. When his demands upon the legislature proved double what they were willing to give him, he called upon the flood victims to witness the niggardly treatment accorded them by his opponents. When a reporter suggested that a flying night trip to the disaster center smacked of a gallery play, Curley retorted, "Well, they won't have as much trouble finding me as they had finding Coolidge the night of the police strike."

Riding the tide is a Curley specialty. The loudest for Smith in 1928, he was the first to leave him in 1932 and to join Roosevelt. Senator Walsh, long leader of the state Democrats, had been the chief obstacle in the path of the earlier advance of Curleyism. Walsh had been the first Catholic governor of the state and had given it the most constructive government that the present generation remembers. He was a rural politician, a companion of the old Yankee Democrats who had from the beginning fought State Street control of Massachusetts. Walsh shied off from Roosevelt before the Chicago convention when he found that Curley had jumped on the band-wagon first. Curley thus enjoyed the place of New Deal sponsor in the state by default of the party leadership. He has been Mr. Roosevelt's chief embarrassment in Massachusetts. He spent immense energy all his first year as governor trying to get control of the 150,000 jobs under the federal WPA administrator. In this, as in other ways, the New Deal disappointed him. The Administration ignored his grandiose schemes for remaking the face of New England with federal projects.

When Republicans said in the contest for the governorship, "Curley will steal the gold off the State House dome," the answer generally given by independents who were bent on repudiating Republican Bourbonism was, "He can't. The council won't let him." The drama of the Curley revolution has therefore been the capture of the council. This archaic appendage of Massachusetts government is a survival from colonial times, intended originally as a check upon the royal governors. For 150 years its power was nominal. Then the Republicans, secure in the gerrymandered council and legislative districts, found that the council was useful as a check on the power of Democratic governors. All appointments and pardons must be "with the advice and consent of the council."

Curley found the council five to four against him. But he maneuvered with Machiavellian skill. He needed one Republican vote to remove the chairman of the Boston Finance Commission, which was already launched on an investigation of Curley's last administration as mayor of Boston. It happened that just at this time there was a vacancy in the nice job of chairman of the Fall River Finance Commission. Curley got his vote, the Republican councilor from Fall River going with him; the helpful councilor got the fat Fall River chairmanship. There was now a vacancy on the council, and to fill it with a Democrat Curley was still short one vote. The Republicans felt safe until they learned with a shock that J. Arthur Baker, councilor from the rock-ribbed G. O. P. stronghold of Berkshire, was going to vote with Curley, and in return would be made a judge. Indignant denials were issued by Mr. Curley and Mr. Baker. When the vote came all depended on Baker. He refrained from voting and took a column in the afternoon papers to explain his abstinence. That left the vote four to three for Curley's man. Almost immediately Curley made Baker a judge of the Superior Court. The Boston Bar Association formally protested, "If our government is to survive, the people must have confidence in the courts." "An unwarranted and gratuitous impertinence," observed Curley, as he proceeded to pack the Boston Finance Commission safely with his own camp followers. He did this just in time to cut off the investigation of his former City Treasurer, who was now able to return from Florida. Mansfield has now taken up the task laid down by the commission and has brought civil suit for recovery of \$250,000 from the City Treasurer. Many believe that the greatest threat to a continuance of Curleyism in Massachusetts lies in the evidence this suit will bring to light.

Curley has always played for labor support. Of all his appointees, only Robert Watt, secretary of the state Federation of Labor, is able and independent. Watt has proved the most outspoken critic of Curley's appointment of Reardon and of the teachers' oath law. He is the only qualified member of the new unemployment-insurance board, where he has to serve under the chairmanship of Judge Emil Fuchs, who demonstrated his executive capacity as owner of the Boston Braves by running that once great ball club right off the map of baseball. The other labor appointees of Curley's do not compare with Watt. A politician who had served a sentence for perjury became the employment secretary of the administration. Every department has been filled to bulging with Curley placements. One efficient department head has segregated the Curley appointees from his regular personnel and set one of his deputies to find some kind of work for them that will keep them from bungling the regular work of his office.

As for the "work and wages" program on which Curley campaigned, it degenerated into a few hundred jobs handed out at election time to the Curley candidates in local contests. The candidate for mayor of Chelsea was found to have had 1,500 jobs placed at his disposal to fill in the week before election. Job tickets were handed out at Curley's campaign headquarters for work on state projects in cities that had failed to give him their support for governor.

The state's likeliest chance of relief from Curley is that the national Democratic tide which washed him up on Beacon Hill may run out far enough to leave him stranded. The record of the Curley administration is the great liability that the New Deal carries into the 1936 campaign in Massachusetts.

Is It Safe to Go to Sea?

BY M. R. BENDINER

SAILORS of the Panama-Pacific steamer California went out on strike a few weeks ago in an effort to get their monthly wage raised from \$57.50 to \$62.50. The walkout, which delayed for three days the sailing of the vessel from San Pedro, California, to New York, was an orderly affair, and as the boat was safely tied up at the dock no lives were endangered.

On the third day of the strike Secretary Perkins induced the men to return to their posts, promising to see that their demands were placed before a conference between the International Seamen's Union and the shippers, and also to use her "good offices" to prevent discrimination against them. The company seemed agreeable, and to all appearances the dispute was ended, with a minor victory chalked up for labor.

When the boat reached New York harbor some two weeks later, the complexion of things had been vastly al-

tered. For several hours the line officials unaccountably delayed signing the men off. They were waiting, it later developed, for agents of the Department of Justice to board the ship and arrest the former strikers for mutiny—the gravest charge that can be brought against men of the sea. Since no G-men showed up, the disgruntled officials were forced to content themselves with logging the men from two to six days' pay and signing them off with discharge cards marked "D. R.," meaning "declined to report," the equivalent of being blacklisted for a seaman.

The Panama-Pacific officials had good reason to believe that government agents would be on hand when the boat docked at New York. For while the California was steaming up the coast, Secretary of Commerce Roper was begging the Department of Justice to prosecute the strike leaders for mutiny, a crime that carries a punishment of ten years' imprisonment. Roper said he had no

concern at all with the demands of the men or the attitude of the line. Only one consideration had weight with him, and that was "the safety of passengers at sea." So fantastic and ruthless a move as a prosecution for mutiny was too much both for Secretary Perkins and for the Attorney General, and the men of the California were not clapped in irons. But the ferocity of "Uncle Dan" in fighting for sea safety was so remarkable that a review of his previous record in this connection is in order.

The licensing and periodic inspection of vessels of all sorts is the prime function of the Bureau of Navigation and Steamboat Inspection, a subdivision of the Department of Commerce. Violations of maritime regulations ranging all the way from running a motor boat at night without lights to operating an ocean-going firetrap without inspection are handled by this arm of the government, and the opportunities for favoritism, graft, and politics are boundless. More than 10,000 appeals from penalties assessed for such violations pass through the Commerce Department in a year, and in a vast majority of cases the penalties are reduced more than 50 per cent, many of them being completely voided. Former Assistant Secretary of Commerce Mitchell once issued an order that except in unusual cases penalties were not to be reduced more than 90 per cent by bureau officials, but the order was overruled as too drastic.

First offenses are excused as a matter of principle. Second, third, and even tenth offenses, when the offender is a shipping corporation, are excused for other reasons. Usually appeals coming from the larger offenders are accompanied by a note from a Senator or Representative, and the remission of fines in such cases forms a major routine task of the department. Mitchell told the writer that during his tenure of office he received on his desk for signature scores of letters, prepared by subordinates, instructing collectors to remit fines, and scores more to Congressmen informing them that such action would be taken in accordance with their request. Mitchell's refusal to play ball with Congressmen in the cases of more flagrant violation unquestionably weighed heavily against him when he sought to convince a Senate investigating committee that he had been fired for fighting the graft and abuses which went on at a furious clip under the encouraging eye of Mr. Roper.

Far more serious than the petty corruption of this maritime traffic court is the Commerce Department's active cooperation with the shipping interests in frustrating every real attempt to introduce more stringent safety regulations in ship construction. The policy of the department under Roper has been characterized by the National Committee on Safety at Sea as one which "stifles information, conceals truth, warns against publicity, and discourages every effort looking toward a bettering of conditions." Roper has done nothing whatever to alter the chief principle of ship construction observed under his predecessors, including Herbert Hoover, to wit: Jam the greatest number of people into the least amount of space at the lowest possible cost.

The natural outcome of this greedy policy has been a

series of sea disasters in recent years which were anything but acts of God. When the newly launched Segovia took fire in 1930, the ship had to be sunk to put out the fire. The Morro Castle in September, 1934, burned to a scorched mass with a loss of 122 lives. The Mohawk, a few months later, went down just outside New York harbor with a toll of 45 lives.

The Morro Castle, designed by Theodore F. Ferris for the Agwi Navigation Company, was built along lines which received the complete approval of the Bureau of Navigation—this despite the fact that even a cursory Senate investigation found it clear that "escapes should be provided on the port and on the starboard side of the vessel so that there would be an emergency escape in each section even though all fire-screen and watertight doors were closed." It was also clear to the committee that "had the Morro Castle been built and operated in full compliance with the Convention for Promoting Safety of Life at Sea . . . a very different result might have been expected." Concerning the Mohawk, this same committee found it "alarming to consider the laxity in requirements governing ship construction," and recorded its belief that "the government is at fault in failing to modernize its laws and to take its place with other powers in the promotion of safety of life at sea."

The Segovia fire was traced directly to the wooden insulation in the holds, designed to keep out the warmth of tropical waters. This same hazard is present in almost all the combination fruit and passenger vessels sailing between the United States and Latin American ports. All that would be needed to eliminate the fire menace would be a fire-proof lining laid on over the wood. Last February, in the course of a hearing before the House Merchant Marine Committee, Representative Ramspeck of Georgia asked Joseph B. Weaver, director of the Bureau of Navigation and Steamboat Inspection, how many vessels under the American flag were fireproof. Weaver replied that the Manhattan and the Washington were "fire resisting," the "four aces of the Export Line" were "practically fireproof," and the four or five reconstructed freighters of the Scantic Line were "very good in that respect." Concerning the dozens of other vessels in the American merchant marine—silence.

A further point for Mr. Roper in connection with his concern for safety at sea is the fact, established by the Federal Communications Commission, that 1,500 non-passenger ships are without radio equipment. Another is the revelation made by Senator Copeland last June that 160 boats on inland waterways, on the Great Lakes, and in coastwise traffic are firetraps. And perhaps the unkindest cut of all is the charge brought by the National Committee on Safety at Sea that five of the six inspection boats operated by the Commerce Department itself are ancient, unsafe, constructed of wood, and run by gasoline engines.

If seamen who strike when a ship is in port endanger the safety of passengers at sea, what is to be said of manning vessels with crews picked up along the waterfront, men who can be had for a pittance because they are untrained in a seaman's duties? No small share of responsi-

bility for the Morro Castle disaster was traced to this practice. Captain P. J. Williams, formerly master of an ocean vessel, in testifying before the Senate Commerce Committee, revealed a few tricks of the shipping trade in the field of labor. Captain Williams said:

In some ship lines operating on nearby foreign services, where they touch a number of ports outside of the United States, as soon as they arrive at a foreign port . . . they will hire natives to do sailors' work, and possibly they hire them at one port and they will carry them on what I call inter-port work . . . and then on the way back they will discharge those men. . . . We will say the certificate of the inspection service calls for 100 men in that crew, it is a full crew, and her total passenger accommodations are, say, 250. There are 350 souls altogether. The life-saving equipment is for that number of people, with a slight percentage over for the safety margin. When we come down and put 15 or 20 extra men on board there, the men have no lifeboat assignments, they have no fire stations, they are not required to attend fire or boat drill. . . . In the case of any emergency, where are those extra men going to go? They are going to chase the women out of the lifeboats; you are going to have confusion.

While Roper was using the full weight of his office to prevent inconveniences to the big ship lines and was in general acting as their errand boy in Washington, a few of his subordinates were taking their sworn duties more seriously. There was Ewing Y. Mitchell, for example, who charged that improper inspections contributed to the Morro Castle fire and who spoke of his "bitter conflict with the racketeers who are now boring from within the department." Mr. Mitchell embarrassed Roper with requests that the Steamboat Inspection Service be in-

vestigated by the Department of Justice. He succeeded, moreover, in having indictments brought against two steamboat inspectors whose names appeared regularly in the cash account of the master of a Lykes Brothers-Ripley ship with such notations as "To inspectors, \$80" and "Gratuity, inspectors, \$80." Undiscouraged by the fact that the inspectors were acquitted and transferred by the department to another port, Mitchell filed twenty-three separate charges against Admiral H. I. Cone, vice-president of the Shipping Board's merchant fleet. The Admiral subsequently resigned, but nothing was ever done about the charges. Then there was Thomas M. Woodward, who, like Mitchell, objected strenuously to Roper's order laying up the Leviathan without suspending the fat subsidy to its owners for the ship's operation.

More recently, Frederick L. Adams and Commander A. McCoy Jones were added to the list of protesting Commerce Department officials. Adams, who was chief investigator of the Bureau of Navigation, and Jones, who was the bureau's chief navigation officer, complained that their efforts to bring about increased safety at sea were being nullified by "higher-ups." The two officials were rash enough to release a report by supervising inspectors in which existing safety devices were condemned as inadequate. The Commerce Department, they contended, had deliberately attempted to prevent publication of the report.

Not one of these four guardians of safety at sea remains in the Department of Commerce. In June, 1935, Mitchell's services were terminated by Roosevelt, at Roper's request, in order to obtain "more effective supervision of certain bureaus of the Department of Commerce." When he announced his intention of staying in Washington to carry on his fight against shipping interests, Mitchell declares,



he laid himself open to a prolonged campaign of persecution at the hands of the Administration. Not until the writer had gone to considerable trouble to prove he was not a government agent would Mr. Mitchell consent to talk. Ever since his dismissal, Mitchell charges, he has been shadowed by government men, and his telephone wires have frequently been tapped.

Mr. Woodward last October was quietly relieved of his post on the Shipping Board and given the harmless job of consumer's counsel to the National Bituminous Coal Commission.

Jones and Adams, who later accused their superiors of "successfully blocking efforts of the Bureau of Navigation and Steamboat Inspection to promote greater safety of life and property at sea," were subjected to shadowing

and questioning in their own homes by Department of Justice detectives even while they were still in office. They were suspended on February 13 for talking out of turn and for refusing to answer questions, and despite an understanding that they would be reinstated after a temporary suspension, they were summarily discharged by Roper a few days later without so much as a hearing. Washington veterans could not recall a single previous instance of a federal employee accused of insubordination being denied a chance to defend himself.

Sea safety, it appears, is a subject reserved in the Commerce Department to the Secretary himself. And as long as Roper holds that post, no passenger on the high seas will be endangered, if Uncle Dan can help it, by sailors striking for \$15 a week when their ships are in port.

Jesus Lopez

BY ERSKINE CALDWELL

JESUS LOPEZ was irrigating his half-acre onion crop on the ten-acre San Fernando Valley vegetable farm which he had under lease when a warrant for his arrest was served on him. His onions were finger-sized and full-topped. They were at the stage when a lot of care has to be taken with them. They have to be weeded, cultivated, and irrigated constantly in order to develop into profitable produce for the Southern California market.

The paper was thrust at him again. Jesus looked at his onions, at the warrant, and back at the onions. He stooped down and pulled up a plant, shaking the soil from its roots and pressing the stem between thumb and forefinger to feel the firmness of the young onion. The warrant had to be thrust at him a third time before he could believe there was anything in the world more important than a fine stand of spring onions.

In the middle of the ten-acre truck farm stood his house. Behind it was a shed, sheltering his two mules. Inside the house were his mother and father, on the outside were five brothers and five sisters. The twelve members of his family were watching him when he accepted the paper for his arrest and read it three times before raising his eyes.

Jesus Lopez had been ordered to appear at the police court in Burbank and defend himself against a complaint charging him with maintaining a public nuisance. The owner of a subdivision across the street, who happened to be a member of the City of Burbank Planning Commission, had signed the complaint. The real-estate dealer had bought the vacant, weed-grown tract across the street and intended to place the subdivision on the market.

When Jesus appeared for trial, he learned that the owner of the lots objected to the appearance of the Lopez home and to the outside toilet on the premises. Jesus himself objected to the appearance of the dwelling and to the outside toilet, but he had to live there until he could afford a better home. He told the court it was the best he could

afford; he offered no other defense. He was convicted of the charge, sentenced, and fined, but both sentence and fine were suspended. Immediately afterward the City of Burbank, which had now become the unwilling prosecutor of one of its citizens, instituted civil proceedings in the Superior Court in a further effort to evict the Lopez family.

The dwelling in which the thirteen members of the Lopez family live is an unpainted but substantial frame house of five rooms, the interior of which is neat and clean. The City of Burbank issued Jesus Lopez a permit to move the building on to the farm more than a year ago. In issuing the permit for the dwelling, the city was certainly aware of the absence of sewerage facilities. Scattered throughout the city are similar residences, inhabited, which have the same type of outdoor toilet. The City of Burbank, like thousands of towns in every state in America, has built and installed with SERA and other public relief funds the same type of sanitary outhouse.

At the time the Lopez permit was issued, there was no objection from any quarter. The ten-acre tract of land was covered with weeds and brush, and the owner then, as now, was eager to have the tract cleared and cultivated. The family transformed an eyesore into an eye-pleasing square of growing vegetables. The fact that two mules and a cow were stabled on the premises was not unusual, since hundreds of these animals are kept on small farms throughout the city and valley. Two City Council members who inspected the place stated that not only could they find no reason for the nuisance charge, but on the contrary they found it in a far more sanitary condition than most of the farms in the vicinity.

Two years ago the Lopez family of thirteen was on relief. Jesus Lopez had a job with the SERA. He saved three dollars, gave up his job, and began raising vegetables for the local market. His crop turned out well, and he signed a two-year lease for the ten-acre tract from which

he is now threatened with eviction. He bought two mules on credit, and paid for them. He has kept his rent paid up. He bought a two-ton truck on credit, and is paying for it with monthly instalments. He has supported his parents and ten brothers and sisters. The owner of the land on which he lives refused to evict the family, and he was made a codefendant on the public-nuisance charge filed by the real-estate owner and the City of Burbank.

If efforts to evict the family are successful, Jesus will have to move and pay rent on a second dwelling. But perhaps his greatest loss will be his growing crop of vegetables. If forced from the farm, he will run the risk of having his entire crop destroyed and stolen by the prevalent truck-garden thieves, who could wipe out his onions, lettuce, carrots, beets, celery, and peas in one night. Jesus, who has no money to employ lawyers for his defense, is not able to hire guards to protect his ten acres of vegetables while living somewhere else in the valley.

Jesus Lopez, twenty-three years old, of Mexican descent, was raised within a quarter of a mile of his present home. He is well educated, and above the average American in intelligence. He sees clearly that the action against him is directed by one man, the real-estate owner who wishes to raise the prices of his building lots by running all the agricultural workers out of the vicinity. Lopez does not accept the situation without protest. He resents the implication that his family is no better than a pen of cows.

In a larger sense there is kinship between the case of Jesus Lopez and the Los Angeles Police Border Patrol. The kinship exists in the California trend toward a certain kind of treatment of what it is pleased to call undesirable citizens. The undesirable citizen, especially in Southern California, is one who does not report an income in the higher brackets. It is not absolutely necessary for a transient to spend \$90 a day at a Palm Springs hotel, or for a Holly-

wood executive to spend \$500 a day at the Santa Anita racetrack, but it helps. What does not help, as almost any local money-grabber will tell you, is the increasing numbers of little fellows in Southern California. He will tell you that a man who makes a bare living, whether working a ten-acre truck farm or running a five-cow dairy, is not profitable. What he means to say is that the real-estate dealer cannot class the worker-who-is-just-getting-by as a prospect, and without prospects the subdivider cannot raise his prices.

The outcome of the action against Jesus Lopez will directly affect the welfare of several thousand working-class families in San Fernando Valley. If the real-estate interests are successful in their efforts to run the Lopez family out of its home, it means that every family of truck farmers from Glendale to San Fernando will be at the mercy of land-boom experts who think they see more dollars for their lots with the workers out of sight.

The entire valley is at present afflicted with a mild real-estate boom, and no one who lives on the earth and tills it for a living will be safe from the subdividers. If the agricultural workers are driven out of San Fernando Valley, the only direction in which they can turn is toward the ragged, half-fed army of California's migratory agricultural workers. These are the homeless men, women, and children who follow the maturing crops from Imperial Valley down the San Joaquin Valley to the Sacramento fruit lands. This army already numbers many thousands, far too many to gather the crops. The recent stranding of two thousand migratory workers in the vicinity of Santa Maria, where they lived for three weeks in tents and huts on the verge of starvation because rains had washed out the pea crop they were called to pick, is ample proof that the evicted San Fernando Valley agricultural worker will find his condition going from bad to worse.

Spain Mobilizes for Revolution

BY ANITA BRENNER

WHEN a people is in the process of shifting its entire social and economic structure; when that process, as in Russia in 1917 and in Spain in 1936, is expressed in a great number and variety of small daily struggles, accumulating and deepening as part of a major transformation and in preparation for the definitive wrench, history needs reporters who can read and write its dynamic language.

But the young men hired to send us cables about riots and fires and Cabinet changes in Spain do not seem to know that an extraordinary spectacle is unrolling itself before their eyes. The world of labor, in which the cumulative rhythm of approaching revolution beats ever louder, is an unknown hinterland to them. They disapprove of it; therefore they ignore it, and get their news about it from deliberately blurred reports picked out of the anti-labor

press. And this news, which is more important than any other for a knowledge of what is happening and what is going to happen in Spain, we receive in reports made up of rumor, panic, and outright Hearstiana.

Yet even the scared correspondent of the *New York Times*, whose candidate for Spanish messiah is the clerico-fascist Gil Robles and whose recipe for salvation is the cross and sword in "a strong dictatorship that will put down and control the unruly masses," lets through items whose basic significance no one can misunderstand. Item: mass intervention, immediately after the left-front electoral victory, to free the 30,000 political prisoners jailed in connection with the uprising of October, 1934. Item: mass action, again independent of parliamentary machinery, on the land—seizure of estates by landworkers and peasants. Item: seizure by miners, railway workers, and

factory workers of a number of enterprises threatening shut-downs. Item: strikes to force the reinstatement of workers fired at the time of the October revolt (promised, like amnesty and agrarian reform, in the electoral program).

Mass interference, mass action, for its own ends and indifferent to the functioning of parliament and authorities, friendly as they are supposed to be, is the most remarkable thing now to be observed in Spain. It is not a direct attack on the government; the government is simply shelved. Nor does this action follow any special program. It breaks out in all sorts of incidents, in response to local events and conditions. What is important about it now is not what it does, sporadically and haphazardly, but the mood of increasing impatience and increasing self-confidence it indicates and nourishes.

The pervading sense of it, its quality like a high wind or a flood, more than any other thing shapes daily political history; fear of it on the one hand, and on the other the emotion of power. Censorship notwithstanding, there is almost nothing else but reflections of it in the Spanish press. It is expressed in street scenes, cafe conversations; it echoes over and over in scrawled excited letters that carry details like this: Barcelona—demonstration fired on by Assault Guards, several workers wounded, one, member of the Nin-Maurin Partido Obrero, killed. The funeral announcement is suppressed. But an enormous contingent turns out, swarms in the main streets, and police up to several thousand are massed quietly parallel. All the workers' organizations send delegations. The coffin is carried in the arms of Socialist, Communist, and Workers' Party youth. The Catalan authorities send representatives, who are put at the tail of the line, feel insulted, leave, nobody notices. As the procession marches, hundred of people fall into line. It is saluted from the sidewalks, doors, windows, with the clenched fist. It turns into the workers' quarter, goes down the Paralelo toward the port, and at the edge of the water the coffin is halted and all afternoon the mourners pass. They say goodbye to Pujol, heads bared, singing the "Internationale" in a low, monotonous voice.

The overflow of revolutionary energy began with the January elections that placed the "Men of the Republic" in parliament and in power. This campaign was understood not as a fight for something, but against something; against fascism. And, politically, fascism was crippled, perhaps crushed. But the victory was not won in the pre-election campaign; it was determined by the October revolt of a year before.

There is more to see in these elections than the immediate political fact—a somewhat rapid republican-labor coalition, urged by Azaña and right-wing Socialist leaders and accepted by all labor organizations in order to insure the defeat of the parties allied in what they themselves call the "counter-revolutionary front." Owing to Spain's complicated electoral laws an organized minority coalition can defeat a disunited majority, as happened in 1933. At that time the "anti-Marxist" Lerroux-Gil Robles alliance put the government into the hands of a weak and fabulously corrupt gang of republicans, designed, by Gil Robles's

plan, to wear out the republic and do for Gil Robles what von Papen did for Hitler. At that time also, the Azaña-Socialist government had lost all sympathy. It had done a great deal for the land and city workers on paper, but in fact had not hesitated to suppress demands for land and labor reform, even with arms. It had shot workers down, had passed laws jeopardizing and in some cases canceling civil liberties, had organized a special police corps for "labor duty."

In the elections of 1933 the left republicans were split into a number of factions, all of which ran separate tickets. The labor parties ran separate tickets, too; and a large number of workers, Anarcho-Syndicalists, either refrained from voting or voted the Lerroux ticket as a blow against the Socialists. The result was a prelude for fascism. Feudal machinery was moved back in, municipal governments—the majority in left-republican and labor hands—were arbitrarily dismantled, land and labor laws were revoked or simply ignored, labor organizations were dissolved and persecuted, civil liberties were suspended, and martial law became the customary form of rule.

It was the intention of Gil Robles to finish the job overtly by taking power in October, 1934, with President Alcalá Zamora in the Hindenburg role. The republicans did exactly as much to stop him as the German Social Democrats did to stop Hitler. Even in the critical days when his triumph seemed inevitable and imminent, they spent most of their time and energy trying to persuade the workers to take things quietly. In Barcelona Azaña begged the left-republican Catalanist government not to do anything rash, and the government in turn asked the same of the workers. Moreover, when the republicans finally made a big gesture of defiance, they took care to disarm the workers and at the same time held the enraged peasantry outside Barcelona.

Wherever labor organizations were controlled by right-wing Socialists and closely allied to the republicans, the fascists moved in with nothing to stop them but oratory. But wherever labor had broken with the republicans, and had begun to cohere into workers' councils representing all labor organizations and led only by labor, the fascists had to fight for whatever they could get, and some liberty and labor strength were salvaged. In Asturias, where the workers' councils had developed most completely, the miners easily took over the entire region and held it for many days. Lerroux and Gil Robles had to get Moors and foreign legionaries from Morocco to suppress them. It was the most appallingly brutal chapter in the history of Spain. Hundreds of workers were shot; thousands were jailed. Yet this worst of all defeats was the beginning of a victory, because the narrow margin by which the government saved itself kept Gil Robles out of power. Neither he nor Lerroux dared take the risk implicit in the Asturias warning.

The ingredients of the present situation are conditioned therefore by three records: first, the record of the Socialist-republican coalition government in power during the first two and a half years of the republic—its failure to solve any of the urgent national problems—land, unemployment, civil liberties, regional and municipal self-gov-

ernment; second, the record of the 1933 elections—the electoral defeat of labor through disunity, opening the door to fascist dictatorship; third, the record of October—the defeat of fascism through militant united-front labor action, independent of the republicans.

From these elements derives the conflict now going on in every labor and peasant organization, which is reflected in the struggle within the government itself. It is the struggle to determine whether labor is to act again, as in 1931-33, as the strength behind a republican, bourgeois government to solidify a bourgeois, liberal democracy; or whether, as in October, it is to act as a united force for social revolution and to put its own government in power. This struggle is expressed in the formation of two organizations. One is the "Popular Front," which now exists chiefly in the electoral pact that guaranteed a labor-republican coalition for the purpose of winning the elections on a strictly bourgeois, immediate program. The pact, too long to be quoted here, is an important document, the cornerstone of the present government.

The strongest supporters of the "Popular Front" are, first, the liberal republicans, of whom Azaña is the outstanding leader. Their reasons are life-and-death reasons. Without labor support they cannot possibly remain in power unless they scrap their liberal program and ally themselves with the right, as the right hopes they will do, repeating the pattern of Lerroux. But to retain labor support they have to be prepared to go beyond their electoral program, beyond even the most liberal of bourgeois ideas. They must solve the emergency problem of some six million peasants and landworkers, and this can be done only by expropriations that would split the entire capitalist structure. They cannot buy the land—the government is bankrupt.

Moreover, they must somehow satisfy the security and wage demands of the urban proletariat. This also they cannot do within the present system, without money. At the same time they are committed to the meticulous protection of all property rights, and that position compels them to do as they did in 1931-33—worry first and always about how to prevent revolution rather than about how to carry out reforms. That, again, they put this first is evident in a number of significant measures: censorship, martial law, and especially the postponement of municipal elections, which would have resulted in an overwhelming labor majority in the key machinery of Spanish government, the local powers. A further indication of this anxiety is the dismissal of Zamora and the substitution of a relatively unimportant presidential election for municipal elections.

The Azaña government is committed to the repression of revolution, as the right press recognizes with rejoicing, and as Azaña himself has repeated in a number of speeches. Its labor supporters, the believers in the Popular Front, either have to indorse that position implicitly or break with Azaña and precipitate a class battle. These supporters are, most prominently, the right-wing Socialist leaders, such as Indalecio Prieto, who like Azaña are much more interested in preventing proletarian revolution than in any other single problem. They cannot act on their

own doctrines because at heart, like Social Democrats of their sort the world over, they have no confidence in the capacities and intelligence of the working class. These people are the bureaucratic backbone of the Socialist organizations, which are the most powerful labor organizations in Spain. They are the ones who saw to it that the coalition tickets carried a majority of republicans, in spite of the fact that the majority of the votes were unquestionably labor.

The most unreserved supporters of the Popular Front policy are the leaders of the Communist Party. Like the right-wing Socialists, they oppose independent labor action and believe, or say they believe, that the Azaña government is basically labor's friend.

The opposing side crystallizes around the Alianza Obrera (workers' councils) movement, which springs primarily from the labor and peasant rank and file. All the labor organizations have to indorse it, but the Nin-Maurin Partido Obrero, leading labor party in Catalonia, is actually the only one that recognizes the two—the Popular Front coalition and the Alianza Obrera—as antagonistic alternatives. The Anarcho-Syndicalist workers, numerically second in power to the Socialists, are in general sympathetic to the Alianza Obrera and opposed to the coalition, but their leaders are split on the question of Alianza Obrera support because there is nothing in the world they hate so much as cooperation with Socialists. They have much to forgive, it is true. Yet in Asturias they gave full support to the Alianza, and they now recognize that because they did give it, and everybody else did likewise, the workers won their battle.

The Alianza Obrera movement is reflected in a number of other tendencies: movements for trade-union unity on a bargained democratic basis; movements to organize workers' militias, as is being done very quietly throughout Spain; movements, even, to organize military nuclei within the army and certain police corps, which is also being done but how extensively no one can be quite sure; and, finally, slogans and policies aimed at direct action of the sort described at the beginning of this article, with which the enormous majority of the Spanish peasants and workers are in complete sympathy.

The object of the Alianza Obrera movement and of all the related activities is nothing less than organization and preparation for Socialist revolution in the immediate future, which may mean in weeks or in months. It is largely spontaneous and so powerful that the fascists, to head it off, are engaging in a terrorist campaign in order to provoke so much fear and instability that the generals will be pushed into a coup d'état. It is very likely that some such attempt, comparable to the Russian "July days," will be made in the immediate future, the date depending on the rapidity with which the organization of labor for revolution progresses.

There is one chance in a thousand that the Azaña government will be able to consolidate a liberal-republican democracy. There are perhaps two chances in ten that the right will crush labor and the liberals and instal its dictatorship. The other eight chances are in favor of a victorious Socialist revolution.

France Votes for the Future

By M. E. RAVAGE

Paris, April 21, by Cable

NEXT Sunday the French people will go to the polls to choose a new Parliament. Whatever the outcome, the day will mark an epoch in European history. Not since the spring of 1789 has the political atmosphere, despite outward calm, been so electrical. For this is no ordinary election. The issue is whether the country shall progress toward unraveling the problems created by the Industrial Revolution or slide back to a new feudalism, a new dark age, by conferring despotic powers on a decadent economic regime.

The voters understand this well. For them there are only two parties in the contest. Whether the citizen marks a ballot for the Radical Socialists, the Socialists, or the Communists he will really vote for the reforms outlined in the program of the Front Populaire published in January. Doubtless from force of habit he will designate an individual; actually his vote will be less for a candidate or a party than for principles. Similarly if he is supporting the right it is immaterial whether his choice falls upon the moderates, the so-called left republicans, or the Republican Federation. In any case his vote will record his sovereign will to sit tight or take chances with fascism.

Unfortunately the leaders on both sides of the battle-line manifest less clear-cut realism. Of the right it is wasting words to speak at all. To begin with, until a month ago the nationalists had not one idea to offer to the country. Hitler having on March 7 providentially supplied them with an issue, they echo the Communist menace and unsmilingly pretend that the Soviets and the Front Populaire are plotting a European conflagration. Never before were reactionaries so profoundly interested in a foreign country as the French Tories are in Spain today. Lurid tales in the yellow press interpret Azaña's efforts to repress the fascists as revolutionary disorders. But all attempts to build a national front against the Front Populaire have ended in failure, even in riots. Their sole hope as far as the election is concerned consists in detaching the Radical Socialists from the Front Populaire. *Le Temps* prints daily appeals to their traditions and sheds tears over their unnatural alliance with subversive elements. Meanwhile Laval labors underground urging his friends to give a plurality to the Communists or Socialists; he hopes to defeat the left by these tactics, the assumption being that Radicals will not vote for Marxists on the second ballot.

The Front Populaire sets out for the fray with at least a semblance of unity. The members of its component parties not only share memories of common struggles and the consciousness of common dangers; the masses behind them not only fraternize in demonstrations and inter-party groupings throughout the country; their leaders have succeeded in forging a central body as well as in drawing up

a common program approved by all the member organizations. It is around this program that confusion reigns.

Two questions of vital importance remain unanswered and a third has been decided negatively to the regret of all left voters. To dispose of the latter first: earlier it was proposed to run common candidates. This was actually done in a recent senatorial by-election. In a popular election for the Chamber of Deputies the plan was doubtless unreliable for constitutional and other reasons. Anyhow the Radicals, Socialists, and Communists are going before the country each with a full list of candidates. The balloting of April 26 is looked upon as a sort of primary. On May 3 the Front Populaire will return to its original idea when the parties will withdraw their separate candidates in favor of the left rival who has received the highest vote. In view of the great number of Laval Radicals the question arises whether party discipline will in all cases prevail.

More important, only a week before the election the question of the future ministry remains unsettled. The Radicals have repeatedly warned that they will not take power alone as in 1932. Although the Socialists declare themselves ready to enter a ministry, the attitude of the Communists is still uncertain. While opposed in principle to collaboration with bourgeois parties under a capitalist regime, they will accept portfolios if "the government is something other than the usual log-rolling parliamentary combination and relies for support in executing its pledges on the great masses of the people assembled under the banner of the Front Populaire." Events alone can determine whether this condition will be met.

But it is over the program that polemics continue to rage. It is worth noting that the achievement of the program was chiefly due to the persistence and moderation of the Communists, whose formula "Difference of opinion, unity of action" has prevailed. They were determined to win the adherence of the Radicals, the largest party. Thus it is that in the contest each party goes before the voters with its own platform, the common program becoming obligatory only in the ballot of May 3. A few weeks ago a Socialist member of the Front Populaire committee suggested that each candidate be requested to pledge his approval of the program and his support of the government formed to execute it. Surprisingly enough, the Communists, eager not to alienate the Radicals by seeming to dictate to them, rejected the proposal.

Despite these controversies the victory of the left, thanks to popular enthusiasm, is generally believed certain on May 3 if not next Sunday. The reactionaries show by their agitation, their solemn warnings, their mobilization of fascist gangs that they expect a beating. But the real question, assuming a left victory, is what will the leaders do with it. To this a second article will attempt to reply.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

AT LAST we have a clearing-house and coordinator for the many peace organizations of the country. The National Peace Conference, which is holding its first meeting in Washington in the week of April 21, represents some thirty-five national anti-war societies or associations which are especially interested in improving international relations before the world is finally wrecked by war and the armament madness. The purpose of the conference is to avoid duplication of effort, to bring about a united peace front as far as that is possible, to develop a unity of program, and above all to make the peace movement more realistic and much harder hitting than ever before. This conference has been in an experimental stage for some three years. Now, as a result of impetus given to it at a meeting called by Nicholas Murray Butler, it is well on the way to accomplishing its purpose. It is emphatically not another peace organization. It is the *agency* of the bodies which comprise its membership, each of which has two representatives in the conference. It makes suggestions and offers programs. It informs its member societies what the different organizations are doing so that they may cooperate if they desire. It will probably publish soon a bulletin of information. It will, of course, sponsor mass-meetings, and it is already carrying on a radio campaign. It will voice its opinions and issue the usual press releases and engage in the usual open and above-board peace propaganda—activities which have already caused that noble, honorable, and high-minded American William Randolph Hearst to go into spasms.

The conference has appointed a number of committees and doubtless will appoint more. It is getting in touch with sympathetic persons who are distinguished in the fields of international law and international relations in order to have the benefit of their advice. It is especially interested in matters of national defense, and recently published the protest of more than 700 prominent men and women against the mad rush in Congress to militarize the country by voting billion-dollar appropriations for army and navy. To list the organizations which have thus far joined would take most of my remaining space, but it is worth while to point out that conservative and radical peace organizations are at last under the same banner, the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, for example, together with the Fellowship of Reconciliation and the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, the National Council for the Prevention of War, the League of Nations Association, the World Peace Foundation, the National Council of the Y. M. C. A., and many others equally well known. Frankly, nothing has given me greater hope for the peace movement except the extraordinary turning to it of youth in the universities and col-

leges of the land—the National Student Federation is naturally a member of the Peace Conference.

Indeed, the more I travel around the country the more I am impressed by the great strength of the peace sentiment. The insistence upon new neutrality legislation, the determination that this country shall not take part in the next European war, the clear understanding on the part of the people that our going into the last war was an unmitigated calamity—all these things convince me that if this sentiment could only be organized it would exert a tremendous influence and bring Washington to book—especially that astute politician in the White House who has been so rapidly militarizing the country without in the least taking the country into his confidence about it. It was especially gratifying to read that a strong delegation from the People's Mandate Against War has followed the Peace Conference's lead and has demanded of the Democrats in Congress that they return to the platform of 1932 in this matter of large military expenditures; it has also asked the Republican leaders who are crying out so vociferously for economy and a balanced budget why they have not demanded economy in the matter of armaments.

All this merely reinforces the point that the time had more than come for a coordination of the peace forces. And it is not merely the money side of it of which I am thinking. I am far more concerned with our building up the professional military and naval group than with the billions we are squandering. Dorothy Bromley in the *World-Telegram* has just reported a conversation with a naval officer in Washington who told her that this country ought to have a dictator, that Mussolini was the greatest living man, and that the final word on all American foreign affairs should be in the hands of the military branches of the government! There is loyalty to the Republic for you. Nor is this an exceptional opinion. Anybody who knows how military opinion is running in Washington can tell of other officers who talk in this way. Secretary Ickes has said that the spearhead of fascism in this country is appearing in the effort to muzzle and control college and school teachers. I think a much more dangerous spearhead is to be found in Washington in military and naval circles.

Finally I must not fail to add that the National Peace Conference has been extremely fortunate in getting Dr. Walter W. Van Kirk as director. Long associated with the Federal Council of Churches and an admirable interpreter of religious news over the radio, he has established the national office of the conference at 8 West Fortieth Street, New York, where full information as to the work may be obtained. It deserves to grow into the most important and influential body of all those seeking to preserve our peace, our institutions, and our very civilization.

BROUN'S PAGE

WHEN one has lost a case in court it is customary to cuss the judge and take an appeal. A jury trial is different. Twelve good men and true can be just as wrong as one and readily twice as stupid. And yet the wronged defendant who protests may seem to be attacking that citadel of our liberties known as trial by jury.

It is the best we have and it can be pretty terrible. I have in mind twelve men and women of assorted sizes resident in the city of Milwaukee. Somebody may think that he has known a dumber jury, but I challenge him to prove it. But what does it avail me to carry on in this fashion? Even if any portion of this attack came to the eyes of any member of the benighted twelve, my revenge would not be furthered since this article is not illustrated with pictures.

Illiteracy in regard to labor cases is not uncommon among juries, but it was strange to find twelve persons in Milwaukee who seemed to be wholly ignorant in regard to the matter of mass picketing. And yet they were sensitive enough to mass testimony. Three newspapermen were on trial. The other guild members were accused of disorderly conduct, and I was charged with interfering with an officer. The case of the prosecution consisted simply of producing one policeman after another who told precisely the same story down to the last detail. But not a single juror tumbled to the fact that no such united front of testimony can be achieved except by careful rehearsal. Judge, prosecutor, and all the court attendants were startled when the jury returned with a verdict of guilty.

The portion of the hostile testimony which irked me most was the repeated assertion of the police that I had exclaimed in a loud voice, "What in hell do you have to do to get pinched in this town?" I would much rather invent my wisecracks myself than leave that task to the police of any city. And Milwaukee isn't even in the big leagues.

Of course we of the defense made some serious mistakes in strategy. We had no right to assume that there was any intelligence in that jury. I never did like the woman in the purple hat. I think we should have used one of our challenges against her. She looked more hostile and less alert than the others in the panel, which is a pretty severe indictment. It is interesting to watch people when your fate is more or less in their hands. Probably lawyers may become expert at guessing, but it seemed to me a sheer gamble. You can't get the element of chance out of trial by jury. Given the most progressive community in the world, and it may be the hard luck of some defendant to find himself looking into twenty-four imbecilic eyes. Jurors, like dice, can run against you.

It is second guessing, of course, but I now believe we made a mistake to sum up. Our lawyer called me "a nationally known newspaperman" and indulged in other

compliments. I think that was bad for this particular jury. After all, they had seen me sitting in front of them all morning, and they probably said to themselves, "He may, bad cess to him, be a nationally known newspaperman, but we'll show him where he gets off in tangling with the cop-pers of Milwaukee."

Still these are superficial things. The judge probably hurt us most of all. He kept insisting that it was not a labor case and that picketing was not the issue. Sharply he shut off most of the testimony about the manner in which the police attacked the line and tried to smash it. He would have the jury believe that arguments and clashes occurred in a vacuum without any rhyme or reason, and of course he had a jury fit to save Tinker Bell from dying. This was a jury ready to believe anything.

His Honor was very cranky at the morning session and quite a bit more affable in the afternoon. That frequently happens with judges. I have almost come to believe that there should not be any morning sessions where labor cases are concerned. I met the old judge while the jury was out deliberating. He comes from Beaverdam, Wisconsin, and he thinks that labor unions are terrible things. I think the name is Davies. That may not be right, but it doesn't matter. In fact, I intend to make no effort to check up. All through the trial he kept calling me "Brown."

I wouldn't say that Judge David was actually prejudiced against urban communities. On the contrary, Beaverdam's most noted jurist presented himself to me as more or less a cosmopolite. Once he had sat in a case concerning Gilda Grey, the shimmy dancer. He granted her a divorce. When he went to New York a whole year later Miss Grey found out about it and sent the judge two tickets for her show. These tickets were absolutely free and had little holes in them as if pierced with birdshot. They were in the seventh row on an aisle. Judge Duffy thinks that Gilda Grey is quite a dancer. There's something mysterious and primitive about her, he says. Unfortunately, I didn't have the privilege of hearing any more because right at that point our primitive jury came strolling in with their mysterious verdict.

But granted that juries are often stupid, I think the blame lies elsewhere. When a judge says, "Now stick to the case," he really means ignore the essentials. From a technical point of view I suppose he had the right to tell the jury that the merits of the guild strike against Hearst were not relevant, but from the point of view of ordinary common sense even an intelligent juror cannot pass on a labor case without knowing the issues and the background. Those are the true fundamentals. Indeed, sometimes I think there is a subtle recognition of that. It well may be that guild members are being tried not for "interfering with an officer" but for interfering with William Randolph Hearst.

HEYWOOD BROUN

BURLINGAME
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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

JOHN REED: NO LEGEND

BY MAX LERNER

ONE of the best ways to damn a man, if you can't ignore him or vilify him outright, is to build a legend around him. That makes him a hazy and unreal figure and takes the edge off whatever sharp meaning his life might otherwise have. John Reed was a dangerous man. His life traced a pattern which, if it were followed by other middle-class lives, would burst the bounds of our entire present social system. And so those who have feared him, unable to fight his influence in any other way, have welcomed the chance to make him incredible. They have called him wild, irresponsible, reckless; dubbed him—and the name has stuck—a playboy; underscored his pranks and amours; mocked the bewildering succession of his plans and projects; damned him not with faint but with exaggerated praise for his versatility, so that the versatile passed by innuendo into the superficial; marveled at his all-seeing reporter's eye, the implication being that what was all eye could scarcely be much brain; endowed him with seven-league boots for bestriding all the roads and oceans of the world; condescended to his Faustian thirst for life. Thus they have made of him an unreal mythical figure instead of a lusty life-sized man. Walter Lippmann set the pattern as early as 1914, four years after they were both out of college, in his article on "Legendary John Reed," and Reed's enemies have followed the pattern, as his friends have often stumbled into it.

Granville Hicks has now written a biography of Reed* which has, among many merits, that of making him credible. It required restraint to do this, for the legend is deeply rooted, and Reed's life was indeed fertile soil for such a growth. An Oregon boy of good family and considerable means, one of the possessors of the earth, educated at the fashionable private schools and at Harvard—such a boy becomes a rough-and-tumble war correspondent, labor journalist, radical poet, war resister; and after witnessing and describing the "ten days that shook the world" in the October revolution, he stands trial for sedition in America, helps organize an underground American revolutionary party, and finally at thirty-three dies of typhus in Moscow and is buried with honors in the Kremlin.

What made it an important as well as an exciting life? Not merely Reed's unquenchable desire for experience. Through all its apparent gyrations it had order, sequence, an inner logic. Actually it was one of the most deadly serious attempts ever made by an American to organize his experience into something that had meaning and stature. If Reed's story is seen that way—the story of a

middle-class boy and of how he is educated by events, how he is led by an unswerving instinct to break with his class and his past, how he explores every channel of rebellion and innovation until finally he throws his lot in with a workers' collectivism—it takes on a meaning that places it high in the history of the American consciousness.

Reed had to an enormous degree a life-affirming quality. He was a long time in discovering it, as he was in finding himself at all. He had first to pass through the phase of negative rebellions against the culture around him. Then came a period of crisis and uncertainty, precipitated by the war. And finally, in his last and revolutionary phase, came a sense of peace and discipline. But throughout his life the pattern that we may trace is the growing affirmation of joyous, human values. Prodigal in his own talents and resources and prodigal in spending himself, he felt stifled in a world where the sort of freedom and experience he wanted was not accessible to all.

It was probably at Harvard, at once the citadel of social orthodoxy and the breeding-ground of intellectual dissenters, that Reed first became restlessly aware of the cleavage which it would take the rest of his life to heal. And yet he left college essentially unscarred, and his cattleboat trip to Europe, his adventures in Paris and Spain brought him back to New York determined to make a million and get married. His discovery of New York was what every Western boy and every Harvard poet has reenacted—the warm polyglot life of the city, the sweet sense of personal freedom, the reckless spending of oneself in its pursuit. But he discovered also social misery and oppression, and his energies took the form of an increasingly bitter indictment of middle-class culture because it stifled life. It was this that led him inevitably to break with the successful New York literary groups, join the staff of the *Masses*, turn with sympathy to the Mexican peons whom he learned to know as a war correspondent. But the more nomadically he wandered about the world, the more restlessly he explored the possibilities of love and adventure the more doubtful his solutions and successes seemed to him.

Contact with the labor movement was not enough. He was still, even as master of ceremonies at the Paterson pageant in Madison Square Garden, essentially the John Reed who was cheer leader at Harvard the year when Hamilton Fish was captain of the football team. He had got a sense of the possibilities of the common man from his experiences with Villa's *jacquerie*. He had been labor journalist as well as war correspondent, and the Ludlow massacre had left its mark on him. But it was not enough. The American entrance into war found him troubled,

*"John Reed: The Making of a Revolutionary." By Granville Hicks. The Macmillan Company. \$3.50.

indecisive, discouraged—world weary at twenty-nine.

To a considerable extent the Russian Revolution resolved his personal crisis. What had been troubling him was that, despite his clear recognition that capitalist culture was life-denying rather than life-affirming, he could not get any conviction that the workers were any better or different. He ate his heart out at their lack of courage and spirit, at the docility with which they allowed themselves in every country to be herded into the war-pens and butchered there, at the bewildered way in which they accepted conscription in America; at their fear of finding out how hard a policeman's club could really hit. But in Russia he found that it was the workers and the soldiers and the peasants who stood fast in the great emergencies of those ten days and who won the revolution.

Thus through all his wanderings and explorations Reed was led, by some hard and uncanny inner sense, to discover truths and solutions that remained hidden from wiser minds than his, like Lincoln Steffens's, and from subtler minds, like Walter Lippmann's. He often got the right answers on the basis of the wrong reasons. Part of his genius lay in his being so terribly unfooled. "This is not our war," he kept saying, when everyone else was getting lost in a maze of sophistry and propaganda. He was no thinker but a man of action. But it was his good fortune to be led to the most desirable of all fates for a man of action who is also a writer and a poet—the chance at once to write history and to make it.

It is this emphasis on freedom and action and joyousness—almost this obsession of Reed's with them—that gives his life its importance for us and makes the incidents of it credible. Reed died thinking he had found in communism a solution not only for himself but for the workers and the creative everywhere. How deep his communism was is a question that is difficult to answer. He probably understood communism only as he understood everything else—as a verifiable part of his own experience. Whether he would have stayed with communism is an even more difficult question. Could his restless spirit have disciplined itself to withstand the weariness and the bitter disappointments of the years that have elapsed since his death? That question need not be answered. His experience went deeper than communism. It raised, without answering in any final way, the basic question of how to secure the generous and expansive values of life for all men—a problem in solving which communism may prove, as individualism has proved, a historical episode.

John Reed was a great journalist and, when he could be genuinely a part of all that he met, a first-rate writer. Already he has become for the thinking minority of our young people in and out of the colleges the most evocative figure we have produced—terribly close to them, moved by their impulses, confronted by their dilemmas. Mr. Hicks's book should get the Pulitzer prize for biography; for its theme and for the moving yet scholarly and restrained way in which it is handled, for the mastery with which the author shows Reed coming to maturity amid the attractions and tensions of life in a bewildering era. It should get the prize, but it will not. That, too, is part of John Reed's story.



Moments

Ezra Pound Is Interrupted in His Daily Devotions

BOOKS

Planning and Slums

CITY PLANNING: HOUSING. Vol. I. HISTORICAL AND SOCIOLOGICAL. By Werner Hegemann. Architectural Book Publishing Company. \$3.75.

WHAT the reader expects when he opens a book on city planning and housing is a succession of idealized plans, contrasted with the ugliness and inconveniences of the haphazard actualities; charts and graphs and statistics of disease, crime, accidents; calculations of cost and benefit. In his earlier works Dr. Hegemann has given us much excellent material of this kind. But in the present volume he has devoted himself wholly to the historical, sociological, and economic background of planning in America. Long and bitter experience had taught him that even the best-conceived and most workable city-planning projects are destined to remain on paper.

The city planner proposes, but the realtor disposes. For behind the real-estate operator stands the financial institution; behind the financial institution, an economic system dominated exclusively by the profit motive and a political system abjectly subservient to business. Until the obstructive power of these forces has been broken, rational city planning must remain a vain hope. Effective city planning must follow upon successful national planning.

But national planning, it is commonly assumed, is out of harmony with American tradition. Dr. Hegemann brings forward abundant evidence to prove that the founders of the republic hoped to build a nation which should be rationally ordered, liberated from the hampering traditions, privileges, and disabilities of the Old World. The Constitution itself was a rationally planned document, not an adaptation of any existing scheme of government supposed to embody the wisdom of age-old experience. The capital of the nation was to be carefully planned; by systematic planning of transportation the western country was to be developed and connected indissolubly with the capital and the seaboard cities. All the great statesmen of the early republic—Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, Gallatin—were essentially national planners. They looked with friendly eyes upon private initiative merely as a force which good policy would utilize for the work of state building. But if private interests stood in the way of a public purpose the "Fathers" would not have hesitated to destroy them.

In the upheaval of the Civil War and the decades immediately following, American statecraft was pushed into the background by the rising power of the great corporations, which built, destroyed, won out, or failed without the least concern for the nation over whose body they were fighting. We have had Presidents of the old school like Wilson and the two Roosevelts who have wished to subordinate big business to plans for the national welfare, but their struggle with private interests has been on the whole a losing one. In consequence we have an economic system characterized by a maximum of insecurity for the working class, a vast, disorderly growth of cities, one-third of our population inadequately, even indecently housed. And it is a dictum accepted by conservatives and radicals alike that nowhere in the field of private interests can we find the motives and resources capable of rehousing the working class.

In this situation Dr. Hegemann sees a serious danger to American institutions. This third of our population that must live under degrading conditions in the slums or on barren hill farms is exactly the material required by a Hitler or a Lenin. People who see their children languishing in a sunless slum tenement, or being drawn irresistibly toward vice or crime, are not likely to stand up against the temptations of a demagogue who promises everything. Dr. Hegemann recurs again and again to the analogy between the slum dweller and the slave. When slaves are too numerous a servile insurrection is in the offing.

By the same analogy the owner of slum property is a slave driver. We emancipated the slaves without compensation to the owners, on the ground that property in slaves is essentially immoral. Property in disease-breeding tenements is equally immoral, according to Dr. Hegemann's view. Society would be justified in seizing such property and destroying it. But just as it would have been better to buy off the slave owner than to crush him by war, so Dr. Hegemann would offer a modest compensation to the owner of the houses that plainly ought to be condemned. Ten per cent of the appraised value seems to him a fair figure.

This is the point to which a sincere and essentially conservative scholar like Dr. Hegemann is forced by the present housing impasse. One who has not centered his interest so definitely in the housing problem may question the fairness and expediency of the virtual confiscation of one particular type of property. If slum tenements are occupied, it is because industry and commerce pay wages too low to permit the worker to cover rent on decent quarters. If industry and commerce pay indecently low wages, we, the general public, buy goods at less than a decent price. We are all accomplices in the crime of slum housing, and the cost of abolishing the slum ought to be distributed widely among us.

Yet it is seldom possible to effect a far-reaching reform by methods that are scrupulously fair and just. Both North and South had benefited by the wealth produced by slavery. It would have been fair to buy out the slave owners at national expense; but it would not have been practicable. The moment the buying operation began, the price of slaves would have soared. If we set out seriously to buy up slum property, the values would rise to bankrupt us. Strategically Dr. Hegemann is probably right in urging the abolition of slum values with only nominal compensation if any. We shall have very little real housing reform until, justly or unjustly, we excommunicate the owner of slum property and exhibit a determination to brush aside what we now let him conceive of as his sacred rights. Perhaps we shall then be able to buy him out on terms that are within reason.

ALVIN JOHNSON

Eskimo by Choice

ARCTIC ADVENTURE. By Peter Freuchen. Farrar and Rinehart. \$3.50.

WHEN Lincoln Ellsworth came back to town the other day after making a magnificent flight across Antarctica the *New York Times* put the story on page 16. Arctic and Antarctic adventure, it seems, is no longer front-page news. Politics and European war scares have taken the place of polar exploration.

Until Peter Freuchen's "Arctic Adventure" came along one could almost have been thankful for Democrats, Republicans, and European crises. Peter Freuchen, however, has changed all that. "Arctic Adventure" is front-page literary news. It puts Greenland into the headlines along with the Rhineland. It throws a bright light on a cold corner of the earth where men fight for food instead of prestige. After reading a chapter or two you feel like asking Captain Bob Bartlett—"the greatest ice navigator in the world," says Freuchen—to take you with him the next time he sails for Thule.

Freuchen, let it be said immediately, doesn't pretend to be a scientist or a patriot. In fact, the giant Dane, six feet five and red-headed, hurls a few harpoons into some of the men who say they go to the bottom and top of the world for the sake of science. As for patriotism, the King of Denmark, supposedly interested in polar exploration, probably won't like "Arctic Adventure." It is rather rough on him.

For twenty years Peter Freuchen fought, sledged, lived, and loved in the Arctic. He first went to Greenland in 1907. After that short trip life in Copenhagen was dull, and tragic. He was a young medical student. One day he stood proudly at the hospital window watching a discharged patient take his first steps across the street. The patient had been carried into the hospital, a bloody mess on a stretcher. Doctors had said there was no hope. By a miracle of medical science he had been fully restored, and young Peter saw meaning in life. His

eyes followed the patient as he crossed the street. Suddenly one of Copenhagen's first automobiles hit the man and killed him. That was medicine enough for Freuchen. Knud Rasmussen, then an ambitious young fellow asked him to go to Greenland to establish a trading post. He went, and Thule, far up on the west coast, became his home.

Winter, spring, summer, winter, Freuchen and his Eskimos fight nature and seek food. The smell of food is on every page; and frequently the smell is bad. For most of the time Freuchen and his Eskimos are starving for food, hunting for food, saving food, or gorging themselves with it when the precious stuff is in their hands. Men must eat, and in the Arctic men eat dog meat and mice, as well as such "delicacies" as whale, seal, and walrus.

The Northland, that region from Greenland across Baffin Bay to Hudson Bay, is unrelenting. A man, says Freuchen, must be sure of himself before he takes chances with it. There were many men who didn't know their limits. Dr. Wulff, a Swedish scientist, was one; the Eskimos and a white man had to leave him behind to die.

The Arctic gets the dogs too, those dogs which make Arctic adventure possible. Freuchen, Rasmussen, and their Eskimos crossed the northern ice cap of Greenland. They stood on the spot where many years before Peary—of him Peter Freuchen speaks with reverence—had built a cairn. The trip out and back was a living death. They started with more than forty dogs; only seven returned. They had to kill many for food. A bitch whelped during the journey. One after another the puppies dropped from her; one after another the starving dogs which remained snatched up the pups as soon as they were born. The mother tried to prevent this cannibalism and finally did. When pup number nine was born she whirled around and devoured it herself.

Freuchen's Eskimos are a humble, indirect people. The Eskimo doesn't ask you for food. That would be bad manners. He puts it this way: "It is not impossible that someone in this area is lacking food." The Eskimo shares his wealth. There is much room in the Arctic, but no room, among the natives, for distinction between the man who owns meat and the man who doesn't.

Peter Freuchen tells more about the life, habits, morals, superstitions of the Eskimos than do exploring scientists who have written the "authoritative" books. Instead of giving a dissertation on Eskimo morals he tells you how Aloquisaq lost her pants. Instead of a chapter on Eskimo habits he describes Arnarak's way of shampooing her hair.

Where others observed the Eskimo, Freuchen became one of them. He married Navarana, an Eskimo girl. She told him much about her people that he would not have known otherwise. Once he took Navarana to Copenhagen, but she was impressed neither with the city nor with the King, who granted Freuchen and his wife an audience. Navarana bore her husband two children, a boy and a girl. "The boy," writes Freuchen, was "born at 3 a.m., June 16, 1916. At eight o'clock that morning Navarana got up again, straightened her house, and walked out with the boy on her back. At five o'clock that night she led the ball with Knud and danced with abandon. She went to bed, however, before all the guests had departed, complaining of being tired."

Peter Freuchen cared little for the white man after he came to know the "uncivilized" Eskimo. He has some harsh words for many Danish, American, and other explorers, and he isn't afraid to mention their names. As for events at home he didn't bother much to read the newspapers when they came once a year. His indifference is almost inhuman. "Arctic

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SHEPARD STONE

Back to Hutchins!

NO FRIENDLY VOICE. By Robert Maynard Hutchins. University of Chicago Press. \$2

ROBERT HUTCHINS'S prose, like his mind, is clean, forceful, and direct. There are no dangling participles, no inchoate ideas, no uncertainties. His faith is as simple as it is absolute. All questions, he believes, can be answered, and each problem admits of but one solution. There is only one method—the use of reason; and with it the philosopher or university president can determine the age for entering college, the function of the Y. M. C. A., the proper radio policy, and what a general education ought to be. With calm assurance he says all things to all people; to the physician, back to Galen; to the educator, back to Aristotle; to the Y. M. C. A. secretary, back to Christ.

It may be unfortunate to have the speeches collected in a book which can be read at one sitting. For it turns out that he has really been saying the same thing in almost the same words to all of his audiences. He has been preaching against anti-intellectualism, whatever that may mean, and proclaiming rational thought as violently as though a party had been formed to make it irrational. There had to be a villain in the piece, and as Mr. Hearst has his red, Mr. Hutchins has his "fact." Immutable ideas, "fundamental principles which may be established by rational thought," unity—these are the things that universities, through their professors and students, should be seeking. Facts change, they are confusing and stubborn, and they cannot be learned in four years. Therefore, though he grudgingly admits their usefulness, it is theory that he emphatically stresses. To the student, eager to see the new light, he points backward again. "These ideas may chiefly be *discovered* [italics, the reviewer's] in the books of those who clarified and developed them."

If one is inclined to skepticism at authoritative statements on science, education, history, philosophy, religion coming from a former law professor, an examination of Mr. Hutchins's philosophy of learning dispels it. Immutable ideas being the end of the learning process and being found in a few books, it is possible to be expert in any subject matter without having had experience with it, or feeling for it. In fact, the less experience the better, because facts obscure principles. The plausible and persuasive can be accepted and defended against all the fumbling experiments of the practitioners of a craft. It is the reaction of a clean mind that is uncomfortable before the chaos of creation, and prefers Indian summer with the struggle for existence decided to stormy, uncertain spring. The psychoanalysts have a name for it.

While, as Mr. Hutchins constantly reiterates, it may not be the function of a university to develop character, the ones he has attended and administered have done their share toward making his a great one. There are no more stirring utterances in the book than those on academic freedom, and his speeches have been backed by action. He has never let a professor down,

never budged an inch from his position that what is legal in the state and the nation is appropriate on a college campus, and that what is illegal should be handled by the proper authorities, not the university administration. The same character made him a leader in the fight to maintain public educational budgets during the depression, and the status of his profession at all times. In the face of that it would be ungracious to suggest that academic freedom is as out of place in his rational world as poets were in Plato's Republic. The whole democratic process becomes silly when the only right answers are discovered by reading the classics.

A long time has elapsed since the realistic dean of the Yale Law School was appointed president of the University of Chicago. In the Yale days he was the leader of a revolutionary movement; now he has become the spearhead of a reaction. Swings from accumulation to analysis are not unusual in the history of science, and the time for one is now ripe. But what is needed is thought, not exhortation. In view of that need it is a pity that the forward-looking dean became the backward-looking president; that he assumes not that truth is to be discovered but that it has been forgotten.

The humor, the sarcasm, the half-smile with which many of the speeches were delivered cover a fundamental shyness, a slight sense of insecurity that is perhaps the basis of Mr. Hutchins's quest for certainty. Those qualities disappear when, because he is speaking from his own experience, he is most genuinely himself. Out of that experience come the remarks on academic freedom, the speech on morals and non-conformity to the graduating class of 1935, and the wholly charming address entitled "The Sentimental Alumnus," delivered at Oberlin, his boyhood home and first college. The fact—if not the idea—that he has chosen those speeches for inclusion in the volume gives rise to the hope that before too long he may adopt as his advice to himself: Back to Hutchins.

DONALD SLESINGER

The Comic View

BONES OF CONTENTION. By Frank O'Connor. The Macmillan Company. \$2.75.

IT IS too bad that Frank O'Connor's books are not better known in this country, because they illustrate qualities likely to be forgotten in a period like the present. It is not only their humor, or their peculiar variety of humor, but also the qualities of sympathy and detachment. Sympathy is something that we have had in abundance both as expansive self-pity and as aggressive championship of the lowly. But it is rarely to be found as a function of the writer's whole vision of experience—a vision so complete as to include the writer along with his characters. Mr. O'Connor is detached in the sense that he allows the observed experience to carry its own moral. And the moral is that anything less than a profound and all inclusive charity is madness and death.

This is to put it very strongly, but such is actually the moral of the title story of Mr. O'Connor's first collection, "Guests of the Nation," in which a group of Irish revolutionists are forced by political necessity to entice a friendly English hostage into a forest and shoot him. Mr. O'Connor's characteristic stories, to be sure, are not so harrowing, but there is always a burden of potential disaster. In his novel "The Saint and Mary Kate," a realistic chronicle of calf-love in the Cork slums becomes a hilarious parody of the Temptation of Saint Anthony. In the present collection most of the tales are demonstrations of the triumph of nature over circumstance, and are therefore

comic: the theft of musical instruments by a disreputable street band (Orpheus and His Lute), an old peasant's preference of imprisonment to paying a fine for the sake of humiliating a neighbor (The Majesty of the Law), and the communal loyalty of a whole village in protecting its own against the law (Tears, Idle Tears and Peasants). There is also the uproarious fantasy of the man who is literally paralyzed by life: he "stops" in the street one day and has to be removed by the police. Beneath all this rich humor and light-hearted fantasy there is undoubtedly much suffering; but to those who would object to his acquiescence Mr. O'Connor would probably reply that the comic writer is concerned, not with the separate elements, but with one possible pattern of experience.

The comic pattern demands objectivity, and the technical success of these stories arises out of the strict adherence to dialogue and situation. (When the attempt is to present character from the inside, as in two or three instances, the result is less distinguished.) The language is a realization of the improbable flights of Irish speech of a sort to make the more famous passages of Synge seem like the insincerities of a tired littérateur. It grows on the page, sprouting into lush foliage out of the materials of the situation. As for the situations themselves, they are rarely more than the commonplace crises of living in the Irish town and countryside. What Mr. O'Connor does with them, of course, is a result of his gift and his vision. But he reminds us again how much the deepest values of narrative spring from an intensely perceived objective experience. Perception alone is not enough; but perception, in an age given over to one mode of abstraction after another in its fiction, is necessary for the revival of such important things as wit, poetry, and understanding.

WILLIAM TROY

International Gangsters

THE BROWN NETWORK. THE ACTIVITIES OF THE NAZIS IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES. With an Introduction by the Earl of Listowel. Knight Publications. \$3.

THERE is at least one rule without exception. Unexceptionally all governments at all times maintain espionage services, both at home and abroad. In fact, a silent international convention tolerates this supposedly necessary horror. But usually such espionage in foreign countries confines itself to accepted military spy standards. The Hitler terror differs in being an essentially *social* terror in alien countries. It murders the heads of overtly friendly states. Directly and indisputably it murdered Chancellor Dollfuss of Austria and Premier Duca of Rumania; it subsidized the organization which sent out the assassins of King Alexander and the French Foreign Minister Barthou. It spends over \$108,000,000 annually on foreign propaganda. It employs literally thousands of full-time stool pigeons and provocative agents in émigré circles in Paris, London, Prague, and other centers from which émigrés are lured to the German frontier and kidnapped. The anonymous but responsibly sponsored authors of "The Brown Network" list the number of German refugees murdered in the countries to which they had fled. Hitler ambassadors are under the forced supervision of Gestapo agents, usually former gangsters, smuggled in as "diplomats." But, above all, the Hitler terror maintains in other lands widespread but coordinated Nazi parties. In contiguous territories these Nazi organizations work day and night, often within the parliament of the friendly country, to prepare the capture of German or allegedly German populations; in patently uncapturable countries, as in Great Britain, the United States, Latin America, and elsewhere,

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"What Mr. Hutchins has besides ideals and convictions is the fighting spirit," says Harry Hansen in the N. Y. *World-Telegram*. And L. D. Coffman, President of the University of Minnesota, calls it "a fine antidote to much of the loose thinking in this field."

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NO FRIENDLY VOICE

By Robert Maynard Hutchins

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

these Nazi organizations both carry on individual acts of terror and try hard to break down democratic "illusions" by fostering anti-Semitism, red-baiting, Negrophobia, and obsessions of Nordic grandeur.

"The Brown Network," a companion volume to the famous "The Brown Terror," is necessarily a gruesome performance. But it must always be appreciated by the student of contemporary German affairs that the Nazi government is not a government in the conventional sense but a professional terror. This terror was let loose by men most of whom before they came to power were members of the underworld, convicted forgers, pimps, murderers, asylum inmates, or medically diagnosed sexual perverts and psychopaths. "The Brown Network" is really the international list of a criminal gang in power in Berlin. This fact, of course, does *not* explain the cause and nature of fascism as a historic phenomenon. But it does explain its methods.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG

Shorter Notices

FREEDOM, FAREWELL. By Phyllis Bentley. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

A prefatory quotation from Mommsen's "History of Rome" suggests the material, scope, and intention of Miss Bentley's novel: "The history of Caesar and of Roman imperialism is in truth a more bitter censure of modern autocracy than could be written by the hand of man." As a plea for republicanism against fascism the novel is not especially impressive; the familiar arguments have been stated more cogently by social critics. As a historical cocktail the novel is quite palatable. A lump of Plutarch, a few dashes of Shakespeare's "Julius

Caesar," and a copious barspoon of Miss Bentley's carelessly ironic imagination provide the formula for a giddy evening. Several of the scenes are memorable: Caesar's matutinal flirtation with Mucia, who made a cuckold of Great Pompey; the salacious Catiline taking time out between conspiracies to eye the naked dance girls of the Flora troupe; idealistic Brutus eloquently paraphrasing the "Phaedo"; and ancient Cicero pompously parading his inexhaustible supply of unstained Latinity. Miss Bentley moves up to the first seat front row in the private-life school of historical fiction.

THE ABANDONED WOOD. By Monique Saint-Hélier. Translated by James Whitall. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

The jacket of this book states that it is the America-France Award novel but gives no further information on the meaning of this award, and the story itself suggests no reason for the internationalism in the honor. Strictly speaking, it is not a novel at all but a fairly interesting description, written with nervous feeling and perception, of some dozen characters and their peculiar relations to one another. The book reads like a fragment of an unfinished whole, of a work whose themes are announced and left suspended. The conflict so carefully prepared at first between the girl Carolle, who is determined to save what is left of her grandfather's lands, and the upstart Graew, who holds the mortgage, never occurs. Nor is the secondary problem of Carolle's happiness ever solved. It is as if the author had grown tired suddenly or had changed her mind and decided to let the first impressions of the people whose lives are all conditioned by Carolle's illegitimate birth and Graew's scheming stand alone, not as agents in a plot but as symbols of a mood, of an attitude toward such things as dignity and pride, honor and faithfulness, vulgarity and hardness of heart. The effect is of mild sentimentality mingled with a genteel acknowledgment of certain disagreeable realities. The translation is good.

ELIZABETHAN WOMEN. By Gamaliel Bradford. Houghton Mifflin and Company. \$3.

These essays contain neither information nor opinion but read like lectures to a class of young schoolgirls. We are told, for instance, that the Renaissance "was by no means confined to England," that Henry VII was "crafty and cold," Henry VIII "coarse and licentious," Charles I "haughty and imperious." Such snippets combine with cosmic utterances to form the setting, and after having been thus familiarized with the age and the literature ("from the divine sweetness of Spenser to the vigorous toughness of Donne, from the affluent grace of Daniel to the gay sprightliness of Herrick"), the reader is led to a detailed examination of the title's subject—contemporary record interleaved with platitudes, plus such items as the flower scene from "The Winter's Tale" to prove that Tudor ladies loved their gardens. Even more pointless, at this date, is the commentary on the women in the plays of Dekker, Massinger, and the like, plays treated always as Victorian novels, without any effort to achieve a conception of the dramatist's purposes. Like the ruling sovereigns they are summarized in twin epithets, as, "Jonson is coarse and cynical," "Tournear is gory and horrible." The female characters are paraded as living figures on whose private qualities we are invited to speculate. Happily ignorant of Elizabethan dramatic conventions, the author lauds only the "human" elements, while reserving the right to inquire, characteristically, "What is real life, after all, but a poor dull parody on fancy's realm?" To critics jealous of a post-mortem reputation, this

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collection will stress the advisability of a deathbed destruction of all outmoded and unpublished papers. The essays herein contained were written between 1890 and 1910, and have no claim whatever for present publication.

DRAMA

Polite Revue

ONE remarkable fact about the current theatrical season has been the comparative scarcity and the comparative ill-success of the musical show. The drama has prospered; but for some reason or other those splendiferous concoctions of girls, tunes, and costumes which are generally taken for granted have been neither so numerous nor so successful as usual. The latest attempt to remedy this deficiency is called "On Your Toes" (Imperial Theater), and my guess would be that, despite almost deliriously enthusiastic reviews in the daily press, it will achieve a respectable success without quite restoring the good old days when such entertainments were expected to go on for eight months or so almost as a matter of course.

"On Your Toes" has a plot which is never entirely lost sight of, some pleasant Cole Porterish lyrics set to pleasant Cole Porterish tunes, and it rejoices in the presence of that solemnly agile dancer Ray Bolger, as well as in the languid participation of that weary, faintly disdainful, and generally depreciatory comedienne Luella Gear, who seems always expecting the worst and always ready to greet it with a certain resigned droop of the lips and elevation of the eyebrows which I can only describe as a shrug of the face. Tamara Geva appears as the *prima ballerina* in a troupe of Russian dancers, and one of the big scenes is a burlesque ballet in which Mr. Bolger is compelled to participate on over-short notice. It is funny enough, and it is said to be even funnier for those in a position to appreciate the subtleties of the parody, but I must confess that I found myself laboring under a disadvantage which I am sure a good many spectators must share—the disadvantage, that is to say, of not always being able to tell when a ballet is burlesque and when it is serious.

If a certain meandering casualness seems to have crept into my account of the piece, I acquired it by contagion, for "On Your Toes," like so many of the most modish revues of the past few years, is itself meandering and casual to the last degree. Gone are the days when such entertainments made it their first object to be breath-taking in speed, dazzling in color, and deafening in noise. The newer pace is a sort of polite saunter, the newer musical mode a confidential, insinuating, almost indolent melody which has lost the crispness as well as the blatancy of jazz. All this, I suspect, represents the influence of the kind of entertainer who flourishes in the politer night clubs, the *diseuse* in particular, and the result of it is that the revue which was born of burlesque and vaudeville is tending more and more in the direction of a much more intimate kind of entertainment. It is significant that the best song in "On Your Toes" is a hesitant and plaintive melody called "A Little Hotel," and that, aside from the ballet scenes, the stage is often abandoned to one or two performers who might as well be standing beside a drawing-room piano. I am not suggesting that the new style is better or worse than the old one, but it probably has a more limited appeal and may have

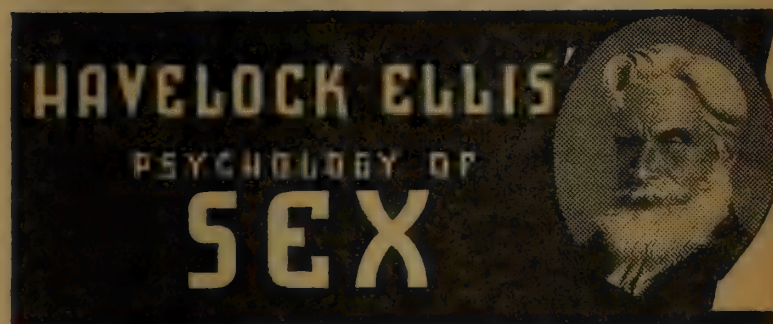
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something to do with the fact that out-of-town buyers and other country cousins do not keep revues alive as long as they did in the days when minor subtleties were not so assiduously cultivated.

The streak of bad luck into which the Theater Union seems to have run continues with "Bitter Stream" (Civic Repertory Theater), a well-meaning but rather feeble dramatization of the anti-Fascist novel "Fontamara." If I am not very much mistaken, neither the dramatist nor the actors knew exactly what to make of the bitter humor which dominated the novel, and the stage version languishes badly except when it arrives at moments of blood and thunder like that in which the Fascist officer shoots the peasant standing at a table before him. What the Union needs if it cannot find another play as good as "The Sailors of Cattaro" is another melodrama like "Stevedore" with lots of excitement and no nonsense.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

FILMS

After the Next War

ACCORDING to H. G. Wells, whose vision of the future has at last been photographed, the next war is to begin on Christmas Eve, 1940. "Things to Come" (Rivoli), produced in London by Alexander Korda and directed by William Cameron Menzies, begins with a sky full of aeroplanes over Everytown, most of whose citizens have refused to believe in the imminent catastrophe. The catastrophe is complete. The war lasts a quarter of a century, at the end of which dreadful period only a remnant of our civilization remains, and none of our buildings. Here and there among the ruins a few barbarians live under the leadership of primitive and vulgarian landlords, but it looks as if there were no hope for the human race. Down by the Mediterranean Sea, however, Science is holding its own, and—yes, it is doing more than that. Even as we despair a fleet of vast, imperturbable sky-machines can be heard droning above the clouds, and all at once an army of muscular, intelligent men in black tights drops anaesthetizing gas on Everytown so that the barbarians, falling promptly to sleep, can be captured and set to work building the civilization of the future on scientific principles.

This civilization is what we have come to see, and what Alexander Korda has spent I don't know how many thousands of pounds to create on celluloid. The first thing to notice is that the head man in 2036, when things seem to be going about as they always will thenceforth, is the grandson of the man who saved us back in 1966. The reason may be that Raymond Massey can therefore play both parts, as he agreeably does. But it looks like hereditarianism, and in the absence of any reference to eugenics I don't know how scientific that is supposed to be. At any rate here is the civilization. It consists of beehive cities built in monster excavations—whether underground or in the sides of mountains I cannot say, since the photography at this point becomes very trick. The point is that the cities lie somewhere out of the sun, which according to one of the wise men is a poor thing at best, shining as it does intermittently through contaminated air. Down there or in there, wherever it is, the people of the future manufacture their own light rays as we do our central heat; and bask athletically in glass houses. Everything is made either of metal

in white sheets or of angular plate glass; the chairs and tables are glass, the casings of elevators are transparent, and indeed the whole of Everytown has begun to look like one of those modernistic chandeliers—layered, prismatic, and by some miracle dustproof. Of course there is no dust in Everytown, come to think of it, just as there are no windows, and apparently no fashions in clothing; for the twenty thousand inhabitants whom we see are dressed all alike in white costumes which drop from their winged shoulders in swift folds. Most locomotion is vertical, though there is a fine network of curving ramps and suspended roadways.

Try as I did to think otherwise, I could only think that living there would be like living in an electric ice box, you on your tray and I on mine. The whole picture was for me intolerably prosy and grotesquely unconvincing. I was confirmed in a former suspicion, namely, that the future is the dullest subject on earth. The imagination can do nothing with it. When there is nothing to limit the imagination there is perhaps no imagination; one man's guess is as good as another, and indeed the best men will not guess. The actors seemed to know this better than Mr. Wells or Mr. Korda did, for they were unable to say their lines as if they meant them; they stared into the abominable blankness around them and said their pieces like children on parents' day. But perhaps the men behind the picture knew it too. They must, for instance, have wondered why they couldn't after all escape the present moment; why they couldn't furnish Everytown with anything beyond the period furniture of 1936, and why the great space gun at the end couldn't somehow be made to suggest a little less of Buck Rogers and Lieutenant Wilma. It was all very unsatisfactory, like the chimeras of the ancients. And obviously the people of Everytown had nothing to do in their beehive once they had built it. The fancy can construct a future earth, but it cannot set its inhabitants in motion.

Speaking of actors who cannot believe what they must say, there is William Powell in "The Great Ziegfeld" (Astor), a super-film which glorifies the man who glorified the American girl. Mr. Powell manages well enough as the great Ziegfeld until he has to pose as an Immortal and to make speeches about Beauty and Art; then he drops his eyes, even though he is supposed to be gazing into those of Billie Burke (Myrna Loy), and secretly remembers that he was once the dry, wry detective of "The Thin Man." Few films have been more lavish than this one, which lasts three hours and must have cost millions of dollars, but since it can be doubted that Ziegfeld was either the Shakespeare or the Leonardo he is represented to have been it can also be doubted that the money was well spent. Luise Rainer as Anna Held, however, has done a first-rate piece of acting—the best, I think, by any woman this year, including Marlene Dietrich in "Desire" (Paramount), a clever film which is not of the first order.

When movie children are convincing, as they seldom are, I confess that I find them irresistible. Freddie Bartholomew is both things in the sublimely sentimental "Little Lord Fauntleroy" (Music Hall); and it happens also that I have seen during the fortnight a number of specimens from Russia. "Children of the Revolution" (Cameo) is interesting because its Pioneers have not been overdirected—even, perhaps, because they have been at times so poorly directed. Their very awkwardness is stamped with truth, as on another level the unconscious antics of infants necessarily are. The best thing, for example, in Julien Bryan's two-hour newsreel of contemporary Russia (Carnegie Hall) was a day nursery; its habitués were so absolutely convincing that the audience grew hysterical with recognition and laughter.

MARK VAN DOREN

Joseph Wood Krutch says:

CALL IT A DAY. *Morosco Theater.* Gay and delightful comedy about what almost happened to an English family on the first dangerous day of spring.

IDIOT'S DELIGHT. *Shubert Theater.* Robert Sherwood manages somehow to make a smashing theatrical success out of an anti-war play. With the Lunts and many other entertaining trimmings.

DEAD END. *Belasco Theater.* A play about gangsters in the making on an East River waterfront. More a good show than a great drama, but a very good show indeed.

SAINT JOAN. *Martin Beck Theater.* Brilliant interpretation by Katharine Cornell of what may well be Shaw's most enduring play.

END OF SUMMER. *Guild Theater.* The wittiest of American playwrights sets a group of interesting people to talking about the world as we find it. Ina Claire and Osgood Perkins help make a very happy evening.

ETHAN FROME. *National Theater.* The apparently impossible task of dramatization of Edith Wharton's novel achieved with conspicuous success. Outstanding performances by Pauline Lord, Ruth Gordon, and Raymond Massey.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE. *Plymouth Theater.* Amazingly successful adaptation, brilliantly staged and acted. A thoroughly delightful evening in the theater.

VICTORIA REGINA. *Broadhurst Theater.* Delightful series of scenes from Laurence Housman's drama stunningly acted by Helen Hayes and others. Fairer to the matron queen than Strachey but funny nevertheless and charming besides.

Mark Van Doren says:

AH, WILDERNESS. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Eugene O'Neill's touching and searching comedy of high-school days translated into a film which charms by its own right. Full of recognitions for the middle-aged.

A NIGHT AT THE OPERA. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* The Marx Brothers in their best picture to date. Hilarious and brilliant.

MODERN TIMES. *Charles Chaplin.* Charlie Chaplin returns to the screen disguised as his old self and fulfils every expectation. Should be seen by everyone—and heard, for he has sound effects.

THE GHOST GOES WEST. *Gaumont British.* René Clair's first film in English, with scenes in Scotland and the United States. Clever, satirical, and fanciful, but without the master touch.

THE PRISONER OF SHARK ISLAND. *Fox.* Tells the story of Dr. Mudd, convicted in 1865 of having helped Booth to escape. Somber and powerful; does not spare the spectator.

DUBROVSKY. *Amkino.* As romantic as Pushkin, on whose unfinished novel it is based. Not wholly successful, but interesting as a variation on the orthodox Russian theme.

THE STORY OF LOUIS PASTEUR. *Warner Brothers.* With Paul Muni as Pasteur this film makes "science" exciting, or at any rate uses the life of its hero to excellent dramatic advantage.

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The Intelligent Traveler

BY JOHN ROTHSCCHILD

TRIPS TO THE SOVIET UNION

ACCORDING to Intourist, the official coordinating agency for travel in the Soviet Union, 25 per cent of those who visit Russia go there in organized tours. Group travel has distinct advantages in a land where the social unit is the group.

The number of tours announced for this summer is greater than ever before. The tours mentioned in this article are selected from a choice of ninety. With one or two exceptions they are being arranged by travel organizations specializing in Russian tours. Leaderless tours and tours which spend only a few days in the Soviet Union have been omitted. In every case there is sufficient reason for presenting information on the trip, but this does not imply indorsement.

In choosing his tour the traveler should bear in mind that travel is a service, not a commodity. A longer and cheaper tour may be a poorer buy than one which employs no better travel standards, covers less ground, and costs more. The price difference may be justified by superiority of management, for a tour is likely to be no better than the organization which runs it. Wherever possible, a person considering a tour should visit the office and get a direct impression of the relative integrity and ability of its personnel. Willingness to go into detail, fully and specifically, is evidence of reliability. Where dealings must be by letter, the same standards of judgment apply. Before signing for a tour, one should find out how many persons will be on it and who they are; who the leader is and what are his qualifications—experience in the Soviet Union, speaking knowledge of Russian, intellectual equipment, and so on.

The stabilization of the ruble, which has worried some prospective travelers, actually affects Soviet travel costs very little, since the tour price is paid in dollars as heretofore and covers all major expenditures. The fact that the visitor can now freely change dollars into rubles and make small purchases with rubles is a great convenience. Some prices are lower in rubles, others are higher. The chances are that the aggregate financial

disadvantage, if any, will be negligible.

Louis Fischer, Russian correspondent of *The Nation*, has lived in the Soviet Union for thirteen years, and is acknowledged to be one of the most authoritative and brilliant commentators on the Russian scene. For the third time he will conduct a travel seminar of thirty-four days. The rate is \$850, tourist class on the ocean, second-class rail in Europe, international sleepers, and second-class hotels in the Soviet Union. Address *The Open Road*, 8 West Fortieth Street, New York.

Professor George M. Day, of Occidental College, will conduct the fourth Russian seminar, which spends twenty-eight days in the Soviet Union. He lived in Russia for ten years before and during the World War and has revisited it frequently since the revolution. Of two rates quoted, the lower is \$635, third-class steamer and rail except in the Soviet Union, where rail travel will be second class; second-class hotels in the Soviet Union, and first-class in Europe. Address *Bureau of University Travel*, Newton, Massachusetts.

Albert K. Dawson, head of the Russian Travel Division of the American Express Company, will conduct a tour spending thirty days in the Soviet Union and visiting Soviet Armenia. A shorter itinerary of twenty-one days, omitting Armenia, is also planned. The groups will be combined most of the way. The rate for the longer tour is \$885, with tourist-class passage and second class in the Soviet Union. The fifty-two-day trip is \$792, with the same services. Address *American Express Company*, 605 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Dr. Joshua Kunitz is the author of "Dawn over Samarkand" and "Russian Literature and the Jew." He has visited the Soviet Union several times, and has been living there for the past year. His group will spend thirty-two days in the country. The rate is \$469, third class throughout except rail transportation in the Soviet Union, which will be second class. Address *The Open Road*.

In connection with the third International Conference on Social Work which meets in London in July, Frankwood E. Williams and Harry L. Lurie will conduct a travel seminar on social work of

twenty days in the Soviet Union. Mr. Lurie is executive director of the Bureau of Jewish Social Research. Dr. Williams's writings on mental hygiene in the Soviet Union are well known. The rate of \$421, third class throughout, includes no meals, except breakfast, for the two weeks in London. Rail transportation in the Soviet Union will be second class. Address *Edutrael*, 535 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Dr. Mark Graubard, research geneticist at Columbia University, will lead a travel seminar of thirty-one days in the Soviet Union for the study of national minorities. Dr. Graubard has studied in the Soviet Union and his works have been translated into Russian. Of two rates quoted the lower is \$495, third class throughout. Address *Compass Travel Bureau*, 55 West Forty-second Street, New York.

Those who want to "go Russian" can do so by joining Julien Bryan, the roving camera reporter. He will lead his fifth travel group through the Soviet Union on a thirty-four-day trek. Informality and digressions from the beaten path distinguish this trip. The rate is \$575, third class throughout. Address *The Open Road*.

Union Tours announces a trip under the leadership of Philip Brown. It spends thirty-one days in the Soviet Union and costs \$495, third class throughout. Address *Union Tours*, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Henry Shapiro, a young American lawyer who has lived in Moscow for the past two years and who is the only American admitted to the Soviet bar, will conduct a group for the third time. The rate is \$372, third class throughout, twenty-eight days in the U. S. S. R. Address *The Open Road*.

General Victor A. Yakhontoff, an officer under the Czar, a member of the Kerensky government, and now an authority on revolutionary Russia and China, will conduct an eighteen-day trip in the Soviet Union. The party will spend three weeks in European cities. The rate is \$855, tourist-class passage, second class abroad. Address *Marsh Tours*, 724 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Princess Irina Skariatina is another pre-revolutionary Russian who has accepted the new regime, as attested by her

books, "The First to Go Back" and "A World Can End." Her group will spend thirty-two days in the U. S. S. R. The rate is \$798, tourist class on the ocean, and second class in the Soviet Union. Address *The Open Road*.

A tour for writers and those interested in writing will be conducted by Lester Cohen, novelist and screen writer. The plans include meetings and discussions with Soviet writers through the courtesy of the Union of Revolutionary Writers. The inclusive rate, third class throughout, is \$399, twenty-six days in the Soviet Union. Address *Edutavel*.

The society of American Friends of the Soviet Union sponsors a twenty-three-day tour for its members, led by Dr. J. Covington Coleman, a Los Angeles pastor who is chairman of its Southern California branch. The rate is \$369, third class except second-class rail in Soviet Russia. Address *Friends of the Soviet Union, 824 Broadway, New York*.

A tour viewing the Soviets in the light of the cooperative movement and the American labor movement will be led by Colston Warne of Amherst College. It will spend a month in the Soviet Union. The rate is \$495, third class throughout except for second-class rail travel in the Soviet Union. Address *The Open Road*.

The New School for Social Research sponsors a European field course in penology which will spend two weeks in the Soviet Union. Joseph Fulling Fishman, well-known criminologist, will conduct the group, which is limited to persons interested in the field. The tour makes brief stops en route in England, Finland, Switzerland, and France. The rate is \$652, tourist class on the ocean, second class in Europe and the Soviet Union. Address *Edutavel*.

The Soviet Union occupies twenty days of a far-flung itinerary under the leadership of Maxwell and Marguerite Stewart. The return is through the Balkans. The Stewarts have lived in the Soviet Union and are conducting their third group this summer. Maxwell Stewart is an associate editor of *The Nation*. The rate is \$470, third class throughout. Address *The Open Road*.

Under the caption, Circle Tour of Europe, World Tourists announces a thirty-one-day trip in the Soviet Union. It will be under the direction of Mrs. Flora E. Roberts, teacher and social worker. The rate is \$401.50, third class throughout. Address *World Tourists, 175 Fifth Avenue, New York*.

A tour for those interested in studying the new education in the Soviet Union is entitled Seminar on the Reconstruction

of Human Nature. Dr. I. V. Sollins, formerly of New York University, and Mrs. Lila Pargment, of the University of Michigan, will conduct the group, which spends thirty-two days in Soviet Russia. The program will include informal meetings and discussions with Soviet educators. Of several rates quoted the lowest is \$483, third class. Address *Edutavel*.

Dr. F. Tredwell Smith will conduct a study tour for the ninth time. The itinerary of thirty-one days in the Soviet Union includes Soviet Armenia. The rate is \$595, third-class rail and steamer, first-class hotel accommodations in Europe and third-class in the U. S. S. R. There are sailings from both New York and Boston. Address *Bureau of University Travel*.

A group of physicians and dentists and a group of teachers will travel together in Palestine and the Soviet Union under the leadership of Dr. Edward Cohen, of the Travel Department of the Amalgamated Bank, and Dr. George M. Price. Although organized as two separate groups, they will go together for the convenience of professional men whose families wish to accompany them. While the doctors visit clinics and hospitals, the teachers and non-medical people will do less specialized sightseeing. The rate for the medical tour is \$452, third class, with second-class rail in the Soviet Union. The rate for the teachers' tour is \$432, same services. The itinerary allows ten days in Palestine and two weeks in the Soviet Union. Address *Amalgamated Bank, 11 Union Square, New York*.

A tour for "intellectuals and proletarians," which is described as a United Front group, will be led by Rose and Bob Brown, who formerly taught at Commonwealth College. The group spends thirty-one days in the Soviet Union. The rate is \$398, third class throughout. Address *Compass Travel Bureau*.

Two groups have been announced for the Moscow Theater Festival in September. *The Drama League Travel Bureau, Essex House, New York*, has appointed Harold Ehrensperger, formerly its executive secretary, to conduct its party. The rate is \$545, tourist class on the ocean, second class elsewhere, twelve days in Leningrad and Moscow.

Herbert Kline, editor of *New Theater Magazine*, will conduct a party of writers, actors, directors, and other theater workers. For particulars address *Herbert Kline, New Theater Magazine, 156 West Forty-fourth Street, New York*.

Vivienne France, an American Negro, has been living for the past two years in Moscow, where she is consultant and research fellow at the Laboratory of

Anthropo-Physics. Miss France will lead a thirty-three-day tour in the Soviet Union with particular reference to minority cultures. The rate is \$494, third class. Address *The Open Road*.

Professor Lucy Textor of Vassar, an established authority on Russia, will lead a Soviet Forum tour which spends twenty five days in the Soviet Union, returning via the Balkans. The rate is \$445, third class, except for second-class rail in the U. S. S. R. Address *William M. Barber, Babson Park, Massachusetts*.

A twelve-day trip in the Soviet Union is offered to delegates at the World's Sunday School Convention in Oslo. Dr. R. H. Crossfield, of Birmingham, Alabama, will lead the group. The lower of two rates quoted is \$635, tourist-class steamship passage, second class abroad. The rate does not include the period spent at the convention. Ten days of sightseeing in Europe follow the Russian trip. Address *World's Sunday School Association, 51 Madison Avenue, New York*.

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Letter to the Editors

COAL, CONVICTS, AND THE SUPREME COURT

Dear Sirs: The federal government has been blocked by the United States Supreme Court in many attempts to regulate industry. Specifically, of course, the question is whether the commerce clause of the Constitution can be construed broadly enough to uphold the attempted regulation. In the child-labor, the NRA, and the AAA cases, the Supreme Court has declared that manufacture and agriculture are matters primarily for state concern. And the court has now under advisement the Guffey Coal Act, which presents the same problem in somewhat more unusual form.

The issue in the coal case is perhaps unique in that, at the hearing in the lower court, there was a mass of testimony to the effect that federal action alone could prevent demoralization of the industry. Owners of mines gave this testimony; so did union organizers and members and various local officials. In support of it we have the unprecedented action whereby nearly all the states in which mining is an important industry filed briefs with the Supreme Court of the United States, asking that court to uphold the law.

Perhaps the court has shown a way by which federal regulation can be significantly expanded. Many states have enacted laws which make illegal the sale within their borders of convict-made goods. In aid of these laws Congress prohibited the interstate shipment of such goods into states the laws of which forbade their sale. In this respect Congress was following the old-established precedent in the liquor trade. The Supreme Court of the United States had upheld its right to enact such a law, mainly on the ground that the liquor trade had always been subject to regulation, owing to the inherently harmful nature of alcohol. In the child-labor case, however, the majority of the court had limited this doctrine to merchandise harmful to the user. Since the mere fact that goods were manufactured by child labor did not affect their usefulness as goods, the court declared Congress without power to regulate the interstate shipment of such goods.

However, in the convict-labor case, contentions of the State of Alabama, based largely on the child-labor case, were overruled by a unanimous court. Justice

Sutherland pointed out that many states had enacted laws prohibiting the sale of goods made by convict labor on the ground that their sale in competition with that of goods manufactured by free labor was bound to affect employment. Here, for the first time, the court recognized the concept of economic harm, as distinguished from harm due to some character inherent in the goods themselves, as a ground for interference with interstate commerce.

Let us suppose that a number of states were to enact laws prohibiting the sale within their borders of goods made by child labor and that, in support of these laws, Congress were to prohibit the shipment into such states of goods thus manufactured. Under the convict-labor decision it would seem that such laws, both of the states and of Congress, would be upheld by the court. And it is interesting to speculate on the fate of laws proceeding along converse lines. Suppose the various states in which coal is an important industry were to prohibit the sale of coal, unless it was manufactured in accordance with certain principles of fair dealing between employer and employee and between competing producers, and suppose that Congress, in aid of these laws, were to prohibit the shipment of coal manufactured in violation of these laws, both out of and into such states. Would not such laws come also within the decision in the convict-labor case? That, in effect, would be the Guffey Coal Act, buttressed by state legislation instead of merely by state briefs. The lead would then have to be taken by the states, perhaps as the result of an interstate conference culminating in a compact to be approved by Congress, and supplemented by a federal law of the character outlined.

And if this could be successfully done for coal (hurdling, perhaps, the obstacle of the Fourteenth Amendment), it could be done for cotton, wheat, or any other product. For the convict-labor case is an entering wedge for the introduction of the doctrine of economic harm as distinguished from physical harm. To this extent the case marks a great advance in realistic thinking in the United States Supreme Court. It is to be hoped the decision will not in the future be whittled away by subtle distinctions.

OSMOND K. FRAENKEL
New York, April 15

LOUIS M. LYONS has been for fifteen years a versatile member of the staff of the *Boston Globe*, serving as reporter, feature writer, columnist, and editorial writer. He knows Massachusetts!

ERSKINE CALDWELL, whose play "Tobacco Road" has had a longer run in New York than any other play except "Lightnin'" and the redoubtable "Abie's Irish Rose," is generally accepted by critics as one of the most important novelists now writing in the United States.

M. R. BENDINER, formerly assistant editor of the *World Tomorrow*, is on the staff of Editorial Research Reports in Washington. He has written for the *American Mercury* and other magazines.

ANITA BRENNER grew up in Mexico. She is familiar to *Nation* readers as an expert on that country and on Spain, which she has several times visited to study political and economic conditions. Her books are "Idols Behind Altars" and "Your Mexican Holiday," a distinguished and complete guidebook.

M. E. RAVAGE, *The Nation's* regular correspondent in France, is the author of many articles and several books on Europe.

ALVIN JOHNSON was associate editor of the *Encyclopedia of Social Sciences*. He is director of the New School for Social Research and founder of the University in Exile. This year he was elected president of the American Economic Association, and his first novel, "Spring Storm," has just been published.

SHEPARD STONE is in the Sunday Department of the *New York Times*, for which he regularly writes on foreign affairs.

DONALD SLESINGER was formerly assistant dean of social sciences at the University of Chicago and chairman of the Social Science Research Council. At present he is training housing administrators in Washington under the Federal Housing Department.

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CONTENTS

THE SHAPE OF THINGS

EDITORIALS:

HOBSON'S CHOICE FOR PUERTO RICO	567
TAXING SURPLUSES	568
RELIEF CIRCUS IN JERSEY	569
PAROLE AND MURDER	570
WASHINGTON WEEKLY by Paul W. Ward	571
A FRENCH LEFT VICTORY by M. E. Ravage	573
THE BRITISH CABINET—A HOUSE DIVIDED by Harold J. Laski	575
HARRY BRIDGES: RANK-AND-FILE LEADER by Louis Adamic	576
THE HOLLYWOOD TEA PARTY by Morrie Ryskind	581
WILL NEUTRALITY KEEP US OUT OF WAR? by Marion Donnelly	582
ISSUES AND MEN by Oswald Garrison Villard	583
BROUN'S PAGE	584
BOOKS AND THE ARTS:	
THE NOT SO HOPELESS MOVIES by Joseph Wood Krutch	585
FORM AND MATERIAL by Mark Van Doren	586
BRYAN: A FRIENDLY PORTRAIT by George Fort Milton	587
HUXLEY EVALUATED by Leigh White	588
POET IN SEARCH OF A PUBLIC by Philip Blair Rice	589
THE CULTURAL IMPACT by Margaret Mead	590
THE NIJINSKY LEGEND by John Martin	590
SHORTER NOTICES	591
DRAMA: "DULCE ET DECORUM" by Joseph Wood Krutch	592
RECORDS: by Henry Simon	593
DRAWINGS: by Georges Schreiber, Fritz Eichen- berg, and Howard Cook.	

The Shape of Things

★

ON MAY DAY AGAIN THE MASSED FORCES OF the workers, marching the world over except where the labor and liberal elements have been crushed by fascism, reenact a ritual and a demonstration that have become historic and that have immense emotional meaning. Happily the May Day celebration in American cities this year is being conducted under a United Labor May Day Committee, which only the Old Guard Socialists have refused to enter. The manifesto drawn up by the cooperating groups—on fascism, war, unemployment, trade-union organization, civil liberties, the Supreme Court, and a Farmer-Labor Party—is an impressive commentary on how basic and extensive are the interests which all workers, regardless of political views, have in common. In Spain and France the people have forged out of these common interests a political unity that has thus far come away with a clean and notable success. It remains to determine whether the same can be done in America. This year's observance marks the fiftieth anniversary of the inauguration of May Day by the American Federation of Labor in 1886, as part of the fight for an eight-hour day. But this May marks another important anniversary—of the British general strike, which ran its brief but exciting course ten years ago and which was the most significant proof the world has witnessed of labor's power in an industrial society. We have been going over the files of *The Nation*, and the change from the editorial position of fifty years ago, when *The Nation* of Godkin called for the use of military force against the emerging labor movement, to the militant letters from England contributed on the British general strike by Harold Laski measures the change in the liberal attitude toward workers' rights and workers' power. But every step of the way has been won by organization and struggle.

★

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MR. ROOSEVELT MADE A SPEECH IN NEW YORK at the Jefferson Day dinner and rejoiced because he could see no grass growing in the city streets. If he had looked across the river at Trenton he would have seen something to pierce the front of professional optimism at the Commodore. He would have seen unemployed and reliefless workers in possession of the State House, holding a tragicomic session while the confused legislators were nowhere to be found. In the face of this abdication of government Mr. Roosevelt's insistence that "the strong arm of the nation is needed not in immediate relief alone—we grant

that. . . It is equally needed in taking measures to prevent economic disasters" sounded a bit hollow. Mr. Roosevelt is a masterful broker of ideas. His speech was a smooth exposition of the truisms about the economic unity of the country and the organic pattern formed by the New York garment workers and the Nebraska corn and hog farmers. It was also a plea for higher wages, which is all to the good. It is worth noting, however, that in the matter of economic theory the President has learned nothing and has forgotten nothing since the early days of his Administration when the purchasing-power theory was first officially adopted. Mr. Roosevelt is obviously making a strong bid for the labor vote. But it is notable that while his bid, and that of Governor Lehman, was to the workers and small tradesmen, the figures they cited to prove that "we are on our way" out of the depression were figures about corporate profits, dividends, farm prices, but not figures about wages, employment, relief. The workers and their leaders should remember that while Mr. Roosevelt stands against reaction he does not stand for labor and the common man. Between those two positions there is a chasm which his most urbane phrases will not bridge.

*

HITLER'S APPOINTMENT OF GENERAL GÖRING to supersede Dr. Schacht as dictator of German economic policies was doubtless forced on him as a means of offsetting the growing discontent with Schacht's deflationary program. No one has ever credited Göring with superior ability in handling economic problems, but his appointment should quiet the radicals within the Nazi Party who have long been restless under Schacht's restrictive policies. Actually, however, there is little that Göring or anyone else can do to improve living standards as long as the Third Reich continues to rearm at the present feverish pace. This being the case, popular support will continue to be whipped up, as at present, by demonstrations directed against foreign countries. Already rumors are afloat that German military detachments are being concentrated along the Austrian frontier. While it is agreed that Germany will not intervene unless requested to do so by a powerful Austrian group, preparations are apparently being made to precipitate such a demand. The collapse of the Jewish-owned Austrian Phoenix Insurance Company is believed to have been deliberately brought about in order to foster anti-Semitism in Austria. The present controversy over the disarmament of the Heimwehr might also furnish Hitler with the pretext for which he is waiting. Whether the expected Austrian coup will materialize depends not only on internal conditions in Germany but also on the support which Britain gives to Europe's anti-Nazi front.

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THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS' Association spent its annual convention in a hysteria over the Black committee's threats to the freedom of the press. Colonel McCormick of the *Chicago Tribune* acted Cassandra and prophesied that if the committee got away with seizing private correspondence "they would come

back later and take your watch and then come back later and take your daughter." Simultaneously in Washington David Lawrence, publisher of the *United States News*, got into a panic about what he felt was the President's attempt to gag newspapermen. In some off-the-record remarks Mr. Roosevelt was said to have made at the Gridiron dinner, and in the charge made by the Democratic publicity director that the G. O. P. had taken over Mark Sullivan, David Lawrence, and Frank Kent as official propagandists, Mr. Lawrence saw "the first signs of a real dictatorship." But what is it that our publishers and editors really fear? Is it the threat to the peoples' liberties or the threat to the unlimited exercise of their own power? At a meeting of the Associated Press held two days before the publishers' convention, Sir Wilmott Lewis, Washington correspondent for the *London Times*, made a speech which some of the A. N. P. A. members must have heard, though it seems doubtful that they listened. "The danger which confronts freedom of the press," he said, "is not chiefly from without but from within. It is the danger . . . that the freedom which makes us great and useful may make some of us too great, that individuals may acquire a power which they cannot be prevented from harnessing in the service of personal ambition rather than of the community from which their strength flows."

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AFTER FIFTEEN MONTHS OF CAREFUL WORK, Mayor LaGuardia's City Charter Commission has produced a document that will certainly not set New York afire. The new city charter, as presented by Chairman Thacher and his colleagues, is a sober, conservative, middle-of-the-road plan, the main feature of which is the substitution of a City Council of twenty-nine members for the thoroughly discredited Board of Aldermen. The body will have local legislative power and will leave the Board of Estimate as an executive body in control solely of the business affairs of the city. Other important features of the new charter are a City Planning Commission, which will coordinate the work of improvements to New York's local geography, and a central Department of Housing and Buildings instead of a department for each borough as at present. The several boroughs will be empowered to initiate only local improvements, with a strict limit to expenditures. For the rest, things remain pretty much as they are. The Mayor will still have power to appoint and remove heads of departments; the proposal to regularize city finances, putting the city gradually on a "cash basis," is in line with the procedure of the present Fusion administration. The success of the City Council plan, of course, depends largely on the adoption of proportional representation, which with the new charter will be voted on next November. For without proportional representation, a determined Tammany would probably find it not much harder to elect twenty-nine councilmen than sixty-five aldermen. And New York will find itself, if it adopts the charter without changing the mode of selecting candidates, with a more orderly arrangement of the same sort of government it now has, subject to the same irresponsible controls and the hazards of machine politics.

May 6, 1936

THIS WEEK WE PRINT THE EDITORIAL WHICH was awarded first prize in the contest for college students sponsored by *The Nation* and the Foreign Policy Association. One's first reaction on reading the 241 manuscripts submitted was to bewail the limitations of present-day academic training. Few of the papers could by any stretch of the imagination be called editorials. They included historical essays, written debates, a somewhat clever parable, and even an attempted drama. A number of the contestants never got far beyond the War of 1812. Despite these limitations, the results of the contest were more encouraging than otherwise. All the students were deeply in earnest about peace, and only two favored armaments as a means of achieving that end. An overwhelming majority stood for greater international cooperation, although perhaps they somewhat minimized the obstacles to such action. Most striking of all was the fact that less than a dozen of the participants were in sympathy either with the present neutrality law or the more drastic measures proposed in the Nye-Maverick bill. By inference or by explicit statement the majority leaned toward American participation in the League of Nations. On more fundamental issues the showing was somewhat less encouraging. While nearly all of the students showed a healthy appreciation of the important role of economic forces in making for war, few seemed to realize how deeply the seeds of conflict are imbedded in the capitalist system. In other words, the opinions of the students of today are definitely conditioned by the prejudices of their elders.

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THE STRENGTH EXHIBITED BY THE FRENCH Front Populaire in the preliminary elections of April 26 makes a large left majority in the new Chamber of Deputies almost a foregone conclusion. Although most of the contests will not be decided until after the May 3 run-off elections, there is an excellent chance that the left will obtain substantially more than the 330 seats held in the old Chamber. The left coalition has also made possible a sharp increase in the relative number of seats held by the Communists and Socialists, since these parties have traditionally knifed each other in the second vote. The final result hinges on the attitude of the more conservative wing of the Radical Socialist Party. While that party has not shown any signs of wavering in its anti-fascist stand, a substantial portion of its middle-class following is likely to have qualms at voting for Socialists or Communists in the run-off election. Nevertheless, the left-wing Radical Socialists, who have been most active in supporting the Front Populaire, came off better in the first vote than men like Herriot who had been lukewarm toward the coalition. Left victories have become almost a habit in France since the war, but the left parties have never been able to maintain sufficient unity to set up a stable government. On another page of this issue Mr. Ravage, our Paris correspondent, outlines reasons for hoping that the 1936 Front Populaire will have more stability than the cartels of 1924 and 1932. In any case France has shown, as did Spain a few weeks earlier, the tremendous mass support which the left can obtain in the struggle against fascism.

NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN HAS GIVEN GREAT Britain an elementary lesson in economics for which it should be profoundly grateful. Instead of concealing the cost of the armament program in a vast government deficit, as most political leaders have done, he has dramatized it for the entire population by increasing taxation in such a way as to make the largest number of persons aware of the added burden. The normal income tax, already more than five times as high as in the United States, is to be increased threepence a pound to $23\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. And to make certain that the millions who do not pay an income tax will share in the lesson, the tax on tea—the one British indispensable—has been boosted twopence a pound. In explaining his action Mr. Chamberlain declared that only a few weeks ago he had hoped to reduce taxes instead of raising them, but that an increase of \$100,000,000 in the cost of the fighting services demanded new "sacrifices" from the country. The full extent of these "sacrifices" has not yet been revealed. The government is known to be planning a large bond issue to cover part of the costs of armament, and further tax increases are expected in the next and succeeding budgets. As if to add point to Mr. Chamberlain's lesson, the Italian *Official Gazette* has published figures showing Italy's tribute to Mars since the outbreak of hostilities to be \$800,000,000.

Hobson's Choice for Puerto Rico

OUTWARDLY the move of the Administration in offering independence to Puerto Rico within four years seems, to the uncritical eye, the generous act of a liberty-loving people. Actually it is no such thing. The bill introduced by Senator Tydings came without a word of warning, either to the Puerto Rican or the American people. There was no attempt to enlist the counsel or support of the Puerto Rican leaders, no impartial investigation of conditions on the island and its relations with America, no open consideration of the grounds of policy. We have seen the lords and rulers of the Puerto Ricans since we conquered the island at the end of the last century, and that fact may seem to warrant our dealing out the sort of justice we please. But by any other criterion this move is as shabby a bit of ethical dealing as it is a sorry piece of statesmanship.

The actual motives behind this move of the Administration are not very difficult to penetrate. We added Puerto Rico to our empire at a time when it seemed glamorous for the United States to build up a set of colonial possessions. We were following the example of England and the other European countries, and here was a jewel in what we hoped would be a dazzling imperial crown. But the hard fact is that Puerto Rico has proved no jewel of any kind, but a decided economic liability. The costs of administration are so much loss, unless we count the compensating profits to the American absentee owners of Puerto Rican sugar and tobacco fields. We are now paying out some-

thing like a million a month as a relief bill, and we had laid down a reconstruction program involving some \$25,000,000. At a time when even the relief bill at home is a staggering load to bear, this may seem an unnecessary burden—especially when the behavior of the Puerto Ricans themselves appears ungrateful to the highest degree. The murder of the American chief of police, Colonel E. F. Riggs, by two members of the Nationalist Party and the program of further terrorism that the party has committed itself to were probably of immense importance in influencing our decision. Childish as it may seem, our attitude is that if the Puerto Ricans are not going to play fair, we won't play at all. It would be impossible to get a Puerto Rican jury to convict the assassins, and no one would relish the proclamation of martial law, especially since the Administration is already considerably embarrassed by the repercussions of the Puerto Rican situation on the proposed pan-American peace conference. But behind these immediate factors, behind the relief bill and the recent terrorism, there is the political advantage of a move of this sort from the standpoint of domestic policy. As in the case of Philippine independence, there are groups in America that stand to gain by setting Puerto Rico adrift. Those groups, principally the beet-sugar growers, would prefer to have the island products put on a tariff basis rather than admitted free. And it happens that those groups are politically influential with the present Administration.

Thus we have a set of factors which, in varying proportions, have contributed toward this new policy of imperialism in reverse. But the actual consequences of such a policy for Puerto Rico are bound to prove disastrous. Conditions in the island are worse than in our worst slums or the darkest areas of our own South. There are over a million and a half people in all, and their fate is tied to the sugar crops in the bottom lands and the coffee and tobacco crops in the hills. There is practically no independent farming, most of the population being in a state of virtual peonage to the big plantations. Unemployment runs from 60 per cent during the sugar season to 80 per cent at other times. The middle class is weak, the trade unions are poorly organized, the professions are scanty, illiteracy is high, public health work is practically non-existent. These are the people toward whom we are now adopting an attitude of injured innocence and unappreciated virtue.

What is the choice that we are offering the Puerto Ricans? It is not the glittering choice it seems between independence on the one hand and a beneficent American administration on the other. It is a Hobson's choice between domination by American absentee interests, whose representatives are deeply entrenched on the island, and the certain economic catastrophe that the independence measure would bring. Independence would mean at best a tariff on Puerto Rican sugar, which would thus be placed on the same basis as Cuban sugar. But the fact is that Puerto Rico has poorer sugar soil than Cuba and a higher production cost. Nor is the choice of diversifying its farming and making itself economically self-sufficient—however desirable that might eventually be from a social standpoint—a real or immediate choice for Puerto Rico. Right now sugar offers the highest yield for the total national

income, although not enough of that total goes to the Puerto Rican workers and too much of it goes to the American companies.

The one outstanding fact we must keep in mind is that we are not dealing here with a fresh situation, which we can dispose of at will. We have responsibilities toward the Puerto Ricans—responsibilities both for what we have done and what we can do. The economic state they are in is largely the result of the absentee ownership we have imposed on them. The political state they are in, confused as it is, is intelligible only in terms of the impact of American political ideas and ideals upon a semi-feudal social system. The Liberal-Labor coalition now in control does not really want independence, though it may find it desirable to talk about independence, in view of the economic hegemony exercised by the American companies. The Nationalist group which has been responsible for the recent terrorism is small and under any other conditions would be unimportant. It is made up largely of impoverished students and middle-class intellectuals, is fiercely anti-labor, and is reactionary in every sense except the fierce idealism that inspires its demands. We believe independence for Puerto Rico is the only final basis on which the United States can handle this problem with dignity. But it should be talked about only when the economic and political problem is on the road toward solution, and it should be talked about only on terms that would make for solution. Under the terms the Tydings bill proposes it would mean economic ruin, political turmoil, and the shattering of whatever framework of civil liberties the island is now enjoying.

The statesmanlike course would be to base a program upon the expressed needs of the Puerto Rican people as well as ours, and upon a thorough and open study of the economic and political condition of the island. The statesmanlike course would be to forget all notions of pique and revenge: American colonial policy cannot be carried on in fits of spleen. The statesmanlike course would be to chart a program of economic reconstruction for the island which would be closely tied to the developing labor organizations that must form the framework of a new Puerto Rican society. Once the phrase "Carthaginian peace" went down in history applied to peace terms so drastic that they became synonymous with ruthless destruction. Let us avoid the danger that the same will be true of the phrase "Puerto Rican independence."

Taxing Surpluses

THE changes made in the Administration's tax bill since its introduction in the House two months ago have been so many and so technical that the voter is left somewhat bewildered regarding the present status of the measure. Fortunately, there has been no fundamental change in principle. The revision has been prompted primarily by two considerations: (1) a desire to perpetuate the differential in the existing law in favor of small corporations; and (2) an attempt to give relief to corporations that are deeply in debt. By some curious quirk in thinking, Congress has become imbued with the

idea that bigness is necessarily undesirable and should be penalized. Consequently it has drawn up a schedule of taxation for corporations having incomes of less than \$10,000 which is very much lighter than the rates applied to those with incomes of over \$40,000. Establishments having incomes of over \$10,000 and less than \$40,000 are to be assessed under a complicated intermediate schedule which varies with the size of the income as well as the size of the reserve. The bill has also been revised to allow corporations to pay a flat rate of 22½ per cent on earnings set aside for the amortization of debts.

The minority report on the bill is a refreshing illustration of the depths to which the Republicans have descended in their efforts to stem the popularity of the New Deal. It intimates that the measure is directly in line with "Professor Tugwell's" nefarious scheme to turn the American government over to Moscow, and makes much of the fact that a representative of the Communist Party was one of the three non-Administration witnesses to testify in favor of the bill. With remarkable agility it shifts from the position that the bill will force corporations to pay out practically all of their earnings, thus leaving them with no protection against a "rainy day" and depriving the government of much-needed revenue, to the position that the small stockholders will suffer from the extremely high rate of taxation on corporations which retain a large proportion of their income in reserve.

Following the cue given by the Republicans in the House, the conservative press has tried desperately to make it appear that the bill constitutes a threat to the existing economic system. Actually the tax is extremely moderate in its provisions. While it is intended to discourage the accumulation of huge surpluses, it should not prevent corporations from setting aside the necessary reserves for expanding and modernizing their plant. Even with liberal allowances for reserves, the corporation tax will in many instances be less than under the present law. A corporation earning \$10,000 a year, for example—and 86 per cent of American corporations earn less than \$10,000—may set aside 30 per cent of its income as surplus and yet pay a tax of only 7½ per cent as compared with 10 per cent under the existing law. If a corporation has a net income of \$10,000,000, it may apportion \$1,000,000 for surplus, and pay only a 4 per cent tax as against 15 per cent at present. Only when the retained portion reaches \$3,000,000 will the tax be as high as it is now. The gain for the government arises solely out of the fact that distributed earnings will be subject to the graduated personal-income tax, whereas at present corporations may defeat the purpose of the income tax by plowing under virtually their entire earnings. Even in its weakened form the bill should force corporations to distribute most of their current profits. Such action is bound to have a considerable effect on our economic structure, but one that would scarcely be opposed by the staunchest conservatives if they understood its implications. Keynes and others have repeatedly warned against the loss of consumer purchasing power resulting from over-saving by corporations. Any measure which would force them to utilize their profits would contribute substantially to economic stability.

Relief Circus in Jersey

THERE is something profoundly disturbing in the spectacle of workless men and women occupying the seats of the legislators of a sovereign state which is incapable of giving them work and has now even declared itself powerless to give them bread. It calls to mind the grass that grows in the mighty amphitheaters of the Roman Empire; but it has none of the majestic significance of those relics of a superseded past. Instead it wears the sinister look of man-made decadence, of a stupidity in the midst of plenty, in which only the revolutionist can find cause for hope.

The direct assault of relief clients upon their duly elected representatives is not new. In New Jersey the demonstration was organized after 270,000 people had been consigned to the mercies of local agencies by the failure of the legislature to make any provision for continuing state relief. A few weeks ago 200 WPA workers camped for ten days in the Assembly Chamber of the Wisconsin State Capitol in an attempt to get higher wages. The federal government, by withdrawing direct relief to states, has set the stage for increasingly serious and widespread demonstrations on the part of the hundreds of thousands of people who must wander between WPA jobs and state and local relief, which is reserved for "unemployables" and is totally inadequate even for them.

The increasing misery out of which demonstrations, protests, and "riots" may be expected to grow is hidden in the serried figures of an FERA report on the amount of obligations for emergency relief incurred respectively by federal, state, and local agencies for 1933, 1934, and 1935. The most eloquent figures are those for the four quarters of 1935. In Alabama the federal contribution to direct relief during the second quarter was \$6,606,043; the state contributed \$26,152. In the fourth quarter the federal figure had been reduced to \$1,419,998 but the state's contribution had only increased to \$148,470. The local funds meanwhile had *fallen* from \$424,879 in the second quarter to \$101,007 in the fourth. The figures for Arizona are equally discouraging. Federal relief was cut from \$2,017,384 in the second quarter to \$875,451 in the fourth; state funds decreased from \$365,808 to \$157,122. The amount spent by local agencies in Arizona remained stationary—it was zero in both quarters. While the figures for Alabama and Arizona are among the blackest, they represent a tendency which runs through the statistics for the whole country. Presumably direct federal relief for "employables" was replaced by WPA jobs. But the WPA has not taken up more than three-fifths of the burden.

There is little reason to believe that state and local relief will expand quickly enough to cope with the demand upon it. Local finances, like the rate of reemployment and wage scales, have not the same resiliency as speculative stocks. What is needed is the direct use of the national power and resources to meet the national problem of relief. Mr. Roosevelt in his Jefferson Day speech said that all Americans are part of one economic pattern. He and Mr. Hopkins should get together.

Parole and Murder

EXCELLENT police work! Failure of the parole system! These are the two conclusions that crop up in almost every editorial comment on the solution of the Titterton case. The first is loose thinking, the second is dangerous thinking. Both of them reach beyond the case itself to the nature of our press and the sources of the mass-hysterias that come over us periodically.

The murder itself was a cruel and deeply tragic affair, scarcely credible except as the act of a sick mind. It is not hard to see why it should have stirred people, especially since it made them acutely aware of how, even in the midst of a highly refined and complicated civilization, the individual may be unprotected against a sudden and crude onslaught. But there are many cases that might call equally for our horror and condemnation. What happened here was that the murder came during a lull in the procession of newspaper sensationalism. The Hauptmann case was over, and the papers were looking for something to take its place. They paraded the private affairs of the victim and her family, welcomed the suspense that was built up around the case day after day, and fell into an ecstasy over the miracle that the police were supposed to have wrought in solving it. Actually, of course the case was not as tangled as we are led to believe. There was nothing to be ecstatic about except that everyone loves to track down a criminal, and the primitive revenge-responses are more marketable commodities in the newspaper field than are logic and restraint.

But a more disturbing part of the same emotional fabric was the press campaign against the parole system. We are reprinting on this page an exhibit that the New York press should not be proud of—excerpts from editorials blaming the murder on the fact that Fiorenza was out on parole. They illustrate the hysteria that the American press fell into—a hysteria tied up with the need we seem to feel for rationalizing our interest in crime and death. The feature writer can play up the gory details: the editorial writer has to draw from them some noble moral or some significant social deduction.

The social deduction drawn here was untrue as fact and vicious in its possible consequences. The record of paroled prisoners is strikingly good when we consider the difficult social conditions under which they must try to rebuild their lives. While some of the writers pointed out that there were relatively few cases of recidivism, there was little chance for restraint amid the torrent of indignation. None defended parole with any vigor; none pointed out the absurdity of keeping a man in jail for the rest of his life for stealing. Everything we know about the effects of prison experience indicates that if Fiorenza had served out his term in prison he would scarcely have been a better person on release. In fact, the whole Fiorenza incident, so far from being an argument against parole, illustrates the soundness of its basic idea. It is an argument for the extension of the parole idea—that a criminal needs a decent chance to find himself—to include the protection and treatment of psychopathic criminals. The report on Fiorenza years ago as one who might get into a true hysterical neurosis should have been enough to send him to a hospital for observation and psychiatric treatment.

Let us agree that parole as it stands now is an imperfect instrument, chiefly because of the imperfections of administration. But the institution of parole is the result of more than a century of difficult thought and effort on the

part of a succession of great criminologists. To attack it now so irresponsibly is to turn our backs upon that century of development. Especially dangerous are the political implications of such an attack. We need not wonder that the Hearst papers are using the double human tragedy represented by the Titterton case not only to build sales but also to strengthen their reactionary program, to arouse in readers the cheap and irrational impulses so useful to the demagogue.

The campaign against a rational criminology is everywhere part of the campaign against rational political institutions and against rational and humane methods of settling our social difficulties. The tragic thing is to find the liberal and progressive papers unwittingly swelling the Hearst chorus. They do not see that the attack on the science of criminology as exemplified in the parole system is part of a general pattern of political thought and a general social outlook with which they can have no traffic.

"Will his life be spared to be safeguarded by society perhaps under detention, perhaps again under probation?" *New York Sun*, April 23

"The whole case becomes a challenge to courts which hand out suspended sentences."

New York World-Telegram, April 22

"Yet so long as parole turns murderous monsters out of prison before their time, the failures of the system are bound to be of greater public concern than its successes."

New York American, April 22

"The sentimental who say 'give the poor criminal another chance' will note that the murderer was a convict, on parole, when he killed the woman. He had 'another chance' and made use of it."

Arthur Brisbane

"Are other lives menaced by slipshod methods on parole? Is sufficient care being exercised in granting paroles and in fixing indeterminate sentences?"

New York Post, April 22

"The other murderer of Mrs. Titterton—the parole system. The real and most dangerous criminal actually responsible for the horrible crime is our parole system, that makes a mockery of justice and makes itself the murderer's friend and ally. . . ."

New York Daily Mirror, April 22

"When will America wake up? Will the lesson of Mrs. Nancy Titterton's brutal killing be as futile as those before it . . . in which criminals on parole or probation walk the streets until they take a human life, and even then may beat the rap?"

New York Evening Journal, April 23

WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

Face-Saving in WPA

Washington, April 26

ALMOST every day something happens to give Harry Hopkins a firmer claim to the title of Unhappiest Man in Washington. As if his days and nights were not sufficiently horrendous with thoughts of the inadequacy of the program he is administering and of the still more callous inadequacy of the program his White House boss proposes to have him run after July, Hopkins's dunder-headed subordinates are everlastingly busy concocting new tortures for him. Their latest invention has been the arrest of ten pickets in a Pennsylvania WPA strike on charges of violating Section 9 of the Emergency Relief Act of 1935, which Hopkins publicly had promised never would be used to break strikes or otherwise curtail the collective-bargaining rights of workers under the WPA.

The section in question says: "Any person . . . who knowingly, by means of fraud, force, threat, intimidation, or boycott, deprives any person of any of the benefits [of this act] . . . shall be fined not more than \$2,000 or imprisoned for not more than one year, or both." When the act was pending before Congress last year this section drew protests not only from officials of the building-trades unions but also from Hopkins's own labor advisers. Those protests were withdrawn when assurances were given that Section 9 was aimed only at crooked administrative officials, political leeches, and grafting contractors. Nevertheless, on April 13 and 16 ten WPA strikers in Jefferson County, Pennsylvania, including the county chairman of the Workers' Federation, an unemployed organization affiliated with Steve Raushenbush's Pennsylvania Security League, were arrested under Section 9 on complaints issued by two federal agents, Thomas E. Stakem, Jr., and William B. Glendenning, working out of the WPA's offices here. The excuse for the arrests was a fight on one of the struck projects which resulted in the beating up of a "loyal" foreman, but only a few of the men arrested were involved in the fight; the others were miles away from the scene.

The arrested men were hustled before the United States Commissioner at Clearfield, a New Deal appointee, who only a few days earlier had appeared as defense counsel for a hosiery mill arraigned before the NLRB for violation of the Wagner act. The Commissioner, John C. Forsyth, fixed bail for the men at \$1,500 each, a figure well



The Unhappiest Man in Washington

beyond the reach of the strikers, and then bound them over for action of the federal grand jury meeting at Pittsburgh May 4. They were taken immediately to Pittsburgh, more than a hundred miles away, and clapped into jail there. And there they remained until a delegation of strikers came to Washington this week and after three days of haggling with Hopkins's subordinates finally forced their release some time Friday night.

The important thing in the situation is not that the men were arrested and held in jail for from eight to eleven days. Nor is it the fact that the WPA has in its employ men stupid enough to order the arrests. The important thing is that responsible lieutenants of Hopkins, including in particular Aubrey

Williams, assistant federal administrator, and Edward N. Jones, WPA administrator for Pennsylvania, had to be forced to act. More important still is the fact that Hopkins's headquarters staff was concerned primarily with saving the WPA's face rather than with righting the wrong that had been done. Face-saving has come to be a major occupation in the fraternity. In this case it delayed the release of the men and resulted in a covering-up explanation that they would be tried for simple assault in the state court in Jefferson County.

In another recent case there was an even more blatant attempt at face-saving. That was the case involving the discovery that the WPA had been financing construction of a group of private garment factories in Mississippi disguised as "vocational training schools." John Edelman, of the American Federation of Hosiery Workers, who with a publicity threat forced Hopkins's lieutenants to report the facts to their boss and thus got the projects canceled, said he found them concerned solely with keeping the facts from the public. He added that one of them proposed that, as a way out, the WPA should withdraw its funds from the projects and let the state use the left-over FERA funds to complete the factories. The suggestion may or may not have been passed on to the state authorities, but a few weeks later, following the withdrawal of WPA funds, it was found that FERA funds were being used precisely as suggested, and Hopkins had to order a second cancellation.

Still further evidence of the way of thinking of men occupying responsible WPA posts would have been found in a recent conference here of its "labor adjusters," a group of men employed to see that the rights of WPA workers

are observed throughout the country. I am informed by an impeccable authority that a substantial portion of the conference's time was taken up in search for a euphemism with which to cover up discharges for union activity, and that there was a prolonged and serious discussion of whether "vocal activity" would not fill the bill. With such a coterie of field agents at work, it is no wonder that such instances are cropping up as the recent discharge of two WPA foremen in Beaver County, Pennsylvania. One is named Phillips, the other Volpe. Both were officers of the Beaver Valley lodge of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers, and both, the NLRB recently ruled, were fired last fall by the Jones and Laughlin Steel Corporation at Aliquippa for union activity. A few days before they were to appear before the NLRB to testify against the steel company they were fired from their WPA jobs because of "pay-roll irregularity," according to their identical letters of dismissal.

There is at least a suggestion that the steel company had something to do with these WPA dismissals in the fact that its counsel called the attention of an NLRB aide to the dismissals in an attempt to discredit Phillips and Volpe as witnesses just before they were called to the stand. The fact that the company controls both the Republican and the Democratic machines in the area does not lessen the suspicion; nor does the fact that the incidents given as the reason for the dismissals in March occurred several weeks before Christmas. Pointing in the same direction is the report of the district WPA director, J. V. Downey, who held a hearing on Volpe's and Phillips's appeal from their dismissals. His report is a labored attempt to sustain the dismissals without sustaining the grounds alleged therefor. In his report the dismissals become "indefinite suspensions," the "pay-roll irregularities" charged against Phillips become "some confusion," and the charges against Volpe vanish entirely. There is a reference to "incompetence" and one to "pressure groups," which appears to be Mr. Downey's gentle way of conveying to his superiors that Volpe and Phillips were what America's Daughters and their friends like to call "agitators."

In the final paragraph of his report he abandons his effort at justifying the dismissals, suggests that since WPA workers are having to be laid off in Jefferson County it would be "impracticable" to rehire Volpe and Phillips, and that, anyway, he understands the NLRB has ordered Jones and Laughlin to take them back. So saying, he washes his hands of the case, and so apparently does the WPA, for officials here, though confessedly aware that the steel company has defied the NLRB's order, say they plan to take no action in the case—unless the Pennsylvania Security League wants to press it. Volpe and Phillips were officers of an unemployed organization affiliated with the league. It is doubtful that Hopkins himself would do anything in the case, for to do anything would mean running up against State Administrator Jones; and behind Jones, a Pennsylvania Democratic leader and former Republican police chief of Pittsburgh, stands Senator Guffey, who has persuaded Roosevelt and Farley that the services of such men as Jones are essential to Democratic success at the polls in November.

Two Secretaries Face Facts

THE chronic unhappiness which such conditions as these induce in Mr. Hopkins is as nothing when compared with the acute unhappiness suffered by Secretary of Labor Perkins and Secretary of Commerce Roper for a few hours one day this week when, individually, they faced a delegation from the seamen on strike at New York. It is probable that no Cabinet officer ever before was talked to as Miss Perkins and Uncle Dan were talked to by these sailors, made desperate by their position between the cross fire of the shipowners and the double-cross fire of the international officers of their union. Wearing medals received for valor at sea, they came to push down Roper's throat his Hearst-inspired references to current maritime-labor disputes as "insubordination," "mutiny," and a threat to "safety at sea." I think they succeeded, though no choking sounds were heard from the Secretary, who sat silent while man after man faced him with a first-hand account of the conditions which Roper's own department permits to exist with respect to lifeboats and other safety equipment on ocean-going ships, including some of the most luxurious and popular liners of the American merchant marine. With all their hammering they failed, however, to get Roper to say he would demand an immediate federal investigation by a disinterested commission.

They were an impressive group, and there has been nothing to equal them in that respect since the rank-and-file steel workers came to Washington with their strike threats in 1934. Beside them the unemployed groups, the youth delegations, and the farm delegations forever marching on Washington are about as impressive as the bloodhounds in a Bible-belt Tom show. These were plainly competent men. They wasted no time on theories, professed no altruistic motives. They talked from their bellies and, shunning diplomatic niceties, used two-fisted words, with the result, of course, that federal officialdom had no answers for them. They were most impressive when, finishing with Roper, they called on Miss Perkins and insisted on seeing her, though it meant waiting more than an hour and having openly to scorn Assistant Secretary McGrady's offer to serve as a substitute. They were rough with the Secretary of Labor, especially their leader, Joe Curran, who more than once interrupted her long narration of her part in the California incident by saying: "I just can't stand here and listen to that. It just isn't so."

They said the Secretary had not fulfilled her promise to the California strikers at San Diego that if they would sail their ship back to New York she would use her "good offices" to see that they were not punished for striking. As a matter of fact, when the ship docked at New York sixty-four of the strikers were fined two days' pay, fired, and blacklisted; the Labor Department's agents had not even come near the crew; and as a result of the firing of the sixty-four, the crews of more than thirty ships had gone on strike. Their call had one result: Miss Perkins probably will never again be so ready to save the Administration embarrassment by breaking a strike with a promise of her "good offices" unless she makes certain in advance that her good offices will amount to something.

A French Left Victory

BY M. E. RAVAGE

Paris, April 22

TO BELIEVE the posters and the orators, both sides should emerge triumphant on May 3, if not on April 26. Nationalist spellbinders announce confidently that they will capture such workers' districts as Belleville; the Communists are sure of carrying such a bourgeois stronghold as the suburb of Neuilly. Without accepting the campaign optimism of either side, it is safe to prophesy that unless new international developments arise to confuse the issues, the combined parties of the left will have at least as comfortable a majority in the next Chamber as they had in the last one. Within the Front Populaire substantial shifts in weight are likely to occur; for in the run-off ballot the alliance will operate for the candidates of the bloc as a sort of proportional-representation device. The Communists, whose popular vote in 1932 should have given them three times as many seats as they actually got, are generally conceded thirty or forty deputies to their present ten, their added strength being acquired at the expense of both Radicals and Socialists. Whether their allies will bring off similar gains, or even make good their losses, by a general displacement toward the left is more doubtful. But upon this much all are agreed: although the victory of the Front Populaire may be less decisive than was expected before March 7, the right has no more chance of winning this election than it had that of four years ago.

The nationalists themselves, whatever they may write in their press or say at their meetings, freely admit in private that they expect to be beaten at the polls. But, they add at once, what of that? The left cartel triumphed in '32, didn't it, and also in '24? Much good it did them. Electoral contests in France are sham battles. One side rakes in the votes; the other takes office. The reds, exploiting popular naivete, can arouse the sentimental memories of the great revolution and thus get themselves elected; they may even, by tricky combinations, obtain a parliamentary majority. But they cannot govern. The spurious alliance of Radicals and So-

cialists gave them control of the Chamber twelve years ago and again four years ago. What followed? No sooner were they in than they fell out. From the start Herriot and after him his successors were obliged to rely on the moderates and the right to carry on at all, since their Socialist campaign partners, paralyzed by rigid doctrine, declined not only to take their responsibilities in the common enterprise for which the people had obviously chosen them, but even to support consistently the cabinets formed by their allies single-handed. The cartel was from the outset an imposture. It made believe to be a governmental coalition; in reality it was nothing but a vote-getting alliance. The Radicals accused their friends of leaving them in the lurch; the Socialists retorted that their partners had not kept the faith. But both knew quite well in advance that their alliance, formed purely for the campaign—not with any constructive object but merely to defeat the common enemy—could only last as long as the campaign. The result was what everyone expected. The cartel having disintegrated, the Radicals, who possessed neither a fixed line of policy nor a solid majority to uphold them, sought favor now with the moderates and the right, now with the extreme left, succeeded in alienating both, and were forced in the end to abandon the ungrateful task in despair. After an avalanche of ministries, each more ephemeral and more impotent than the last, a disillusioned and demoralized country welcomed the National Union—in other words, the right—back to power with a sigh of relief. The cartel of 1924 lasted just two years, that of 1932 barely more than eighteen months.

That is what the Tories put their trust in—the likelihood

that 1936 will be a repetition of 1924 and 1932. They have no illusion about obtaining a majority in the "mummery" of popular suffrage. They take part in the campaign largely for propaganda purposes. They are quite prepared to be beaten at the polls. But, relying on analogies, they are confident that the left, having been returned to power, will again discredit itself.

Their calculations may not impossibly



From *La Lumière* (Paris)

The March of the French Right

be justified by the event. It is all very well for the Radicals and Socialists to recall that Poincaré was able to come back in 1926 and pose as "the savior of the franc" because the financial oligarchy, which is the real government of France, paved the way for him by provoking a panic on the exchange. It is all very well for them to say that Daladier in 1934 was driven from office because the same sinister powers trumped up a political-financial scandal, with which Daladier had nothing to do, and then, when this was not effective enough, loosed the fascist hordes upon the streets. If all this is the truth, it is not the whole truth. The fact remains that the campaign partners in both cartels, after raising the hopes of the voting masses and defeating their foes at the polls, presented a spectacle of discord and incapacity, thereby giving those whom the country had rejected their chance. That is not the way to save democracy and bar the road to fascist dictatorship. It is the surest way to ruin democracy and open the door to adventurers. The events of February 6, when the republic came within a hair's breadth of succumbing, have made that clear enough. Daladier in a recent speech stressed the danger that lies in a repetition of "cartelism." "Another failure of the left," he warned, "another betrayal of the people's faith in us, and the masses will turn in despair to the demagogues and adventurers. Nothing this time will save the regime."

But the reactionaries perhaps rely too confidently on parallels with the past. Nothing can be more misleading than the comparison of the Front Populaire of 1936 with the cartels of 1924 and 1932. The cartel was an electoral bargain between politicians and party machines. The Front Populaire is a mass movement in which the principal role is played, not by leaders, not even by political parties, but by the people themselves. The partnership in '24 and '32 was confined to the Socialists and the Radicals. This year it comprises in addition not only the Communists and the Socialist Union, along with some other political groups; of the ninety-odd affiliated organizations the vast majority are non-political, like the reunited General Confederation of Labor, the youth associations, the women, the intellectuals, and scores of other bodies aggregating, at a conservative estimate, between two-thirds and four-fifths of the population of France. Judging by the temper of this vast movement, it would surprise no one if the rank and file, should the leaders again fail to agree, took matters into their own hands.

Whether or not the party chiefs have learned anything from experience, the people of France seem to have digested the lesson of 1926 and more particularly that of February, 1934. They have identified the enemy. They no longer talk vaguely of reaction, of masters, of capitalists. They have put their finger squarely on the source of their ills. They have learned a few things about what happened on that famous night of February 6-7 two years ago. They have it from the surest source that Daladier was resolved to hold on, until the governor of the Bank of France came and told him that unless he yielded the reins of office there would not be a sou with which to run the state; that thereupon the Premier telephoned to the Communist Party to ask whether it would uphold him,

saying, "If you do, I stay anyhow"; and that the Communists refused. This is why the rank and file are concentrating their fire and their hatred against the Bank of France, against the financial and industrial oligarchy, against "the two hundred families, who own, exploit, and ruin the country." That is one of the reasons why the Communists, regretting their errors of 1934, have become "the animators of the Front Populaire." And that is why, should the party chiefs again fail to rid the country of this incubus by parliamentary processes, the masses are determined upon revolution. The tang in the air of France in this year, 1936, resembles nothing so much as the atmosphere of July, 1789.

Finally, the cartels did not for an instant look beyond the campaign period. The Front Populaire has a program—a contract, Léon Blum called it the other day—which not only has set down in black and white the reforms to be carried out by the next government but which has been, in one form or another, approved by all the affiliated parties and enthusiastically indorsed by labor and the other non-political organizations of the people. There will be no excuse this time for mutual recriminations. Radicals, Socialists, and Communists have laid the precise bases of their collaboration. In these last days of the campaign the understanding has been made even more definite. Léon Blum has revealed that an agreement has been reached about the portfolios which are to be assumed by the Socialists in the Front Populaire government.

The peril of discord, then, seems to have been largely exorcised. But there is danger enough elsewhere. It must not be imagined that the Tories and the oligarchs behind them are sitting with their hands folded waiting for annihilation to overtake them. In the last week or two the right's line of action has become fairly plain. First of all, they are reverting to the methods which have served them so well in the past. As this article is being written, reports from every part of the country tell of a flight of capital accompanied by a growing loss of confidence in the national credit and currency. This time, apparently, devaluation of the franc has become inevitable—though it has been said to be inescapable half a dozen times at least in the last two years. The banks, it is said, are only taking care that the moment of its occurrence should be so chosen as to cast discredit on the "revolutionaries" of the Front Populaire. If the Front makes a good showing on April 26, then (so run the reports) the ax will fall before May 3. Meanwhile the fascist groups are almost openly increasing their armaments and rehearsing their mobilizations. The right press, indeed, is announcing these preparations with much emphasis, as warning of what the nation may expect in the event of a left victory at the polls. Lastly, in reactionary quarters much trust is being placed in Hitler. Flandin is said to have declared that the Germans will march into Vienna before the month is over.

In these circumstances, and considering that a whole month elapses between the election and the convening of the Chambers, the left will have to act with vigor and dispatch if its victory is not to turn to defeat and if France is not to be delivered to civil war.

The British Cabinet—a House Divided

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

SINCE the Hoare-Laval incident of last December it has been obvious enough that unity in the Baldwin Cabinet is maintained with considerable difficulty. Mr. Baldwin himself has lost prestige. Mr. Eden preserves the Geneva accent, but internal opposition has proved fatal to his power to act forthrightly. There is division over Italy; there is division over Germany, not least over the military commitments which Hitler's policy involves. The nearer war approaches, the less clear is the mind of the Cabinet about its direction. And there can be little doubt that the differences within the Cabinet reflect a grave divergence of opinion within the Conservative Party itself.

Its basis is the place of the League of Nations in the making of foreign policy. The peace ballot of last June swept the Cabinet into moral commitments far beyond anything in which its members, Mr. Eden apart, really believed. To make the Eden policy successful, it was essential that Italian ambitions should be rendered abortive. Otherwise, all the suspicions of collective security which all but a handful of the Tory members share would be bound to come into operation. Sanctions have failed; and their failure means that the party is anxious to end the risks attached to their application. They jeopardize the friendship of Italy. They make at least possible a Mediterranean war. They may involve an Italian-German alliance which would influence decisively the balance of power. The Tories are no longer willing to take the risks a League policy involves. They prefer to return to the old game of maneuver in which an attitude of semi-isolation combined with rearmament makes Great Britain the contingent arbiter in the power politics of Western Europe.

It is clear that the majority of the Cabinet shares this view. Mr. Eden can count on a small group of his colleagues, Mr. Ormsby-Gore, Mr. Duff-Cooper, Mr. Elliott; but the Prime Minister is on the fence, and the attitude of the rest varies from doubt to downright hostility. An Italian victory, as things are, would not only be a defeat for Mr. Eden; it would gravely compromise the reputation of the whole Cabinet. It might mean war; it may well mean an end of Great Britain's free hand in other fields of action.

That is why the Tories have no

longer their old confidence in Mr. Baldwin. He lost a third of his reputation last December. He has lost more since by his curious indecisiveness. The Tories turn increasingly to Mr. Chamberlain, with his hard, clear, narrow mind, as a man who will save them from the moral idealism of Mr. Eden. Under his leadership, they think, with realists like Sir Samuel Hoare and Sir Robert Horne back in office, the Geneva epoch can be ended. And if that means the disappearance of Mr. MacDonald, Sir John Simon, and their followers, so much the better for the Tory party. The time has come to end the period of liberal Toryism. The intrigue is afoot, and it may well prove successful.

Not, indeed, easily successful. Mr. Baldwin's standing in the country is still high; the disappearance of Mr. Eden would be a profound shock to public opinion, which is still faithful to the League; and straight Tory government might well mean a general election in which, in the present temper, Labor would win a good number of seats. But its success, both in the domestic and in the international field, would make possible the "realism" a long departure from which always makes for mental discomfort in the inner Tory mind. Geneva and social reform are not their *métier*, especially when they involve a threat to peace, a heavy bill of costs, and a flirtation with Russia which goes against the grain. If a general election could be avoided, the loss of Mr. Baldwin would not be too heavy a price to pay, for men like Mr. Amery, in return for the freedom to maneuver that would thus be acquired.

The contradictions of capitalism in its present phase are, in short, reflected in the British Cabinet. Collective security means commitments from which most of its members shrink. They see in the League an instrument which may well, if applied, destroy the countries which they regard as bulwarks against communism. They regret the ambitions of Italy and Germany. But they think their satisfaction a lesser evil than a policy in which England becomes an instrument of anti-fascism. They think Mr. Eden unrealistic. The mind of Europe, in their view, is unprepared for the high principles he attempts to put into action. They do not think them workable; they do not know where they will lead. A strongly armed Britain, free to follow its own interests, is in their view



Drawing by Eichenberg

Mr. Baldwin Straddling

the one path of safety. They understand the methods that conception involves. Geneva, for them, is a strange and dangerous technique involving postulates wholly alien to their temper and purposes. They feel that they can do a deal with the dissatisfied powers if the Covenant is out of the way. They want to get rid of a policy which continually implicates them in its consequences. That means the resignation of Mr. Eden, or his reduction to nullity. It may mean the resignation of Mr. Baldwin, who, so far, has tended to stand by him.

I doubt whether this effort will have any rapid outcome. Any big change in the government, especially in a diehard direction, will not be welcome in the country; and it may well impair the unity of the Tory party. Mr. Baldwin, too, is a good fighter in a corner; and he will not go at the dictation of diehards whose outlook he despises. If he does go, the idea of a Chamberlain-Hoare government may well prove far less desirable than its friends imagine. It would be pro-Italian, pro-German, pro-Japanese. It would reduce the League to a post office. While it would go on arming, it would do nothing to appease the

international crisis. Domestically, it might well awaken the same feelings in the unemployed which nearly destroyed the MacDonald government in 1934. It would mean more tariffs; and it would intensify such imperial experiments as Ottawa.

The change would, in a word, end any hope of real collective security against an aggressor Germany without removing the sources of trouble in Europe and the Far East. It would encourage the fascist powers as no other change in European government would do. It would represent an effort to find accommodations for British economic interests without regard to any larger international obligations. It might postpone the issue raised by German and other fascist policies by buying them off. But its true result would be to encourage the fascist appetite by revealing an eagerness to accommodate its claims. On any view, I doubt whether that appetite can now be balked without conflict. I believe also, however, that the replacement of Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Eden by a Chamberlain government would be a victory for the darkest forces in Europe today.

Harry Bridges: Rank-and-File Leader

BY LOUIS ADAMIC

San Francisco, April 23

EARLY in April, en route to Southern California, I stopped off in San Francisco and looked up Harry Bridges, the militant president of the International Longshoremen's Association Local 38-79. I had made an appointment with him three days earlier by long distance from Sacramento.

In response to my knock Bridges opened the door in the thin partition that separates his dingy, windowless, four-by-six office from the rest of the vast and teeming I. L. A. headquarters on Clay Street, a stone's throw from the Embarcadero. "Sorry," he said quickly, "I've no time. I shouldn't be here now. I waited for you only because I promised you I'd be here and didn't know where to call you to cancel the appointment." None the less, sliding into the rickety chair at his small roll-top desk, he invited me to sit down; then we talked rapidly for ten, fifteen minutes.

He is a slight, lanky fellow in his early forties, with a narrow, longish head, receding dark hair, a good straight brow, an aggressive hook nose, and a tense-lipped mouth. He wears cheap clothes and is indifferent about his appearance. His salary as head of the union is less than the average wage of the union members.

The San Francisco headlines that morning told of a "plot" on the part of a member of the conservative element in the marine unions to kill one of the left-wing leaders, and Bridges—probably the hardest-working man in San Francisco—evidently was under great mental and nervous strain. His 'phone rang every few minutes, and

in the middle of our interview a man came in from the outer office to inform him that a worker had just been found slugged unconscious on a dock.

Bridges's replies to my questions were swift, brief, evasive; later I learned that on first meeting he is that way with everybody. Talking, he makes quick, irrelevant gestures with his hands, like a soda-jerker away from his counter. He looks anything but a longshoreman or labor leader. At first he doesn't strike one as a leader of any kind. He doesn't look at one directly, but takes short, sudden squints from under his brows. These squints gradually lengthen into glances, which then spread into a shrewd, scrutinizing look. Talk spurts out of him in a low, tensely controlled voice, suggesting that he is not a good platform speaker.

For a minute or two I wondered: Can this man possibly be a strong leader? Then I couldn't help feeling that behind that jittery exterior, in that seemingly frail person, was a lot of calm, deliberate power, which probably was less part of his essential make-up as a person than of the militant-labor-union idea he had embraced and decided to serve, and of the tense and dramatic situation on the West Coast of which he was the storm center. He excited all my interest and I did my best to persuade him to explain himself, either then or later, in terms of his background and the influences that have played on his life. I said I would be in San Francisco again in ten days: would he have more time then and be willing to talk about himself? "No, no—sorry—it isn't only that I'm busy. I prefer not to be publicized as an individual. My

personal background and life are unimportant. The movement is important, the situation; but just now I don't want to talk about anything. Whatever I'd say might be twisted by our enemies and used to the detriment of the union." I knew the situation was inchoate, full of cross-currents and fluctuating possibilities, on the verge of new developments.

Having heard of efforts to get him deported as an "alien red plotting to sovietize industry and overthrow the government of the United States by force and violence," I asked him about his status as an immigrant. (He is an Australian, here twelve years.) He said he was not worried about that: he had taken out his first papers and expected to get the full citizenship in due course. I had a feeling he did not consider himself indispensable or think that his deportation would be fatal to maritime unions; later I met some of his associates who obviously are fit to fill his place. Also, should the authorities move to deport him or deny him his citizenship when his time comes, I believe the whole Coast would blaze up from San Pedro to Seattle. He is a hero, perhaps to his annoyance, to hundreds of thousands of workers, most of them native Americans, both in the marine unions and outside them.

We parted and Bridges hurried somewhere; and I, going on to Los Angeles, sent word to *The Nation* that Bridges did not want to be written up, and that the waterfront situation on the Coast momentarily was so unclear and so lacking in significant incidents that for the present we might better postpone writing and printing anything about it.

But ten days later, when an engagement required me to return to San Francisco, the Santa Rosa affair flared up there, abruptly illuminating several important phases of the situation. To understand that affair, however, one must glance back over the last two years of the Pacific Coast waterfront history and be aware also of what is now going on in the East.

The 1934 strike began over wages and working conditions, but the paramount issue was the employers' "slave market" versus the union hiring hall. That conflict developed political implications in the general strike. When the strike ended—seemingly in the workers' defeat—the marine unions, under Bridges's consistently shrewd leadership, staged the so-called "strategic retreat," agreeing to submit their demands to arbitration. Week after week, as the arbitration dragged on, the shipowners and other waterfront employers lost ground; the unions, organized along the old craft lines, remained solid; and the final National Longshore Award granted the men nearly all their demands.

The whole spirit of the waterfront changed. Competition for jobs at pierheads gave way to cooperation and solidarity. The I. L. A. union membership increased from below two thousand to over four thousand, and the hiring halls distributed the work so evenly that all at once there were no unemployed longshoremen and the average wage became \$37 a week, with opportunities to make, under greatly improved working conditions, as much as

\$200 a month. As one of the longshoremen put it to me the other day, "We experienced the unaccustomed luxury of being men."

This stimulated labor in other crafts, and in many places it organized 100 per cent; after which these and some of the old unions up and down the Coast under the leadership of Bridges and his associates formed the Maritime Federation of the Pacific Coast, which swiftly became a great and growing power. The federation spread to Canada and Hawaii, and its idea—that of industrial as opposed to craft organization for *all* sea and shoreside workers—commenced to excite the men in the Gulf ports. Committees called on federation officials for aid in setting up locals, and the organization spread to warehouse men, bargemen, and other workers on the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, while its prestige penetrated even to the agricultural areas. Rank-and-file leaders of rural migratory labor hit upon the notion that, since many agricultural products were shipped by sea and rivers, the agricultural workers' union should also be affiliated with the Maritime Federation. They looked forward to the time when organized maritime workers would refuse to handle or transport agricultural products not grown by organized field or orchard labor.

Nervous before, employers now—about a year ago—experienced panic, and their first thought naturally was: This man Bridges and his federation must be stopped! But how? Not a few people concerned with sea-shipping have interests also in river boats and ports and in vast ranch corporations; but while some of them unquestionably are nice enough fellows personally, few have overmuch intelligence or any long-range imagination. Functionally, in the business world, most of them are ignorant pushers, dog-eat-dog opportunists, and fear-torn stuffed shirts, distrusting one another; throughout 1935, secretly admitting that Bridges was one smart so-and-so, they had a hard time in agreeing on any sort of plan by which they could get at him.

Meanwhile, the I. L. A. had developed subtly aggressive dock tactics, designed partly to keep the employers groggy and confused, but mainly to continue improving the men's job conditions. Bridges and other officials of the union believe in giving a fair day's work for a fair wage (they are satisfied that the wages now are good), and soldiering on the job is discouraged by them. On the other hand, they do not want men to overwork. So about a year ago they instituted a system whereby every dock gang elected from among themselves a so-called gang or dock steward to look after their interests and act as their spokesman on the job. These stewards, always wanting something or protesting against this or that, became a great annoyance to the bosses. Some of their demands and protests probably were "unreasonable" from the employers' point of view. There were endless disputes, some resulting in "job action" on the part of workers or quick strikes ("quickies") localized to one dock. Suddenly, in the midst of unloading a ship, the longshore gang would walk off, causing the stubborn employer sailing delay, considerable additional expense, and general irritation.



The federal arbitrator ruled that while workers were obliged under the 1934 agreement to obey the employers, they could quit their jobs at any time, and that "quickies" were not breaches of the award. Required by the award to employ only I. L. A. men, the employer called the hiring hall for another gang, which came promptly enough but as likely as not pulled another "quicky" an hour later; and so on, till the employer yielded to, say, a demand that the slingload be made 2,500 instead of 4,000 pounds. There were also, in the last year, numerous outbursts of violence and frequent questions whether or not the ship to be unloaded was "hot," that is, had been loaded with cargo in another port by non-union men or was manned by scabs. These fights were bitterest on docks operated by companies with strong banking and agricultural ties—the Matson Company, the American-Hawaiian Lines, and the Dollar Steamship Company—which were particularly antagonistic to the "Bridges union."

But the prestige of the Maritime Federation and Bridges only increased. The newspapers called Bridges a red, a Communist, a subversive alien, but the men only laughed at these appellations: "What the hell do we care what he is!"

Last November the big companies, led by the Matson and Dollar officials, determined to have a "showdown" and managed to create a loose united front among the employers, who promptly disagreed as to procedure. One

faction was for cracking down on the I. L. A. with vigilante terror and, if necessary, the National Guard. Another group felt such tactics would be unwise; there was too much sympathy with the men among the public. Finally, getting nowhere locally, they decided that this should not be merely a Coast fight but a national one.

On December 9 there met in the San Francisco office of the Waterfront Employers' Association representatives of all important shipping interests in the country, but no definite decision was made then. Their conferences were transferred to New York and Washington. The United States Department of Justice was requested to investigate the waterfront unions, and newspapers in all big port cities began to harp on the communistic and subversive character of some of the seamen's and longshoremen's leaders. In these efforts the employers had the eager cooperation of numerous conservative labor skates, including the biggest of the big shots in the I. L. A. and the International Seamen's Union, both affiliated with the A. F. of L.

On December 31 Louis Stark, the best-informed and most careful labor journalist in the country, reported from Washington in the *New York Times* that "employers on the Pacific Coast virtually have completed a coastwise 'vigilante' organization to protect their interests in the event that they find themselves unable to obtain redress from the government should the international unions

continue to be unable to discipline their Pacific Coast local unions. . . . The Pacific Coast owners are said to be in constant contact with the Atlantic operators . . . and well-informed sources indicate the employers are ready for a 'showdown.' "

On January 7 the representatives of all the important shipping interests reconvened in San Francisco and decided, at a date to be set later, to (1) repudiate publicly all agreements with the unions on the Coast on account of their "irresponsible leadership," (2) deal with workers only as individuals, and (3) give this action a peaceful appearance by laying up for a while some of the ships, ostensibly because operation was financially impossible. In fine, the plan was to make the action a kind of semi-lockout.

Still they were not ready. Thomas Plant, spokesman for the Waterfront Employers, and numerous representatives of shipping companies spent most of January and part of February in New York and Washington, and they probably had a hand in engineering the attack on the Maritime Federation by the national convention of the International Seamen's Union, which directed the Sailors' Union of the Pacific to withdraw from the federation and, when the latter failed to obey, took away its charter. At the same time reports reached the rank-and-file unions on the Coast that in New York City President Ryan of the I. L. A. had entered the united front of the employers.

On January 22 shippers, importers, and exporters were notified that the long-planned semi-lockout would begin on January 26. They were warned to clear up their business. But the Maritime Federation got wind of this and promptly exposed the plan. It called on the federal government to prevent "civil war" on the Pacific Coast waterfronts and charged that a nation-wide conspiracy existed among "waterfront employers, shippers, and allied financial interests to wipe out the Pacific Coast maritime unions," which, the statement continued,

. . . are run by their members, not by "Communists." It is a peculiarity of Pacific Coast maritime unions that officials must submit every action of the slightest importance to a majority vote of the membership. And that is precisely what the owners object to. They do not like democracy. They profess to admire Atlantic Coast maritime unions, where the members have absolutely nothing to say as to the functions of their own organizations. Obviously, this is the core of the whole matter: it is democracy the shipowners dislike; it is autocracy they desire. Because they do not like democracy they call it communism in an effort to obscure the real issue.

Owners do not run the ships at a loss if they pay decent wages. Under mail-contract subsidies alone, shipowners received approximately \$28,850,000 in 1935. This is more than the combined annual wages, subsistence, maintenance, and repair costs of the operation of all American-flag vessels on ocean mail routes, these costs amounting to \$28,460,000 a year, according to the operators' own estimates.

This clever exposé, executed in the best Bridges manner, received considerable publicity in the few liberal newspapers on the coast; and the public's, but especially

organized labor's, reaction to the planned lockout was against the employers. The plan was thus frustrated; whereupon, save for the "mutiny" on the California at San Pedro in March, peace prevailed all along the Pacific front until April 3, when eighteen ship companies, led by Matson and Dollar, moved to break the sailors' hiring-hall system in San Francisco by a federal injunction. Bridges declared before the San Francisco Labor Council: "I don't want to appear an alarmist, but this looks like the start of another fight. We've tried to avoid it, but we're ready." The council strongly condemned the shipowners' action, public opinion preponderantly opposed a renewal of warfare, and the owners again pulled in their horns.

Then the Santa Rosa.

On the East Coast there have occurred in recent weeks numerous rank-and-file "quickies," or small outlaw strikes which had the sympathy of the Maritime Federation of the Pacific, for they were, in the main, efforts to discredit the A. F. of L. "fascists" running the I. L. A. and the I. S. U. Early in April the Maritime Federation received word from New York that the Santa Rosa, a Grace Line freight-passenger ship, had left for Los Angeles and San Francisco in a "hot" condition. It seemed that the ship had been picketed in New York as "unfair to organized labor" and that she had signed on some scabs, whom the I. S. U. officials supplied with union books just before sailing. This was all the information Bridges and his group had. Naturally, they suspected a plot, although heretofore the Grace Line had had a comparatively good record. They had heard rumors of "tricks" about to be played on the San Francisco I. L. A. The Santa Rosa was tensely awaited by the men. When she arrived, the federation had a picket line at the pier. Everybody believed she was "hot." Crowds of men who were not authorized pickets came to the pier. The company called the hiring hall for stevedores. The gangs came but refused to go through the crowd, which by then had begun to consider itself the picket line. Meanwhile the Maritime Federation officials were trying to find out the facts about the ship's temperature, but were not allowed aboard. A few of the crew came off, and one or two of them confirmed the report that there had been some irregularity in signing up the men in New York.

The federation officials, including Bridges, held a conference and, deciding that their information was too slender to justify creating an issue in the already tense situation, called off the pickets and told the gangs to go and work the ship. But meanwhile—in fact, almost immediately after the gangs stopped at the federation's picket line—the Waterfront Employers, as though prepared beforehand, issued an announcement suspending all relations with the I. L. A. Local 38-79 and ordering employers all along the front to (1) call for no more gangs from the hiring hall, (2) summon back men then employed on uncompleted jobs, and (3) employ in the future only those registered longshoremen eligible to work under the award who reported directly to the job.

A lockout, but badly messed up from the start. The union immediately denied that the men refused to work

the ship. The hiring hall again sent the gangs and was willing to send more. In fact, more gangs were sent, but the Grace Line superintendent turned them away. In brief, the owners found themselves fighting mad in a ring empty of opponents—a ridiculous situation which “drew the berry” from 4,300 longshoremen and tens of thousands of their sympathizers in and outside the labor movement. In their excitement and embarrassment the pugnacious geniuses in charge of the lockout forgot they were fighting communism and said they were the sworn enemies of the hiring hall. Then they discovered that was a “bum issue.” The public at large was not against the hiring hall. Longshoremen were fanatically in love with it. Expressions of solidarity on the issue came from up and down the Coast, even from conservative I. L. A. district officials who hate Bridges no less than the employers hate him. So, still more confused, the employers’ leaders claimed they had been misunderstood: the hiring hall was not the issue. “We are opposed to its abolition,” read one of their statements. “We likewise are opposed to any change of the provisions of the arbitration award. We insist that every provision of the award be strictly observed.”

In short, there was no issue. Then they recalled that Bridges was a red and blamed the situation on him. He had ordered out the Maritime Federation picket line. Which wasn’t true, for Bridges doesn’t order anyone to do anything. All decisions in the Maritime Federation as

well as in the I. L. A. local are made by the membership or by elected committees. So the men laughed still more.

Meantime the lockout was an actuality. The Santa Rosa was not worked. The same was true of the majority of other ships in port when the lockout began. Scores of San Francisco-bound vessels were diverted to San Pedro and Portland, and, according to various estimates, the great port beyond the Golden Gate lost between a quarter of a million and a million dollars a day in wages and wharfage fees; for eight days, while Mayor Rossi issued frantic statements, the Embarcadero was quiet as a graveyard.

As I write this, the lockout mess has been more or less cleared up. Today the great port is beginning to get slowly back to normal operations. The basic labor-employer situation, however, is where it was ten days ago—except that the prestige of Bridges’s leadership, the essence of which is intelligently directed mass-democracy, has gone up many notches during the past week; while the employers feel groggy and foolish, and probably are wondering what they can do next.

I don’t know what they can or will do, but the probability is they will get more and more desperate. However, they may not make their next move, whatever it will be, for some time—unless they decide to attempt to frame Bridges, which also will not be easy. Bridges is the most careful of men.



The Hollywood Tea Party

BY MORRIE RYSKIND

Hollywood, April 18

I DON'T know why Boston should get all the publicity. Hollywood threw a tea party of its own last night, and some two hundred of the movie colony's leading lights attended; yet there is not a mention of it this morning in the Los Angeles *Times*. There is a notice that "the Los Angeles Art Noon Club will hold its April meeting Tuesday in the Women's Athletic Club at noon." A previous engagement will not permit me to attend this meeting, so you boys and girls will have to be content with hearing about what happened last night.

It seems news finally got to Hollywood about the Kramer sedition bill and what it meant—a little late, it is true, but after all Paul Revere doesn't do as much riding these days as he used to. Anyhow, the news came and the embattled freemen of Hollywood said, "Let's do something about it." They took the stand that the Alien and Sedition Laws of 1798 hadn't been good enough for their fathers and that the Kramer sedition bill wasn't good enough for them. They really got mad one night and formed a committee to put Mr. Kramer's sedition bill out of business.

Their first mistake was in getting a judge to head the committee: Judge Lester W. Roth. Now Mr. Hearst, if I read his local papers correctly, likes the Kramer bill, and Mr. Hearst has a lot of influence in this town: most judges would have spent several years in calm, cool, judicial deliberation and then would have decided that they couldn't head a committee Mr. Hearst might not approve of. But this judge—I don't know *what* he could have been thinking of, unless it was the Bill of Rights—said he would be glad to head the group.

Of course that should have been the end of the whole matter, but a second mistake was made: women were put on the committee. The women immediately opened headquarters and began a house-to-house canvass of Kramer's constituency, armed with petitions asking Kramer to withdraw the bill. Well, it seems that an awful lot of people who voted for Mr. Kramer under the impression that he was a liberal are signing these petitions with their names and addresses, so that Mr. Kramer can see they really are constituents. And since Mr. Kramer faces a primary fight this year, he is going to be interested in what his constituents think. I mean he will be before the primary anyhow.

Just to make sure, the committee intends to make photostatic copies of the petitions and send them to Mr. Kramer and his allies. All of this is going to take a little money, so the committee decided to throw a sedition party and get the Hollywood people to come and contribute to the cause.

Well, they came last night and they contributed. I saw

loads and loads of writers from Metro, which even contributed two supervisors; the Paramount attorney was there, as were several Paramount scribes including Clifford Odets; United Artists was represented by an art director. Louis Adamic was there, and Dorothy Parker, but there were also some Los Angeles business men and a corporation lawyer. And Sidney Skolsky. A mixed crowd, but certainly a well-to-do one. Not Liberty Leaguers in wealth maybe, but a prosperous crew nevertheless.

Now some of these people, unquestionably, think that Mr. Roosevelt is too conservative; but a good many of them think he is far too radical. Some of them are Old Guard Republicans who would welcome Mr. Hoover back; and at least one of them (you might as well know where I stand) is an Old Guard Socialist who thinks that Louis Waldman's letter in a recent issue of *The Nation* was a magnificent declaration of principles.

And that's what made the party important to me. It seems to me that as long as groups of Americans, regardless of party, are willing to get together to fight for the preservation of their civil rights, fascism can't win. For, mind you, this was no gathering of the dispossessed, meeting in some secret place; this was a gathering of respectable citizens, meeting openly. And while that can happen, fascism hasn't a chance.

There's a corollary: if fascism can't win, then we aren't confronted with the choice the Communists insist we must make—fascism or communism. I have always thought that would be a horrible dilemma, because I really like my civil liberties and I don't want anybody to take them away from me—whether his name is Kramer or Hitler or Mussolini or even Stalin. Besides, I just read in my favorite weekly that the Soviet censor won't let Louis Fischer get *The Nation*. Well, what does that mean? Let the Communists get into power here, and pretty soon there's no *Nation* at all. And what do I do then? Write just for moving pictures? A fine prospect, indeed! No, sir, I'll take Franklin Roosevelt or Alf Landon—as long as I can't get Louis Waldman.

P. S.—Although the news of the tea party was not printed in the *Times*, my spies report to me that the news reached Washington. Just before the party last night Congressman Kramer called up several of the Democrats on the committee and wanted to know why the boys were attacking him. They must have told him, because my information is that he was on the wire twenty minutes. When a Congressman spends that much of his own money in long-distance calls, he is worried. Don't be surprised if Kramer withdraws the bill: from what I hear of him, he would rather withdraw any bill than withdraw Congressman Kramer.

Will Neutrality Keep Us Out of War?

[The following editorial, by Marion Donnelly of the University of California, has been awarded first prize in the student editorial contest sponsored jointly by The Nation and the Foreign Policy Association.]

IF, WHEN the next world war flares, the President's neutrality proclamation keeps the United States from being involved, such circumstance will constitute an event without precedent in our national history. In two previous European wars, during which the continental balance of power was temporarily settled, the United States tried to go about its business in its customary way, and on both occasions was drawn into the war.

The parallels offered by our encounters with France and England during the Napoleonic wars and our more recent plying between the Scylla and Charybdis of Allies and Central Powers in the years before 1917 are enlightening and portentous. The reasons we had for going to war with England in 1812 were not Napoleon's reasons, nor, a century later, were our grievances against Germany the same as England's, at least initially. Nevertheless, once war broke out, our tortuous road from neutral to combatant spread inescapably before us. Is this always to be?

In trying to reach any valid conclusion about the probable course of American neutrality in the event of future war, it is well to remember that twice before the United States went to war to protect its neutral rights, after vain attempts to resolve the contradiction inherent in trying to carry on normally in an altogether abnormal situation. In spite of these two futile affrays, no one dreams of saying that the issue is a settled one, or cares to deny that the same circumstances, whether fortuitous or fateful, may engulf the country in war again, to no better purpose.

Nations at war, rendered unscrupulous through desperation, infringed the neutral rights of the United States. Ironically, the alternatives which faced the peace-loving but frustrated republic were military retaliation or abridgment of national sovereignty imposed from without. Probably the most important single development in the world since 1917 is that this horrible choice is no longer inevitable for any country willing to make concerted use with other countries of the instruments now in existence for collective security and collective restraint of aggressors.

Before it becomes possible to apply this principle of collective security and collective restraint, a principle which is perfectly understood and everywhere accepted in dealings with individual lawbreakers, it is necessary to face the implications of the whole subject of neutrality, its possibilities and limitations. Encouraging indications of this tendency are to be found everywhere, particularly in the average American's acceptance of the current neutrality legislation, which clearly limits rights heretofore strenuously insisted upon in our relations with belligerents.

Unfortunately, because of the continuing crisis abroad, this legislation is still unformed and unfinished. This has

dealt a crushing blow to the hopes of all who had counted on sufficient awareness of reality by Congress to assure some sort of permanent neutrality law which would embody the principle of cooperation with the forces of peace. By giving the President discretionary powers in the matter of declaring embargoes, the door would have been open for constructive cooperation with the League of Nations, if not positively through support of sanctions—impossible politically just now—then negatively through a willingness not to obstruct the League's efforts to impose sanctions.

Congress has refused to authorize this discretionary power. Its sorry action, whether due to surrender to pressure groups, isolationist propaganda, or sheer obtuseness, is indefensible. Any real contribution to world peace on our part is at present impossible, unless our apparent readiness to get off the earth in so far as we are physically able to do so is considered helpful. That, at least, Congress seems amply willing to try; no doubt to give the future belligerents plenty of room to fight in.

It is difficult to gauge the repercussions of this blunder immediately, though one can say that the temper of the American people at the present time indicates a desire to leave no stone unturned in the search for a solution to the problem of maintaining peace. Most of us, it is true, do not take the trouble to familiarize ourselves with intricate questions of foreign policy. This does not mean, however, that we are the "international illiterates" our hundred percenters and isolationists wish us to be.

If a majority can be made to see that American peace is a snare and a delusion in a world in which there is no peace, if we can see clearly the indivisible character of our economic environment, then, inevitably, we must admit the necessity for organizing our world for peace.

The responsibility of our national leaders in making us see this, in forcing us to realize that no puny device of "maintaining a strict neutrality" will save us from the storm when it breaks, is almost incalculable. Let them exercise their leadership with some perceptible diminution of slipshod thinking and muddled premises. Let them explain, again and again, as often as they can commandeer microphone or platform, that neutrality is not enough. Americans are not morons or idiots. They are able to understand that the policies of the past do not always work and that the sane thing to do when something doesn't work is to scrap it or make it over. This is a good, traditional, American way of approaching problems, Mr. Hearst and his minions notwithstanding.

For our own sakes, in order to save our own country and all it stands for at its best, we must come forth and align ourselves with the forces of peace. America wields a mighty power. That she would use it cravenly, ignominiously is unthinkable. That she shall use it intelligently, purposefully, and generously is yet within our power to decide.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

HOW pitiful and yet how inspiring is the plight of our rich men! They give us their word that they are being taxed to death, that they are down to their last yachts and last half-dozen automobiles. Some have even been compelled to abandon those delightful places in the Carolinas at which they were wont to sojourn for a few weeks on the way from their Palm Beach or Miami homes to their city houses, which are such pleasant stopping places on the road to Newport or Europe. Yet I note with regret that some uncomprehending persons are a bit puzzled. For side by side with the complaints of these once prosperous men, who were so invaluable to the country because of the savings with which they bought into many companies and created new ones, there are constant press references to the fact that these gentlemen are spending considerable amounts to extinguish the further political aspirations of Franklin Roosevelt. Wherever Senator Black's committee of investigation has dug into the finances of our militant, pro-liberty organizations, the same generous names recur. Lammot du Pont, Irénée du Pont, Pierre du Pont, and all the other du Ponts big and little, John J. Raskob, Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., Thomas L. Chadbourne, William T. Geist, the Pitcairn family, which put up a trifling \$103,000 for the Sentinels of the Republic—some of these impoverished people are always to be found donating from \$5,000 to \$50,000 to some fine anti-Roosevelt organization such as the Liberty League, the Farmers' Independence Council, the Sentinels, or the convention called by the precious governor of Georgia, Eugene Talmadge, to denounce the Washington Administration. Some scoffers and cynics are so mistaken as to declare that the complaints and the gifts are incompatible.

Now the real truth about this seeming inconsistency is that there is no inconsistency at all and that we have never witnessed nobler patriotism or greater self-sacrifice. I declare this because, according to their own statements, these men and women no longer have income enough to live well and therefore they must be dipping into their capital in order to let the American people know just what is being done to our beloved country by the Communists and Socialists now in charge of the government in Washington. These patriots are digging into their jeans with greater disregard of their own interests than they displayed in buying Liberty Bonds during the World War. For Liberty Bonds gave a handsome return, and Liberty Leagues do not produce dividends except in heaven. Contributions to them may not even be deducted from one's income-tax returns. Yet these noble souls who are literally being taxed out of existence must be throwing stocks and bonds overboard no matter what their losses.

If one goes to Florida—I have just returned from there

—one is more than ever struck by the public spirit of these much-abused people. I was taken over one of the most important clubs, one which has room for 450 people to whose comfort and pleasure 475 managers, servants, and workmen cater. It is as luxurious a place as I have ever seen on this continent. The initiation fee is reported to be \$5,000 and the annual dues \$1,000. Yet this club was crowded to the doors throughout the season and is rejoicing that it made money and a lot of it. The minimum rate for a room was quoted at \$20 a day without meals. When I entered this garish palace with its wonderful flowers, exotic landscaping, and exquisite beach club on the ocean, I supposed that all of this was merely to give the patrons a good time. Nothing of the kind. It appears that those 450 guests went down there and sacrificed themselves just in order that those 475 workers might have well-paid jobs from January 1 to April 1 and not be obliged to go on the dole. With this information it was easy for me to realize that the enormous amount of building going on at Miami and Palm Beach does not mean that the rich are richer and are saving large sums above their taxes and living expenses. No, indeed! Those superb houses are being built solely in order that the building trades in Florida may flourish and that the local communities and the federal government will not have to support in idleness thousands of bricklayers, cement mixers, steel workers, and others. So with the gambling hells, the racetracks for dogs and horses, and the other institutions of pleasure against which, in Jacksonville, a group of benighted and prudish ministers has just publicly protested. They do not understand that the patrons of these brothels and gambling houses, for example, are determined that the owners and the attendants shall not be a burden upon the communities. These priests had much better show the cooperative spirit of certain members of the Coast Guard service in Florida who obligingly receive over the government telephone and forward innumerable orders for reservations for dinner and supper at a most prosperous, open, and aboveboard gambling institution of the highest quality.

Unquestionably Florida has cleared its skirts of the panic and depression. It is back now not to 1929, when the great boom had already burst, but to the year 1926, when everything was in full swing and there were suckers in plenty to buy every lot, however deep under water or remote in the swamps. Now if our embattled rich can do all this for a single state in their present straitened circumstances, what would they not do if the crazy man in the White House, as they call him, would give them a free hand? Isn't it obvious that through their self-sacrifice and patriotism they would exorcise the rest of the depression from every part of this land of the free—and the equal?

BROUN'S PAGE

THE effrontery of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association becomes so amazing that any critic must stop and take a deep breath before he tries to answer. An argument may be made that Senatorial investigating committees might actually harm individual liberties by punitive fishing expeditions, but I fail to see any action on the part of the Black committee which impairs in any way the right of William Randolph Hearst to continue to print those things which seem to him helpful to his interests. In any strict sense of the phrase the publisher's quarrel with Black has nothing on earth to do with "the freedom of the press."

Nor do I believe that the attempt to look into Mr. Hearst's correspondence with his editors may justly be called an aimless fishing expedition. The black backs of shark and barracuda have been plainly seen leaping in the waters around San Simeon. It is palpable that the Hearst papers gave great aid and comfort to the Talmadge movement, and while the publisher now disclaims any interest in the Liberty League and its satellites, the Hearst drive made the formation of all these organizations possible. Let me see, just how long ago was it that William Randolph Hearst offered the Presidency on a platter to Al Smith?

The Black committee has already dug up correspondence indicating a desire on the part of so-called patriotic groups to lead an anti-Semitic movement. One supporter of "our American traditions" has expressed the belief that the country needs a Hitler. With this promising beginning there surely should be no effort to check the further activities of the committee. And where should it look? The cowboy found his missing pinto by trying to think of what he would do if he were a horse. Anybody who is interested in finding the prime source of the Nazi movement in America might well consider just what he would do if he were a Hearst.

It is strange and tragic that the lord of San Simeon can muster to his support the newspaper owners of America as a gang of chestnut pullers. I am not the most friendly critic of the American press. I accept the dictum that newspapers do not speak for big business but rather constitute big business. And yet I know men in leading positions in the newspaper industry who genuinely fear fascism in this country and who honestly want to fight against it. Just why they consent to become catspaws for William Randolph Hearst is to me mysterious. Perhaps they are believers in that ancient and unfortunate adage that consistency is a jewel. Believing that some Senate committee some day might go too far, they leap in now to defend the privacy of that great defender of American privacy William Randolph Hearst. People who live by slogans should be reminded that there is a better adage than the one about the gem-like quality of consistency. It runs, "Circumstances alter cases."

Intelligent publishers should divorce their interests from those of Hearst. It is true that the American public grows increasingly skeptical of the fairness and accuracy of our press. Some editors who thoroughly hate Hearst still refrain from criticizing him on the ground that "anything said about one editor reflects on all editors." But they lose sight of the fact that even if no criticism of Hearst came to the eyes and ears of the public the protest against his kind of propaganda would grow. Mr. Hearst is his own severest critic. He prints and flaunts the case against himself in every edition of every one of his papers every day. What he screams so loudly from above his head that what he says hardly matters.

Recently Mr. Hearst engaged Harvey J. Kelly to act as his labor-relations adviser. I believe Mr. Kelly does not actually take up his new job for another few months, but he tried his hand in Milwaukee and killed, or at least failed to keep alive, a basis of settlement which had been agreed to by both sides. The management withdrew its offer in spite of having made a definite promise. Speaking at the American Newspaper Publishers' Association on the subject of "new organizations," Mr. Kelly dealt with the guild, although not by name, by referring to "newly organized, inexperienced groups, with more zeal than judgment, pulling minority walkouts without first consulting experienced union leaders, and then clamoring for sympathetic walkouts."

This is somewhat ironical because it was Mr. Kelly, acting as agent of Hearst, who upset the settlement of the guild strike in Milwaukee. And the basis of that settlement, to which Mr. Black, the publisher, had agreed, was that the working conditions agreed on should be witnessed by the leaders of the A. F. of L. in the city of Milwaukee. It had been openly said by guild leaders that we were not only willing but eager to accept the role of wards of the A. F. of L. since we felt certain that our application for membership would be before that body in June. The very same publishers who talk of the guild's not seeking counsel from experienced labor leaders are the very ones who say, "Don't you realize that it would be fatal for you boys to go into the American Federation of Labor?"

From the very beginning the guild has sought counsel. At our first appearance in public we asked Charles Howard of the I. T. U. to speak for us, as he did, and so did Vice-President Morrison. John L. Lewis has been generous in support and counsel, and in every guild difficulty William Green has asked labor to support us. President Green has given constant help during the Milwaukee strike.

Mr. Kelly hardly has the good of the guild in mind when he tries to drive a wedge between organized labor and the guild. Still it must be admitted that William Randolph Hearst has done much to unify labor. He has provided in himself the full and perfect symbol for the anti-labor movement.

HEYWOOD BROUN

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

THE NOT SO HOPELESS MOVIES

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

ONE of the best—and I fear one of the best-known—of modern literary anecdotes is that which concerns the conversation alleged to have occurred between Bernard Shaw and Mr. Goldwyn of Hollywood, who had come to explain why the sage of Adelphi should assign to Mr. Goldwyn the movie rights to his plays. After listening patiently to a discourse upon the Mission of the Films, Shaw is said to have concluded the interview thus: "I'm afraid, Mr. Goldwyn, that we shall never get together. So far as I can see, you are interested in nothing except art while I, of course, am interested in nothing but money."

Cant of the sort here attributed to the semi-legendary Mr. Goldwyn has been so persistent in the movie industry that even cynicism is a relief, and one's first impulse after reading the address "Popular Art and Profit in Motion Pictures" recently delivered at New York University by Howard S. Cullman, trustee in bankruptcy and manager of the Roxy Theater, is to thank God for at least one honest man at last. With suave candor Mr. Cullman takes the Shavian position, and though I believe that he is only half right at best, he deserves the floor.

The Roxy Theater has 6,200 seats, and that, according to Mr. Cullman, is the crucial fact. It means that what it has to offer must appeal to the whole cross-section of the city's population, and this fact in turn means something else. The film that in one week must entertain some hundred thousand New Yorkers must be understood by the lowest as well as the highest intelligence in the audience, for "that which is difficult to grasp is, by its very nature, not amusing." Moreover, "although mass entertainment should not necessitate thought, it must cause emotional excitation of some kind. . . . Endless reiteration on the screen, unlike life, does not appear in any way to dull the potency of these sensations. Like a really comfortable shoe, a really first-rate emotion seems to have an enduring appeal." It follows therefore that the efficient manager will take care that the same simple, easily grasped emotions shall be repeated endlessly. And of course any manager who is not efficient will soon find the necessity of choosing another vocation.

On the other hand, the great public does appreciate technical skill. It wants the simple ingredients utilized as elaborately and as adroitly as possible. For this reason the efficiency of the movies is constantly increasing, and the manager is quick to recognize what the public will recognize also. In a sense "David Copperfield" is a far better picture than "The Birth of a Nation," but it is better only as an industrial product is better after years of mechanical experimentation.

As a business, the motion-picture industry has, to a very large extent, learned its lesson. It has discovered that good merchandise must be built to sound ingredients. . . . The prospect is encouraging to those of us who are interested in an adequate supply of salable popular entertainment. For those who cherish hopes of a cinematographic art acceptable to aesthetes and intellectuals the situation appears less promising. They can expect to find on the screen a progressively improved brand of amusement, utilizing each year the talents of an increasing number of gifted individuals. They will find plenty of hearty laughs and abundance of breath-taking thrills; but for their moments of true mental and spiritual stimulation I fear they will have to hie themselves to the concert halls, theaters, and museums, wherein flourish the true arts.

Whatever one may think of Mr. Cullman's dismal conclusions, it will hardly be denied that he has described with admirable force and clarity two of the chief obstacles to the aesthetic development of the moving picture. It is subject to whatever limitations are inherent in the nature of any art having a mass appeal, and these limitations are made unusually rigid because the unparalleled costliness of motion-picture production makes it well-nigh impossible for the best-intentioned of producers to indulge any quixotic impulses. But does that mean, as Mr. Cullman seems to imply, that an aesthetically admirable motion picture cannot possibly be produced under present conditions? Does it mean that no such motion picture ever has been produced? And if it does not mean that, then where is the flaw in the argument? Through what loophole have a few admirable pictures slipped, even, perhaps, into the Roxy itself?

The answer to these questions is almost distressingly simple, and I must apologize in advance for any lack of ingenuity in proposing a solution so devoid of complexity. It is simply this: the aesthetic limitations imposed by the necessity of mass appeal are not quite so absolute as Mr. Cullman implies. There is no doubt that the great public has an insatiable appetite for the second-rate and worse. There is no doubt about the fact that the popular in art is, nine times out of ten, mere trash. But the whole history of literature and drama, to say nothing of the short history of the motion picture itself, cries out against the assumption that *only* trash is ever popular. Does it really need to be pointed out once more that all the evidence we have seems to indicate that, in his role of manager at least, Shakespeare was at one with Mr. Cullman and Mr. Shaw and against the resplendent idealism of Mr. Goldwyn and his kind?

Let me be sure, however, that I am making myself perfectly clear. I am by no means indulging the romantic

notion that "the people always appreciate the best" or misapplying in the usual fashion the dictum that "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin." The necessity of achieving a mass appeal does impose tremendous limitations upon the artist. At any given moment there are more kinds of excellence which the great public will not accept than there are kinds which it will. This great public is both stubborn and capricious, often appallingly unwilling or incapable of transcending the prejudices of the moment. But the artist does not always find it impossible to achieve great work within the limitations which are at the instant inexorable. What popular prejudice do the films of Charlie Chaplin or the animated cartoons of Walt Disney outrage? In what way do they fail to meet the requirements set by Mr. Cullman? As a matter of fact, they fit the common denominator of the mass mind to perfection. But to me, at least, they are obviously art and possessed of a genuine aesthetic value.

I am aware, of course, that a more usual reply to Mr. Cullman would take the form of a temporary agreement with his argument followed by the remark that the condition which he describes "is inevitable under the capitalist system." Under collectivism, on the contrary, the necessity for mass appeal would constitute an assurance of artistic health, and through the projection machines of a hundred thousand movie palaces would run mile after mile of masterpieces in uninterrupted succession. For the moment, however, I am not dreaming of Utopia but striving only for a less completely dismal view of the cinema's future, and I think that the prospect is not quite so unrelieved as Mr. Cullman imagines. Its greatest achievements, like the films of Chaplin and Disney, will be unpredictable miracles—the work of artists who, probably more by instinct than by design, manage somehow to achieve art while respecting the limitations of the audience. Meanwhile most moving pictures will continue to be, for the present at least, distressing affairs. But can much more be said of most plays or most novels or most poems or most pictures?

BOOKS

Form and Material

SPRING STORM. By Alvin Johnson. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

MR. JOHNSON raises a question of great interest in his note to the publisher of this novel. "Perhaps," he says, "I ought to offer an apology to the craft of novelists for my apparent presumption in breaking into their mystery. I was once an ardent classical scholar; then an economic theorist; then an editor of a liberal journal; then an encyclopedist; then an educational administrator: what training could such a career offer for serious fiction? The history of literature has, however, reserved a modest place to the outsider. At least he has from time to time brought into literature



Moments

Granville Hicks Gets Them All Under the Same Robe

additional material. The craft itself is the guardian of form; but form takes on life only when abundant and appropriate material is at hand."

Mr. Johnson probably does not mean by form a sort of mold kept somewhere in hiding—a fragile shell around which members of the craft huddle their bodies so that no breath of outdoor air will blow in and shatter it. By recognizing that form can take on life he makes his bow to the difficulty which any serious critic encounters as soon as he tries to consider form and material as separate things. Mr. Johnson knows that they are not separate things. Yet a vestige of the distinction remains in what he says, and this residuum of respect for the form of fiction is a key to the very interesting quality of his novel. It explains why "Spring Storm" is less unlike other novels than one might suppose; for it suggests that there was a form in Mr. Johnson's mind which he was trying to make his material fit.

Of novels written by novelists, whoever those ladies and gentlemen may be, it is seldom or never possible to speak in such fashion. Far from guarding the form, they seem bent upon its destruction. Extensions of the mold have usually occurred within the craft; an artist is a person who has at the same time the greatest respect for tradition and no respect for it whatever. Defoe, Richardson, Fielding, Sterne, Jane Austen, Scott, Balzac, Dickens, Meredith, Tolstoy, Dostoevski, Proust, Mann, Joyce, Dreiser, Lewis—what were their forms

before they wrote, and what are their forms now? It is hard to say, for it is hard to see anything in their books beyond the contents. It is the contents that have life, just as it is the contents of Shakespeare's "Henry IV" that we continue to be interested in; but Shakespeare destroyed a form in order to write "Henry IV." The chronicle play was never the same again; Falstaff had blown in and shattered the shell beyond recovery. "Outsiders," to use Mr. Johnson's too modest term, almost never have this kind of courage; they seldom know enough about form to know that it exists merely to be destroyed. They are like the unlettered layman who takes pen in hand. We think he will write interestingly because he is interesting. But the chances are that his awe of the craft will prevent him from saying very much, and that what he does say will be stilted or trivial.

But I have been arguing with Mr. Johnson instead of describing his novel, which if stilted is not trivial. It is stilted, I think, whenever it is romantic—whenever Mr. Johnson, remembering some form of fiction from his earlier reading, has felt that it should be so. There is nothing the matter with being romantic, but "Spring Storm" is probably not the place. All that portion of Mr. Johnson's story which deals with the Benders—idyllic outcasts who live down by the river in a perpetual haze of pure-heartedness, and one of whom, Dut Bates, is a convenient Horatio to the hero's Hamlet—is unconvincing; and certainly it lacks the air of being material brought in from the veritable world by an outsider to the craft. It has its attractions, but they are not pertinent to the real business of the book, which is to tell the story of a Nebraska farm and of the boy who grows up on it, both as farmer and as lover, until a train takes him away in the last chapter to college. Julian Howard's gradual discovery of what his father never knows, namely, that an American farm is not something for a man to play with but rather something that plays with men, is pursued by Mr. Johnson with a patient and accurate eye; and the sayings of Henry Millsbaugh, Julian's tough old neighbor, are appropriately the best single things in the book.

It is through Henry again, if indirectly, that Julian learns about love; for it is his young wife with whom the boy gets lost in the storms of spring. Here Mr. Johnson is both convincing and expert. We never know more about Elizabeth than Julian knows, but that is right; for he suffers quite as much from her limitations as he does from the disturbance within. It is one of the best love stories in recent fiction, and it does not need any support at all from the improbable Benders. They are the form. It is the material.

MARK VAN DOREN

Bryan: A Friendly Portrait

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN. By Wayne C. Williams.
G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$4.

WHILE William Jennings Bryan was at home in the Chautauqua tent or on the convention platform, he was awkward in a top hat, and never mastered the minor graces of drawing-room diplomacy or tea-cup politics; hence for forty years the *haut monde* sneered at him. Nor was he more fortunate in his early biographers. Paxton Hibben, who had followed John Reed into communism, had no basic sympathy for an old-style progressive Democrat who wanted to amend the old order but not to destroy it. Suppressing some facts and distorting others, Hibben gave the picture of an amiable failure who never knew what the shooting was all

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about. To M. R. Werner, who used Bryan as a sequel to his Barnum book, the significant things about him were vaudevillian—his slovenliness in dress, his gargantuan appetite, his memory for names and faces, his tricks of speech and platform presentation. His Bryan was the politician on the flying trapeze.

This new volume by Wayne C. Williams gives a much more valid picture of America's "Great Commoner." Williams, like Bryan, was born in rural Illinois, studied law there, and went West to carve out a career. In Colorado he became a Democratic progressive and was in the thick of the struggle against Denver's Tammany. To him farmers' revolts, the menace of Wall Street, the rights of the people were all real and important. This background and understanding have illumined his book.

Historians seeking a central character on whose career to focus the American political mood and movement from 1896 to 1916 will find Bryan an appropriate selection. One merit of this book is that it puts him in proper focus as the characteristic figure of his times—this despite the fact that it is not the book of an objective historian but that of a warm personal friend, armed with intimate knowledge, presenting a personal brief. The book is furthermore marred by clumsiness of construction, and the author's proofreaders have served him badly. But for all this, it is the best volume yet on Bryan.

Those whose personal knowledge of Bryan was gained in his last ten years will have their estimate of him altered by Mr. Williams's picture of the "Peerless Leader" of 1890-1905. I myself first saw Bryan at the Baltimore convention of 1912, when he seemed a weather-beaten giant. I last saw him at Dayton in 1925, responding to Clarence Darrow's savage thrusts by an irritated insistence upon the Bible's syllabic inspiration; in this tragic anti-climax his strength and persuasiveness could not conceal the erosions of time and disappointment. But the Bryan of 1896—there was a man! Mr. Williams describes his mien as that of a young Greek god; his health and strength were equal to any effort; his personality powerfully attracted the few who sat in conferences and the thousands who heard and cheered; his voice was a magnificent speaking instrument, ranking above that of Fisher Ames, Daniel Webster, Stephen A. Douglas, or Robert Ingersoll. Furthermore, the people who heard him speak responded at the ballot box, and the change of 19,436 votes in six states would have given him an electoral-college majority. It has been suggested that had the radio been invented thirty years earlier all America would have heard his voice and he would have been elected President.

And yet, while Bryan never won the Presidency, he had a more profound influence upon our national development than did three-fourths of our White House occupants. For a while he seemed destined to be an American William Pitt; and then for a while he seemed hopelessly repudiated. In 1912 he renounced an active personal ambition and created a convention crisis to effect the nomination of one theretofore none too friendly to him. Bryan loved power; and yet two years after becoming Secretary of State he resigned his office because he had become convinced that Wilson's policy was leading the nation into war.

Until this time Bryan was in his proper orbit. From 1896 to 1912 the Democratic Party was a Bryan party, and even after Wilson's election hundreds of thousands continued to look to the Commoner as the fount of political grace. But after the outbreak of the war Bryan's title as one of the national guides was negated by the logic of events. Those who remember Bryan only in eclipse should examine the impressive list

of reforms in which he led the way. In 1890 he began advocating the direct election of United States Senators; in his first year as Secretary of State he proclaimed it a part of the federal Constitution. When the Supreme Court voided the income-tax law of 1894, which Bryan had helped to frame, he led the successful fight for an income-tax amendment. His efforts paved the way for pre-election publicity for campaign contributions. He framed the provision restoring to the government the sole right to issue money, and championed the guaranty of bank deposits. Thirty-six years after his Presidential race against imperialism, a program for Philippine independence is being carried into effect. His was a voice crying in the wilderness against prohibitive tariffs; now the country is turning toward restored international trade.

Bryan had four major failures: free silver, world peace, prohibition, and anti-evolution. Bimetallism would have remained a major issue had not new discoveries of gold greatly increased the world stock. The World War destroyed the fabric of his peace plans, but modern critics are coming to the conclusion that Bryan saw more clearly than Wilson how to keep America out of war. From the start national prohibition was sabotaged by indifferent or corrupt administration, and by the time of Bryan's death the people were withdrawing their consent. The new science and the new doubt disturbed him immensely, and in the twilight of his life he entered the battle against evolution. Dayton was as significant of the man as were the Cross of Gold speech at Chicago or the Morgan-Belmont-Bryan-Murphy resolution at Baltimore. For Bryan's greatness was in feeling. While his mind was in many ways keen and competent, he employed it to implement his emotional reactions, and his ability to reflect and champion the feelings of the masses gives him his chief significance.

GEORGE FORT MILTON

Huxley Evaluated

ALDOUS HUXLEY. By Alexander Henderson. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

THE problem of Aldous Huxley remains essentially one of integration. Today his literary personality is as unacceptable to well-integrated Marxists as it has always been to well-integrated bourgeois. When Huxley in his satire demolishes the world about him, they ask—and not without a certain justice—"Yes, but what then?" Instead of a thoroughgoing answer they get an ironic, almost Dostoevskian dualism, tinged morality with mockery and comedy with fundamental earnestness. They are not satisfied, and *in toto* they reject him; he is to them "confused."

But to Mr. Henderson it is they who are confused and not Huxley, and in this study he attempts to set them straight. "Intellectually he was a Voltairean, emotionally a Bunyanite." That description of a character in the story "Happily Ever After" seems to him also to fit Huxley—at least at an earlier stage of his development. How otherwise account for his esteem for D. H. Lawrence and his willingness to join Lawrence in his naive plans for founding a Utopia in Florida? The plan, of course, fell through, but later they both found Taos, and even as late as in "Brave New World" Huxley concocts a Noble Savage out of Taos to confound the scientific "barbarians of the intellect" who are replacing the Christian "barbarians of the soul."

This brings us to what Mr. Henderson accepts as Huxley's expressed philosophy, "life-worship"—that is, the humbling of the intellect to admit the claims of the viscera. A feeble

palliative, to say the least, for the "Jesus's disease and Newton's disease and Henry Ford's disease" from which, according to Huxley, we now are suffering. And I think Mr. Henderson feels this himself, for he later writes that in the last few years Huxley has shown "such an acute concern for . . . social organization and such a disgust at existing methods" that it will not be surprising if he eventually follows the example of Gide and Malraux and espouses communism.

As a critical biographer Mr. Henderson has done his work surprisingly well, though he is by no means convincing as an exponent of the consistency of Huxley's philosophy. He would have done better, I think, to have stifled his own psychology in parts of his book, for he has a tendency to make unwarranted generalizations with which I doubt that Huxley would agree. ("The man desires to express his dominance by inflicting a measure of pain, and the woman equally desires to feel pain, desires to be dominated, to be a sacrifice . . ." This, in spite of his talk of communism!) But in the main he has produced an objective, keenly analytical study. If he is blind to the defects of Huxley's slight and frequently overdistilled poetry and tends to overestimate the worth of his lesser novels—especially "Brave New World"—he compensates for his lack by a brilliant dissection of "Point Counter Point" and a full appreciation of Huxley's richly felicitous style.

LEIGH WHITE

Poet in Search of a Public

A TIME TO DANCE. By C. Day Lewis. Random House. \$1.75.

"THE contemporary writer," says Day Lewis in one of the three essays that accompany the poems in this volume, "has the opportunity of a more widespread influence than the writer of any other period." On the face of it this statement appears, to put it mildly, sanguine. Day Lewis himself makes some important qualifications; he recognizes that the writer today has to compete with other entertainers, such as the newspapers, the movies and the radio, in greater variety and stridency than before, and that these rivals have a head start on him. The writer's "opportunity," then, consists in the fact that he is needed rather than wanted. He is needed not only, as always, to provide refreshment for the emotional life but because now the other agencies, such as those of religion, which traditionally have shown people how to live can no longer exert leadership; and also because the serious writer, being relatively freer from domination by reactionary interests than other leaders of opinion, can help to guide the masses toward a new society. How, then, can this need be shaped into a desire for his services?

Until fundamental social changes occur, Day Lewis intimates, the answer to this question rests with the writers themselves. They must make their potential large audiences want them, and this will not be the work of a day. If his own poems in this volume be taken as experiments toward that end, they must be pronounced inept. The two long poems are written in forms suggested by types of art that have appealed to large groups. Noah and the Waters, its author says, was begun as the book for a choral ballet; it developed into something like a medieval morality play, but is not, he confesses, suited to the modern stage. The title piece, *A Time to Dance*, which is billed as a symphonic poem, is like a symphony only in that it is composed of movements without thematic connection; it could hardly be orchestrated for the concert hall. Under present circumstances the only solution for Day Lewis's

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- ▶ The nation's first cooperative college will be opened in Kansas City in the fall of 1936.
- ▶ In New York the Consumers' Cooperative Services began with \$3,100 of borrowed capital. Last year its cafeterias did a business of \$395,000 and returned net earnings of \$18,000 to the consumer members. These cafeterias paid higher wages than those fixed in the recent NRA code.
- ▶ In Elk City, Okla., a cooperative hospital will, for an annual fee of \$25, provide for a family of four, periodic medical examinations, treatments, surgical operations, dental care—plus room, board and nursing when needed.
- ▶ The Farm Bureau Mutual Automobile Insurance Co. has in ten years built up assets of \$4,000,000 with a cash surplus of \$550,000 and a membership of 160,000.
- ▶ A capital of \$20 started the Credit Union in the New England Telephone and Telegraph Co. seventeen years ago. In 1934 the eight credit unions within the company made loans of more than \$1,500,000.

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problem, if there be one, is for the poet to master the technique of the existing popular arts and to seek to transform them. In its flourishing times poetry as a public representation has always grown out of something else.

Preoccupied with such matters, Day Lewis has produced a volume that is not up to the standard of his previous work. It contains a few splendid passages and poems that are interesting in conception, but the vigor and the sustained lyricism of his *Magnetic Mountain* are absent. He has succeeded most consistently with satire, as in these lines from his bitter parody on "Come live with me and be my love":

I'll handle dainties on the docks
And thou shalt read of summer frocks:
At evening by the sour canals
We'll hope to hear some madrigals.

Care on thy maiden brow shall put
A wreath of wrinkles, and thy foot
Be shod with pain: not silken dress
But toil shall tire thy loveliness.

Where he seems to be condescending anxiously to the popular taste, as in the saga on the Parer-M'Intosh flight and in the radio ballads of the title poem, he produces merely a diluted imitation of his best verse.

PHILIP BLAIR RICE

The Cultural Impact

CRITERIA FOR THE LIFE HISTORY: WITH AN ANALYSIS OF SIX NOTABLE DOCUMENTS. By John Dollard. Yale University Press. \$2.50.

"**C**RITERIA FOR THE LIFE HISTORY" is a landmark in the study of personality and culture, a field of social research which has been slowly emerging since 1927. In the social sciences and on their articulate and intelligent periphery there have been rumblings of a more inclusive and systematic attack upon the relationship of human personality to its biological determinants on the one hand, and to the social environment on the other. The biologists, the psychologists, the psychiatrists, the sociologists, and the social anthropologists have been enlisted in an attempt to solve the problem: How does personality grow in culture?

In 1932 a group of distinguished foreign students representing different countries and different disciplines were gathered at Yale University in a seminar to discuss this problem. Dr. Dollard was assistant director of the seminar, and the present book is the fruit of these discussions and of subsequent research work. It represents a well-disciplined attempt to make a new subject completely intelligible to minds accustomed to thinking along diverse and even antagonistic lines.

The book represents primarily a way of thinking, a flexible and consistent frame of reference within which all who are in any way interested in how life-history materials may increase our understanding of human personality can orient themselves. Dr. Dollard takes six famous case histories: "Miss R," from Adler; "31 Contacts with a Seven-Year-Old Boy," by Taft; "Little Hans," from Freud; "The Life Record of an Immigrant," from Thomas Znaniecki; "The Jack Roller," by Shaw; and Wells's "Autobiography." He subjects each of these to a set of criteria: (1) "The subject must be viewed as a specimen in a cultural series." (2) "The organic motives of action ascribed must be socially relevant." (3) "The peculiar role of the family group in transmitting the culture must be recognized." (4) "The specific method of elaboration of organic materials in the social behavior must

be shown." (5) "The continuous related character of experience from childhood through adulthood must be stressed." (6) "The social situation must be carefully and continuously specified as a factor." (7) "The life-history material itself must be organized and conceptualized."

Within as carefully integrated a frame as this, a great deal of first-class thinking can be done about the life-history materials which are daily presented to us as social documents, and about the premises of the various psychological and socio-economic schools, each of which habitually presents a one-sided approach to human beings, with at the most lip-service to the others. The recent flair for biography and socio-psychological interpretation of the lives of the great can also be informed and deepened by attention to Dr. Dollard's criteria. If the reader wishes to consider the significance of the reported decrease of manic-depressive psychoses in Russia, or the relationship between unemployment, housing shortage, and subsequent character formation, or the reason why a famous family of actors has boasted so many distinguished names—here are the tools with which to approach these problems.

The book is unique in that it is not a pronouncement about social phenomena but an invitation to think courageously and incisively about them. It does not say: This is the answer; and then deal out a series of platitudes which will lose their significance in a year. Instead, it says: We think that the life history is an excellent way of attacking our problem. What are the requirements of a good life history? How have the great attempts to date to use this kind of material succeeded or failed? What can we learn from their successes or failures?

Dr. Dollard has neither reprinted nor summarized the life-history material which he criticizes. It is implicit in his treatment that the reader will have read all or some of the famous documents. And this is the method that should be followed. The book is a manual to place beside one's book shelf for continuous reference, and conversely it should be read with that book shelf at hand. The importance of this approach consists in the fact that with the illumination gained from criticizing one assorted set of "notable documents" one comes to no dead end but rather to a fascinating, still unexplored country, armed with a first-class compass.

Dr. Dollard has focused his discussion on the importance of the cultural impact upon the organism. He has dealt somewhat cursorily with the idiosyncratic aspects of personality. The reader may feel the need of taking into consideration specific traits that can be attributed to heredity, such as physique, and also the factor of accident in an individual human life. But this is easily done, for here is no pompous ex cathedra statement but an honest working tool, shaped to the mind of the socially inquiring. No one among the socially inquiring can afford to be without it.

MARGARET MEAD

The Nijinsky Legend

THE TRAGEDY OF NIJINSKY. By Anatole Bourman and D. Lyman. Whittlesey House. \$3.

THE Nijinsky myth continues to grow. Now his old friend and schoolmate, Anatole Bourman, has pronounced him "the greatest dancer who ever lived, perhaps the greatest who ever will live." Once the tentative shadow of doubt is lifted from this ultimate superlative, there will be nothing left to do but canonize him.

It is nineteen years since Nijinsky's career came to an end. It covered in all a period of only nine years, and two of these

were spent in internment during the war. Of his total achievement as a creator, two ballets won a *succès de scandale*, one was a mild fiasco, and the other was something of a catastrophe. Only one managed to survive its first season, and none has outlived its generation. Of his brilliant dancing, obviously nothing remains. All this supplies scant material for a legend, and doubtless none would ever have arisen but for his romantic personal story with its perverted sex aspects and its grotesque end.

The Bourman memoir, however, steers clear of sensationalism; its accent is rather threnodic and tends to make its subject a kind of choreographic Chatterton. Its chief interest lies in the picturesque anecdotes of student life in "Theater Street"; after the two boys have been graduated and Nijinsky begins to have a career, he passes more and more out of Bourman's sphere, and out of his own biography.

In an afterword Bourman explains that he has written the book "because no other living person can clear the life I know so well of the unjust criticisms I have read." In the light of the results one wonders what unjust criticisms the author could have had in mind, for he certainly does nothing to soften the final picture. He makes his hero slow, dull-witted, erratic, susceptible to flattery and outside influences of all sorts. Though he touches very lightly on the subject of abnormal sex relations, he makes no effort to deny them. Certainly no one has ever been unjustly critical of Nijinsky's dancing; of his compositions, Bourman disparages two and omits all mention of the other two. He has no opinion to express of the strange marriage. In matters that did not involve him personally he has apparently done no research. The book as a whole, therefore, turns out to be rather a protestation of his friendship than a defense of his friend.

Occasionally the author's accuracy is not beyond reproach. For example, speaking of the revolution of 1905, he says that the agitation within the ballet was "conducted by the least attractive members of the company, who went about wearing serious faces and dirty linen." This seems a singular description of Fokine, Pavlova, and Karsavina, who, according to Karsavina's memoirs, were active in the movement. Again, he claims that Nijinsky was the only dancer to achieve the *entrechat-dix*, though as a matter of fact Paul Haakon has also managed this bit of technical virtuosity. But the most extraordinary technical claim made for Nijinsky is that "he used to lie on his back, prone on the floor," which assuredly is a trick without precedent.

The book has been written with the collaboration of D. Lyman. It is readable, sentimental, and, except for the two hitherto unpublished photographs it contains, altogether unimportant.

JOHN MARTIN

Shorter Notices

AMERICA GOES TO PRESS. By Laurence Greene. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$2.75.

Amusement, excitement, and considerable raw food for thought are supplied by Laurence Greene's "America Goes to Press," a scrapbook of the big news stories from the time a few radical subjects of a foreign king threw tea into a harbor rather than pay an unjust tax until a complacent people heard about a shot at Sarajevo and were told (by the old New York *Sun*) that the murder of the Archduke Ferdinand was "calculated to diminish the tenseness of the situation and to make for peace." Between these events appear most of the streamer items in our history, such as the Battle of Lexington, the discovery of gold,

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John Brown's raid, the Monitor and the Virginia (née Merri-mac), Lee's surrender, the Chicago fire, the Custer massacre, the blizzard of 1888, the Johnstown flood of 1889, the Maine, the Titanic. History in the making is served hot off the griddle, and although the reader may frequently burn himself with such dishes, no more exciting fare has been offered the American public in years. If the lay reader gets one-tenth the amusement which this reviewer got out of it he will be more than repaid. Of the four absolutes of journalism, three—conflict, money, and blood (or violence)—dominate the book, the fourth, sex, being only slightly represented, notably in the story of Stanford White, which coincides with the heyday of yellow journalism and prepares us for tabloids. Since the author disarms reviewers in his preface, one cannot attack him for the omission of footnotes correcting the numerous errors which the contemporary reporters made, or for not showing the proper relationship of this news to history. But 375 pages is not enough: if Mr. Greene produces several more volumes and edits them critically he will give us a work as valuable as the present volume is thrilling.

SYCAMORE SHORES. By Clark B. Firestone. Robert M. McBride and Company. \$3.

This is a book about the Ohio River and its many tributaries; about the water in these rivers, the boats that go slowly up and down between Pittsburgh and Cairo, the life along the shores, and the history of the valley. Mr. Firestone is that attractive and enthusiastic thing, an amateur historian. He has seen all that packet boats could show him of eighteen rivers;

he has saturated himself with the lore of their present life; and he has studied their past. The result is an entertaining and informing book, and one which stimulates a desire in the reader to do something of what Mr. Firestone has done—to float down at least a portion of the Ohio on one of the steamboats which still blow their melodious whistles and turn in to shore at the wave of a lantern on a dark night. To do such a thing would be to understand at once a great deal of American history; particularly if "Sycamore Shores" were taken on board in the capacity of the reference work which it so delightfully is.

DRAMA

"Dulce et Decorum"

"BURY THE DEAD," a new play against war at the Ethel Barrymore Theater, is based on a conceit of originality and power. Six men just laid in their new dug graves by a weary detachment of fellow-soldiers rise slowly to their feet and with quiet persistence refuse to submit to the final indignity—dirt on their faces. They are dead all right. There is no doubt about that. But they won't be buried and they won't lie still no matter how anxious the living may be to have them covered, and forgotten, and quiet at last.

The men ordered to bury the rebellious corpses are struck with terror. So, too, are the captain who comes to investigate, the general who appeals to their sense of duty, and the six women who are brought as a last resort to give their various reasons why the dead, once they are dead, should cease from troubling those living to whom alone the earth belongs. But terrified though they all are, they are not really surprised. Something of the sort, they knew, was bound to happen. Too many people have been killed and too many have been buried. Earth herself has rebelled. She will not receive any more of her children dead before their time, and dead men will submit no longer even to death itself. One of the six has a vision of a better world. The other five merely know that they have never seen nor heard nor felt what they were destined to see and to hear and to feel. They are dead and it can't be helped. But the living must not be permitted to forget them or to suppose that they found it sweet and proper to die. "De profundis clamavi."

If only the play as a whole were as original and arresting as this central conceit, if only the author's macabre imagination had sustained him to the end, then "Bury the Dead" would be as impressive a work as its many enthusiastic admirers have already proclaimed it to be. Even as it stands it is incomparably the best of the left-wing dramas seen this year, and the unknown author, one Irwin Shaw, quite legitimately inspires hopes at least as high as those aroused by Mr. Odets when he was known only as the author of "Waiting for Lefty." Indeed, "Bury the Dead" is much less merely a journalistic *tour de force* than the latter piece, but the unfortunate fact nevertheless remains that the first twenty minutes of Mr. Shaw's play are the best twenty minutes of the evening and that the writing goes steadily downhill as the symbol is developed in more and more obvious directions.

It is not that the author is not capable of powerful and genuinely dramatic presentation. The solid matter-of-factness of the opening scenes is, for example, right. So, too, are the grotesque grave-digger humor of the private soldiers and the whole air of inevitability about the miracle once it has occurred.

THEATRES

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in association with Lee Ephraim

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A Comedy by DODIE SMITH

with GLADYS COOPER and PHILIP MERIVALE

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GUILD THEATRE, 52nd St. W. of B'way. Evgs. 8:45
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a new play by ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

with ALFRED LUNT and LYNN FONTANNE

SHUBERT THEATRE, 44th St., W. of B'way. Eve'gs, 8:40
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"The most tormenting war play of the year has come from a new man . . . Mr. Shaw's grimly imaginative rebellion against warfare is a shattering bit of theatre magic that burrows under the skin of argument into the raw flesh of sensation."

—BROOKS ATKINSON, N. Y. Times

BURY THE DEAD

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By IRWIN SHAW

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Moreover, in these earlier scenes the translation of the idea into concrete terms is fully achieved. No explanations or interpretations are given and none are needed. The symbol and its meaning are not two things but one—which is another way of saying that allegory has ceased to be allegory and become poetry instead.

Perhaps the progressive enfeeblement of the play indicates merely that it was actually over in half an hour, that any further development is necessarily merely the addition of excrescences, because the conception was complete at least by the time that the rebellious dead men had refused the last cruel plea of the mothers and wives and sweethearts that they lie quietly down and be forgotten. But in any event the method of development which the author adopts is almost the worst. He grows more prosaic, more explicit, and more vociferous as he proceeds. The lesson—surely clear enough—is explained and reiterated in progressively shriller terms until the play ends in one of those noisy near-riots to which the imagination of so many peace-lovers seems habitually to lead.

If the author, having affirmed that dying of shrapnel wounds is neither sweet nor proper, wishes to add "that is, of course, unless the war really is a righteous one," he has a perfect right to do so. I am not blaming him as a playwright for not agreeing with me that there is not much hope of avoiding war until it is generally realized that torn faces and bloody guts are neither *dulce* nor *decorum* even though they happen to be the by-products of the newest conviction that a way to end war has been discovered at last. But I do blame him as a playwright for not discovering some way of presenting his amendment in terms as truly dramatic and as truly poetic as he found for the original proposition. A good play is not improved by the addition of supplementary discourses however fiery or however true. A symbol as complete and adequate as the one he invented is not improved by being progressively diluted with explicit interpretations.

"Bury the Dead" has been very effectively directed by Worthington Minor, and it is well acted.

The same company which usually appears about this time each year in the Gilbert and Sullivan repertory is holding forth again at the Majestic. The hypercritical complain of the obvious fact that its productions are considerably more casual than those of the D'Oyly Carte company, but William Danforth is as good as the best and Vivian Hart has a very agreeable voice as well as a very agreeable presence. Perhaps the most telling thing I could say is that I find myself attending the performances year after year. By the time this notice appears "The Pirates of Penzance" will have given way to "Pinafore" with "Trial by Jury" as a curtain-raiser.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

RECORDS

"HILL and dale" recording is not yet available for the ordinary phonograph owner: only radio and a few specially constructed machines for school can now use the process. It consists in cutting records vertically instead of laterally, as is done now by the large commercial companies. Its superiority was demonstrated by Grace Moore's motion picture "One Night of Love," the first to use "hill and dale." An otherwise ordinary film, it became an overnight success by virtue of its recording—and, of course, Miss Moore's singing. When the problems of marketing the process have been solved, there

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- Section VI. Illustrative Charts and Explanations

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TELLS SHOWS EXPLAINS

COMMENTS

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—*Quarterly Review of Biology*

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—*Lancet* (leading Eng. medical journal)

"Deals with the physical and psychological problems of coitus. . . Can be freely recommended to patients who require guidance in their marital life. . . It would certainly help men to understand the 'frigid wife'."
—*General Practitioner*

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should be a new wave of interest in phonograph records. Meantime the Electrical Research Products, Inc., has shown admirable foresight in getting—through the good offices of Dr. Greet and Dr. Hibbett of Columbia University—Robert Frost and Gertrude Stein to make recordings of their works by both processes. Even the lateral-cut recordings of these poets are remarkably faithful. No student of American poetry will want to miss Mr. Frost's readings of "The Death of the Hired Man" or his "Two Tramps in Mud-Time"; while Miss Stein's reading from "The Making of Americans" assumes an almost deceptive lucidity. Seven records, priced at \$2.50 each, are available at Electrical Research Products, 250 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York, or at the Gramophone Shop, 18 East Forty-eighth Street, New York.

You may also want to know about some recordings made by Vachel Lindsay for the Columbia University Press about a year before he died (three records, 75 cents each or \$2 for the set). They include, of course, "The Congo," and give a graphic idea of Lindsay's conception of the poem's rhythms. The recording process, unfortunately, was so inferior, that one virtually needs to follow the records with a libretto to understand what the poet was saying.

In the field of the humorous monologue the last pronouncedly successful records were the "Cohen on the Telephone" series of some ten or more years ago. Stanley Holloway, however, is staging a small come-back for this type of entertainment, and the latest addition to his list is worthy of his earlier efforts. In "Albert Comes Back," a sequel to "Albert and the Lion," you will be glad to learn that though our hero was swallowed by Wallace, King of Beasts, he made such a fuss inside the tenderhearted animal, that he was coughed up again in time to run home and prevent his parents' being completely solaced with nine pounds four and two of insurance money. Mr. Holloway speaks a Lancashire English with a taint of cockney—or might it be vice versa? The dialect, the amiable savagery, and the folk quality of the monologues are making them a mild sensation among the intelligentsia (Columbia, one record, \$1.50).

The Busch Chamber Players have now completed the recordings of the six Bach Brandenburg Concertos. Columbia deserves high praise for this undertaking. If the discs lack the brilliance of the Cortot and Stokowski versions of individual concertos, that is because Mr. Busch has devoutly adhered to the size of orchestra for which the music was written. The fussy musicologist may sigh and say that a cembalo should have been used, but let him listen to Rudolf Serkin's beautiful performance of the solo piano in the fifth concerto. The complete set, in two albums, costs \$20.50. If that is too expensive, you are advised to invest in the two records of the second concerto (\$3) or at least in the second movement of the sixth (one record, \$1.50). This is one of Bach's most deeply serene and exquisitely woven adagios for strings and cembalo.

On a Victor importation you may hear the Philadelphian Dusolina Giannina and the German Marcel Wittrisch sing the love duet from "Madame Butterfly." It is well recorded, but the Wagnerian attacks of Herr Wittrisch and the German translation to "Frau Schmetterling" sound strange in this familiar Italian music (one record, \$2). Another fine recording of familiar music in a strange setting is the clever Ravel two-piano transcription of Debussy's "Fêtes," brilliantly played by Josef and Rosina Lhevinne (one record, \$1.50). But if you want to hear Debussy's own ideas on the subject, there are three orchestral recordings of this composition which may be profitably consulted—by Stokowski, Gaubert, and Coppola.

HENRY SIMON

Joseph Wood Krutch says:

CALL IT A DAY. *Morosco Theater.* Gay and delightful comedy about what almost happened to an English family on the first dangerous day of spring.

IDIOT'S DELIGHT. *Shubert Theater.* Robert Sherwood manages somehow to make a smashing theatrical success out of an anti-war play. With the Lunts and many other entertaining trimmings.

DEAD END. *Belasco Theater.* A play about gangsters in the making on an East River waterfront. More a good show than a great drama, but a very good show indeed.

SAINT JOAN. *Martin Beck Theater.* Brilliant interpretation by Katharine Cornell of what may well be Shaw's most enduring play.

END OF SUMMER. *Guild Theater.* The wittiest of American playwrights sets a group of interesting people to talking about the world as we find it. Ina Claire and Osgood Perkins help make a very happy evening.

ETHAN FROME. *National Theater.* The apparently impossible task of dramatization of Edith Wharton's novel achieved with conspicuous success. Outstanding performances by Pauline Lord, Ruth Gordon, and Raymond Massey.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE. *Plymouth Theater.* Amazingly successful adaptation, brilliantly staged and acted. A thoroughly delightful evening in the theater.

VICTORIA REGINA. *Broadhurst Theater.* Delightful series of scenes from Laurence Housman's drama stunningly acted by Helen Hayes and others. Fairer to the matron queen than Strachey but funny nevertheless and charming besides.

Mark Van Doren says:

AH, WILDERNESS. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Eugene O'Neill's touching and searching comedy of high-school days translated into a film which charms by its own right. Full of recognitions for the middle-aged.

A NIGHT AT THE OPERA. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* The Marx Brothers in their best picture to date. Hilarious and brilliant.

MODERN TIMES. *Charles Chaplin.* Charlie Chaplin returns to the screen disguised as his old self and fulfils every expectation. Should be seen by everyone—and heard, for he has sound effects.

THE GHOST GOES WEST. *Gaumont British.* René Clair's first film in English, with scenes in Scotland and the United States. Clever, satirical, and fanciful, but without the master touch.

THE PRISONER OF SHARK ISLAND. *Fox.* Tells the story of Dr. Mudd, convicted in 1865 of having helped Booth to escape. Somber and powerful; does not spare the spectator.

DUBROVSKY. *Amkino.* As romantic as Pushkin, on whose unfinished novel it is based. Not wholly successful, but interesting as a variation on the orthodox Russian theme.

THE STORY OF LOUIS PASTEUR. *Warner Brothers.* With Paul Muni as Pasteur this film makes "science" exciting, or at any rate uses the life of its hero to excellent dramatic advantage.

Letters to the Editors

WASHINGTON PROTESTS

Dear Sirs: My attention has been called to a recent article in *The Nation*, entitled *The Slum Clearance Farce*. This story was based on a few isolated cases, which I assume to be authentic, and some personal observations by the author, "Karen Dash." Although the Housing Division of the Public Works Administration was not mentioned in this article we handled most of the removal of tenants from the project site, along with the Detroit Housing Commission. To correct the erroneous impression conveyed by this fragmentary account, you will, no doubt, be interested in knowing the facts with respect to those families removed and relocated to date.

Of 471 families one was evicted by process of law. This family was moved without cost, a new home was found, and one month's advance rent was paid by the Wayne County Relief Administration. Thirty days' notice was given to every resident in the project area, which meant at least one month's free rent. In a majority of cases this notice was extended to forty or sixty days. No tenant was asked to move until suitable quarters at equivalent rent had been offered by the relocation office.

Of 471 families approximately 50 per cent were moved to homes equal or superior to those vacated at no increase in rental; 25 per cent were moved to similar dwellings with a slight increase; and 25 per cent were moved into considerably better dwellings with a considerable increase in rental.

At the information office on the site, listings of quarters considerably better than dwellings vacated and at equivalent rentals were made available to all who sought aid in relocation. Those who did not call were assumed able to care for themselves. Since the neighborhood of the project site was a slum, it was difficult to find sufficient decent quarters in the immediate vicinity to house those displaced. Those who preferred the neighborhood to decent housing suffered to some extent from exploitation but to a greater extent from a general rise in rents throughout the city, which they would have been obliged to pay had they remained in their original homes. On the whole, new quarters in the neighborhood were no worse and no better than those vacated. Doubling up existed before relo-

cation; and it exists today, but relocation has had no discernible effect on the amount.

Relocation is not yet finished, but this report summarizes complete, statistical records of 471 families moved to date. I regard it as somewhat more authoritative than a story based on the cases of approximately 1½ per cent of those already handled.

A. R. CLAS,

Director of Housing

Washington, April 8

SLUM CLEARANCE FOR WHOM?

Dear Sirs: I do not see that the letter of Mr. A. R. Clas controverts the main assertions made in my article *The Slum Clearance Farce*. I have claimed, and I still claim, that any slum-clearance project which does not improve the condition of those who suffer from filthy, unsanitary housing is a fake.

Mr. Clas has nothing to say about the new houses to be constructed—when they are to be built, or who will be permitted to live in them when they are completed. He contents himself with contradicting me on several minor points in connection with the relocation of evicted families.

Sitting somewhere in Washington (I presume) with a typewritten report sent him by the Detroit Housing Commission, Mr. Clas raises a cynical eyebrow at my "personal observations." He says that "thirty days' notice was given to every resident." Yet practically every one of the fifty families I interviewed in their homes told me of receiving a verbal warning to get out within ten days or two weeks. Men from the Relocation Office came around two or three times a day, these people said, to hurry them along.

Mr. Clas states also that no evicted person was asked to move until suitable quarters at equivalent rent had been found. Yet I was told, both at the Relocation Office and at the Alfred Street welfare office, that suitable quarters at equally low rent "simply could not be found for these families, and they would have to double up or pay more."

Mr. Clas admits that 50 per cent of the ousted families have been forced to pay higher rentals in their new dwellings. The other 50 per cent, he says, were moved into homes "equal or superior to

those vacated, with no increase in rental." In other words, 50 per cent of the evicted families have moved into houses which are "equal to" those dilapidated shacks, now torn down, which were condemned by the Board of Health as absolutely unfit for human habitation!

Negro welfare families occupy the worst hovels in Detroit. Negro welfare families, lacking adequate food and decent housing, suffer the ravages of pneumonia, rheumatic fever, and tuberculosis. Negro welfare families swell the lists of crime, infant mortality, juvenile delinquency, and disease. Any slum-clearance project which cannot be adapted to the needs of these people is a farce.

KAREN DASH

Detroit, April 14

BULLETIN ON JESUS LOPEZ

Dear Sirs: Since the article about the Jesus Lopez family was written the threat of further legal action against Lopez has subsided at least temporarily. The City of Burbank has agreed to let the family remain in its home until the truck-garden produce can be sold, with the further stipulation that the family must move after that time unless standard sanitary facilities are installed. Since the cost of plumbing is beyond the reach of Lopez, he intends to move as soon as he can harvest his crops.

Because of the cost of defending himself against the charge of being an undesirable resident, Lopez has been unable to meet his payments on his truck and to pay his water bill. More than that, it has been necessary for his parents and twelve brothers and sisters to return to the relief rolls. Finally, he received fifty-five cents a crate for the first load of onions he sold this season, and that, he figures, returns a profit of two or three cents a crate over the cost of production.

ERSKINE CALDWELL

Burbank, Cal., April 26

MR. STOLBERG DEMURS

Dear Sirs: Long experience with the editorial mind has taught me that the contributors' box and the advance announcement are really locker rooms where the editorial censor may relax and kid the help. In the course of years I have been described by editors or their associates

who knew me well as a Harvard professor, a lieutenant commander who is a leading authority on naval strategy and history, a Zionist, a Communist leader, the editor of the *New York Times*, and a lineal descendant of two brothers, the Counts von und zu Stolberg, two minor poets, one of whom was among the eligible bachelors of his day. As yet I have never been the bearded lady who is also a specialist in industrial unionism. But in time, I'm sure, I'll make it.

So when *The Nation* not long ago announced in a house ad that I was a "caricaturist," I let it go at that. But when *The Nation* advertises elsewhere that my prospective stories on John L. Lewis and the La Follettes are to be "satirical character sketches," I must protest. I lack the talent, temper, and intention of a satirist. And even if I didn't, I certainly would not pick public characters whom I take seriously, respectfully, and hopefully—in an age of ominous chaos and growing barbarism.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG

New York, April 15

PAVLOV

Dear Sirs: The following letter was written by Professor I. P. Pavlov in the early part of February, that is, shortly before his death. It may therefore be considered his last testament to young Russian scientists. It was written in answer to a request of the Central Committee of the Young Communist League, and was published in the Moscow *Pravda* of February 28, 1936. The translation is mine.

ALEXANDER MASLOW

Berkeley, Cal., April 16

What shall I wish for the youth of my motherland who are devoting themselves to science?

Before everything else I wish them consecutiveness. I can never speak without emotion about this most important condition of fruitful work. Consecutiveness, consecutiveness, and more consecutiveness. From the very beginning of your work train yourselves to be strictly consecutive in gathering knowledge.

Grasp well the A B C of science before attempting to climb to its summits. Never attempt to deal with subsequents without first mastering antecedents. Never attempt to cover your lack of knowledge by guesses and hypotheses no matter how bold. No matter how this soap bubble may delight you by its iridescence, it will inevitably burst and lead you nowhere.

Accustom yourselves to restraint and patience. Learn to do the spade work in science. Study, compare, accumulate facts!

No matter how perfect the wing of a bird may be, it would never lift the bird without the support of the air. Facts—they are the air of the scientist. Without them you can never fly. Without them the "theories" you evolve are but fruitless efforts.

But while studying, experimenting, observing, try not to remain on the surface of the facts. Do not become archivists of facts. Try to penetrate into the secrets of their origin, search persistently for the laws which govern them.

Second—modesty. Don't ever think that you already know everything. And no matter how highly you may be estimated by others, always have courage to say to yourself, "I am an ignoramus."

Do not let pride possess you. Pride will make you dissent where you should agree. Pride will make you reject useful advice and friendly help. Pride will make you lose objectivity.

In the collective which I happen to direct everything is a matter of atmosphere. We are all harnessed to one common work, and everyone moves it according to his strength and circumstances. Very often we cannot even tell what is "mine" and what is "yours," but the common work only gains from that.

Third—passion. Remember that science asks of a man his whole life, and if you had two lives, even that would not be sufficient for you. Science demands from man much effort and a great passion. Be passionate in your work and in your seeking.

Our motherland opens a great field before scientists, and one must give credit where credit is due—science is being generously introduced into our country. Generously to the limit!

And what is to be said about the position of a young scientist with us? Here everything is clear without saying. Much is given to him, but much also will be asked of him. And for the youth, as well as for us, it is a matter of honor to justify the great trust which our motherland has placed in our science.

I. P. PAVLOV

INFORMATION FOR SUBSCRIBERS

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CONTRIBUTORS

M. E. RAVAGE, *The Nation's* Paris correspondent, is a native of Central Europe but was educated in this country. Among the books he has published are "The Making of an American" and "The Malady of Europe." In this issue Mr. Ravage carries on from last week his analysis of the rival forces in and the probable results of the French elections.

HAROLD J. LASKI, author of "The State in Theory and Practice," has made the London School of Economics, where he is professor, a mecca for students of political science. He has just ended a visit to this country during which he gave a course on contemporary British politics at the New School for Social Research in New York.

LOUIS ADAMIC flew from Los Angeles to San Francisco to cover the waterfront story for this issue. Through his striking accounts of labor crises which have made him familiar to readers of *The Nation* and other periodicals, Mr. Adamic has built up a reputation as an outstanding labor reporter. He is also the author of "Dynamite," a study of class violence in America, two autobiographical books, and a novel.

MORRIE RYSKIND is now in Hollywood as a scenarist for M-G-M, in which capacity he collaborated with George S. Kaufman on the story for the Marx brothers' "A Night at the Opera." He was coauthor of "Of Thee I Sing," and author of the hilarious "Diary of an Ex-President," excerpts from which appeared originally in *The Nation*.

GEORGE FORT MILTON, editor of the *Chattanooga News* and author of "The Eve of Conflict," a study of Stephen A. Douglas, is outstanding in the South as a liberal publicist and historian.

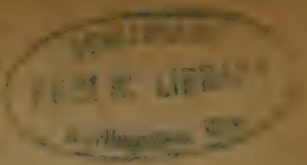
LEIGH WHITE, of the editorial staff of *Tide*, is a journalist in the process of becoming a novelist.

MARGARET MEAD is an anthropologist, widely known as the author of "Sex and Temperament in Three Primitive Societies" and other studies of primitive peoples in Samoa and New Guinea.

PHILIP BLAIR RICE has contributed many reviews of poetry to *The Nation* and other periodicals.

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THE *Nation*



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CONTENTS

THE SHAPE OF THINGS

597

EDITORIALS:

ETHIOPIA'S COLLAPSE—EUROPE'S PERIL

599

OUR NEW PROSPERITY

600

A DEMOCRATIC LANDSLIDE

601

AUTOMOBILE LABOR HITS ITS STRIDE

602

WASHINGTON WEEKLY by Paul W. Ward

603

MEXICO'S BLOODLESS REVOLUTION

By George Stern

605

NEW JERSEY'S ARMY OF UNOCCUPATION

by Suzanne La Follette

608

POLITICAL NOTES FROM THE NORTHWEST

by Richard L. Neuberger

610

HOLLYWOOD FIGHTS BACK by Herbert Kline

612

ISSUES AND MEN by Oswald Garrison Villard

614

BROWN'S PAGE

615

BOOKS AND THE ARTS:

TACTICS AND THE CLERK by Joseph Wood Krutch

616

PROLOGUE TO "SERGEANT GRISCHA"

by Lionel Trilling

617

"THE SAVAGE WARS OF PEACE"

by Barbara Wertheim

617

THE SPIRIT KILLETH by R. P. Blackmur

618

MUSEUM PIECES by Ben Belitt

619

GERMAN IMPERIALISM by Hans Kohn

620

WHAT GALS WORTHY WAS LIKE

by Leslie A. Marchand

620

ORACLE OF JACKSONIAN DEMOCRACY

by William Seagle

621

FILMS: SECOND COMINGS by Mark Van Doren

623

THE INTELLIGENT TRAVELER

by John Rothschild

626

DRAWINGS: by Georges Schrieber, J. C. Orozco,

Don Freeman, and A. Birnbaum

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The Shape of Things

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THE CURRENT PULITZER AWARDS, AS WE ARE coming to expect them to be, are in general either safely mediocre or downright bad. Two escape from this unfortunate category: Mr. Sherwood's "Idiot's Delight" is brilliant satire; Mr. Perry's "Thought and Character of William James" is sound and readable biography. The rest are pretty sad. There was a difference of critical opinion on "Honey in the Horn," the prize novel, but in a year in which James T. Farrell published "Judgment Day," not only one of the most distinguished of modern novels but the last in a trilogy equally admirable, Mr. Davis may be imagined to have received the award because the Pulitzer judges did not favor "painful" novels. Mr. Coffin, the prize poet, is at least one step ahead of last year's winner, but he is a windy writer none the less. Professor McLaughlin's "A Constitutional History of the United States," able enough in its way, represents the constitutional thinking of a past generation, and there is small question that Mr. Millis's "Road to War," also published in 1935, was more worthy of the award. Felix Morley of the *Washington Post*, who with George B. Parker of the *Scripps-Howard* newspapers divided the prize for the best editorial writing, is an admirable news commentator, but the *Post* is safely Republican, and its editorials at their best could never have reached the heights of public service attained in almost any week by the courageous editorial page of the *New York Post*. Our most publicized awards in literature and journalism continue to do small service to either.

*

THE VICTORY OF THE *FRONT POPULAIRE* IN the French elections was far more decisive than had generally been anticipated. The left parties as a whole scored a gain of more than 40 seats and will have a majority, if present alignments hold, of 130 in the new Chamber. The success of the Communists was particularly notable. It had been predicted that they would obtain from 40 to 50 seats as against 10 in the old Chamber; they won 72 seats and now have the third largest representation of any of the political parties. The Socialists gained 50 seats and have emerged as the largest party in the Chamber. Part of the gains made by the groups on the extreme left were obtained at the expense of the more conservative wing of the Radical Socialists, but the heaviest losses were suffered by the parties of the center. Since the right also gained at the expense of the center, we may expect a much sharper

cleavage on fundamental policies than has hitherto been the case. The small vote obtained by the fascist-supported candidates suggests that the strength of the Croix de Feu and other fascist groups has been considerably exaggerated. This in itself may prove a danger to the left coalition since many of the more moderate Radical Socialists have supported the *Front Populaire* only out of fear of an immediate fascist uprising. Thus far, however, no sign of dissension has appeared, and the chances are that June 1, or an earlier day, will see France with a government really representative of public opinion.

*

THE BIG-NAVY BOYS ARE WINNING OUT again. With President Roosevelt's none too reluctant help they are jamming through Congress the biggest peace-time naval-appropriation bill in American history. The House has already passed the recommendation of its Naval Affairs Committee, appropriating \$531,068,707 in the naval-supplies bill, and calling in addition for new airplane construction, new destroyer and submarine construction, and the starting of two new super-battleships at a cost of \$51,000,000 each, if, as seems certain, another treaty power (Great Britain) does the same. In all, navy funds for the fiscal year are estimated in excess of \$600,000,000. It is worth noting that the initial navy appropriation this year is as large as the combined appropriations for army and navy two years ago. It is also worth noting that the starting of construction on new battleships and airplanes means committing ourselves to expenditures far beyond the appropriations for the coming fiscal year. It means mortgaging ourselves to equally heavy if not heavier expenditures for the coming years. Of course this entire program will be rationalized as a reluctant concession on the part of a peace-loving Administration to the needs of national defense. Every militaristic program that has ever been launched has been rationalized in the same terms. It is a little difficult to take this seriously in the face of the committee's proud statement about a navy "second to none," and the evident intention of the Administration to "match any battleship construction that may be undertaken by any other of the signatory powers." The needs of national defense are one thing and can be estimated by expert study; but statements like the above can mean only an armament race.

*

THE SUPREME COURT, IN THE INTERVAL OF our suspense over the delayed Guffey coal decision, has handed down a decision which deserves more attention than it has received—the decision in the St. Joseph's Stockyards case. The court unanimously upheld the order of Secretary Wallace reducing the rates charged. But the judges divided on their reasoning. Chief Justice Hughes went out of his way to discourse on issues that might eventually be involved in other cases of this sort, but were not involved in this one. In the process he revealed, more nakedly than ever before, the intent of the court majority not to let any administrative act with which it disagrees go unchallenged. What was at stake in the issue he raised

was the power of the Supreme Court to review the factual findings, as well as the procedural fairness, of an administrative agency. While Chief Justice Hughes held that the court's power extended to both, Justice Brandeis insisted that the usual rule was for the court to review only the legality of procedure, and that there was no reason for "making special exception of issues of fact bearing on a constitutional right." Four justices held with Hughes, two with Brandeis; Justice Roberts steered—very wisely—clear of the whole controversy. The immediate reflection one makes is that this may expose public-utility regulation even further to the mercies of the Supreme Court majority and the holding companies whose social vision they express. The second reflection is that it is a dangerous practice for the court to hand down *obiter dicta*, as it has been doing, and discuss contingent possibilities. But perhaps the most vital meaning of the decision is reached in the passage in which Justice Hughes serves warning that the court will not allow its power to be "circumscribed by any legislative arrangement designed to give effect to administrative action going beyond the limits of constitutional authority." This can be aimed only at the bills now in Congress to curb the court's power.

*

GRADUALLY THE WAY IS BEING CLEARED FOR a campaign to organize industrial labor which will, within a very few years, shift the whole emphasis of political and social development in this country. By the time this comment is in print, the convention of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers in session at Canonsburg, Pennsylvania, will have decided whether or not to accept the offer of the Committee for Industrial Organization to contribute \$500,000 to an organizing campaign—an offer made with the proviso that the C. I. O. shall have a great deal to say about how and by whom that campaign is conducted. It seems inevitable that the offer will be accepted. But even if William Green and Mike Tighe succeed, by some unforeseen move, in holding back the tide, it will not be for long. The will to organize steel is too strong not only in the industry itself but among the other industries represented in the C. I. O., which realizes that steel is the key to a mighty labor movement. Meanwhile a charter with full autonomy has been granted by the American Federation of Labor to the International Union of United Automobile Workers. The proceedings of its recent convention at South Bend are discussed on another page of this issue. All along the line the obstacles to a unified advance are being pushed aside. For the unorganized millions of workers, as well as for those who welcome the advent of a great revivifying force in American life, there are stirring days ahead.

*

DEFENDERS OF FREEDOM OF SPEECH AND OF the press have recently been turning up in the oddest places. The latest is the New York County Americanism Committee of the American Legion, whose sponsorship of a booklet called "Americanism—What Is It?" has aroused no mean tempest in Legion circles. Presenting a

calm, cool, and eminently sane exposition of the American attitude—or what should be the American attitude—on freedom of speech, the author of the booklet, Cyrus Leroy Baldridge, has had unqualified support from his own district but violent opposition from other members of the Legion. What his critics like least of all is the statement of Mr. Baldridge's opinion that freedom of speech means, *ipso facto*, freedom for all. "Some . . . ideas may be new to us," he says. "Some may seem dangerous. Nevertheless, believing in freedom of speech for others as well as for ourselves, we must not attempt to abuse or silence them." This won't do at all for the Legion conservatives who believe that free speech may be allowed to exist "only up to the point where it is used by any person or group to promote the overthrow by force of the government." When, in their judgment, that point is reached, in goes the gag.

*

AFTER HARDLY MORE THAN A FEW MOMENTS of serious thinking, the new Republican Brain Trust has discovered a Scheme for Saving the Country. A year ago Thomas Nixon Carver, professor emeritus of political economy at Harvard, put out a booklet entitled "What Must We Do to Save Our Economic System?" He began with a tribute to Mussolini and Hitler, who are helping to fight off "the hungry hordes of the East," meaning Russia, and proceeded to proposals for "drastic curtailment of unemployment relief," "sterilization of the palpably unfit," "exclusion of all immigrants in order to reduce the labor supply," and organization of the well-to-do and propertied classes to put over this program. Professor Carver reached really lyric heights, however, when he suggested "limitation of marriage to those who can afford an automobile." This is pretty nearly the last word on How to Save Our Economic System from the Hungry Hordes. There is, however, another word to be said, and another man has already said it. His name was Jonathan Swift; he, too, wrote a booklet. It was entitled "A Modest Proposal for Preventing the Children of Poor People from Being a Burden to Their Parents or the Country." Dean Swift's proposal was that, since the poor have too many children and too little to eat, the children should be fattened, slaughtered, and eaten. With all due respect to the Republican Party and professors emeriti in general, we rather think that the Swift proposal is neater.

*

THE MOST STRIKING PARADOX IN THE LIFE and character of A. E. Housman was not the fact that his great fame rested solely upon two small volumes published twenty-six years apart. Neither was it that a poet whose verse is almost as simply emotional as Burns's should have been personally even more reserved than the usual Englishman of his class. The real paradox is that a professor of Latin whose whole temperament was fastidious and aloof should have been the only English or American poet of his generation—except possibly Kipling—whose work was read and admired not only by habitual readers of poetry but also by persons to whom nearly all verse is alien. One could count on the fingers of one hand

the names of great poets who have written poems, like Gray's "Elegy" or Fitzgerald's "Rubaiyat," which appeal even to the unpoetical, but Housman composed half a dozen such. No one could have been further removed than he from the intellectualizing tradition of modern poetry. His only extended commentary on his own craft, the lecture called "On the Name and Nature of Poetry," was an amiable defense of precisely the sort of romantic aesthetic most infuriating to many contemporary poets. Much of his verse was so far from timely that both the subjects and the attitudes were those which might have appealed as much to the contemporaries of Horace as they did to him. Yet when he died on May 1 at the age of seventy-seven there was not another serious poet writing in English who was known to so large an audience.

Ethiopia's Collapse and Europe's Peril

HAILE SELASSIE'S precipitate flight has come as a rude shock to the millions of people throughout the world who had been hoping against hope that Ethiopia would be able to hold out until sanctions had blunted the edge of Mussolini's zeal for conquest. Although no one really expected the ill-equipped Ethiopian troops to stand up against poison gas, heavy artillery, tanks, aerial bombings, and the overwhelming force which Italy put into the field, it was generally believed that the Emperor could carry on an effective guerrilla campaign long after the chief cities had been captured. It is not impossible that such resistance may yet develop, but the Emperor's flight removes all hope of opposition from an organized Ethiopian government.

This leaves Geneva very much out on a limb. Nationalists the world over will seize upon Mussolini's victory as an indication of the final collapse of the League. It will be said that the principles of collective security have been tried and found wanting. Critics will point out with a considerable measure of justice that none of the great powers, with the exception of the Soviet Union, have shown any sign of subordinating their immediate national interests to the long-range objective of preserving world peace. France must be held particularly responsible for undermining the effect of collective action. While it voted for the mild sanctions that were imposed last fall and has carried them out faithfully, it has repeatedly blocked consideration of an embargo on coal, oil, and steel, which would have seriously crippled if not terminated Mussolini's African campaign. But England must also bear an important share of the blame. The contrast between Britain's passionate denunciation of Italian imperialism and its previous indifference to the Japanese invasion of Manchuria created more than a suspicion that its new-found enthusiasm for collective security was not wholly sincere. This suspicion was reinforced by its unilateral action in sending its fleet to the Mediterranean, by its rearmament program, by the ill-fated Hoare-Laval proposals, and finally by its refusal to support collective action in the face of Hitler's insolent

breach of treaties. Nor can the United States escape all responsibility. While it is impossible to say what might have happened had this country been prepared to support the League's proposed oil embargo, our inability to cooperate was unquestionably an important factor in preventing the imposition of this sanction last December.

But is it accurate to say that the League has failed merely because Ethiopian resistance has been shattered? Few persons thought six or eight months ago that the imposition of the mild penalties now in force would prevent Mussolini from overrunning the African kingdom. Sanctions can prevent war only if the potential aggressor knows in advance that penalties of such a stringent nature will be imposed that it cannot hope to enjoy the fruits of its aggression. Such a situation obviously did not exist last October. With the Manchurian affair as a criterion, Mussolini did not expect the League to adopt strenuous measures. The war had been going on several weeks before sanctions were actually imposed. By that time no one really believed that it was possible to save Ethiopia from invasion and conquest. In fact few persons were really deeply concerned about Ethiopia. Attention was centered rather upon the task of shaping a weapon for preventing Nazi aggression. To achieve this, it was not so necessary to stop Mussolini immediately as to show the world that a nation could not resort to unwarranted aggression with impunity and that it could not hope to gain from its aggression.

This being the case, the real test of sanctions obviously could not come until after Mussolini's victory in Ethiopia. The fact that Italy has triumphed more quickly than was anticipated does not alter the situation. It is too late to prevent the Italian armies from taking over an ancient empire that never before had felt the conqueror's heel, but it is still possible to save the League and establish a precedent which will make potential aggressors hesitate before plunging the world into war.

The issues confronting the Council at its regular meeting on May 11 are clear-cut. The League can admit defeat and follow the course which it adopted after the invasion of Manchuria: that is, prepare a stinging resolution rebuking the aggressor, refuse to recognize Italian sovereignty over Ethiopian territory, and appoint a committee to recommend further action. No one would suggest that this procedure has been effective in checking Japan, nor does it offer hope of dissuading nations from resorting to war to promote their national interests. With Germany poised for a blow against Austria or Memel, any weakness on the part of the League would be an invitation for Nazi aggression. The alternative is to maintain or strengthen sanctions, not only as a warning to Hitler, but as a means of preserving the League for more difficult trials to come.

Admittedly this will be a difficult task. The prestige of the League is once more at ebb tide. Eden appears to have given up the unequal struggle against the reactionary elements in his party, and cannot be counted on to furnish the dynamic leadership which is needed in the present crisis. The new Chamber of Deputies in France, on the other hand, should be far more interested in preserving the League than the one that it supersedes. Laval's commitments to Mussolini will mean little to the Front Populaire.

And though the present British government appears unable to pursue a consistent policy toward collective security, it may be argued that the very existence of the British Empire depends on preserving the League. This is not only because Britain is one of the chief beneficiaries of the status quo and would suffer heavily if it were disturbed, but because the British Empire can only exist in a world in which effective international organization is possible. As was pointed out in a recent issue of the *Economist*, the choice before the empire is between a common League policy and a parting of company in which each unit—Britain, Canada, Australia, and the Irish Free State—would follow its own national interests. Thus if British public opinion is sufficiently quick to recognize where the true interests of empire lie, there is reason to hope that the League may yet be saved from oblivion.

Our New Prosperity

FINANCIAL writers throughout the country have been busily engaged during the past two weeks explaining why the recent stock-market crash is unlikely to usher in a depression comparable to that of 1929. If on the whole their arguments have been inconclusive, it does not necessarily follow that another crisis is already on the way. For despite the action of the stock market, there is abundant evidence that the United States is in the midst of an upsurge of business such as the country has not seen since 1929. The steel industry has been operating at a higher rate in the last few weeks than at any time for six years. If the present rate of activity were maintained throughout the year, steel-ingot production would reach 50,000,000 tons, or approximately the amount turned out in 1928. Retail automobile and truck sales in April were close to the 1929 level. General Motors, the largest unit in the industry, sold more cars in the first quarter of this year than in any similar period in its history.

While the present boom has not equally affected all industries, business improvement has been more widespread than at any time since 1929. Industrial production has been running at about 96 per cent of the 1923-25 average. Cash farm income for the first three months of 1936 was approximately 7 per cent higher than in the same period of 1935. Consumers' purchasing power as revealed by department stores' sales has increased by 9 per cent. And though the building industry as a whole remains seriously depressed, residential construction is up 75 per cent from last year.

Three years of more or less steady recovery having passed, speculation naturally turns to the proximity of the next collapse. Even apologists for the New Deal cannot fail to observe elements of weakness in the present situation. It is difficult to believe in the stability of near-boom production when employment is only 85 and pay rolls are less than 75 per cent of normal. Even in March, when production was nearly at its seasonal peak, the A. F. of L. estimated that there were nearly 12,200,000 unemployed. Factory pay rolls are running about 5 per cent above last year, but real wages in the manufacturing and

non-manufacturing industries are only about 3 per cent over the 1932 average and nearly 15 per cent below 1929.

Nevertheless, viewing the situation as a whole one cannot fail to be impressed by the strength of the short-term factors working for further recovery. Consumer purchasing power is certain to be stimulated by the payment of the two-billion-dollar soldiers' bonus. Government expenditures show no sign of an early decline; in fact, the PWA is just beginning to be effective as an agency of recovery. The two most retarded sectors of our national economy—the steel and building industries—are beginning to stir. Most important of all, the primary motive-force of recovery—the prospect of profits—is daily becoming more effective. Last year, for the first time since the depression, all the leading industrial groups with the exception of the railways reported a profit. The total net earnings of the 909 large business enterprises included in the report of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York rose 44 per cent over 1934 and were 11 times as large as in 1932. A preliminary estimate covering 101 corporations shows an additional gain of 38 per cent in the first quarter of 1936.

The fact that the prospects for earnings are better than at any time in the past six years is especially significant in view of the existence of surplus member-bank reserves aggregating \$2,700,000,000—enough to permit a credit expansion of \$27,000,000,000. Until recently there has been little tendency to make use of this tremendous reservoir of potential purchasing power. In April, however, the banks of New York City reported that loans and investments had increased to a greater extent than in any other comparable period except during a short interval in the fall of 1929. Moreover, in contrast to the recent pattern, only about 15 per cent of the expansion in total loans and investments throughout the country may be accounted for by increased holdings of government securities. Thus we are apparently obtaining at long last that new investment upon which continued business expansion depends. With interest rates at the lowest point in history, there is every reason to believe that this expansion should continue.

Judged by almost any criterion, however, the present status of business is far more unstable than that of the early days of the 1929 boom. With 12,000,000 unemployed and over 20,000,000 on relief, consumer purchasing power is pegged at a subnormal level. The huge reserves accumulated under the Social Security Act may be counted on to diminish buying power still further. The rapid rise of profits will only accentuate that disproportion in the distribution of income which the Brookings Institution found to lie at the root of the last depression. An increase in surplus capital is bound to be far more serious than in 1929 because of the disappearance of foreign lending. Experience has shown that some artificial stimulus is necessary to keep the wheels of industry moving. Thus far the discrepancy between the aggregate income of the working class and the price of their product which is at the basis of our difficulty has been offset by government spending. Let that spending stop, as it ultimately must if the federal government is to maintain solvency, and the country will face a graver crisis than that of 1929.

A Democratic Landslide

THE astonishing Roosevelt vote in Massachusetts and the still more impressive turning out of 1,300,000 Democratic voters in Illinois, where there was also no contest in the primary, is merely another proof of the extraordinary way the President has been coming back into popular favor. The pro-Administration tide is running so strongly that the Republicans themselves privately admit the hopelessness of their cause. A prominent Midwestern Republican states that after two weeks in Washington and New York he has yet to find a Republican who believes that his party has a fighting chance. When asked if the leaders he had talked with all laid this to the so-called "buying" of the election by the great relief funds, the AAA payments, and so on, he replied, "Not at all." They admitted, he said, that it was primarily due to the split in the Republican Party, the absence of any alternative platform, the continuing improvement in business conditions under Roosevelt, the lack of a strong candidate, and the President's own popularity and extraordinary political skill. A newspaper writer in Washington who hates Mr. Roosevelt and all his works admitted recently that he thought Farley was right in his predictions of a greater Roosevelt success than in 1932. What is even more surprising is that one of the prominent business men of Chicago, on arriving in New York the other day, declared that the feeling among the business men and bankers in Chicago had suddenly become much more favorable to the President. Little has happened in the last three or four months, as far as the President is concerned, to account for the change. The two speeches he has made since his return from his vacation have by no means been of his best, and the tax bill has certainly not added to his popularity.

The President is amazingly blessed by the absence of an important Republican candidate. Colonel Knox seems eliminated. While Borah has made a good showing, he has not achieved anything beyond the certainty that his wishes will receive favorable consideration in the convention. Governor Landon is so far in the lead since his great run in Massachusetts that he can only be headed off by a combination of all the anti-Landon forces, if then. There is an amusing story going around in journalistic circles in Washington that Landon was asked by a well-known correspondent how he accounted for his being so far in front in the race for the nomination when he had never been prominent in national life, was practically unknown in Washington, and was the governor of a small agricultural state. The tale runs that he replied, "Perhaps it is due to the complete bankruptcy of the Republican Party." Amazing though it may seem, this great historic party, backed even in its last defeat by 15,000,000 votes, cannot find a candidate really equipped for the office.

Even more important is the bankruptcy of the Republican policy. The maneuvers of the Republican National Committee and the Liberty League have been, if anything, stupider than was expected. It is enough to point out that their campaign began with Mr. Smith's fatal

speech at the Liberty League dinner, and that the latest move has been the appointment of a Republican Brain Trust including the precious Professor Carver. At every turn they have concentrated the attention of the country upon their own reactionary character and have thrown the waverers over into the Roosevelt camp. Mr. Roosevelt's victory will therefore be the country's answer to Republican stupidity. It will also be the country's answer to a program for running a vast industrial system like the American on the basis of a laissez faire policy relieved only by various subsidies to Big Ownership.

What effect an overwhelming victory will have upon the President has begun to worry both his friends and his critics. Frank R. Kent has recently written on this subject, and the Scripps-Howard newspapers have begun to stress the fact that "too much power is a hazardous thing." But more important is the effect that impending victory will have upon the Democratic platform. Mr. Roosevelt will have a long enough whip to crack over the industrialists—if he chooses to do the cracking. What is more likely is that, relieved of pressure from the left by his prospects of an easy victory, he will shape both his platform and his policy on the indecisive lines of the past year. The only hope of even a moderately liberal Administration policy is the building up of a genuine progressive and radical opposition in Congress. To this all the efforts of the progressive groups should be turned in the campaign.

Automobile Labor Hits Its Stride

PRESIDENT GREEN of the American Federation of Labor sprang a surprise at last week's convention of the International Union of United Automobile Workers in South Bend, Indiana, when he announced on the very first day the termination of the "probationary period" of the union and called for the immediate democratic election of officers. According to a correspondent who has sent us a first-hand account of the proceedings, Mr. Green has obviously given up any further attempt to control an organization which has consistently opposed his policies. Francis J. Dillon, whom Green appointed as president at the August convention, against the expressed will of the majority, seemed taken aback by Green's action. But he relinquished his office without delay, leaving behind only a handful of his former associates, who did their best to disrupt the procedure of the convention thereafter but disappeared one by one as they found their tactics ineffectual. Incidentally, President Green's announcement drew from the convention the only genuine applause he received during his meteoric appearance. The rest of the applause was reserved for the Committee for Industrial Organization, which was very much in evidence.

Unity, in one way or another, was the keynote of the convention, and one of its brightest manifestations was the unprecedented appearance of representatives of the three major independent unions in the industry, all pledg-

ing amalgamation. One place on the incoming international executive board was left open for this eventuality, and the general officers were instructed to start immediate negotiations to this end. Since the independent group is a good deal stronger than the A. F. of L. union in the Detroit area, it should provide a great impetus to organization in the center of the industry.

The first test of strength on the convention floor came on the question of admitting the powerful Toledo local with full representation. The charter of the Toledo union, nationally renowned for its two great strikes against the Auto-Lite and Chevrolet companies, had been withheld by Dillon, who had insisted upon splitting this federal local into its ten component plant groups, for the ultimate benefit of craft unions claiming jurisdiction over various sections of the Toledo organization. The vote of the convention was overwhelmingly in favor of seating all the Toledo delegates and continuing their single charter.

An incredibly crude forged letter, purporting to have come from "The Communist Party," mimeographed and unsigned, calling for the election of Homer Martin and Wyndham Mortimer, outstanding progressive leaders, was put into the hands of each delegate before the elections in an attempt to discredit these men, who were candidates for the two leading offices of the union. Both men were elected, the former by acclamation, the latter by a substantial majority. A more open attempt at red-baiting came in the form of a resolution calling for the expulsion of Communists. It was beaten down as one delegate after another got to his feet and told how he had been marked as a red because of his militant conduct in a strike or in some other union activity. An amendment calling for the exclusion from office of all "known and proven" Communists was likewise suppressed. A resolution setting down the convention as unalterably opposed to fascism, Nazism, communism, "and all other isms," was adopted out of politic concern lest the rejection of the anti-red resolutions be considered an indorsement of communism. On the last day a resolution indorsing Roosevelt was defeated; however, an appeal for reconsideration because of the possible repercussions of this action among the industrial-union group brought a change in the vote. At the same time the convention indorsed the formation of a Farmer-Labor Party, and the local, district, and national branches of the union were instructed to take the initiative in pressing this movement. An exciting moment occurred when a delegate read on the floor a headline from Hearst's *Herald and Examiner* falsely announcing the automobile union's secession from the A. F. of L. The delegates yelled for the expulsion of the reporter. A telegram of protest was sent; as a result a retraction was printed the next day.

Last August restraint and anger dominated the automobile workers' convention. This May the atmosphere is one of buoyancy and hope. Frank Grillo of the Rubber International told the convention that the membership of his union had increased 400 per cent since it obtained autonomy last September. There is no reason to believe that the automobile union will not have a like success, and the intense enthusiasm of the delegates in South Bend gave fresh evidence of the rising spirit of American labor.

WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD



Secretary Morgenthau

Roosevelt Cracks the Whip

THE last push of the Seventy-fourth Congress's closing session has begun. With the White House cracking the whip, the gallused boys on Capitol Hill are plunging to the task of cleaning up the legislative calendar in order to rebuild their political fences back home. The most important bill of all, the \$1,500,000,000 relief measure, is being given less attention than the Congress accorded to the \$50,000,000 seed-loan bill. Apparently it is to be passed without major change; Roosevelt had only to snap his fingers last week to put an end to the plans of a House faction, led by Beiter of New York, to earmark a portion of the appropriation for the use of Ickes's PWA. The Administration's tax bill, second to the relief bill in importance, also is sliding along on politically greased ways. The fact that the bill is so badly drawn that it is certain to delight the hearts of tax-dodgers, while falling far short of its social and fiscal objectives, gives November-eyed Senators and Representatives no concern. It has even provided Henry Morgenthau, Jr., Secretary of the Treasury, with one of his happiest moments in public office. Morgenthau, who approaches a Congressional committee like one about to be tossed to the lions, found to his great joy when he testified before a Senate committee a few days ago that none knew or cared enough about this drastic revision of the tax structure to ask him an intelligent question. As a result, for the first time in his experience with this sort of thing he was able to testify without embarrassing resort to assistance by his staff. Also in the rush is the maneuvering over ship-subsidy legislation. The week ended with Senator Guffey preparing to introduce another

"compromise" bill, which, according to the forecasts, will be his original bill amended to prolong the ship operators' enjoyment of their present subsidies until next March.

Running counter to the trend is the official shelving of the Puerto Rican independence bill five days after its introduction by Senator Tydings—after all Puerto Rican parties except the insignificant Nationalist faction had violently attacked the measure. Also running counter to the trend is the maneuvering in the House to forestall a vote for repeal of the "red rider," which forces a monthly loyalty oath on all District of Columbia school-department employees. Speaker Byrns can give the repealer right of way on any District day in the House, but he is paying off an old political debt to Blanton, the measure's chief foe, by blocking its path at each turn with some major piece of legislation.

Mr. Gifford "Denies"

THE portrait of Walter S. Gifford and his colleagues that the Federal Communications Commission is painting with its investigation of the A. T. and T. has begun to show more than faint resemblance to those latter-day robber barons, the Insulls and Hopsons. Samuel Becker as chief investigator has got in a number of definite strokes in the last few days. Chief among them was one showing that the A. T. and T., most demure of holding companies, after making enormous profits for many years from renting telephone sets to its operating subsidiaries, suddenly reversed its policy in 1927 and made its subsidiaries buy the instruments at a price which netted the A. T. and T. an additional profit of \$14,000,000. Becker showed that the holding company decided to sell the equipment to its subsidiaries just as the introduction of the hand set threatened the instruments sold with obsolescence. In this fashion, he pointed out, the A. T. and T. not only transferred to its subsidiaries the obsolescence risk but also put the old instruments into their rate bases at a figure to justify continuance of the existing rates charged the public for telephone service. In addition, he showed that the operating companies, to protect themselves against loss on the transaction, tried to discourage use of the new hand sets and to that end levied against the consumer an extra charge if he insisted on having one.

The evidence was so telling that A. T. and T. officialdom resorted to a desperate dodge to hide it from the public. Just as the morning session at which the evidence was presented closed, and reporters were hurrying to get the gist of it on the news wires, G. F. Hurd, company counsel, issued a statement challenging the testimony of the commission's experts as "grossly inaccurate and inadequate." His remarks successfully diverted reportorial

attention from the evidence and fixed it on the drama of conflict he had created for the afternoon editions. When Becker challenged him later in the day to cite wherein the record was inaccurate either specifically or "in general," Hurd said he could not answer because he had not yet examined the record. Becker similarly squelched Gifford when the president of the A. T. and T. insisted that he was prepared to testify that the company had not made \$14,000,000 on the deal in question. When Becker shot back, "Are you prepared to testify from your personal knowledge and an examination of the books?" Gifford subsided meekly into his chair, saying, "Well, now that you ask it that way—no." The books showed that the company reported in its federal income-tax return for 1927 the \$14,000,000 profit Mr. Gifford was "prepared" to deny.

Poisoning the Consumer

THAT vaudeville act Lester Jesse Dickinson put on in the Senate Monday would have been funnier if the Iowan had not blown up in his lines. As written for him by the G. O. P.'s encyclopedists, the part was supposed to be an assault on the New Deal for replacing with canned dogfood the chickens Hoover left in every pot. Dickinson clumsily turned the role into an attack on the Food and Drug Administration for failing to make sure that humans reduced to eating dogfood get good, pure dogfood. For his pains Lester got himself literally laughed off the Senate floor. His speech, however, turns out to have had one unfortunate consequence for the Democrats at whom it was aimed. It irked W. G. Campbell, chief of the Food and Drug Administration, into revealing the lengths to which Democratic House spokesmen for farm interests have gone in their efforts to throttle the bureau's activities in behalf of the farmers' customers. Their resistance to the bureau's efforts to obtain adequate funds for controlling poisonous spray residues on fruits and vegetables had extended, he said, to the deliberate suppression of evidence on the dangers of acute poisoning and death to consumers. Refusing to believe that there is any danger, members of the House Appropriations Subcommittee handling the agriculture-appropriation bill in which his bureau's budget is imbedded challenged Campbell both last year and again this year to prove his case. He had replied at length, he said, citing case reports by physicians in medical journals and by other competent, impartial authorities, only to find his testimony deleted from the record of the hearings, which were secret, and to hear his challengers go on asserting that no proof had been offered when it was requested.

He specifically blamed Representative Cannon of Missouri for the suppressions. Cannon, who in his own words represents "a great fruit-growing district," is acting chairman of the subcommittee, the members of which are all farm representatives. He denied the charge of censorship in the name of his committee as well as of himself. It was not an effective denial. Campbell had said that a large part of his testimony last year and two-thirds of his testimony this year before the committee in executive session was devoted to arguing the spray-residue issue. The printed transcripts of the hearings which Cannon's committee caused

to be issued in customary fashion contain no testimony whatever by Campbell or any member of his bureau concerning spray residues. Campbell further said that forty pages of his testimony on this point were eliminated from the 1935 transcript after it had been sent to the printer and proofed. This year, he added, his testimony on spray residues was not even sent to the printer but was struck from the stenographic transcript.

Acting on the theory that the farmers who elect them must be allowed a few pennies' extra profit even at the risk to their consumer-customers of acute poisoning and such less readily traceable disorders as Raynaud's disease, nephritis, painter's palsy, cancer, arterio-sclerosis, cardiac hypertrophy, anemia, abortion, blindness, and insanity, Cannon's committee this year did more than suppress the most vital part of Campbell's testimony. It also denied his bureau the \$525,000 budgetary increase recommended for it by the President. Coming on top of this, Dickinson's speech was too much for Campbell, Harvey Wiley's protege and chosen successor. Campbell proposed to Secretary Wallace that his bureau be taken out of the Department of Agriculture and put where its budget would not come within the purview of Congressional committees monopolized by farmers' agents.

Incidentally, there has opened within the last few days a new drive, seemingly White House-inspired, to get the long-pending Copeland food-and-drug bill through Congress at this session. A House committee has renewed work on the measure, passed by the Senate last year, and expects to report it to the floor for action in the next week or ten days. Chapman of Kentucky, who distinguished himself last year by subjecting the drug lobby to an investigation such as it had never before experienced, heads the committee revising the Copeland bill so as to strip it of all the emasculating amendments tacked on in the Senate by Bailey from the Vicks Vaporub country, Clark from the Listerine country, and Vandenberg from the Parke, Davis domain. For those who imagine that the impediments in the path of the legislation are wholly the creation of predatory commercial interests outside the government, let it be added that some of the fight comes from Federal Trade Commission bureaucrats desperately anxious to keep all advertising regulation in the hands of the commission. That is where the profit boys also would prefer to have it, since the commission is concerned chiefly with seeing that they play fair with one another and is not so concerned as Campbell's bureau with seeing that they play fair with the public. The latest move of the drug lobby on its own hook has been the beginning of an undercover campaign for a Congressional "investigation" of the Food and Drug Administration, aimed at forcing the dismissal of Ruth deForest Lamb, its "chief educational officer," for offending the ghouls and con men of the patent-medicine, cosmetics, and adulterated-foods rackets by telling the truth about them and their silk-stocking lawyers in her recent book "American Chamber of Horrors." The volume sets a new high in public service of its kind, and the fact that Miss Lamb was permitted to speak her piece freely and remain a federal employee must stand to the everlasting credit of Campbell, Tugwell, Wallace, and Roosevelt, who in the order named are her superiors.

Mexico's Bloodless Revolution

BY GEORGE STERN

Mexico City, April 30

THE current political drama in Mexico reached its third-act curtain when Plutarco Elías Calles and his closest henchmen were recently exiled from the country without warning. So far the government has not attempted to justify its action on other grounds than that Calles's presence within the national territory constituted a menace to "public health." A semi-official attempt has been made to link the Calles group to the criminal dynamiting of the Vera Cruz train on April 6, in which several persons lost their lives and many more were badly injured. There has been a rash of terrorism in Mexico of late. Bombs have exploded at labor meetings, the home of Vicente Lombardo Toledano was attacked and bombed several weeks ago, and other sporadic outrages have occurred. Taken in conjunction with the depredations of religious fanatics in various parts of the country and the playful pranks of the fascist Gold Shirts, these seemingly unconnected happenings appear to the government to be all a by-product of the Calles group's plotting against the present regime.

Naturally, there is no direct proof that Calles was personally implicated in blowing up the Vera Cruz train. Had any such existed, the government could scarcely have contented itself with a mere deportation order. But there is abundant justification for its claim that Calles was the natural rallying-point of all existing disaffection with the regime and that his presence in Mexico, along with that of his lieutenants, was bound to cause continual violence. From this point of view his exile is more than merited, even though the measure itself may be of dubious legality.

The present intermission provides a good opportunity for reviewing the political and social conflict which has supplied the motivation of the play thus far. It has now been going on for more than two years and in order properly to understand the scenes still to come, one should keep past events clearly in mind.

Prologue: Late in 1933 Calles's stall-fed National Revolutionary Party nominated General Lázaro Cárdenas for the Presidency, somewhat against the dictator's own better judgment but in response to the growing demand within the party ranks for a "left" candidate to still the ominous rumblings of popular discontent. Cárdenas made a truly heroic campaign tour, penetrating into the most remote regions of the country, making friends with simple Indians and peasants, carrying everywhere the time-worn slogans of the revolution—though the election was a foregone conclusion whether he made speeches or not.

Act One: After the inauguration it gradually began to appear that the new President would not be content to remain a Calles puppet. For a brief period the political sophisticates continued to be amused by this provincial

hick who seemed to have swallowed whole the revolutionary guff which the official party had been mechanically grinding out for years, but their smiles soon froze as they realized that Cárdenas's ardent oratory was finding dangerous response. Calles's position was being undermined. Congress divided itself into Callistas and left-wingers. By the time Calles awoke to the fact that his President was getting out of hand, it was already too late. In June, 1935, he called for a showdown, only to find that Cárdenas held all the aces. He announced his retirement from politics and left the country for a "vacation." Curtain.

Act Two: The six months of Act Two were mainly a period of suspense and rallying of forces for the decisive battle to come. While the administration moved energetically to consolidate its preliminary victory, the country began slowly to recover its breath after the unlooked-for defeat of the supposedly invulnerable dictator. The labor united front formed in the June crisis was solidly behind the President; so were the agrarians, with whom the government was working out a large-scale organization of the rural masses. Big capital, the church, and the middle classes began to look on Cárdenas as their common enemy, linking themselves with the Callista faction, which still held strong positions in the provinces. What had begun as a political quarrel between two groups of the official family was turned by the action of underlying social forces into a clear-cut class conflict. It was during this period that the red scare began to be raised in the hope that the application of the red brush and the cry of "Moscow gold" would bring diplomatic representations from the United States to halt the madman in the National Palace. However, the forces of reaction were still bewildered by the suddenness of their defeat, and the acts of sabotage, slander, and misrepresentation were as yet uncoordinated.

In this atmosphere of expectancy and mounting tension the preliminary climax arrived on November 20, when workers and fascist Gold Shirts fought a pitched battle in the streets. But the real climax occurred on December 13 when Calles suddenly descended from an airplane in Mexico City, accompanied by Luis N. Morones. The moment was well chosen. The reaction had closed its ranks. The very people who only yesterday had shuddered at Calles's name were now ready to hail him as a savior. The patriots and their hired scribblers who were saving the country from bolshevism had done a fair job; Mexico was being reported, particularly in the United States, as hovering on the brink of anarchy and chaos. These were the forces ready to support Calles, and Morones, still leader of the C.R.O.M., could be expected to bring along a sector of the workers and thus give the semblance of popular sanction to the coup that unquestionably was being planned. As for the army, had not

General Obregón himself (and who should know better?) once said that no Mexican general could withstand a *cañonazo* of fifty thousand pesos?

But Calles had been sadly misinformed by his friends as to the true mood and temper of the people. His arrival was met by a nation-wide storm of protest that strengthened Cárdenas's hand for the admirably energetic measures he immediately took to circumvent any possibility of a coup d'état. Suspected Callista generals, senators, congressmen, and governors were removed. A temporary censorship prevented Calles from making statements in the press. A week of feverish excitement wound up with a demonstration in which fifty thousand workers marched to the National Palace to demand prison or expulsion for the ex-Maximus of the revolution. The attempted comeback had been an inglorious failure. Curtain to Act Two.

Act Three: If Calles's personal political fortunes had thus again struck a snag, the social forces he represented were by no means content to accept the new defeat lying down. The anti-government campaign was redoubled. Act Three is divided into three scenes, the first of which, a burlesque interlude, was staged in Monterrey, capital of the state of Nuevo León, the Mexican Pittsburgh, center of heavy industry. Here are smelters, foundries, and steel mills, breweries, glass factories, food-preserving plants, and other lesser industries. Monterrey's bourgeoisie is better organized than any other in the republic; its Junta Patronal, an employers' association, is a close-knit body which presents a smooth, unbroken front to the assaults of labor. Moreover, Monterrey is the headquarters of the Calles business clique, of Aarón Sáenz, former governor of the state and one of the reputed fathers of the Gold Shirts; and until recently Nuevo León's political boss was Calles's son, Plutarco junior. Labor troubles had been unknown since 1922; the thousands of factory workers were safely herded into company unions. Wages averaged two pesos (55 cents) a day in a city whose proximity to the American border makes its living costs considerably higher than those of most other parts of the country, including the capital itself. Employers had forgotten what a strike was like.

In January the workers of a glass factory walked out demanding a collective contract, as was legally guaranteed them by the constitution and the labor laws. Mexico thought it had seen red scares before, but the performance worked up over this simple event far outshone previous efforts. The strike was denounced as open revolution; its leaders were accused of operating with Moscow gold; and a campaign of vilification, paid for and directed, it was said, by Aarón Sáenz, filled the Mexico City press. Then came the culminating blow. The bourgeoisie came out into the streets in a mass demonstration! It sounds incredible, but it happened. By joint agreement all the Monterrey factories and business establishments closed their doors in a political lock-out. Headed by the Junta Patronal, the good burghers solemnly marched with placards and banners to the State Capitol, in a procession made up of capitalists, bankers, industrialists, shopkeepers, Catholic dames, religious societies, and the cowed workers of the company unions, to demand justice of the Governor

—also accused of communism—against the several hundred striking workers. Just as gravely the Mexico City papers reported that all social classes in Monterrey, including the workers, had patriotically rejected the latest Communist threat to Mexican sovereignty.

This was the first capitalist strike in Mexican history. The novelty of the maneuver created something of a sensation, and the situation became serious enough to cause the President to investigate for himself. After two days of listening to testimony from both sides, he told the nervous gentlemen of the Junta Patronal that the strike was legal according to the requirements of the labor code; that a simple strike for legal rights was not communism and certainly not revolution; that strikes were an inevitable part of the existing economic and social system; that if the Monterrey employers were too exhausted by the industrial struggle to deal with a strike they could always demonstrate their patriotism by turning their factories over to the government and retiring from the fray; and that the lock-out was neither patriotic nor very intelligent. After this cold shower the embattled patriots called off the war and reopened their factories.

As a matter of fact, business has suffered far less than its anguished wails would lead one to suppose. The most recent statistics of the Department of Economics indicate that agricultural, mining, industrial, commercial, and foreign-trade activities have been steadily on the upgrade since 1930; in 1935 Mexican business enjoyed its best year since the crash. If some wages have risen as a result of strikes, prices have risen still higher and real wages have probably fallen. In spite of temporary losses due to strikes, profits are being satisfactorily maintained. It is only the inordinate greed of men accustomed to swollen profits which prompts the effort to make the present industrial unrest look like revolution.

Act Three, Scene Two: On the heels of the Monterrey farce came the congress for unification of the working class into a single national organization. Out of the congress grew the Confederación de Trabajadores de México, a central body to which the electric-power and railroad unions, the metal workers, the powerful C. G. O. C., (Confederación General de Obreros y Campesinos de México) and a great number of smaller independent unions adhered. It was the June united front, strengthened by many later accretions and forged into a solid body in which the overwhelming majority of Mexican labor was at last united under militant leadership. Vicente Lombardo Toledano was elected general secretary of the C. T. M., which numbers 350,000 industrial workers and more than 100,000 peasants. The oldest labor organization in Mexico, the Confederación General de Trabajadores, and Morones's old C. R. O. M., now greatly reduced in strength, remained outside the unified federation.

Act Three, Scene Three: Under Morones's guidance these two groups, together with other scattered unions, now began a slander campaign of their own directed against the C. T. M. They held meetings at which the familiar charges of "Moscow gold" were again aired and at one of which, it is sad to report, Diego Rivera spoke to denounce the Soviet Union, Stalin, and his Mexican emis-

saries. The Gold Shirts, who had lent strong-arm service to the Monterrey employers during the strike, now entered into an understanding with the Morones unions for joint anti-Communist action.

It was at this stage that terrorism began to grow. For months the rural Catholics had been amusing themselves by such activities as cutting off the ears of village teachers in protest against the government's "socialist" education. Bands of rebels and bandits grew more active. Bombs began to explode in Mexico and other cities. Two Americans were kidnaped. Each day brought news of fresh casualties in the class war. Rumors spread of C. R. O. M. conspiracies, of coming uprisings. Public nervousness was growing. The motive behind all these acts, obviously, was to discredit the government abroad, to give the impression that Mexico was on the road to perdition under Cárdenas's bolshevist rule. Finally came the callous dynamiting of the Vera Cruz train, and the government's answer in the deportation of Calles and the others. And with this the third-act curtain has come down.

What will be the results? Calles will probably win a good deal of sympathy in the United States. He will have more freedom of action than he enjoyed in Mexico; his attacks on the Cárdenas government will be given publicity and credence in interested quarters. In this sense the government's move may be considered something of a mistake. But the Mexican authorities have good reason to believe that the activities of the Calles group were creating an atmosphere in which, given the traditional nature of

Mexican political struggles, violent outrages were inevitable. The removal of Calles thus became a measure of imperative necessity. Calles himself is nothing—a discredited political gangster without popular following. Indeed, it is a tribute to the extraordinary hold he once had over the country that he is still able to attract any adherents at all. His present strength is derived solely from the organized reaction whose tool he is. The revolution, as a social movement, has grown out of its bourgeois adolescence and is approaching its new, working-class phase. The basic objective achievement of the Cárdenas administration so far has been to restore the conditions under which the people may again register their will in national affairs.

But the true crisis of the Cárdenas adventure in government has not yet arrived. It is still a nice question how far Cárdenas has led and how far he has been pushed along the road he has followed. The crucial test of his regime will come when his policies directly clash with American interests. The whole course of Mexican history, particularly recent revolutionary history, indicates that radical Presidents have a tendency to go soft when the full heat of foreign pressure is turned on: Calles himself is the best illustration of that general rule. On the other hand, the Mexican workers are learning fast, and the deceptions and betrayals practiced upon them in the past become progressively more difficult as they gain in political wisdom and experience. Ultimately it lies with them and with the public opinion they can mobilize in their support abroad to stiffen the backbone of the government and defend the notable advances they have made in the past year.



Courtesy of the Delphic Studios

Leaders

Drawing by J. C. Orozco

New Jersey's Army of Unoccupation

BY SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE

YOU would never have known from the unperturbed quiet of the Trenton streets that in the very heart of the town and the administrative center of the state the unemployed, under the able leadership of the Workers' Alliance, were making front-page news with their burlesque of a state Assembly which had gone home after a three months' session without acting on the problem of relief. You wouldn't even have suspected it if you had passed right by the state Capitol, or even if you had gone in unless you had inquired the way to the Assembly Chamber.

But in the chamber things were happening. The "insurgent" assembly was surrounded by a crowd of spectators, and newspaper photographers were everywhere. Ray Cooke, national secretary-treasurer of the alliance, was just announcing an agreement with the Speaker of the regular Assembly whereby the insurgents would temporarily adjourn to the gallery in order that the chamber might be put in order for its regular occupants. The insurgents adopted a resolution to that effect and filed out. The spectators followed. Fortunately there was plenty of room in that side of the gallery which was thrown open. We followed the crowd and found places in the midst of the "army of unoccupation." And there we sat and waited, our numbers steadily augmented by the delegations of employed and unemployed arriving from out of town to back up the group which had held the chamber for six days and nights.

There was ample time—four hours of it—before the regular Assembly convened to gauge the quality and temper of this group of insurgents. Their appearance was impressive. Nothing dull or stolid about this crowd. Their faces were keen, sensitive, worried. They were fine American faces. I knew these people; they had been my friends and neighbors in my childhood out West. One gathered from their own statements that they represented the more intelligent among the victims of depression. They were the delegates of the various groups of the Workers' Alliance, and the leaders of their groups. They admitted frankly that they had to cope with inertia among the rank and file. "A lot of people down our way," said a man from Riverdale, "don't do anything until they get into trouble. Then they join the alliance. We bring their cases before the board and get them on the relief rolls again, and then they stop coming to meetings and forget to pay their dues." A Trenton house-painter had a different view. It was true, he said, that one could count on about two members in every hundred who were willing to lead. "But I'd rather sit here day and night myself than get our rank and file excited. They'd be for direct action, and the time for direct action is past," he announced in a tone of unwarranted optimism.

Certainly there seemed to be no thought of direct action

in the minds of this crowd. They were in no ugly mood. On the contrary, they were pleased with their demonstration, and in spite of their fatigue even those who had kept the daily and nightly vigil were good-humored, chaffing one another in a spirit of comradeship born of a common need and a common effort.

"We'll be down there in the insurrectionary camp again tonight," said a cheerful elderly man who had been there since the insurgents moved in.

"Yeah, they got nice soft beds down there," remarked a gay bleached-blond housewife with ten-cent-store diamonds on her fingers and a red celluloid bracelet.

"The Legislature ain't gonna do anything tonight," remarked another delegate.

"What are you kickin' about?" asked the blonde. "Ain't we supposed to be gettin' four-fifty a day? Didn't Bogle say so? Wonder if we'll get overtime? That'll mean a lot of money for me—six days and six nights overtime."

Our gallery was crowded to suffocation. I remarked that the other gallery should be opened.

"They don't open that," said the blonde. "That's for the members' friends. The women came in in evening dress at the last session. One of 'em was wearing a long white evening dress trailing behind her right along the floor. Wonder how it must feel to be pretty and well fed."

One heard serious discussion, too; comparing of notes by people from different communities, speculation on their chances with the Legislature, weighing of policy. They were friendly, and ready to answer questions about their condition. The man from Riverdale had been a silk cutter employed on piece rates by the same factory for fourteen years, earning never less than \$35 and often \$50 a week. The factory had failed in 1931, and since then he had knocked around on temporary jobs, CWA work, PWA work, anything he could get. He was on state relief when that was discontinued on April 5. Since then he had had a \$12-order from his community with the announcement that it was the first, last, and only help he need expect. His father and mother had been getting \$2 a week from the state. A housewife had been drawing \$19.54 each fortnight for her family of eight. Since April 5 her family had had no relief. The cheerful elderly man in front of me had been drawing \$2 for himself and wife. Did he pay his rent out of that? "No. I owe so much rent I practically own the house by this time." A Negro cook sitting beside me had had no job in his own line since 1931; only odd jobs and relief. An agricultural worker from Bridgeton lived out of town just far enough to be denied state relief. He had been referred to the overseer of the poor and told there were no funds, so he was forced to support his wife and three children by panhandling—the state of New Jersey grants the unemployed permits to beg.

The delegates of the Agricultural Workers' Union of South Jersey had much to tell about conditions in the farming section; and what they told was not pretty. Wages range from 7½ to 35 cents an hour when there is work to be had, the average being around 20 cents. The local overseers of the poor are local landowners, and the landowners like having relief turned back to the communities. For the relief offices are used as hiring halls, and workers who refuse starvation wages are cut off the relief rolls. One of these local overseers is C. F. Seabrook, owner of the big farm where the workers struck two years ago against starvation wages and intolerable conditions. The owners are fighting the WPA wage of \$48.50 a month because, low as it is, it is still higher than the going wage for farm workers in that section.

The session began with a prayer by a local pastor, who thanked God that the Legislature of New Jersey had never failed in its duty to the people of New Jersey, and expressed faith that He would not let them fail this time. After which the Legislature proceeded to demand that the Governor defend its dignity by clearing out the insurgent assembly, tabled a resolution calling for an investigation of the Workers' Alliance, listened to two representatives of the Protestant churches who pleaded for immediate action on relief, and refused to listen to Ray Cooke after he had called Assemblyman Thomas a liar for saying that the insurgents were Communist agitators. It then passed a bill to help certain business interests of New Jersey by authorizing the establishment of a free port, and slapped

the workers of New Jersey in the face by adjourning. The only reference to the problem of relief was a remark by one of the members that the state of New Jersey owed nobody a living.

It was a dramatic scene, and one not pleasant to witness. Here were some hundreds of American citizens, weary, tense, hopeful, representing many thousands who like themselves had been waiting for months while their duly constituted representatives did nothing about their difficulties. And their duly constituted representatives could find nothing better to do than insult them. What made the thing more significant was the conviction forced home by a comparison of the two assemblies that the only class line in America is the income line. The members of the regular Assembly differed from those of the insurgent assembly in being better clothed and fed and less worried. They were the more prosperous and successful members of their communities; but with that difference removed the two bodies might have changed places without one's marking the difference. And the very fact emphasized the importance of the income line. It reduced all class differences to their fundamental basis—the distinction between those who have and those who have not.

The unemployed are being forced to realize this distinction, and such object lessons as the behavior of the New Jersey Assembly are helping to teach them. Indeed, after that session some of the leaders of the Workers' Alliance became a bit over-zealous in drawing the moral of need for political action by the workers. They tried to



The Army Encamped

adjourn the insurgent assembly and send the members home to organize a Farmer-Labor Party for the purpose of defeating the Assemblymen at the polls. To the dogged delegates who had been carrying on in behalf of an immediate and pressing issue, this seemed rather like a promise of pie in the sky. "We didn't come here to organize a Farmer-Labor Party," one heard. "We came here to get relief—now." Fortunately wiser counsels prevailed; other leaders pointed out that the two objectives were not mutually exclusive; and the insurgents settled down again to their grim wait.

At the moment of writing the Assembly has met again and placed the supervision of state relief in the hands of a group of Republican politicians, headed by Governor Hoffman, but without providing funds. And they have locked out the insurgents. No one doubts that funds will be provided—after the primaries on May 19. Until then the unemployed will have to starve along as best they can, for the legislators are apparently more afraid of taxpayers than of jobless workers. And when action is taken, it will leave relief in the hands of the communities, aided by state funds. This is the program Assemblyman Bogle outlined to me, saying that relief should be in the hands of the communities because there would be "less chiseling." He did not mention that there would also be less relief—that community relief is from one-half to three-quarters of the bare subsistence formerly provided by the state. But he gave point to a remark I overheard later, during a belated dinner, from a prosperous-looking elderly gentleman who was saying to an Assemblyman in his

party: "You fellows are acting like a lot of ostriches. Don't deny that the Republican program is to throw relief back on to the communities in order to force down wages."

There is no question that relief in New Jersey is a tool of party politics, as it will continue to be in every state unless it is placed on an insurance basis and removed from the category of vote-catching devices. Nor is there any question that the unemployed are getting a good deal of political education out of the sorry mess. But it is ignorant and foolish for radicals or reactionaries to assume that they are either political theorists or political agitators. They think of themselves simply as good Americans in hard luck, and they want something done about it. Like a good many generations of Americans before them they resent the inexorable working of the profit system, but they are as ignorant as their forbears about what the profit system really is. They resent being called Communists, too, but they are as confused about the meaning of the term as are the politicians who hurl it at them as an epithet of opprobrium. To be sure the Communists among their leaders, being the most articulate among them, wield an influence which the rank and file don't even suspect. It is a dangerous influence, but not for the reasons that the reactionaries would give. The attempt to adjourn the insurgent assembly proved the folly of the one tactic to which the Communist Party consistently adheres—that of sacrificing immediate issues to the current party slogan. The party's past record makes it seem probable that the present "Farmer-Labor Party" slogan may be abandoned as suddenly as it was adopted, leaving the workers more confused than before.

Political Notes from the Northwest

BY RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

Boise, Idaho, April 30

A SWING around the Oregon-Washington-Idaho circuit demonstrates the fact that Landon, Knox, Vandenberg, and Dickinson are just so many names to the predominantly rural population of the region. Unless Senator Borah is the Republican nominee, the Far Northwest will again support President Roosevelt.

Heading westward, our train was delayed six or seven hours by an avalanche in the Columbia River canyon. Discussion in the dining-car and pullmans at once turned to politics. The traveling salesmen, lawyers, and business men comprising the bulk of the travelers declared that Roosevelt was slipping and that the Republicans could beat him with anyone except "that damned inflationist Borah." But more people ride in day coaches than sleep in pullmans or eat in dining-cars, and up ahead it was a different story. Most of the occupants of the coaches said that the only Republican they would vote for was Senator Borah. A number of travelers nodded approvingly when a young farmer in a denim shirt said, "I'm for anyone Hoover's against."

Curiously enough, in the year in which he makes his first actual appearance on the Presidential firing-line, Borah faces his most difficult fight for reelection as United States Senator from Idaho. C. Ben Ross, the only man ever to be Governor of Idaho for more than two terms, is a formidable threat of which Borah himself is sharply aware. As the G. O. P. Presidential nominee, Borah would sweep through the Northwest like a conquering army, carrying Idaho by a landslide vote. But local pride will not help him in the Senatorial contest. In fact, it may be the other way around. Ross is expected to make political capital of the fact that he is a native-born product, whereas Borah migrated westward from Illinois and Kansas.

Ben Ross is a shrewd and canny politician. He has been eyeing Borah's post for nearly ten years. He was once a cowboy on the Oregon range and knows the language of the farmers who control Idaho's vote. His first term as governor was in 1930. He was reelected in 1932 and again in 1934. In capturing a second term he carried every county in the state and received more votes than were ever before cast for a candidate in Idaho. Ross's public utterances

drip with protestations of his solicitude for the common people, although the principal act of his three administrations has been the passage of a sales tax. Through the judicious use of relief, welfare, and liquor patronage, he has built up an efficient political machine.

Ross is the first public figure of considerable political skill to apply even a modified Long-Bilbo-Talmadge technique to the Pacific seaboard. He resorts to Scriptural quotations and frequently hints that a mysterious destiny is guiding his political career. But whereas the Southern shouters have made love of the Constitution their stock in trade, Ross has intimated that Supreme Court interpretation of the sacred document is incompatible with present needs. He fortified his battle lines by sharply criticizing the majority ruling in the AAA case. The crop-reduction hand-outs were not unwelcome among Idaho's harassed ranchers and fruit growers, a fact known to Borah as well as Ross. The delight with which the Senator greeted the decision nullifying the NRA was noticeably absent when the AAA was sent down the river.

The worst obstacle to Borah's sixth successive Senatorial term is the manner in which he has handled the Townsend question. Had Borah declared himself against the Townsend Plan originally, as did Senator Norris of Nebraska, he would not now find himself in an embarrassing political predicament. The Idaho Townsendites are not aroused because Borah is opposed to their plan *per se*. They are furious because they had been boasting to the world at large that he was in favor of it—even going so far as to distribute stickers on the streets of Boise last fall proclaiming, "Get the Townsend Plan *with* Borah." It is a matter of record that Senator Borah never indorsed Dr. Townsend's fantasy. But the hysteria of the pension enthusiasts permits no splitting of hairs. When a year ago Borah declared that he favored the principle underlying the Townsend Plan, the Idaho Townsendites concluded he had accepted the scheme lock, stock, and barrel.

There is no doubt that the disclosures of the Bell committee investigating the Townsend movement have been a lifebuoy to Borah. Idaho is a strong Townsend state, the pension adherents holding the balance of power between Borah and the Governor. As the wrappings have gradually been peeled from "Cofounder" Clements and the other Townsend leaders, Borah's position has been strengthened. In most of his recent public statements challenging the practicability of the plan, Borah has emphasized his opposition to its sales-tax feature. For several months he and his supporters have been jockeying to get the sales tax into the political arena as the paramount issue of the campaign.

The sales tax is Governor Ross's vulnerable point. His vigorous advocacy of such a levy—despite his claim that the revenue was desperately needed for relief and old-age pensions—gave rise to the report that he was "in with the 'railroad.'" What the Anaconda copper interests are to Montana, the Oregon Short Line of the Union Pacific is to Idaho. In Montana it is the "company"; in Idaho it is the "railroad." One of Ross's principal arguments for the sales tax is that it has drastically reduced the ad valorem levy. Grange and labor leaders contend that the Union

Pacific is the state's heaviest ad valorem contributor, but that it pays no sales tax. Ross hopes to win Townsend support by using sales-tax funds to match old-age security appropriations from the federal government, but the fact that he has eased the Union Pacific's tax burden is the vulnerable point in a program which claims to be a bulwark for the common people of Idaho.

The Governor plans to charge that Borah has neglected the interests of his own constituents to dabble in international questions half a world removed from the great state of Idaho. Ross knows how to make capital of the Main Street delusion that United States Senators are sent to Washington to get new electric bulbs for the post office or a can of paint for the grade-crossing sign in Bear Creek and not to meddle in dangerous questions of national and foreign policy.

As a result of this threat one circumstance is certain: in all his Presidential campaign activities Borah keeps a weather-eye cocked toward Idaho. The stronger the bid he makes for the Republican nomination, the greater will be his chance of reelection to the Senate. Although the Ross forces fear the effective campaign in the state which Borah is capable of making, they hope the senior Senator will not be removed from the Idaho wars to bear the G. O. P. banner. They realize that Borah as a Presidential candidate would sweep Idaho and carry into office his friend Ray McKaig, who already has entered his name for the Republican Senatorial nomination. McKaig is a former Non-Partisan League chairman and Progressive Party leader. A thoroughgoing liberal, he was a delegate last year to the third-party conference of the American Commonwealth Political Federation.

McKaig is a close friend of Borah's, and two explanations are offered for his candidacy. One is that Borah has crossed the Rubicon and intends to default his Senate seat. The other is that McKaig is merely keeping the place warm for Borah while he makes a bid for the White House. The only other entrant to date in the Republican Senatorial primaries is State Senator Ralph Whitten, who is said to be running with the blessing of Borah's arch-enemy, Herbert Hoover. Whitten probably will conduct a sort of Fabian warfare against Borah. McKaig's candidacy would tend to speed Whitten's maneuvers. Then if Borah failed to get the Presidential nomination, McKaig could retire from the primary race, throwing his support to Borah. (The Idaho primaries are on August 11, more than a month after the Republican national convention.)

One of the minor political tragedies of this region is that James Pinckney Pope, the junior Senator from Idaho, will probably be defeated for reelection in 1938 because of a few careless remarks he dropped in Europe last summer. On the whole Pope has been a far more capable official than anyone expected. He has followed Senator Norris's lead in urging curtailment of the veto powers of the Supreme Court. He has insisted that the giant Grand Coulee and Bonneville dams be placed under a Columbia Valley Authority similar to the TVA in the South. He supported the Frazier amendment to abolish compulsory military drill in the colleges. He was one of nine Senators

—Borah was another—to vote against confirmation of the appointment of Lamar Hardy as a federal attorney. Several weeks ago he issued a scathing denunciation of Hearst and backed the demands of the Newspaper Guild members who were picketing Hearst's *Wisconsin News*.

However, Senator Pope is an ardent internationalist and World Court enthusiast, and in London last summer he made so many rash remarks that Senator La Follette rebuked him from the floor of Congress. When Borah came back to Boise last August and was questioned about his colleague, he replied, "If Senator Pope can avert war in Europe, he certainly deserves a great deal of credit." Borah's quip has aroused guffaws in every hamlet in the state. It is used against Pope on all conceivable occasions—even in Boise, where he was an efficient but colorless mayor. He has been humorously referred to as "Ambassador to Europe from Idaho."

This is exceedingly bad for a man in public life, and despite a courageous and enlightened voting record in the Senate, Pope probably faces oblivion in 1938. His closest

friends are worried over his chances for reelection. He may not even get the nomination if a formidable Democrat opposes him in the primaries. Several of Governor Ross's advisers are known to be urging him to avoid the Borah buzz-saw this year, and to try for Pope's job in 1938.

Just as a side issue is weakening Senator Pope in Idaho, increasingly frequent social missteps will probably defeat Congressman Marion A. Zioncheck if he seeks reelection from the Seattle district this year. Until he embarked upon his escapades with the police of several states Zioncheck was considered a possible governor of Washington. Elected to Congress in 1932 with the backing of progressive groups, his voting record has been as liberal as Pope's. Reactionary Democrats in King and Kitsap counties, angered because he refuses to play ball with Jim Farley's patronage club, have issued unctuous statements condemning Marion's "disgraceful conduct." Of course, it is political apple-sauce of the thinnest sort for Democratic moguls to condemn him for over-indulgence in liquor, but their play to the church and dry vote may result in his defeat.

Hollywood Fights Back

BY HERBERT KLINE

IN his article No Soap Boxes in Hollywood in *The Nation* for March 4 Morrie Ryskind indicted the entire film colony on two major charges: first, "its colossal ignorance of current political happenings," and, second, "the shocking cowardice to be found in high places." According to Mr. Ryskind, Hollywood is hopeless, most film people are ignoramuses, and the few intelligent ones are too cowardly to stand by their private opinions. In a later article, in the May 6 issue, Mr. Ryskind gave Hollywood people credit for participating in a mass-meeting to raise funds to combat the reactionary Russell-Kramer bill, but he overlooked many happenings that took place both before and after his charges of "ignorance" and "cowardice" were preferred against Hollywood.

Three weeks before his first article appeared almost a thousand prominent members of the Hollywood community paid \$10 a ticket to hear Lord Listowell deliver a lecture on Nazi Germany. The proceeds went to help suffering anti-fascists. The majority of the audience were disappointed with the unexpected mildness of the Englishman's criticism of the Nazis. Hollywood was far ahead of this particular soap-boxer in its feelings about current political happenings in Germany.

And for the past three years, despite Mr. Ryskind's charges, a struggle between the screen workers and the producers has been taking place that tops any other trade-union activity in the theatrical profession since the 1919 strike. Ernest Pascal, Ralph Block, O. H. P. Garrett, James Cagney, Edward G. Robinson, Dudley Nichols, Frances Faragoh, Sidney Howard, Kenneth Thompson, John Howard Lawson, and Fredric March, among others, took the lead in a successful movement to pull the ma-

jority of screen writers and actors out of the producer-controlled Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. Today the screen workers have their own actors', writers', and directors' guilds to protect them against unscrupulous practices and to gain every possible fair concession for their members. Since the leaders of these guilds have been subjected to every kind of producer pressure, including of course the usual charges of radicalism, I trust Mr. Ryskind will be willing to add guild activities to his future listings of important Hollywood events.

Most New Yorkers think of Hollywood as the Land of Boy Meets Girl. But three weeks before "Bury the Dead" opened on Broadway twelve hundred members of the film colony crowded into the Hollywood Women's Club auditorium to hear Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, and John Cromwell give a public reading of Irwin Shaw's macabre anti-war play for the benefit of the local Contemporary Theater and the magazine *New Theater*. Basil Rathbone, James Cagney, Groucho Marx, Donald Ogden Stewart, and Lewis Milestone sponsored the performance, signifying their interest in seeing this blast against war staged in the heart of the community that specializes in grinding out such messages as "No Greater Glory" and "Professional Soldier."

According to Hollywood reports, there never was a more unusual or more stirring opening in this town of colossal world premières. Not only did Shaw's play about "the war that is to begin tomorrow night" receive an ovation from the nation's leading entertainment specialists, but many of them used the discussion period that followed to declare publicly their sentiments about war, fascism, working conditions in the industry, Scottsboro,

Hearst, and other current political issues that concern Hollywood's high-salaried screen workers.

In his introductory speech as chairman of the reading Donald Ogden Stewart said:

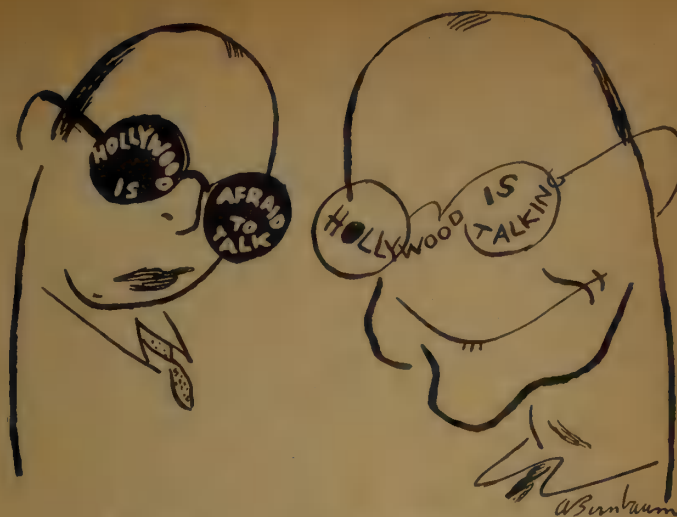
As I remember it we writers were very, very bitter, we were very, very disillusioned, and we were above all determined to tell the truth about life. That was twelve years ago. I don't know whether or not any of you have seen my two latest contributions to the screen. One was a vehicle for Marion Davies entitled "Going Hollywood" and the other was Miss Crawford's "No More Ladies." That isn't exactly what I meant twelve years ago. It isn't as funny as that . . . and I am not really blaming the movies for my downfall. Nobody came to me with a revolver and said, "You've got to take this big salary and have three automobiles and live in this goddam sunshine." It's my fault and I simply want to say a few words about my present situation and particularly why I am here tonight.

I am here simply and directly because the movies aren't good enough. And this Hollywood happiness isn't good enough in the face of the misery that there is in the world today. . . . You know what Hollywood's answer is to that. Entertainment . . . pictures are made for entertainment. That's a lot like seeing a man who is starving to death and saying, "Maybe if we make funny faces he won't notice it." We are making funny faces while people are starving to death . . . ten million men are out of work, but the movies say nothing about that. Five innocent colored boys are going to be sent to the electric chair in Alabama, but the movies are concerned only with whether Dick Powell gets his girl.

Now I say that isn't good enough. And I am here on behalf of the Contemporary Theater and the New Theater League because they offer something better than Hollywood. They don't want people to go into the theater to get away from life . . . but to have them realize that there is a way out of their troubles that they can take part in themselves. It is not charity they want—it is hope . . . and the New Theater can give them hope. I think that even with the small productions . . . that one flash of hope and truth against a plain white canvas wall is more important than all the entertainment that Hollywood and its million- and two-million-dollar productions can ever give.

Mr. Ryskind wrote, "You can't get talk in Hollywood, people are afraid," but Mr. Stewart and Arthur Kober got up after the reading had ended and spoke openly against Hearst's jingoism and against both the Russell-Kramer bill, "which makes meetings such as this a horrible thing," and the Tydings-McCormack bill, "which makes any talk against the military an offense"; while Dudley Nichols, speaking "as an ex-officer in the United States army," declared himself in favor of strong anti-war plays like "Bury the Dead." At the same session Lionel Stander, the young comedian, wasn't being funny when he spoke of "the significance of this play to those of us who are against war but who are puzzled as to just what we as individuals can do about it." And James Cagney, Onslow Stevens, Egon Brecher, John Cromwell, Dorothy Tree, J. M. Kerrigan, Clifford Odets, and others offered their services as actors and directors for the pending Hollywood production of "Bury the Dead."

It is certainly true that there are a great many people



Morrie Ryskind and Donald Ogden Stewart
Look at Hollywood

in Hollywood as there are in every American community who are indifferent to current political happenings. I fully sympathize with Mr. Ryskind when he declares, "The thing I cannot understand is the cringing and cowardice of people who have more than enough." But when he says, "They are not only cowardly but stupid in their fear of a fascism that doesn't exist," he simply isn't talking about the movie-company town controlled by the Warner Brothers, Hearst, Louis B. Mayer, and so on, or the reactionary state machinery that has turned loose its propaganda and political power against every manifestation of progressive thought or action from Upton Sinclair's Epic movement to the strike activities of the Imperial Valley agricultural workers and the Pacific Coast seamen and longshoremen. He isn't talking about the studio set-up that was powerful enough to force 99 per cent of the Hollywood screen employees to contribute to Governor Merriam's campaign chest regardless of their political opinions. He isn't talking about the Hollywood where the Hines "red squad" was used to terrorize film stars "communistic" enough to believe in the innocence of Tom Mooney. He isn't talking about the monopoly-controlled movie center which has produced reactionary "Riff-Raffs" and "Red Salutes" but never a single progressive picture such as "It Can't Happen Here" might have been. He isn't talking about the town where liberals like the leaders of the screen guilds are labeled dangerous radicals, and where anybody who treads on the toes of Louella Parsons or Marion Davies or Norma Shearer or Will Hays is liable to get it where the chicken got the ax.

Is there any hope that the brave but sporadic activity recorded in this article indicates a definite break with the popular conception of Hollywood as an intellectual Sahara? I think there is. One hope. The screen guilds. They have the power to stand up for the right of their individual members to free speech and free assemblage whether William Randolph Hearst, Governor Merriam, and Louis B. Mayer like it or not. Personally, I think Mr. Mayer, Mr. Thalberg, Mr. Warner, and others should consider the plight of the former heads of the German film industry before giving further support to the type of fascism that greets every progressive thought or action in the great state of California.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

HAROLD LASKI in his article in our issue of last week set forth the facts of the division in the British Cabinet and Stanley Baldwin's own personal loss of prestige. That is grave enough, but it is more serious that as a consequence of the indecisive policies which have been followed since Mr. Baldwin became Prime Minister British prestige on the Continent stands lower today than at any time in the memory of the present generation. This is the deliberate opinion of one of the most competent of European observers, now in this country. And his opinion is shared by many. The result is a loss of hope in Southwestern Europe, in Austria and Czecho-Slovakia, which cannot be overestimated. People there who have been working for a sane and rational settlement of European problems feel that their last anchor has gone. They have thought of France as torn by party dissensions, of the League as being too weak to help very much, but they have looked to Great Britain as to a Rock of Gibraltar. Today they are dazed by the sight of an England making incredible diplomatic blunders like the signing of the naval treaty with Germany and the Hoare-Laval agreement, and by its inability to stop the Italian conquest of Ethiopia, and they are prepared for any outcome. English diplomacy has, of course, blundered before—often enough; but the government has usually had a consistent policy and has presented a united front to the outside world.

Now what do we see? A Cabinet that cannot conceal its division, vacillating, hesitating, compromising, with the result that Hitler may well believe that he can do whatever he pleases; a Foreign Minister known to be out of sympathy with the orders given him. However, responsibility for the collapse of British foreign policy rests primarily with Mr. Baldwin himself. In his speech of April 18 he practically said that the issue of war and peace in Europe rested in Hitler's hands, and he prayed that this dictator might have the will to preserve peace, since he had it in his power to "do more at this moment to lift the black shadow of fear from Europe than any other man living." He also expressed alarm at the use of poison gas by Italy in Ethiopia, not because of Ethiopia's sufferings, but for fear that dictators would turn their poison gas into the cities of England and Europe. What could strengthen Hitler's hands more? To have the Prime Minister of Great Britain admitting fear and asserting that Hitler today is the arbiter of peace or war in Europe is to raise the prestige of Hitler among his own people still farther, for he can now quote these words and say: "Three years ago I was nothing and Germany was enslaved. Today the Prime Minister of England declares that the fate of Europe is in my hands."

I am well aware that the will of the English people today is not for war but for peace. I am not, of course, advocating war, nor do I believe that it is necessary for Mr. Baldwin to rattle the sword in its scabbard. But it is clear that the policy of weakness and indecision which Great Britain is following is far more likely to provoke hostilities and to encourage Göring and Hitler to attempt to impose their will on all Europe by force than would the sharp and vigorous moral opposition of a united British Cabinet. If Ethiopia is given to Italy, Mr. Baldwin must not expect Mussolini to be content with that empty conquest or to be daunted by the presence of British ships in the Mediterranean. Nor need Mr. Baldwin feel that a collapse of the League boycott of Italy will weaken Hitler's desire to include the German-speaking peoples in the Italian Tyrol, in Austria, and in Czecho-Slovakia within the Reich. The one hope of heading this off has been determined British leadership.

Undoubtedly the defenders of Mr. Baldwin will wish to put the blame upon the vacillations and insincerities of the French government and its apparent determination to hold on to Italy's friendship at any cost, and it cannot be denied that the weakness of French policy is largely responsible for the collapse of collective security. But the fact remains that after Hitler's coup in the Rhineland an alert and determined British government could and should have adopted a much firmer attitude toward the Third Reich. It was not the time to butter parsnips with soft words, but to say to Hitler that the British government was ready for its part to negotiate for the changing of the former Rhineland status, to warn him that if the troops were not withdrawn during the negotiations an economic boycott on the part of Great Britain would be immediately imposed. The cutting off of trade with Germany would undoubtedly offend a large section of the Conservative Party, but it is the task of leadership in a situation like that to convince its entire following that the policy pursued is a better one than drifting into another world war. As a result of the present policy Europe and the League are confused as never before; the democratic forces of Europe are drifting toward chaos; the prestige and power of Hitler are rising by leaps and bounds. Hitler doubtless feels already licensed to do as he wishes, to strike at Czecho-Slovakia or Austria next in the confident belief that the British government will continue to pay him compliments, to vacillate, and to express its profound regret that things are as they are. And at the same time that Germany's little man is growing more powerful, and all Europe is in imminent danger of world conflict, Great Britain and its statesmen will continue to lose prestige in every country on the Continent.

BROUN'S PAGE

IN DISCUSSING Toscanini's farewell the *Herald Tribune* said on its editorial page: "Not even the shameless conduct of the news photographer who exploded the flashlight in Mr. Toscanini's face dimmed the spontaneity of the ovation accorded to him. The audience sensed—without definite knowledge—that Mr. Toscanini's sensitive eyes could not stand such a sudden strain. It did not know that the photographer broke an agreement made with other news photographers not to take flashlights of Mr. Toscanini on the stand. Had it also realized that this man represented the same organization that behaved so shockingly in the matter of the Lindbergh baby, the violence of its indignation against the photographer would have been even greater."

Obviously the *Herald Tribune* is against violence. It will not run the risk of provoking it even after the audience has left Carnegie Hall to go home. It suffices to say, "the same organization that behaved so shockingly in the matter of the Lindbergh baby." Possibly the *Herald Tribune* believes that its readers, like the listeners at the concert, can "sense without definite knowledge." But just to cinch it, Mr. *Herald Tribune* Editor, don't you think it might have been a good idea to add so short and simple a sentence as, "The name is Hearst"?

Moreover, the *Herald Tribune* is attempting to reap where it has not sown. The writer of the editorial makes the assumption that the public is familiar with the fact that Hearst photographers forced Mrs. Lindbergh's car to the side of the road in order to take a picture of the baby Jon. But as a matter of fact, the *Herald Tribune* never printed a line concerning that occurrence. It came to public attention only because J. David Stern broke the story in his *New York Post*. The facts of the matter were familiar to newspapermen and editors, but out of courtesy to Mr. Hearst all except Stern passed it up. "The same organization," says the *Herald Tribune*, smugly missing a couple of birds with one stone.

It all seems very strange to me because I worked on the old *Tribune* in the days before its marriage to the *Herald*. In those days at the beginning of the World War the *Tribune* ran a series called "Coiled in the Flag." It was aimed at pro-Germans. I might add that the *Tribune's* definition of a pro-German was about as catholic as Mr. Hearst's conception of a Communist. For the sake of the record I might add that in my mind Hearst's opposition to our entry into the war constitutes the only service he has rendered to this country. It is a pity that he didn't have the courage to stick to his convictions. By the time Debs went to jail William Randolph Hearst was at least 175 per cent patriotic.

Still, I bring the matter up less to castigate Hearst than to indulge in reminiscences about the days when the *Tribune* had not become too polite to point. When it meant Hearst it said Hearst, and in fact threw in the picture of a

serpent for good measure. And now there is amity. Howard Davis, vice-president of the *Herald Tribune*, led the forces of the publishers when Hearst was under attack by the Labor Board in the Jennings case. There was a united front among all publishers when a trade-union issue was at stake. Mr. Davis has ceded his place as president of the publishers' association to a man named Barnum from Syracuse, but the *Herald Tribune* has been valiant in Mr. Hearst's fight against the investigations of the Black committee. As you have probably read, Mr. Hearst is defending the right of every American citizen to privacy. I wonder whether he ventures a smile at such times as he reads the columns of his extremely gifted employee, Mr. Walter Winchell.

Obviously the *Herald Tribune* is doing its bit to help Hearst's right of privacy when it refers to "the same organization." It would be illogical, I suppose, to hail a man as the whited plumed fighter for the Freedom of the Press and at the same time stress the fact that nothing is sacred to a Hearst camera man. The individual camera man is not at fault. He is as decent a person as all his fellow newspaper workers, but he is under the orders of an organization which says in effect, "Damn the proprieties and get the picture."

The time has come when the leaders of American thought can no longer dodge the issue of naming Hearst. Even the publishers' union should not distort the integrity of the news by making Hearst a sacred cow. It seems to me that it is incumbent upon President Roosevelt to say what he thinks of Hearst. The country also has a right to hear from Landon on this issue. And in no uncertain terms. "Name him! Name him!" should be a concerted slogan.

Once upon a time a stranger came to a cave in which there was housed a sinister idol. An old man of the village stopped the stranger and gave him counsel. "You may look at the idol with impunity," he said. "You may even regard him with manifest disapproval. Nor is it forbidden to say 'You are an ugly idol,' or 'I do not like your size or color.' Some have even thumbed their nose at Kla and gone unharmed. But one thing is certain. Whoever dares to point a finger at the god and call him Kla by name, upon him will fall death and destruction."

"Has this truly occurred?" asked the stranger.

"That I do not know," replied the old man, "but it is an ancient legend."

Forthwith the stranger strode to the far end of the cave where the huge idol sat and said, "I do not like you." Nothing happened. The stranger thrust out a stubby forefinger and pointed directly at the figure. "I do not like you," he continued with rising voice, "and what's more I call you by your name Kla! Kla!" All but the stranger fled the cave. The idol trembled and fell. The stranger reached down to the floor and picked up a handful of dust. It was all that remained of Kla.

HEYWOOD BROUN

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

TACTICS AND THE CLERK

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

DURING the last few months I have heard the word "tactics" more often than I had heard it in twenty years before. Until recently, at least, most of the persons with whom I was naturally thrown rather prided themselves upon leaving the word (as well as the thing) to those whose business required them to use it, and if we had a weakness, it was for boasting rather too much and too often our determination to let the chips from our hewing fall where they might. We were "intellectuals" first of all, or if you prefer, as I do, M. Benda's fine old word, we were "clerks" with a function peculiarly our own, and the one luxury we cherished as a compensation for the many luxuries which clerks must forgo was the luxury of speaking our mind without asking whether or not the truth we thought we had discovered was or was not one "meet to be thus set down."

Perhaps we were rather more superior than we ought to have been in our attitude toward those whose professions required them to consider the practical effect of this idea or that fact. Perhaps we had less sympathy than we ought to have had with the priest who was alarmed lest some one of his less mature parishioners might rise from the reading of Westermarck's "Development of Moral Ideas" with the conviction that, all morality being merely a matter of custom, there was no real reason why he should not murder his grandmother in accordance with a long-cherished desire; or even with the politician who, convinced that his party was right in the main, saw it as his obvious duty to suppress a few facts which might prove damaging to his chance of triumphing at the polls and consequently of serving his country as only he could serve it. Thus Secretary Swanson is said to have once remarked: "I always get reelected because I am always right—and because I have a machine which sees to it that righteousness shall prevail."

Perhaps such well-working machines are necessary in the world, but we clerks rather prided ourselves on not being "in the world," and since we were compelled to forgo many of the privileges of those who are, we thought we might claim at least one peculiar to ourselves—the privilege of not asking what was tactically advisable and what was not. For it *was* a privilege, and it did seem to us a very fine thing—this right to disregard everything except the immediate fact or the isolated *aperçu* which we seemed to have got hold of, and to set it down for what it was worth without asking, even, whether or not it happened to point in the general direction we hoped to go.

We felt something of what the scientist feels when he proclaims not only that he is not immediately concerned with the utility of what he has discovered but that he is

as anxious to find out what may damage his pet theory as he is to discover a confirming fact. And I suppose that our somewhat similar attitude was based on a somewhat similar—perhaps sentimental—faith in the ultimate value of all truth and every truth, on the unquestioned premise that in the very longest run the best tactic was to disregard tactics, and on the unproved assumption that when everything had been finally added up it would be found that there was no truth not good to know or to make known. Certainly we pitied those writers who somehow found themselves required to follow the "policy" of a newspaper, just as we pitied those clergymen who were almost afraid to keep abreast of the best scholarship in their profession lest they should come across something which might "destroy the faith" of their charges if not of themselves. They seemed to us unfortunate clerks who had given up the one privilege which made it most worth while to be a clerk at all.

And when I speak of the frequency with which I have recently heard the word "tactics" from the lips of my fellow-clerks I am not thinking primarily of those who have definitely and consciously adopted some "party line." Those who have actually done that have of course consciously abandoned the critical and exploratory function. They have proclaimed their belief that they have discovered some body of truth sufficiently complete to make the enforcement of it as a whole so urgent a matter that independence of judgment in details is folly, and they feel, I suppose, that they have the same duty that any other politician has to make the best possible use of a machine for making righteousness prevail. I am speaking, rather, of those who still think of themselves as clerks, who feel in general that there is still some place for the clerk's restless analysis and speculation, but who have, nevertheless, come by imperceptible degrees to a point where they think more often than of anything else of "what the effect will be."

If they are students of social or economic affairs they wonder whether or not this particular fact really ought to be stressed; if they are critics of literature or the drama they wonder if it would not be just as well not to say too much in favor of this work or to give the benefit of the doubt to this other. And I am afraid that, whatever practical good may come of it, the "united front" on the left rather tends to encourage this development. Before its emergence the nine and twenty warring sects could at least be trusted to spend no small amount of their time in discovering the motes as well as the beams in one another's eyes. The new fellowship, on the other hand, makes one and all so tender of so many toes that even a

left-wing Trotskyite oppositionist sometimes wonders whether or not, all things considered, it would not be as well—from the standpoint of tactics—to say a good word for the bad novel just published by a slightly right-center Socialist of the Old Guard. In other words it seems to me that there is some tendency to be so concerned lest general righteousness should not prevail that the clerk forgets his first duty, which is to leave tactics to those who have never been able to rise above them.

Nolo episcopari they used to say in the Middle Ages, and there was wisdom in the thought behind the saying. The bishops take care of the visible church and see that its tithes are collected. The clerks look after God or truth. And when the artist carves his decoration over the cathedral door he usually sees to it—as one may observe if he cares to look—that at least one mitred head is among those who are being pitchforked down the mouth of hell. The road thither, I suspect, was paved not only with good intentions but also with something which often goes with them. We call it "tactics" when we are being tactical. At other times we use rather uglier words.

BOOKS

Prologue to "Sergeant Grischa"

EDUCATION BEFORE VERDUN. By Arnold Zweig. Translated by Eric Sutton. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

IT IS twenty years since Arnold Zweig first heard of and meditated on the actual events of the case of Sergeant Grischa, and it is ten years since his novel appeared and was received as one of the most moving and intelligent books the war had inspired. In the intervening decade, still goaded by his passion against organized injustice and cruelty, Zweig has occupied himself with constructing outworks to that book. He has now produced two novels to lead up to "The Case of Sergeant Grischa," and he projects a fourth to follow it, the tetralogy to be called "The Great War of the White Peoples."

"Grischa" was so admirable that it is distressing to have to say that its companions are inferior—so much so that one doubts "Grischa" itself and returns to test it. But "Grischa" reread is as fine as we had first thought it. It marches forward in splendid dramatic order, foraging its philosophy as it goes. The two later books, however, are never quite sure of their goal or their organization, and their supplies of ideas are always straggling up from the rear. "Young Woman of 1914" had its moments and its point, but the total effect was merely sentimental. "Education Before Verdun" has a heavier impact, but it is always indecisive and confused.

There are, of course, few such stories as that of Grischa; history only rarely makes a gift of them to the novelist. But it is not merely that the stories of Zweig's later novels are less dramatic and less revealing; the novels in their execution do not have the grasp of reality that "Grischa" has; they seem always to slip from the center of the matter to the periphery. Perhaps we may in part account for this by the events of late years. For when "Grischa" was being written Germany was still a democracy, the values were not all transvaluated, and the German writer still had firm ground under his feet.

In "Young Woman of 1914," the young Jewish novelist, Werner Bertin, abandoned himself almost voluptuously to the unconscious mass life of the army, leaving his mistress Lenore to face the difficulties of the conscious and individual life at home. In "Education Before Verdun," Bertin learns to see the war as it really is, and by the end of the book he is the conscious and rebellious man who is to fight for Sergeant Grischa. The impetus to his education is a miscarriage of justice. (How the "case," the legal tampering with right, obsesses the German Jewish novelists with their memory of the tradition of the Talmud, their frequent training in jurisprudence as a prelude to literature, their childhood recollections of the Belyis and Dreyfus trials!) A young sergeant, an idealistic poet, has complained that his fellow-officers are appropriating the best rations for themselves and depriving their men. He has thus violated the code of caste, and it is not against the speculators but against the protestant that the army takes steps. While he awaits court martial he is transferred to a dangerous position in the hope that he will be killed, and he is killed, but not before he has made an ally of Bertin. That naive and puzzled intellectual, while the Germans are being thrust back from Verdun, tries to clear his young friend's name. He is not entirely alone in this effort, and one of his associates is the young sergeant's brother, who will be content not with justice but with revenge. And so, while men are being killed by thousands, the brother invokes the archaic code of family honor and personal vengeance and Bertin invokes the forgotten code of abstract justice—because in the sergeant's impeachment and death motives could be seen not recognized by the articles of war.

It is a magnificent irony, not unlike the irony of "Grischa," but the novel does not do it justice. It is submerged under the details of battle, in themselves often effective but as often confused. And the education of Bertin is similarly obscured. In the simplest terms of technical construction the novel fails to hold us. One would like to say that over and above this literary failure the novel has so much passionate intention on the side of the angels that it derives strength and interest from this alone. Unfortunately, failures in art betray the angels. One remembers, for instance, that in "The Case of Sergeant Grischa" many fine things were said about justice and virtue and that, because they sprang from very real people and events, they were hard and bitter and acceptable. In "Education Before Verdun" the reality of the people and events is blurred, and the ideas and sentiments that spring from them seem merely humanitarian, a little soft, a little mealy, and quite inadequate to the matter.

LIONEL TRILLING

"The Savage Wars of Peace"

THE RAPE OF AFRICA. By Lamar Middleton. Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. \$3.

WHEN Kipling exhorted England to "take up the white man's burden," he pictured the undertaking as a duty, imperious and noble. That the work of spreading civilization among the heathen would have to be carried out by warlike methods he was quite aware. But the wars which would necessarily be involved in the process of bringing light to darkest Africa he called "the savage wars of peace." They were justified by their end. It is the attitude expressed in "The White Man's Burden" that enrages Mr. Middleton as he follows the course of European imperialism in Africa. To him, all the talk which the practitioners of expansion indulged in about bringing to the natives the benefits of civilization in the

shape of cotton pants and the Christian religion was purest hypocrisy. Mr. Middleton believes it to have been a conscious and deliberate hypocrisy and that makes him wild. As a result "The Rape of Africa" is an angry book, and history, when seen through a screen of anger, is not always seen clearly.

In describing the British occupation of Egypt Mr. Middleton says this: "Any ethical consideration of what right England had at all . . . in Africa was of course irrelevant, and in the middle-class mind at home a thought both disloyal and impertinent." Elsewhere he says the English regarded the process of expansion as a "whimsical adventure." No statements could more thoroughly misinterpret the average nineteenth-century Englishman's attitude toward imperialism. Not only did the English take imperialism with the utmost seriousness, but thoughts concerning the moral justification of expansion, far from being "irrelevant" or "disloyal," were so inextricably mixed with the political and economic motives that in no single instance did the British ever set about acquiring new territory without first conjuring up for themselves a good ethical reason as a point of departure. This is not to say that the ethical was the only, or even the true reason. Clothing the heathen was a Christian duty, but no one forgot that it also made the wheels of Manchester's cotton mills turn. However, Mr. Middleton's statement that the ethical motive was never even considered presents a false picture.

For instance, when the British occupied Afghanistan in 1878 they did it with the practical motive of acquiring for their Indian possessions a defensible frontier against Russia. But the moral justification was not forgotten. As Queen Victoria explained in her immortal italics, "It is *not* for aggrandizement, but to *prevent war* and bloodshed that we *must* do this. The Ameer *cannot* manage his own people." Or again, when England embarked on the reconquest of the Sudan in 1896, it was to prevent the French from getting there first, which would have put an end forever to the British dream of securing an unbroken path of territory from the Cape to Cairo. But the reconquest was not urged so much on those grounds as on the grounds of avenging the death of Gordon at Khartum and, in the words of Lord Cromer, of "the solemn and responsible duty of introducing the light of Western civilization amongst the sorely tried people of the Sudan." As these examples show, British imperialism was a sort of boomerang. It went out as duty and came back as profit.

It is by no means my purpose to try to prove that the Englishman was invariably convinced by the moral excuses he created to justify his imperial urge. The profit motive came first and the moral motive was but an accessory after the fact. But it was nevertheless a very necessary adjunct to any imperialist venture and cannot be called "irrelevant." "Listen to me," says Bernard Shaw in his play "The Man of Destiny." "I will explain the English to you. Every Englishman is born with a certain miraculous power that makes him master of the world. When he wants a thing he never tells himself that he wants it. He waits patiently until there comes into his head, no one knows how, the burning conviction that it is his moral and religious duty to conquer those who have the thing he wants . . . He is never at a loss for an effective moral attitude . . . There is nothing so bad or so good that you will not find an Englishman doing it, but you will never find an Englishman in the wrong."

It is not of course altogether fair to Mr. Middleton to ask that he should have made more of a study of British political psychology before presenting his case, for his book is admittedly a study of the how rather than of the why of imperialism, and furthermore it is as much a history of French, German,

Belgian, and Italian imperialism as of British. Their story Mr. Middleton tells with gusto and with much fascinating detail concerning the diplomatic intrigues that agitated the chancelleries of Europe while the rivalry for African possessions was at its most intense. He does not attempt to discuss the economic causes of European expansion but limits himself to a description of the methods through which that expansion was achieved. There are passages in which one deplores the rather heavily sarcastic tone that the author's righteous indignation leads him to adopt, but there are other passages of fine, dramatic narrative which make up for that fault. Among the latter is the story of the British and French race to Fashoda on the upper Nile, from which point both hoped to control the Sudan. The incident was a crucial one in the history of nineteenth-century African campaigns, and Mr. Middleton makes vivid reading of it, as he does also of the Battle of Adowa, in which the Abyssinians utterly routed the Italians forty years ago. Bringing his history to an end with a chapter on the present Ethiopian war, Mr. Middleton concludes that European rivalries on the Dark Continent are as pregnant of war in Europe today as ever they were before 1914.

BARBARA WERTHEIM

The Spirit Killeth

SPARKENBROKE. By Charles Morgan. The Macmillan Company. \$2.75.

MR. MORGAN'S new book, like the two preceding it, represents the effort to transcend experience, and thereby grasp its oneness and reality, through the mode of Christian Platonism. The vocation of life is to transcend it through love and death, and the best life to transcend is found in the medium of art or contemplation.

In each book the leading character is shown in the struggle to realize that vocation. Adultery and both spiritual dying and physical death are the agents of realization. In "The Fountain" the husband of the adulteress is shown as actually transcending experience by literally dying twice. In "Sparkenbroke" the adultery is itself transcendent, and death is almost the medium as well as the crown of experience. Piers Tenniel, Lord Sparkenbroke, a great poet, begins life as a small boy by spiritually dying in the tomb of his ancestors, an experience which consecrates him to the pursuit of perfection in art and absolutism in love. Perfection in art he achieves; but his equal need of absolute love is never satisfied. Woman after woman fails him. Although he is a saint in his work it is at the expense of being a blackguard in life. This novel records his final attempt to find through the body of his friend's wife the sanction of death in love or of love in death. The consummation, or the adultery, never occurs, and at the moment of his last failure he dies—his aspiration enacted in death.

Mr. Morgan's work is thus meant to buttress a view of the spiritual life based, as I think, upon conflicting insights and therefore ending, however vital the process, in a barren conceptualism. Here, however, not the views but their dramatization in a novel is the question. The theme is legitimate and has major implications. Moreover, the structural form of the narrative is adequate. But on the representational plane Mr. Morgan is hardly successful, and we may mention two respects in which he has come short of his own purpose.

Mr. Morgan tells us that Lord Sparkenbroke was a great poet, and his greatness, since it is that quality in him in its different forms which affects other people most, is integral to the effect of the book. The conventional statement of great

beauty in a woman is perhaps enough for conviction; but no amount of statement alone convinces the reader of poetic greatness. Yet Mr. Morgan would have done better to stick to the platitude of the simplest statement; for what he did was worse—he quotes the poems and summarizes a novel—because he merely extends the platitude. His examples merely weaken the magnitude he meant to strengthen.

Secondly, and this is one reason why Sparkenbroke's greatness could not have been represented, there is no normal sensibility anywhere so centered in the book as to grasp and incorporate the experience presented. Greatness is abnormal and, as a subject for art, so too are the phenomena of mystic experience; and to represent either requires the intervention of a normal sensibility formed by and concentrated upon the experience. Here there is only the reader, who, since he is not forced to see specifically, in effect sees nothing but what he brings with him.

The explanation, if it is one, lies in the inability of art to transcend experience. It can stretch but it can never transcend. The spirit of transcendence kills the experience by passing beyond it. What survives in a book of words will be in the letter from which the spirit sprang. The letter fills "Sparkenbroke" with observation, image, and fragmentary insight; but the spirit, whether of intention or of prose style, prevents it from being a novel.

R. P. BLACKMUR

Museum Pieces

AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY MISCELLANY. Edited by Louis Kronenberger. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.

ONE of Mr. Kronenberger's most characteristic merits as a critic has been his disenchanted self-reliance in the matter of passing judgment on his contemporaries. His introduction to the present volume of eighteenth-century pieces proves him no less irreverent even though it finds him less consistently persuasive. The title-page promises a selection from "the classics of the eighteenth century which typify and reveal an era," but Mr. Kronenberger's concern has been at least twofold: he has endeavored to furnish the layman with "the key to an age" and to lay the ghost of that age's "dullness."

For Mr. Kronenberger the entire century is "in some respects . . . the greatest of all museums," and its great personalities are museum pieces; he is consequently disposed at times to make use of the license and showmanship of the barker. In the light of his editorial intentions, there is something to be said for the informal vein of his Introduction. There is criticism as well as laughter in his remark that for Lord Chesterfield the "meat of life seemed so worthless . . . that he concentrated untiringly on the sauce," that "nothing less than marble, one feels, will do for Gibbon describing his gout," that, as a whole, the men of the eighteenth century were so frightened of artistic excess that "without knowing it they sometimes cultivated privation" and went about emotionally "in clothes a size too small for them." Yet Mr. Kronenberger is also of the mind—how seriously it is difficult to judge—that "in the eighteenth century (except the very numerous poor) almost everybody was a glutton and (including the very numerous poor) a drunkard and a lecher." Nor is he beneath referring to that age's writers as "the eternal foes of the dada, the ha ha, the blah-blah of the human race."

It is hardly likely that the absence of a scholarly method in the present volume proceeds from any easy contempt for scholarship in its proper domain. Certainly Mr. Kronenberger



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himself cannot have minimized the difficulty of telescoping one hundred years of literary history into nine names and as many selections brief enough to be printed in their entirety. It is perhaps sufficient defense to submit that the intent of the present anthology is directly away from any formal appraisal of the material included. Yet the question forcibly obtrudes itself whether such an intention is either gainful or practicable in dealing with an era as various as the eighteenth century. One would like, for example, to know *why* Mr. Kronenberger has reconstructed the century out of nine such blocks as Swift's "Drapier's Letters," Pope's "Dunciad," Gay's "Beggar's Opera," Chesterfield's "Letters," Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," Walpole's "Otranto," Sheridan's "School for Scandal," Gibbon's "Memoirs," and Blake's "Songs of Innocence and Experience." We should wish to be tangibly reassured that Smollett, Richardson, Defoe, Fielding, Dr. Johnson, and the unavoidable "Lyrical Ballads" deserve to yield place to any of the above-mentioned names, and upon what score. And we should even contend that the citation of important dates—the volume prints none at all—would have proved definitely helpful.

In each of these matters the scholar would have satisfied us, even as he would have surfeited us. Ordinarily it should serve in the nature of a recommendation to point out that Mr. Kronenberger's anthology is personal rather than representative. In the present case it must indicate a deficiency as well.

BEN BELITT

German Imperialism

DEUTSCHLAND UND DIE VEREINIGTEN STAATEN IN DER WELTPOLITIK. By Alfred Vagts. The Macmillan Company. Two volumes. \$16.

THESE two volumes of 2,030 closely printed pages will repay careful reading. In relating the detailed story of the relations between the United States and Germany in the years from 1890 to 1906, the author has succeeded, by his astonishing command of the whole published and unpublished source material of that time, in presenting a comprehensive picture and a penetrating analysis of the political and economic forces of the period of imperialism. He has given much more than a diplomatic history. The official notes and private letters of diplomats do not always reveal the real forces in history; there is much more *in mundo* than there is *in actis*. Mr. Vagts digs deep. He breaks through the usual separation of foreign and home policies and establishes the causal connection between specific economic interests and popular or "scholarly" sentiments, both of which find their expression in the most bitter of cutthroat competitions—the imperialist competition between isolated states, recognizing no fraternal solidarity and no moral obligation.

Besides its general interest as an invaluable mine of information for the elucidation of the background and workings of imperialism, the book deserves special attention for its characterization of German diplomacy before the World War. In Germany foreign policy remained the exclusive domain of the feudal aristocracy, with its conceit, its antiquated notions of honor and social rank, its scorn for democracy, and its natural inclination toward everything conservative. German policy was in no way more imperialistic than the policy of any other great power in that period, but it was decidedly less intelligent. It suffered, as did the Russian, from its own traditions and from the inevitable shortcomings of autocracy. The Western powers should be thankful to the Germans, who

helped them indirectly in the way which John Stuart Mill explained when he said that "the greatest advantage from the presence of extremists is that any cause short of the extreme gains the charm of moderation."

In a talk which the German Emperor had in 1906 with the United States Minister in Copenhagen, the Emperor remarked "in a half-pleasant way" that with the continuing growth of German population the time would come in about twenty years "to say to France that Germany was overcrowded, that France had a considerable domain not being properly developed or utilized, and would it especially discommode them to move inward a reasonable distance."

The imperialism of Germany and the imperialism of the Western powers were equally dangerous for peace and had the same disregard for the rights of weaker peoples. There are many similarities, which Mr. Vagts points out, between William II and Theodore Roosevelt. But there was a fundamental difference in the representation of the two different kinds of imperialism, the feudal imperialism of Germany—and of Russia—and the bourgeois imperialism of the Western democracies. Mr. Vagts's study is extremely revealing on this point. Under Stresemann Germany reached the most successful stage in the "Westernization" of its diplomacy. Under Hitler conservative Germany seems to have come again into full power. Again Germany presents itself to Europe as the guardian and bulwark against the disruptive influences and the threat of bolshevism. But Hitler was more fortunate than William II. He could exterminate the Socialists in Germany. And it may be that with the growing population of Germany he too thinks that there are some countries—this time he does not look toward France, but eastward—with a considerable domain not being properly developed or utilized.

Mr. Vagts is a German who is now living in the United States. His book is written with a remarkable objectivity and impartiality. It is the scholarly work of a historian and a political scientist. But it is deeply rooted in life and it will be found of great interest and usefulness to anybody who desires a competent guide in the complex political and social problems of world politics.

HANS KOHN

What Galsworthy Was Like

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN GALSWORTHY. By H. V. Marrot. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$5.

SAMUEL BUTLER once proposed an admirable if difficult aim for the ideal critic of life and literature—that of getting to see everything first as in itself it really is and then in its relation to everything else. Mr. Marrot, the bibliographer and constant admirer of Galsworthy, has brought together in this lengthy and richly illustrated volume ample materials for the use of such a critic. In the main, he allows his subject to speak for himself, and although the book is somewhat cluttered with trivial and unessential details, the patient reader will find in it a very complete picture of Galsworthy. A great body of heretofore unpublished correspondence throws into clearer light the underlying substance of his character and his writing.

Mr. Marrot has included documents which a more squeamish hero-worshiper might have suppressed, but one notable thing this almost definitive biography reveals is the extent, and sometimes the sentimentality, of Galsworthy's humanitarian interests, his eagerness to aid in practical reforms, from the abolition of solitary confinement of prisoners to the "humane" treatment of horses during the war. And an interesting corol-

lary is the tenacity with which he held himself aloof from parties and avoided propaganda in its narrower sense in all his serious literary work. Perhaps the key to Galsworthy's philosophy of balance, harmony, and proportion is to be found in the conflict between individualist and socialist in his nature.

Again and again his replies to those who would pigeon-hole him indicate his resolve to maintain the intellectual independence of the artist. In 1912 he wrote to one correspondent:

... the real search for truth (at all events to those who follow the arts) consists in the searching of one's own spirit in contact with actual experience and feeling, and phenomena observed; ... there is no such thing as absolute truth, and ... arguments or syllogisms are mainly futile for the discovery of that relative harmony, or proportion of things, in which such truth as we may discern consists.

Galsworthy felt that the novel which was frankly propagandist had the least real influence.

The novel is the most pliant and far-reaching medium of communication between minds—that is, it *can* be—just because it does not preach, but supplies pictures and evidence from which each reader may take that food which best suits his growth.

In 1919 he declined an invitation to join an idealistic group of French writers.

I would draw your attention to the fact that the great influence which creative writers undoubtedly wield rests on two main factors: first, their untrammelled creative power and the human attraction inherent in it; secondly, the faith which the public ... has in their independence ... the writer who has real creative power and real subtle influence ... is naturally lonely; he works more freely, and with greater force, in conditions of spiritual solitude than in an environment of joined hands.

It may seem strange at first glance that a writer thus wedded to individualism should have been so limited in his appreciation of "happy extravagance" and so devoted to humane causes. But the inconsistency disappears with a larger understanding of the temperament of the man, a temperament which demands a difficult balance between highly sensitive analytical qualities and natural restraint on the one side, and strong emotional sympathies on the other. It is significant that his severest critics have found him either coldly logical or sentimental. A too finely balanced sense of proportion, a too careful weighing of moral, social, and individual values, is irritating to some sensitive minds as well as to men of action. These will never appreciate the apparently stoic sympathies of Galsworthy, whose real faith was the artist's "will toward perfection." "And wherever Beauty and Proportion guide us, the whole of human society benefits; moving ever further away from the quagmires into which Greed and Violence lead."

LESLIE A. MARCHAND

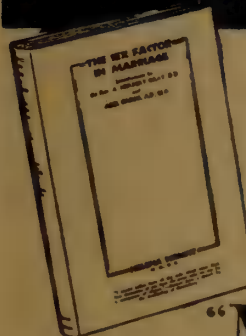
Oracle of Jacksonian Democracy

ROGER B. TANEY. By Carl Brent Swisher. The Macmillan Company. \$5.

ROGER B. TANEY: JACKSONIAN JURIST. By Charles W. Smith, Jr. University of North Carolina Press. \$3.

ROGER BROOKE TANEY'S name is associated in American history with two momentous events which marked the climaxes of sectional and class conflict. It was Taney who as Secretary of the Treasury in Jackson's Cabinet took the final step in the war against the United States Bank and removed the government deposits. Elevated to the chief justiceship of the United States Supreme Court upon the death of Marshall in order to carry the principles of Jacksonian

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CONTENTS

- Introduction to the English Edition
- Introduction to American Edition
- I. MARRIAGE: A SEXUAL RELATION
- II. THE NATURE OF THE SEX-ACT
- III. THE SEX ORGANS OF MEN AND WOMEN
- IV. DIFFICULTIES
- V. THE PERFECT SEX-ACT
- VI. OTHER PRACTICAL ISSUES
- INDEX

ILLUSTRATIONS

- THE MALE SEX ORGANS
- THE FEMALE SEX ORGANS: WORKING PARTS
- THE FEMALE SEX ORGANS: SENSATION-PROVIDING PARTS

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democracy into the citadel from which it had hitherto been excluded by the judicial Cerberus of the Federalists, it was Taney again who made the fateful Dred Scott decision, denying to Congress the power to exclude slavery from the territories.

In the words of Charles Sumner, the name of the author of the Dred Scott decision was long "hooted down the pages of history." The butt of the Whig historians, he has been regularly represented as the "pliant tool" of Jackson in his war against the bank. While this verdict has remained substantially undisturbed, his work as Chief Justice has come to be better appreciated. Indeed, he has emerged as an architect of the judicial power second only to Marshall. Now comes Dr. Smith to proclaim Taney as the "political theorist of Jacksonian democracy," while Dr. Swisher explodes pretty thoroughly the myth. History, it seems, is far from a closed page.

Dr. Swisher in his solid and impressive work, which must be the result of long and painstaking research, demonstrates the independent role of Taney in the battle against Biddle and his cohorts. He shows that Jackson's mind was long undecided on the issue of the bank, and that Taney played no little part in influencing him against the renewal of the bank's charter. Taney was not merely courting favor and preferment; his hatred of the bank proceeded from sources even deeper than Jackson's, for as a member of the planter aristocracy he had an abiding distrust of the Northern capitalists and the monied interests, and he had had vivid experiences with the practices of the bank in his own state of Maryland. It is part of the myth that McLane, Jackson's first Secretary of the Treasury, was removed by him for his refusal to remove the government deposits from the bank, and that thereupon Taney was appointed to the vacant place to do Jackson's bidding. But actually McLane had been appointed to the Supreme Court the previous year while his influence with Jackson was so high that he was able to name his own successor. It was the latter whom Taney replaced to carry into effect a policy which he had been first in the Cabinet to champion.

The rehabilitation of Taney as a judge has been accomplished by his admirers by waiving his one fatal "error," and then by looking at the totality of his work, particularly in contrast with the era of Marshall's hegemony. The mission of Taney is perceived to have been the restoration of the rights of the states, with a consequent strengthening of a tendency toward progressivism and democracy. This reversal Taney is supposed to have brought about by forging the conception of the "police power" which plays such a tremendous role in modern constitutional law as a magic formula to save from the limitless reach of the due-process clause legislation in promotion of public health, safety, and morals.

Dr. Swisher, who has the great merit of looking beyond constitutional formulas to social realities, is suspicious of this neat scheme of contrasts and prefers to stress the purely negative character of Marshall's judicial nationalism. Since in his own time federal regulation was virtually non-existent, Marshall did not so much build the national power as protect property interests. Equally anachronistic is the view of Taney as the creator of the police power. Taney did somewhat vaguely refer to a power of police in the states. But to him, as a Southerner, it was simply an aspect of the reserved powers of the states which inhered in their sovereignty. It was not a counter-foil to an interpretation of the due-process clause yet to be born.

As for Taney's democratizing role, it seems highly curious that it should have been played by the judicial exponent of the system of slavery. He did, to be sure, exhibit progressive tendencies in upholding states' rights, but the dominant motivation

Joseph Wood Krutch says:

CALL IT A DAY. *Morosco Theater.* Gay and delightful comedy about what almost happened to an English family on the first dangerous day of spring.

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Mark Van Doren says:

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THE GHOST GOES WEST. *Gaumont British.* René Clair's first film in English, with scenes in Scotland and the United States. Clever, satirical, and fanciful, but without the master touch.

THE PRISONER OF SHARK ISLAND. *Fox.* Tells the story of Dr. Mudd, convicted in 1865 of having helped Booth to escape. Somber and powerful; does not spare the spectator.

DUBROVSKY. *Amkino.* As romantic as Pushkin, on whose unfinished novel it is based. Not wholly successful, but interesting as a variation on the orthodox Russian theme.

THE STORY OF LOUIS PASTEUR. *Warner Brothers.* With Paul Muni as Pasteur this film makes "science" exciting, or at any rate uses the life of its hero to excellent dramatic advantage.

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LOUIS FISCHER ON ITALY

Louis Fischer has just visited Italy! What he writes about conditions there as he saw them makes exciting reading, particularly in view of the final Italian victory in Ethiopia. Mr. Fischer's article will appear in next week's *Nation*.

The Intelligent Traveler

BY JOHN ROTHSCHILD

COLLEGE AND PREPARATORY SCHOOL STUDENTS

WHAT is known generically as the Cook's Tour used to be the fate of American innocents abroad. Prosperous hardware merchants and their wives, school teachers, young ladies finishing their education did the museums by the linear foot and gaped at the monuments from sightseeing buses. For young people, at least, the standard has improved. Each year more college students and preparatory-school boys and girls go traveling in well-planned and chaperoned groups. These are not Cook tourists.

It is generally recognized that, to be educational, trips for young people must afford contact with persons in the country visited. Most of the plans call for meetings with European students on their own ground, that is, in their youth hostels, on hiking and cycling expeditions, and sometimes in their homes as guests. A good deal of painless language study is a by-product of such travel. Costs are astonishingly low, for the young can adapt themselves to ordinary European living conditions and actually like to do so. Addresses of the organizations managing the following tours, unless otherwise noted, are New York City.

A novel scheme involves travel in a specially equipped box-car in which the travelers live and do their own cooking and bed-making. French students will act as guides for the month of "Le Wagon Camping" in France, after which the group will visit Germany and Holland. Girls may go and will have their own box-car. The trip costs \$285 for two months, third class throughout. Address *The Students' International Travel Association, 139 West 103d Street.*

A tour of France by privately chartered motor bus is planned by the National Student Federation of America in conjunction with the French National Union of Students, which will act as host. A week in Paris is included. An American faculty leader will be in charge of the group. The cost for six weeks is \$294, third class throughout. Address *The National Student Federation of America, 8 West Fortieth Street.*

A European tour featuring ten days at

the American People's College at Oetz in the Austrian Tyrol is announced under the leadership of Mrs. Fred C. Armstrong of St. Louis. Arrangements may be made for Middle Western young people to travel to New York with her. The itinerary includes Paris, Geneva, Oetz, Germany, Czecho-Slovakia, Finland, Denmark, and England. The two months' trip costs \$397, third class throughout. Address *Pocono Study Tours, 545 Fifth Avenue.*

Faltboating down German and Austrian rivers with a skilled German faltboater and his wife is for enthusiasts of the sport. The gliding competition of the Olympic Games will be encountered at one point. The two months' trip costs \$348, third class throughout, for students under nineteen. Address *The Students' International Travel Association.*

A trip announced as a Bicycle Tour of Europe includes France, Germany, Sweden, Belgium, Austria, and Denmark, but the greater part of the time is spent cycling in Germany, with brief visits in capitals of the other countries. Mrs. Helen C. Dengler and Ben Gottschalk will be leaders, and student guides in the countries visited will join the group. The two months' trip costs \$289, third class throughout, for those under nineteen. A similar trip through England and France will be led by John C. Dengler, Jr., and Ernest Watson, an Oxford student. The two months' trip costs \$358, third class throughout. Address *The Students' International Travel Association.*

The Fifth Experiment in International Living is a well-established enterprise which gives the young traveler a month in a foreign home with another boy or girl of equal age. Language study is stressed; applicants are expected to have some linguistic accomplishment before they set out. Cycling or hiking trips with foreign friends take the place of wider travel in the latter half of the sojourn. Groups are being organized for Germany and Austria, for France, and for England. There will be three weeks at Geneva devoted to study of international relations; the French and English plans make room for this period if desired. The rate for all groups for young people under nineteen is \$450 for a two months' trip. Accommodations are third

class throughout. For the German trips it has been deemed inadvisable to accept Jewish applicants. In the other groups the Experiment for International Living accepts a quota of Jewish children. Address *Donald B. Watt, 817 Comstock Avenue, Syracuse, New York.*

A. M. Black, head of the Social Science Department at the McBurney School for Boys in New York, will take a group of boys through Europe—England, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Paris, and Geneva. Special arrangements with student organizations abroad provide for contact with European life. The seven weeks' trip is \$440, third class throughout. Address *The Open Road, 8 West Fortieth Street.*

A motor trip through six European countries is this year's plan for the Barry Boys' Tour, conducted by Arthur J. Barry. Twelve boys between fourteen and eighteen will make the trip through Holland, Belgium, Duchy of Luxemburg, France, Switzerland, and Italy. The nine weeks' trip costs \$575, cabin class on the ocean. Address *Arthur J. Barry, Yale University Club, 50 Vanderbilt Avenue.*

Camp Sorland, an international camp for boys at Lillesand, Norway, will take twenty-four American boys for six weeks of all the usual sports, plus a great deal of sailing and craft work, in company with twenty-four European boys. There will be several American counselors at the camp. The boys will have glimpses of several European cities en route and a few days in Berlin and Paris. The cost is \$400 for the ten weeks' trip, third class on the ocean, third class rail and good hotels in Europe. Address *Marion M. Brooke, 146 East Seventeenth Street, Atlanta, Georgia.*

The Youth Hostels of Europe—a chain of simple inns for young hikers and cyclists extending over eighteen countries—is now open to Americans through the organization of the American Youth Hostels, founded last year by Isabel and Monroe Smith. This year there will be several American groups of about ten young people each which will visit some European country, staying in youth hostels. The trips are of six weeks' duration, and one can choose to see Germany and Poland, France, the Alps, the British Isles, Scan-

dinayia, or to go canoeing on German and Austrian rivers. In each group young people of the country will participate as guides and hosts. The cost for any one of the trips is \$290, third class throughout. Address *Isabel and Monroe Smith, Northfield, Massachusetts.*

A bicycle trip through England for girls between the ages of sixteen and nineteen is planned to provide a leisurely approach to English life. The American leader is Mrs. Leo Herz; an English guide, appointed by the British National Union of Students, will also accompany the group. The two months' trip costs \$425 for girls under nineteen, third class throughout. Address *Mrs. Leo Herz, 93 Glenwood Avenue, New Rochelle, New York.*

The International Friendship League sponsors a two months' European trip for girls. Features are ten days spent as a guest in an English home and friendly contacts with young people in every country. The itinerary includes Ireland, Scotland, England, Denmark, Germany, and Paris. Before embarking on the homeward voyage the girls will meet a group of English girls coming to the United States for a similar program of hospitality, and will sail with them. The cost of the trip is \$645, tourist class on the ocean, second class rail and good hotels in Europe. Address *The International Friendship League, 41 Mount Vernon Street, Boston, Massachusetts.*

A group of American students under the leadership of Joseph Cadden, secretary of the National Student Federation of America, will visit Europe and the Soviet Union this summer and attend two important international student congresses, one in Sweden, the other in Geneva. They will compare the co-operative movement of Scandinavia, fascism in Germany, and communism in Russia. The two months' trip costs \$562, third class throughout. Address *The National Student Federation of America.*

The Fellowship Summer Travel School is arranging to take twenty boys and girls between the ages of fourteen and eighteen for travel in France, Switzerland, Belgium, Holland, and England. Three weeks are spent in Swiss villages—one of them in an international camp at Plans sur Bex, with young people of five countries. Miss Truda T. Weil and Mrs. Joseph H. Kohan will accompany the group, which will also be attended by a physician. The cost for the two months' trip is \$695, tourist class on the ocean. Address *Miss Truda T. Weil, 220 East Tremont Avenue, New York; Mrs. Joseph H. Kohan,*

368 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn, New York.

Parents who want to be abroad this summer and don't like to have an ocean between themselves and the youngest members of the family may be interested in the American Children's School in the Tyrol at Oetz, Austria. The school is for children from two to twelve. The curriculum of science, social science, fine arts, dance, dramatics, and language utilizes the environment. Expenses by the week are \$25 for one child and \$40 for two. The rate for the full session, June 12 to September 15, is \$250 for one child and \$450 for two. Address *Miss Edith Little, 67 Stevenson Place.*

Dr. Sven V. Knudsen has been taking young people abroad for many years, sharing his enthusiasm for his native Denmark as well as his knowledge of all Europe. This year the boys in the party will spend ten days as house guests in English-speaking families in Copenhagen. They will attend the Olympic Games, and visit in Germany, Paris, Switzerland, and London. The two months' trip costs \$540, third class on the ocean, third class rail and good hotels in Europe. Address *Dr. Sven V. Knudsen, 248 Boylston Street, Boston, Massachusetts.*

"Guests in Europe" is a travel plan for students, carried out under the auspices of the National Student Federation of America and the International Study and Hospitality Association of Geneva. The European sponsors arrange for informal, friendly encounters with students and other Europeans. In parties of ten or twelve, each accompanied by an American faculty member, the "Guests" have a wide choice of what to see in Europe. A typical six and a half weeks' trip includes travel in England, France, Switzerland, Italy, and six days at Salzburg; this itinerary costs \$498, third class throughout. Address *The Open Road.*

The National Student Federation of America sponsors a German trip which it announces to be "frankly a tour of political and social inquiry." An American faculty member familiar with pre-Hitler Germany will be appointed as leader. Student guides will accompany the group in Germany. The six weeks' trip costs \$298, third class throughout. An extension of five days at Lucerne, Salzburg, or Oberammergau brings the total cost up to \$349. Various other European extensions are offered, with student cooperation and guidance in each country. Address *The National Student Federation of America.*

The American Student Union announces a trip to "Inside Europe," under the leadership of Joseph P. Lash and James Wechsler. Contact will be made with the British labor movement, the People's Front in France, the Belgium Social Democracy, and underground political centers in Prague. Five days will be spent at the International Socialist Student Congress at Oxford. This nine weeks' trip includes Belgium, France, England, Denmark, Sweden, Finland, Soviet Russia, Poland, and Czecho-Slovakia. The cost, third class throughout, is \$450. Address *The American Student Union, 112 East Nineteenth Street.*

The Y. M. C. A. expects to send twenty parties of young people abroad this summer. American leaders are for the most part Y. M. C. A. workers, pastors, or graduate students. Contacts with young people in Europe are arranged through the Y. M. C. A.'s abroad. All but one or two of the groups will attend the Olympic Games. Costs vary with the type of accommodation and length of the trip; a typical rate is \$390 for a six weeks' trip, third class throughout. Address *J. C. Clark, World "Y" Tours, 347 Madison Avenue.*



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Letters to the Editors

"JIM CURLEY AND HIS GANG"

Dear Sirs: I started out on Saturday, April 25, to buy in Boston a copy of *The Nation* for April 29, which contained the article on Governor Curley, and the results were so surprising that I thought you would like to hear about it.

My first stop was Flashman's in Scollay Square, which carries practically all magazines. The man grinned when I asked him for a *Nation* and then said "all sold out." I got the same answer at four stores on Cambridge Street which usually carry *The Nation*. One of them is run by a friend of mine who used to run a little grocery store on Beacon Hill until he found that being a number-pool agent was more profitable.

"The boys have been around buying them up. I don't think I'll have any more in," was his answer, also accompanied by the knowing smile.

By this time I could see what was up, so I made an excursion to the Back Bay and to one store in the South End. The same answer—sold out and we don't expect any more in. I found only one man who was going to have more. He said he only had two copies ordinarily and sometimes didn't sell them, but a man came in and bought both on Saturday and so he had ordered more for Monday.

The sum total of this seems to be that "the boys" bought them up and suggested that no one should reorder because maybe Jim wouldn't like the public to see the article.

A. H.

Boston, April 27

SECRETARY PERKINS

Dear Sirs: That a periodical like *The Nation* would print an article of the kind that appeared in the issue for March 11 about the Secretary of Labor, Frances Perkins, is surprising. The tone of the article, the cartoon which illustrates it, and the implication it conveys are extremely unfair and unwarranted.

Miss Perkins is one of the outstanding women in the country. She will always fight for what she believes is right. It is inevitable that any public official who administers an office such as hers courageously and vigorously should meet with opposition. Everyone in public life must expect criticism. And everyone

should welcome it, provided it is frank, intelligent, and fair. The article in question, however, does not rise to the level of criticism.

ETHEL M. JOHNSON

Washington, April 20

WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

Dear Sirs: Your readers must include many who have taken courses with William Ellery Leonard at the University of Wisconsin, have received an occasional letter from him, or have known him in some other way. May I, through the courtesy of your correspondence section, appeal to such persons to communicate with me at 7 Park Avenue, New York City? I am preparing an authorized biography of Mr. Leonard, and am most anxious to secure all available material.

CLARA LEISER

New York, April 5

CORRECTION

Dear Sirs: You improved many of my sentences marvelously in my piece on Governor Curley in your issue of April 29. But in the process you caused me to say, with reference to the distribution of job tickets in the Chelsea municipal campaign, that they were given out from "Curley's campaign headquarters." This was not the case. Curley, as governor, had no occasion for campaign headquarters in the municipal elections. My manuscript said "his" campaign headquarters and the pronoun referred, not to Curley, but to the Curley candidate for mayor of Chelsea, as the context would show. This distinction means something in Boston however hair-splitting it may sound in New York, so I hope you will bear with my New England fussiness to keep the record straight.

LOUIS M. LYONS

Boston, April 25

INFORMATION FOR SUBSCRIBERS

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SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE began her editorial career on *The Nation* some years ago, leaving to become a member of the *Freeman* staff when that lively weekly was founded by Albert Jay Nock. She is the author of "Concerning Women" and "Art in America."

RICHARD L. NEUBERGER is coauthor with Kelley Loe of "An Army of the Aged," an analysis of the political and social implications of the Townsend movement, to be issued soon by Caxton's.

HERBERT KLINE, the editor of the *New Theater*, has lately returned from Hollywood. He is the author of a play, "John Henry," which has been produced several times outside New York.

LIONEL TRILLING is a member of the English Department of Columbia University.

R. P. BLACKMUR, one of the ablest of contemporary critics, is the author of "The Double Agent: Essays in Craft and Elucidation." Mr. Blackmur spends half his year in Boston and half on a farm on the coast of Maine.

HANS KOHN is the author of "Orient and Occident" and "Nationalism in the Soviet Union." He is professor of history at Smith College.

LESLIE A. MARCHAND has lately returned from London, where he spent six months working on a doctor's dissertation in the field of Victorian literature. He has been editor of a monthly book column in the magazine *MS* and a member of the English staff of the Extension Department of Columbia University.

JOSE CLEMENTES OROZCO is one of Mexico's best-known painters. He has done a number of murals in this country, notably in New York and at Dartmouth College.

A. BIRNBAUM draws for *Stage*, the *New Yorker*, and *Harper's Bazaar*.

DON FREEMAN spent a night in the New Jersey Assembly Chamber to get his picture of the relief groups sleeping there. There was, he reports, as much waking as sleeping—many of the more energetic protestants spent the night in conversation or singing.

THE *Nation*

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CONTENTS

THE SHAPE OF THINGS

629

EDITORIALS:

WHO OWNS STATES' RIGHTS?

632

WHY THE FRAZIER-LEMKE BILL IS BAD

633

ACADEMIC FREEDOM AT CITY COLLEGE

634

WASHINGTON WEEKLY by Paul W. Ward

635

WAITING FOR LEWIS by Margaret Marshall

637

MR. LUNKHEAD THE BANKER

by James T. Farrell

642

CAN ITALY MAKE PEACE WITH

EUROPE? by Louis Fischer

643

ISSUES AND MEN by Oswald Garrison Villard

646

BROUN'S PAGE

647

BOOKS AND THE ARTS:

127,000,000 POETS, OR THE MUSE'S GUINEA PIGS

by Ben Belitt

648

MR. HEARST'S LINEN by George Seldes

649

A BUDDHA OF THE BAYOUS by Mark Van Doren

651

"ABOVE THE AVERAGE" by S. Gorley Putt

652

ETHEREAL POLITICS by Sidney Hook

653

THE SPIRIT OF CHINA by Younghill Kang

654

SHORTER NOTICES

656

RECORDS: by Henry Simon

657

DRAWINGS: by Georges Schreiber, Hugo Gellert,

Käthe Kollwitz, Robert Minor, George Grosz,

José Posada, Frans Masereel, and LOW

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The Shape of Things

*

GOVERNOR LANDON EMERGED FROM RECENT primary tests somewhat stronger and certainly more talked about than when he went in. Since then, in a radio interview, the Governor has himself had something to say on all the outstanding issues of the campaign, yet his utterances remain wrapped in a fog of non-commitment. Where, for instance, does he stand on Hearst? His advisers claim that the defeat of the Hearst-supported Landon ticket in California was in reality a matter for self-congratulation because it freed the Governor from the uncertain benefits of Hearst backing. But as yet Landon has not used this excellent chance to dissociate himself from Hearst. On other questions of policy he is equally obscure. He says the Republican Party must proceed on "sound and progressive" lines, but does not say what they are. He says he will provide "humanitarian legislation," but what kind he does not reveal. He is going to remove the "disadvantages" under which labor and agriculture suffer, but he does not tell how. He believes in government regulation of business in so far as it "protects, not hampers," and he mentions "the protection of women and children in industry" and "reasonable working hours." But he does not say whether he is for or against the child-labor amendment and a minimum-wage law for women, or what constitutes "reasonable" working hours. On being asked his ideas on social security, he answered, complete with exclamation point, "I am for it!" But what kind, where applied, how implemented, he did not explain. As for foreign affairs, which are more exciting and crucial now than they have been in any Presidential year since 1916, all that Governor Landon could find to say was, "As to our relations with other countries, it might repay all of us to read Washington's Farewell Address again." We have learned to expect campaign utterances to be vague, but Landon sets a new high in sweet evasiveness.

*

THE BATTLE BETWEEN JOHN L. LEWIS AND William Green, which is also the struggle between industrial and craft unionism, has been joined on an important issue—the organization of steel. The fight was precipitated when the Committee for Industrial Organization offered the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers \$500,000 for a campaign to organize the steel workers along industrial lines. Mr. Green, for the executive council of the A. F. of L. now meeting in Washington, has made a counter offer which excludes the C. I. O.

and its money, reserves the right of the council to manage the campaign, and provides that jurisdictional rights of all craft unions shall be respected. Mr. Green did not speak of money, but he is quoted as having said that "we will start even if we don't get a dollar." It is no accident that the Lewis group, in this contest, has consistently attacked, forcing the issue at every turn, while Green has been on the defensive, hiding behind jurisdictional rights, accusing his enemy of bad faith, and all the while complaining bitterly. The progressive forces in American labor are solidly massed behind the C. I. O. As we go to press, the convention of the Amalgamated Association in Canonsburg has not decided whether to accept the help of the C. I. O., with \$500,000, or the Green offer of a campaign based on the old craft-union policy of divide and rule. A report by Margaret Marshall which appears on another page of this issue indicates that the delegates at Canonsburg and the steel workers in general are overwhelmingly in favor of accepting the Lewis offer. The intrenched officials of the Amalgamated may be able to ward off temporarily the acceptance of an offer which would mean their ultimate defeat. If they succeed, their triumph will be short-lived.

*

AFTER THE FRONT-PAGE BALLYHOO ON NEW Deal extravagances and the growing peril of government deficits it is somewhat refreshing to examine the latest Treasury statement, which appears deeply imbedded in the financial section of most papers. For one who believes what appears on the news and editorial pages it is surprising to find that the government's income has increased by more than \$250,000,000 in the past ten months despite the invalidation of the processing taxes. General expenditures have also risen, but not as rapidly as revenues, leaving a surplus in the regular budget of nearly \$135,000,000. Expenditures for recovery and relief are running approximately \$170,000,000 under those of the previous fiscal year, and the total government outlay is only \$56,000,000 higher than a year ago. The deficit, with only seven weeks to go in the present fiscal year, is \$2,700,851,000 as compared with \$2,895,836,000 in the same period last year. While the payment of the bonus in June may cause this year's deficit to exceed last year's, the improvement in economic conditions will ultimately bring about a more nearly balanced budget without the aid of Republican campaign speeches.

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THE LEAGUE COUNCIL HAS OPENED WHAT was to have been the most fateful meeting of its history. It still has a significance, but one that is far different from that envisioned a fortnight ago before the unexpectedly complete victory of Mussolini changed the whole focus of attention. Instead of a final showdown on the question of closing the Suez Canal to Italy, an action that should have been taken in October, the Council is concerned chiefly with keeping up the formalities of resistance to Italian aggression. Admission of the Ethiopian delegate to the Council table has caused the Italian delegation to with-

draw from Geneva. Sanctions will apparently not be abandoned for the time being, though only because the small powers have made it difficult for Britain and France to support such action. No leadership has developed from any of the major powers for the type of positive measures which alone could preserve the principle of collective security. Formal non-recognition of Mussolini's *fait accompli* is bound to be ineffective, as Japan has so clearly shown in the case of Manchoukuo. This does not mean, however, that the League should write the whole affair off as a loss and turn its attention elsewhere. To do so would not only indorse Mussolini's triumph but would render further collective action impossible. Non-recognition of Manchoukuo has not checked Japanese aggression, and was not expected to do so, but it has forced Japan into a position of political and moral isolation which definitely limits its strength as a military power. The very fact that Japan has gone to such lengths to attempt to coerce China into recognizing Manchoukuo indicates that the weapon is not wholly meaningless. Italy is far more vulnerable than Japan, both economically and politically. Another six months of sanctions and the Italian people are bound to be restive under the enforced lowering of living standards. The League, if it will, can accelerate that process.

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THE FLIGHT FROM THE FRANC HAS ALMOST overshadowed, for the moment, the more serious task of establishing a stable anti-fascist government in France. That the victory of the *Front Populaire* should provoke a serious financial crisis is scarcely surprising. Ever since the United States abandoned the gold standard it has been obvious that France would ultimately have to take similar action. Attempts to combat the competition of the cheap dollar and the cheap pound by rigorous deflationary measures have caused discontent and dissension at home but have not proceeded far enough to ease the overwhelming pressure on the French economy. Every political disturbance in the past three years has led to huge gold exports, on the theory that the next Cabinet might be the one to take the fateful step. This time devaluation appears inescapable despite M. Blum's statement that it is against Socialist policy. France has lost more than a quarter of its gold reserves in the past fourteen months. Further losses, while not fatal, would provoke additional deflation with its undesirable political and economic consequences. For years the left parties in France have been unable to rule, even when in the majority, because of the threat of a financial breakdown. This time the *Front Populaire* appears to be determined that the will of the people shall not be thwarted. Léon Blum, the Socialist leader and probably the next Premier, has served warning that the new government will not allow itself to be caught in the trap which brought the downfall of Labor in Great Britain and of the Social Democrats in Germany. While it will be impossible for him to proceed with a full Socialist program, he is ready to resort to extraordinary measures, if necessary, to prevent the bankers and industrialists from ruling France in defiance of the recent popular mandate.

THE CAUSES OF LAST YEAR'S MILK STRIKE IN Chicago are illumined by a recent report by the Federal Trade Commission. Two companies, Borden-Wieland and the Bowman Dairy Company distribute more than 49 per cent of the fluid milk sold in Chicago, and buy 68 per cent of all milk sold through the Pure Milk Association, the nominal representative of the producers. Thus they are able to fix not only the prices charged the consumer but also the price paid the producer. During the strike serious charges were made against the Pure Milk Association, many of which are substantiated by the official report. The contract under which the producers' price is established provides for payments based on two factors—production in 1929 and the price of cheese on the Wisconsin Exchange. Use of the first factor seriously penalizes producers who have increased their herds during the past seven years. Use of the second lends a purely fictitious air of fairness to the entire scheme because the price on the Wisconsin Exchange is not based on market conditions but is arbitrarily set by the large dairy and meat-packing companies. No farmers or producers are represented at the price-fixing meetings. Competition in the retail sale of milk has been discouraged by the monopolists in several interesting ways. The drivers' union is a tool of the big distributors. Membership is denied drivers for independent companies, and intimidation of owners of small stores by union drivers was demonstrated. Membership in the bottling exchange is also limited to the monopolists. Altogether, the trust is shown to have made a pretty thorough job of controlling the Chicago milk industry.

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THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN ITS quadrennial general conference has refused to be stampered into an anti-radical position as was demanded by powerful lay interests. Representatives of the reactionary elements in the church made no secret of the fact that they went to Columbus with the primary purpose of discrediting the Methodist Federation of Social Service—an independent organization under the leadership of Bishop McConnell and Dr. Harry F. Ward. To make certain that future pronouncements on social and economic policy would be conservative, they sought to have the conference appoint a formal commission to speak for the church in such matters. Bishop Leonard, spokesman for the conservative group, charged the liberals in the church with seeking to "substitute for our Democratic and Republican institutions a planned economy that is alien and godless." So far the reactionary element has been defeated at every point. The committee on the state of the church upheld the right of the federation to use the name "Methodist," since it is comprised of Methodists, and merely declared that such an organization had a moral obligation to make its unofficial relationship "clear at all times." The movement to establish an official commission to pass on social questions has apparently been killed in committee, and there is a possibility that the conference may yet adopt a resolution denouncing the un-Christian aspects of our economic order. The widespread support given a resolution favoring birth control indicates that the Methodists are definitely in

advance of many of the other denominations. There can be little doubt that the younger ministers are beginning to recognize that the very existence of the church in coming years is dependent on its courage in facing the great problems of our day.

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WITH THE PRESENT SESSION OF CONGRESS drawing to a close, it is evident that exceptional pressure will be necessary if the Wagner-Ellenbogen housing bill is to be adopted this year. Reports on its present status differ widely. A week ago President Roosevelt was cited as favoring passage by the present Congress. On another page of this issue our Washington correspondent reports that a new bill is to be introduced within a few days which will be heralded as possessing Administration support. While the details of this bill are not yet available, it is said to provide for an outlay of \$75,000,000 during the next year for slum clearance. This is about one-half the amount appropriated under the Wagner-Ellenbogen bill. The arguments against any compromise seem to us overwhelming. Five years ago a leading housing authority estimated that less than half of the homes in the country measured up to a minimum standard of decent housing. Today the situation is admittedly much worse. New housing construction during the depression has not kept pace with the growth in population. Repairs have fallen behind, and the older houses have deteriorated even more rapidly than usual. Private construction of homes for working-class families is practically non-existent. The Wagner bill provides for only a small part of the new housing which is urgently needed, but it represents a beginning and it must not be allowed to languish for another year.

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AT EIGHTY SIGMUND FREUD IS, OF ALL LIVING men, the one who has most profoundly influenced the thinking of his contemporaries. Even Einstein is not a close rival. The real significance of what Einstein has had to say is not accessible to any except highly trained mathematicians, while Freudianism, in however simplified or debased a form, has touched the imagination and to some extent influenced the thought of everyone in the Western world whose illiteracy is not absolute. Even the bitterest of his enemies could hardly deny the fact that his is one of the mightiest of heresies if not one of the mightiest of truths. If the whole of his system were to explode tomorrow, his influence would continue for centuries merely through the adoption into our language of his terminology and his metaphors—precisely as the influence of other exploded sciences, like alchemy and astrology and phrenology, has persisted. Not, of course, that there seems any present likelihood that it will be exploded. The main features of his method and the main outlines of his conception have been quietly assimilated by the medical schools and sanatoria which were looking askance at him not more than twenty years ago. One sometimes hears his doctrine referred to as *passé*, but that is only by persons who mean that the jargon at intellectual cocktail parties has changed.

THE NEW YORK LEGISLATURE HAS BEEN playing politics so busily of late that one wonders if it will ever have time to adjourn. Although Governor Lehman's social-security legislation was passed unanimously by the Senate, the Assembly has held it up in the Rules Committee while taking trial ballots that showed it would be defeated by three votes. The bill is designed to conform with the federal social-security legislation and would supply federal funds in the sum of fifteen to twenty million dollars a year to augment relatively small state appropriations for old-age pensions, dependent children, the crippled, and the blind. Refusal to pass the measure is evidently a partisan matter. So far only four Republicans are willing to be counted with the Democrats, who are solidly for the bill. The Republicans have thus maneuvered themselves between the devil and the deep sea. If they permit the bill to pass, they will seem to be yielding when a Democratic governor cracks the whip. If the bill is defeated, they will have difficulty explaining why to the voters next November. The Senate Judiciary Committee, which has been considering the child-labor amendment, was too smart to get itself into any such difficulty. The bill was killed in committee, the members promising not to reveal how the vote went. Thus the strong public support for ratification of the amendment which was evidenced in the hearings forced upon the committee against its will was answered by a refusal to present the bill to the Senate as a whole. Since the Judiciary Committee is composed of nine Democrats and five Republicans, the responsibility for defeating the amendment rests squarely on the reactionaries of both parties.

Who Owns States' Rights?

AS WE write there is a lull in the campaign. The Republicans are still maneuvering into various formations around each of their candidates, like an army rehearsing its drills for a battle that will never be won. The Democrats are gloating over the present swing toward Roosevelt, which seems strong enough to survive even the confusion over the tax bill and the pressure of the inflationists. The radical parties, as indicated by Earl Browder's speech before the Youth Congress, have given up their early dream of running a Farmer-Labor Presidential candidate. It is a good time to talk of issues.

The basic issue, of course, is and will continue to be unemployment. However much the campaign orators may seek to avoid it, nothing can qualify its central place in the campaign. All the immediate issues—relief, farm policy, spending, bureaucracy, constitutionalism, social insurance—flow from it or are connected with it. But there is another abiding issue that runs through all these, and that is bound to be given prominence in the campaign. That is the issue of states' rights and local government.

It was inevitable that the states'-rights issue should crop up just now, when an electoral campaign falls in a period

of constitutional crisis. In every period of constitutional crisis—at the time of Marshall and Jefferson, in the nullification controversy under Jackson, at the time of the Dred Scott decision before the Civil War—the forces straining against the walls of the American governmental structure have expressed themselves in the controversy over states' rights and federal power. That the problem comes up again so violently is one of the darker signs of our time. Realistic students of government know that any constitutional crisis is merely the expression, in terms of formal legality, of deep-lying cleavages in the economic and social structure of the country. The Republicans, in their zeal for turning whatever comes to hand into campaign ammunition, have of course treated the whole matter as if it were a clear-cut issue of states' rights versus federal concentration. They have thus elevated it into the pure ether of campaign shibboleths, and away from realities. Some people may speak of federal usurpation or "the federal octopus" with a sense of righteous indignation. Others may refer to the outworn geographical boundaries of the states with a tone of blasting contempt. Which of these terms is chosen will depend not upon any superior wisdom or civic virtue but upon the speaker's politics.

We must be careful to distinguish between states' rights as a shibboleth and states' rights as a reality—between the phrase when it is used to conceal some vested interest operating behind the scenes and when it is used to express a genuine part of the American historical tradition. The Republican Party and the conservatives on the Supreme Court are now using it almost wholly in the first sense. And they have produced thereby a real confusion in the minds of the voters. Almost consistently up to the present crisis states' rights have been a weapon in the Democratic political armory. John Marshall, who fought the Democrats during his entire tenure on the Supreme Court, opposed states' rights bitterly. He was the first of the great justices of the court who have shown their skill in adapting their arguments to meet the needs of their economic vision and their political creed. In a series of decisions he limited the state power and expanded the national power, largely because the economic groups whose thought he represented feared the state legislatures but needed national legislation for their economic interests. The Democrats of the day, on the other hand, cried down the federal power and cried up states' rights. Today we have a direct reversal of this situation. The Republicans regard states' rights as their final Gibraltar, and the conservatives on the Supreme Court have gone back on Marshall despite the lip-service they pay to his fame: they turn their eyes with desperate devotion to the ikon of states' rights, while they are throttling the federal power in one decision after another. The Democrats, on the other hand, have conceived a sudden and untraditional love for the federal power.

It seems clear that on this front at least the Democrats have been completely outmaneuvered. They have allowed themselves to be put in the position of opposing states' rights—and have thereby lost the immense emotional support that the states'-rights doctrine would bring with it. We can understand, of course, how this has happened. As the incumbents of national office at a time of drastic

crisis they have had the need for the extension of the national power brought home to them as never before. The progressive and radical groups also—because of their awareness of the problems of relief, child labor, lynching, and power control—have allowed themselves to be maneuvered into a seeming opposition to states' rights. But this is all unnecessary, unhistorical, and unwise.

The Republicans and the reactionaries among the Democrats are now acting as if they possessed a monopoly of the states'-rights sentiment as well as of some of the more material commodities and amenities in our life. Actually, who owns states' rights? This is an important question. For the doctrine is based on one of the strongest feelings in American life—the sense of localism, the love of neighborhood and the local unit, the roots that one sends down into the soil of one's home region, the sense of kinship with one's regional climate and one's regional way of life. But there is more than regional sentiment involved. Our state units started out by being the centers of democratic and radical thought. Under Daniel Shays, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, Andrew Jackson, under the Non-Partisan leagues and the Farmer-Labor leagues they have been the nuclei of populist and progressive sentiment. It was they who originally opposed the wealthy and propertied groups that established the Constitution, and it is they who have been skeptical of the politicians in Washington and the financiers in Wall Street. That is why it is amazing that we should allow a tradition of this sort to be appropriated by the reactionary elements.

The truth is that the statement of the issue—states' rights versus the federal power—is a false statement. What has actually been happening is that the sphere of governmental activities has been extended all along the line. The federal government, the state governments, the local units—all of them have been overwhelmed by the need for taking over functions that had previously been left to the anarchy of individual action. The division of power and responsibility among these units is not a matter to be argued about as a deathless principle or, in Justice Holmes's words, "some brooding omnipresence in the sky." It is a matter purely of economic necessity and administrative efficiency. There are some matters—for example, the control of agricultural production or the regulation of corporate securities—that can scarcely be dealt with except on a federal plane. There are others that can be left to the states, or divided between the state and federal governments. There are still others that can be dealt with most effectively by the local units. Moreover, even where the federal government is called on to exercise its power, the units of administration may well be state or regional.

All these are things that may well be left to plain sense, aided somewhat by administrative experts. The important thing is to recognize that when the federal government assumes its necessary responsibilities, that does not mean any encroachment on states' rights. The groups that are raising that issue care not a whit for states' rights, or for any other traditional American principle. They are concerned only about having business enterprise unfettered by governmental control of any sort.

Why the Frazier-Lemke Bill is Bad

BY the time these words are read, the House will have voted on the Frazier-Lemke bill and, unless the Administration obtains unexpected support, will have passed it. The fact that the bill was called up for vote was in itself a serious setback for the Roosevelt leadership in the House. For more than a year the Rules Committee has prevented the measure from coming on the floor, despite a favorable report by the Committee on Agriculture, only to lose in the closing days of Congress to a combination made up of the farm bloc, inflationists, reactionary Republicans who desired to embarrass the Administration, and progressive Democrats who hoped by combining with other malcontents to force a consideration of other suppressed proposals.

There has been scarcely any important measure up for vote in the House this year on which the public has so little real information as on the Frazier-Lemke bill. When it has been mentioned by the papers at all, there has been an attempt to give the impression that it was another half-baked proposal like the Townsend plan and the Silver Purchase Act. The *Saturday Evening Post*, for example, concludes an editorial on the bill by asking, "Why shouldn't the government do everything for everybody and do it free?" Statements of this type by a paper that has rarely, if ever, taken a progressive stand on any public issue are likely to lead thousands of persons who know nothing of the bill to conclude that it must possess considerable merit.

The *Post* rails particularly at the 11½ per cent interest rate at which it is proposed to refinance all farm mortgages, asking why everyone else should not have the advantage of equally low rates. A partial answer is that the farmer is more heavily burdened by indebtedness than any other important group in the population. According to the most recent available figures, somewhat more than 40 per cent of the farms in the United States are saddled with mortgages. The total value of all farms, including land, buildings, and improvements, was approximately \$35,000,000,000 in 1935, which was only about 44 per cent of the 1920 valuation, while the total mortgage indebtedness is about \$8,500,000,000 as compared with \$7,900,000,000 in 1920. Total farm indebtedness, including short-term debts, is estimated at nearly \$12,000,000,000. Despite some improvement in the last few years, the annual interest bill for farmers on all classes of debt is believed to be nearly \$800,000,000, which is considerably more than 10 per cent of the farmers' total cash income. In the past five years, moreover, 13½ per cent of America's farm owners have lost their property through foreclosures or forced sales. Although there has been a sharp decrease in foreclosures in the past two years, the number still remains substantially above the pre-depression level. The Frazier-Lemke bill would not only greatly lighten the load of this indebtedness by refinancing existing farm mortgages at 11½ per cent interest, but would extend similar privileges to any farmer who has lost his farm through foreclosure.

since 1921, or to any tenant who desires to purchase an encumbered farm. This interest rate contrasts with the $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent temporarily being charged by the Farm Credit Administration and the 4 to 5 per cent being charged by banks and insurance companies.

Such a reduction, if it were practicable, would be highly desirable. But unfortunately not even the government can float long-term bonds at $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent interest. To make up the difference out of the Treasury would involve a huge appropriation. So the proponents of the bill fall back on the old panacea—they would print the money. Recognizing that an avowed printing-press inflation might be unpopular with those who did not receive direct assistance under the plan, the framers of the measure have camouflaged it slightly. Instead of issuing fiat money directly to the present mortgage holders (insurance companies, banks, private individuals, and the federal land banks) the bill provides that the farm-loan bonds shall be presented to the Federal Reserve Board, which shall deliver to the Land Bank Commissioner "Federal Reserve notes to an amount equal to the par value" of the bonds, and that such bonds may be held as security "in lieu of any other security or reserve." A limit of \$3,000,000,000 is set on the amount of greenbacks which can be issued, but as this is only a fraction of the existing farm indebtedness we may assume that this restriction could not be maintained if the measure were passed.

For the inflationary feature of the bill there can be no defense. A further reduction in the burden of farm indebtedness is doubtless desirable, but any measure for achieving this should stand on its own feet. It should be the first rule of financial policy that every subsidy should be balanced by direct taxation. Inflation is the most insidious type of indirect taxation. A certain amount of inflation may have been advantageous in 1933, but at the present time, when we have close to \$2,700,000,000 in excess bank reserves, a measure of this type would set off a boom for which no adequate check exists. It is possible to deal with the problem of agricultural mortgages without thus courting disaster.

Academic Freedom at City College

THE long history of repression of academic freedom and student liberties at the College of the City of New York has come to a climax with the case of Morris U. Schappes, a tutor in the English Department who has been advised by Professor Charles F. Horne, his department head, that he will not be recommended for reappointment. Mr. Schappes is one of the outstanding younger men on the teaching staff. The best student in English literature at C. C. N. Y. during his undergraduate days, he later obtained a master's degree with honor at Columbia, and subsequently became a frequent contributor to learned periodicals and literary magazines. Less than a year ago the late Professor Harry Krowl, at that time head

of the English Department, told him in the presence of witnesses that he was a "good teacher." The senior class in the college recently voted Mr. Schappes the most respected member of the teaching staff. Kenneth Ackley, registrar, says of him: "He is generally recognized as outstanding in his department not only as a scholar but also as a classroom teacher. During registration it is very difficult for the office to prevent Mr. Schappes's sections from going beyond the reasonable classroom limits." This is the man to whom Professor Horne wrote as follows: "A tutorship is, as you know, only a temporary appointment, and your efficiency as a teacher of English has not been sufficiently notable to justify me in asking your appointment as a permanent member of the college staff." It is interesting to note that Mr. Schappes's "temporary" appointment lasted six years.

The real reason for Professor Horne's action is indicated in another paragraph of his letter, which says: "I have been somewhat in doubt as to how to make this clear to you, being unwilling that you should connect this matter with your political beliefs. . . . I have been told that you are a member of the Communist Party, but . . . I do not care. So long as anyone is a satisfactory teacher of English, I shall accept his social creed with complete tolerance." Although Mr. Schappes's party affiliations have never been established, his beliefs are as much a matter of public record as his high academic standing. He is one of the few men at C. C. N. Y. who have dared to take the Marxist position in the interpretation of culture, and he has made no secret of his views. He was one of the founders of the Anti-Fascist Association and a charter member of the Teachers' Union local. Moreover, he was active in the organization of the Instructional Staff Association, formed to protect members of the teaching staff below the professorial rank from President Robinson's well-known system of "getting Ph.D.'s to work for him at bargain prices." On the day Professor Horne's letter was written, Mr. Schappes addressed this year's student peace demonstration.

As a final fascist stroke on the part of President Robinson, the members of the English Department have been advised that they cannot expect promotion if they protest the threat to Mr. Schappes. A petition has been circulated with Professor Horne's approval stating that the signers affirm Professor Horne's authority as head of the English Department. But there has been vigorous student protest, and not without result. The Board of Higher Education on May 1 gave out a statement, in behalf of the board and President Robinson, which declared that although "some recommendations for the non-retention of certain members of the instruction staff of City College" had been made by department heads, no action had yet been taken, no one had been dismissed, and each case would be given full consideration. This at least provides a respite to what appeared to be the beginning of a campaign of intimidation. But the Board of Higher Education should be urged one step farther. "Full consideration" of recommended dismissals should mean public hearings with witnesses on both sides. And charges of incompetence should be made within a reasonable time after appointment—six years is not a reasonable time. With these safeguards teachers in general and Mr. Schappes in particular need not complain.

WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD



Representative Ellenbogen

Planning Future Slums

Washington, May 10

THE old double cross is being trundled out, greased up, and made ready for action against the Wagner-Ellenbogen low-cost-housing bill. A rival measure is being rushed to completion by Jesse Jones, master of the RFC's millions and several mortgage companies, with the enthusiastic aid of the FHA. Present plans call for its introduction in the House within a week; it is to be ballyhooed as an Administration measure. Concurrently the Wagner-Ellenbogen bill is to be attacked as a creature of the cities, a bill written for the sole benefit of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Cleveland, and Detroit. All that stands in the way of those plans is the President, and it is at least an even-money bet that he will approve them, for he obviously has no enthusiasm for any bona fide housing program. He is impressed with the fact that such a program cannot be achieved without a lavish outlay of federal funds and without severe damage to the private real-estate-mortgage structure of the country. He seeks only something that bears the "low-cost housing" title to which he may point in campaign speeches.

His attitude has been clear for more than a year, though he has never in that time put it frankly into words. It was made clear when Ickes publicly asserted that low-cost-housing projects were impossible unless the taxpayers paid part of the tenants' rent through public subsidies. The oil magnate then at the FHA's helm immediately engaged Ickes in deadly combat, shouting that what the Secretary of the Interior proposed would "knock the packing out of the mortgage structure." Roosevelt ended the

battle in which both sides were right by issuing an order from Warm Springs that the combatants unite in a denial that there was any conflict in their views. Subsequently, under the present work-relief program, he swung around to the Ickes point of view, but quickly curbed the resulting housing operations when he discovered they did not make good relief projects. In the interim, under prodding at press conferences, he has talked many times of housing but always in noncommittal fashion. He alternates between two different speeches on these occasions, and the results are always the same.

In the past week he has used both speeches. One is to the effect that he and his housing consultants have reached substantial agreement as to objectives and hope soon to reach agreement as to details. The other is about how difficult it is to get housing costs down within the reach of the lowest-income groups and how that achievement probably will have to wait upon the development of an industry turning out pre-fabricated houses just as cheap automobiles now are produced. He used the first speech at his Tuesday-afternoon press conference to describe the results of his latest conference on the Wagner-Ellenbogen bill, which, he said, would be pressed at this session but was not to be regarded as "must" legislation. He used the second speech at his Friday-morning press conference, and for quite a different purpose. Those backers of the Wagner bill who were outraged by his references to factory-built houses—and there were many who thought them deliberate sabotage—took him too seriously. The President merely dragged out the old speech in an effort to dull the effects of a story published in the *Baltimore Sun* that morning. The story, written by J. Fred Essary, presented Roosevelt in a light quite different from that in which he stands to receive the adulation and the votes of the wage-earners on whom he depends for reelection. It told how the President was laboring behind the scenes to make peace with the giants of industry and finance who are supposed to be his antagonists. It recounted some of his efforts to reestablish his lines of communication with the nation's economic overlords, so that they may rally their brethren to his support and tap their tills for his campaign funds. It called attention to such recent daytime visitors at the White House as Walter Chrysler, Owen D. Young, and William L. Clayton, ex-Liberty Leaguer, and it went on to tell how men of similar caliber are slipping into the White House for long and secret talks with the President at night. In the latter class of visitors it placed Myron Taylor of United States Steel and Walter Teagle of Standard Oil.

At the conference the President dragged out another set speech, the one he uses whenever pressed for information on what he plans to do about the unemployment

problem. He says on those occasions that he is going to put the problem up to a number of big industrialists. He contrives to leave the impression that he knows they have no answer and that, when they have confessed their lack, he is going to pull an ace out of his sleeve and solve the problem by governmental action. The recent visits to the White House, secret or open, of Messrs. Taylor, Teagle, Clayton, Young, *et al.*, were just some more conferences on the unemployment problem, Roosevelt informed his questioners, and most of them printed the thing just that way. It is easy to keep a straight face in print.

Against such a background of flim-flammetry it is at least conceivable that the President would countenance some such dodge as the Jesse Jones gang are contriving for sidetracking the Wagner-Ellenbogen bill. It apparently is to be another one of those stimulus-to-private-building measures, involving a liberalization of the FHA easy-mortgage plan. Quaintly enough, while Roosevelt talks from the White House about the present impossibility of getting the cost of a decent house down to \$2,500, the FHA a few blocks away keeps on issuing claims that its financing facilities are making just such houses available at \$1,200. They are, of course, pleasantly painted cheese-boxes, and though the government-insured mortgages on them are to run twenty years, the houses themselves are good for only about five. Put a hundred of them together this year and by 1941 you'll have a slum. Or as the head of the FHA said at a recent meeting of the Administration's Central Housing Committee, "Will they last twenty years? Hell, no. You could turn the hose on any of them and wash them into the creek."

The fact that these monuments to the New Deal are being built with cheap, non-union labor, working in many cases for \$2 to \$3 a day, offers the country better assurance that the proposed double cross won't work than does the presence of a Roosevelt in the White House. There is an active, aggressive labor lobby behind the Wagner-Ellenbogen bill, and it will meet any attempt to substitute another FHA confection for that bill with a blow straight to the solar plexus of the jerry-builders behind it. They will threaten it with an amendment requiring that all construction under FHA-insured mortgages be done at union wage rates.

Labor and Social Security

EMIL RIEVE, who is president of the American Federation of Hosiery Workers and should be head of the United Textile Workers, has been picked as labor's member of the United States delegation to the International Labor Office meeting next month. As yet the appointment has not been made public, but it probably will be announced by the White House in a day or two, along with the full list of the delegation which is to sail May 20 under the leadership of John G. Winant, chairman of the Social Security Board. Frieda Miller of the New York State Department of Labor also is to be a government member.

Rieve's appointment would seem to be a credit to both the Administration and the A. F. of L., which sponsored

it; ordinarily such berths are reserved for labor skates seeking a vacation at public expense and getting it because the federation's potentates are politically indebted to them. However, in this case the credit item needs a little qualification. Rieve did not get the job because he will fill it well. He got it for two other reasons. One was that the White House rebelled against adding another Republican to the list of labor delegates who have received its accolade and a travel allowance. The other reason was that Green and the other A. F. of L. leaders thought that by offering the post to Rieve they might lure him away from the C. I. O. Coefield of the plumbers and Ornburn of the tobacco workers, both Republicans, were the federation's initial nominees.

Incidentally, it is not entirely clear why Winant must be kept trekking to Geneva on errands of this kind. The Social Security Board cannot well spare him. It might be argued, of course, that the board's affairs can safely be intrusted for a month or two to A. J. Altmeyer and Frank Bane. But Winant as chairman must confirm their actions, and this otherwise quite admirable gentleman has one of those Fletcherizing intellects that require him to mull over every topic from every possible angle before reaching a decision. His normal inability to reach a decision on anything in less than a couple of months—some say ten—makes even a brief absence from his board duties regrettable. It might be noted in passing that the board, charged with enforcing a vague, fault-ridden, and labyrinthine law, is faced with a multiplicity of administrative-policy questions, some of which present grave problems in bureaucratic strategy. Among them is the problem of how to detach the United States Employment Service from the Department of Labor and attach it to the board, where it certainly belongs if this country is ever to have a decent unemployment-compensation system. At last report both W. Frank Persons, director of the Employment Service, and Secretary Perkins were determined that this realignment should not come to pass, although Miss Perkins, before she lost control of the social-security machine, had proclaimed her belief in the essential affinity between it and the public employment offices.

The Winant board also is being sweated by its efforts to keep state social-security legislation within the bounds of ordinary decency. It has agents scurrying all over the country on such missions. What keeps them on the hop is the effort of chambers of commerce and similar employer organizations to take advantage of the federal act's loopholes and slip through state legislatures old-age-pension and unemployment-compensation laws that are a little worse than nothing at all. These slippery efforts are not confined to local interests. Some of the national business interests are behind them. The man who keeps the board's combat troops working night and day is employed by Standard Oil to see that the various state legislatures pass social legislation to its taste. Members of the board's staff in charge of such things can hardly sleep at night for wondering where this gentleman will turn up next. Bad as they are, some of the social-insurance laws recently enacted by the states would have been much worse had the board's combat troops arrived too late.

Waiting for Lewis

BY MARGARET MARSHALL

Canonsburg, Pennsylvania.

THE forces of evil are closing in on Mike Tighe. His tight little refuge, the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers, is slowly collapsing; it must eventually float down the broad river of industrial unionism to a sea of mass organization. The sixty-first convention of the union met in Canonsburg on April 28. A few days later the rank and file forced open its tightly closed doors to John Brophy of the United Mine Workers, and Mr. Brophy, against the will of the Amalgamated officials, explained to the delegates the offer of the C. I. O. (Committee for Industrial Organization) to contribute \$500,000 for the organization of the steel industry, provided the campaign is along industrial lines and its leadership is such as to inspire confidence of success. After that a committee was appointed to study the proposal. The convention is temporarily not in session; the committee has gone to Washington to confer with President Green of the A. F. of L. and his executive council. The executive council will do what it can to save its craft-union skin. But it is difficult to see how the surge toward industrial unionism can be stopped.

In the country town of Canonsburg one is conscious of great issues being decided. Organize the steel industry and the whole course of labor history will be changed. From the beginning the tides of industrial unionism were rolling to the very doors of the convention, though Tighe and his lieutenants had taken every precaution to avoid the flood. The Amalgamated convention was held in Pittsburgh last year; it was removed this year to the safer conservative ground of Canonsburg, on the outskirts of Pittsburgh, where the union has one of its few strong locals. There is no decent hotel; the town is out of the beaten path of newspaper reporters. In contrast to the wide-open convention, 1,700 strong, of the United Mine Workers in Washington, the doors of the Canonsburg hall, where less than 100 steel delegates met, were ostentatiously locked and guarded by a doorman who looked dangerously like a bouncer. The threat of expulsion was held over the head of any delegate who revealed any of the proceedings. There were no accommodations for the press. At the close of the sessions we gathered along an iron railing before the hall. Between times we leaned against the telephone poles of Canonsburg's main street.

It was no accident that the most interesting people were outside; some of the future leaders of American labor took part in the telephone-pole caucuses. John Brophy of the C. I. O. came the first day and went away again; Charles Zimmerman of the International Garment Workers' Union, Ferdinand Bindel of the Federation of Flat Glass Workers, and James Carey of the United Electrical and Radio Workers, the latter two being "NRA unions" which

have made and held phenomenal gains, were in and out of the town. Clarence Irwin, outstanding figure in the rank-and-file leadership in steel, was busier than Mike Tighe. They are a vigorous, experienced, confident group, radiating a sense of power that flows directly from the C. I. O. and its strong component groups.

An ancient buggy goes down the sunny street and in chorus it is named the Amalgamated. A reporter admits his Newspaper Guild unit has not tried to get a contract, and Ferd Bindel, wiry, young, intelligent, gives him an earnest lecture on solidarity. As adjournment approaches, the crowd moves toward the hall. As we sit on the iron railing a steel worker just out of the mill comes to see what his union convention is doing. He is covered from head to foot with dark glistening steel dust. His face is shadowed with it; his shiny tin lunch bucket is the high light in this living portrait of a steel worker. At the same time a newcomer approaches. He is an old man of huge frame but feeble in his steps. He peers with apparent effort through horn-rimmed spectacles, and his hat is planted firmly over them to keep out as much light as possible. He carries a battered suitcase and an overcoat. He goes to the bolted door and knocks. After a few words with the doorman and a fumbling of papers, he turns back and the door is locked once more. Mere members are not admitted. He joins the group and immediately gets into an argument with the steel worker, who has just delivered a little speech on one big union. It is a good speech. "When a war breaks out," he says, "the whole country's in it. Florida's in it and so is Washington—that's 4,000 miles away. It's the same thing with a union. We've got to have one big union." The Old Guard protests; he points a long and aged finger. "That's wrong," he says with moral fervor. "Unions are bad when they get too big." There are hoots from the audience on the railing, but he continues. "Why, even the United States Steel has found out that it's a bad thing to get too big." "I suppose," comes somebody's answer, "that's why U. S. Steel keeps buying new properties." The Old Guard is beaten and moves off in disgust.

As usual, there was no news from the inside except what was bootlegged. There had been a test vote on a move to invite a member of the C. I. O. to come and address the delegates. The vote had been forty-two to forty-three, with seven officials voting no. The tide was setting in. On Friday morning a delegation from the convention of the State Federation of Labor in session at Uniontown arrived at Canonsburg carrying fraternal greetings to the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers. By a strange coincidence the delegation included John Brophy of the United Mine Workers and Pat Fagan of the

same organization. Tighe did his best to keep out these agents of Lewis bearing gifts. When the first messenger came to announce that the delegation waited outside, Mr. Tighe said that the convention could not interrupt its pressing business. When the second messenger came, the chair, under strong pressure from the floor, was forced to accept the greetings of the State Federation. Mr. Brophy no doubt delivered them in proper form. He also explained to the delegates the offer of the C. I. O.

Tighe himself will probably retire gracefully. There is nothing sinister about Michael Tighe. He is a pleasant old fellow of seventy-eight, proud of his horse-and-buggy virtues, distrustful of "reds." I talked to him after the second day's session. He was ruddy and cheerful in spite of a recent protracted illness. He told me proudly that the Amalgamated had 12,000 members—another estimate is 7,000; when I asked how about the other hundreds of thousands who work in steel, he answered in fatherly tones: "You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink." But he preferred to talk of other things. He told me of his wife, "the sweetest little German-descent woman" who weighs less than a hundred pounds and doesn't like the way the newspapers talk about Mr. Tighe's age. He seemed to be revealing what he thought was the secret of his success when he asserted that he doesn't drink alcohol, use tobacco in any form, or run after fast women. I withdrew quietly after that. Mike Tighe is better left to his memories. He obviously has no regrets.

His official family, headed by Louis ("Shorty") Leonard, is another matter. They are neither sentimental nor old. They will fight to the last ditch.

Three years ago the Tighe stronghold was threatened by the forces that must now overwhelm it. Under the impetus of Section 7-a membership in the Amalgamated rose to 100,000. But Section 7-a went down under the concerted pressure of the Weirs, the Joneses and Laughlins, and United States Steel. And this collapse, combined with a militant lack of support and an open attack on the rank-and-file groups by the Amalgamated itself, soon reduced the lodges to a pathetic impotence. Today Mr. Tighe is proud of his 12,000 members. But the Weirton lodge, where 8,777 out of 11,000 workers were members, did not even send a delegate to Canonsburg; the delegate from Aliquippa, Albert Attalah, who has kept that lodge alive against tremendous odds of discrimination and espionage, instead of being rewarded for his fight was admitted only over the strong resistance of the Old Guard. Today in the beleaguered steel towns the bitterness against "the company" is almost matched by the hatred of the union officialdom which has run out on lodge after lodge and left the most active members to the stool-pigeons and the bosses. Most of these local leaders have been fired; some of them have sold out or turned defeatist. The Amalgamated has much to answer for in somber company towns where company houses and banks and stores are painted with company smoke, and the light of trade unionism flared brightly for the first time in 1933.

What that light meant to thousands in steel can scarcely be exaggerated. The exploits of 1933 and 1934—the

meetings, the parades, the strikes, the minor victories over the company, the little bursts of public freedom—these are legends fondly rehearsed and dwelt upon. The significance of that brief interlude of union strength is perhaps best indicated by the reiterated assurance in town after town that in spite of the NRA fiasco, the terrorism of the companies, and the desertion of the Amalgamated, a bona fide campaign with guaranteed support will sweep the industry. The workers are extremely wary. They have learned much since 1933. They will have nothing to do with a movement dominated by Tighe; over and over again that point was driven home. They know the power of the company over courts and judges charged with enforcing the best-intentioned laws. The only agency they look to with hope is the Committee for Industrial Organization.

One descends into Weirton, West Virginia, as into some desolate lower region, through a series of ravines. The first sign of the town is a row of stacks, some of them pouring out smoke reddened by melting iron ore. At the last turn in the road the town is revealed lying in a final depth and spreading up two steep hills. "The mill" is the thing. It covers a large area, and two strands of barbed wire top its high fence. It is an impressive symbol of industrial power. From this central point the town goes out in rows of drab houses, most of them built to a single pattern not bad in itself but monotonous in its endless repetition. Away from the main streets the roads are unpaved.

In one of the houses I learned from a steel worker what life is like in a company town, and of the tempering fires that are welding fighters for a strong union. Weirton has 27,000 inhabitants but no local government. Weirton is run by the county, which is in turn run by the company. For the most part the company does not own the houses in Weirton, that is, not directly. A few years ago, just before the bottom dropped out of the real-estate market, in a burst of magnanimity it offered its workers bargains in houses. Prices for the seven- or eight-room dwellings ranged as high as \$8,000. Many a worker used his savings to make a payment of \$1,000 or \$2,000. The remaining debt he assumed in the form of a mortgage held by one of the local banks. The relation of the company to the banks of Weirton can easily be surmised, even though one of them is named the People's Bank. Some of the houses changed hands as many as ten times, to the benefit of no one but the mortgage holder. The rent for one of these houses set in a desolate town in the wilds of West Virginia is \$45 or \$55 a month. The occupant must furnish his own heat; he must also pay as much as \$25 a year for water; he must also do his own papering and painting.

As for the atmosphere in which the steel worker and his family live, it is a sinister mixture of company smoke and espionage. Half a dozen times during that afternoon, whenever there was a knock at the door, there came a sign to lower voices or talk of something general. The people next door are company people; sometimes one finds that one has rented the upstairs rooms to company people who can't be turned out as long as they pay their rent "steady." The necessity to be on guard against "the rat" even in one's home—that is a force that works continuously in Weirton.

The wage for common labor in Weirton begins at \$3.20 a day. The rate for highly skilled workers is much higher, but their average earnings are not high and their numbers are limited. During the strike of 1933 "whoopies" from the West Virginia hills were imported to break it. When they lined up at the company employment office, "you'd a thought there was a squirrel hunt." Now that the union is dead the "whoopies" are losing their jobs, and the old skilled men are being taken back. Meanwhile technological improvement is taking a heavy toll.

The control of the company over local politics need hardly be emphasized. This year a rank-and-file man was running for constable. In his honor the company ruled that there was to be no campaigning in the mill, but not long afterward a company candidate was allowed to go through unhampered. "The best way," said the steel worker in Weirton, "is to see which one they want you to vote for and then vote for the one that's running against him." The labels of Democrat and Republican of course mean nothing. The press? In 1933, according to the proud story, the union cut down the circulation of the *Weirton News* 80 per cent and kept out the advertising of the independent stores. The *News* has never quite recovered. It is such triumphs as these, never forgotten, that keep the union spirit alive. "The labor spirit is strong," said the man in Weirton. "Mike Tighe couldn't get nowhere if he brought in \$2,000,000, but they'll go with the C. I. O."

The Aliquippa fortress of Jones and Laughlin lies a few miles down the Ohio from Pittsburgh. It extends for three miles along the river and behind its massive barrier lies the blackened town. Aliquippa is a "planned" community—its sections are still called by the numbers given them when the place was laid out. For instance, the superintendents and other officials live in Plan 6. Plan 12 is occupied by mere workers. The highest hill is called McDonald Heights, a dreary unpaved district of company houses. Nevertheless, McDonald Heights is a restricted residential section; no Negroes are allowed there. They live instead in the lower "plans," which are equally unpaved, equally desolate.

Stool-pigeons are rife in Aliquippa. Suspicion is in the very air. Again and again they were pointed out with a dropping of voices and a significant glance. "There's one. He turned after twenty years. His wife left him. She said she wouldn't live with no rat." A silent but open warfare goes on between union men and the stools. They know one another; they have lived in the same small town for ten, fifteen, twenty years. As one of the company men put it to an organizer, "You're here to organize; I'm here to disorganize." In times of stress espionage grows more subtle.

Jones and Laughlin has been one of the National Labor Relations Board's most recalcitrant clients. The victims are workers whose only crime is the determination to live decently. Take Domenic Brandy, Italian. He worked twenty-five years for Jones and Laughlin, and then was fired for not washing coal right! Domenic's name is on the list of World War veterans on the front of the Aliquippa post office. Domenic can't quite believe he's out. Angelo Volpe is an Italian known for his gaiety. He was an officer of the

union in Aliquippa. First he was fired from the mill. Then he was fired from his WPA job. His wife and daughter are sick. As for Albert Attalah, president of the lodge, he hasn't worked since September. He hasn't exactly been fired. He stopped work in September because of a severe illness. His case is being "investigated."

In Aliquippa the Amalgamated at least still has an office. At the height of the "movement," as they call it almost with religious fervor, the lodge had 6,200 members. Its officers and members, left high and dry by the Amalgamated, have been fired or discriminated against or intimidated. But persecution has only made more clear the need for complete unionization; and the great days of 1934 when Aliquippa was "opened" for the first time gave them a taste of independence and cooperation they cannot forget.

At Homestead, one link in the long chain of United States Steel forts that line the Monongahela for miles, it is the same story. The lodge that was formed there, "The Spirit of 1892," is disbanded. The new fight will be tough because, as one man put it, "this is a community of scabs whose ancestors were scabs imported by Frick." But the sons of scabs are learning—while the sons of the strikers of 1892 cherish their memory. Even in the company union the men are doing their bit. I heard that one of them in a speech at the annual conference had dared to speak of the increase in earnings. "Gentlemen," he said, "I mean corporation earnings, for whoever heard of a laborer's earnings? Incidentally, I averaged not over \$50 per month in the year 1935." He went on to recite the earnings of some of the corporations during the same period—to the intense discomfort of the company representatives.

The steel workers are voting for Roosevelt, despite the failure of 7-a—for that they blame the Supreme Court and the companies. And in many cases the shift to the Democratic rolls represents a significant rebellion. In one steel town the workers had for years been automatically registered by the company as Republicans. To register Democratic meant an extra effort, since they had to do it themselves, and a genuine revolt since it was anti-company. One of the curious results was the discovery that many of them were not full citizens and therefore not entitled to vote. Many a veteran steel worker, proud of his Americanism, was deeply hurt to find after fifteen or twenty years of voting Republican that he was not a citizen.

Though Roosevelt will get the vote this year, talk of a Farmer-Labor Party is met with in every town—but in local terms and usually as something which must wait on industrial organization. At Weirton one intelligent worker was obviously speaking out of his union experience of 1933 and 1934. "There shouldn't be a third party this year," he said. "We've got to wait till we can put up a real fight." At Canonsburg Ferd Bindel said that to go into politics now would be to "burn our candle at both ends."

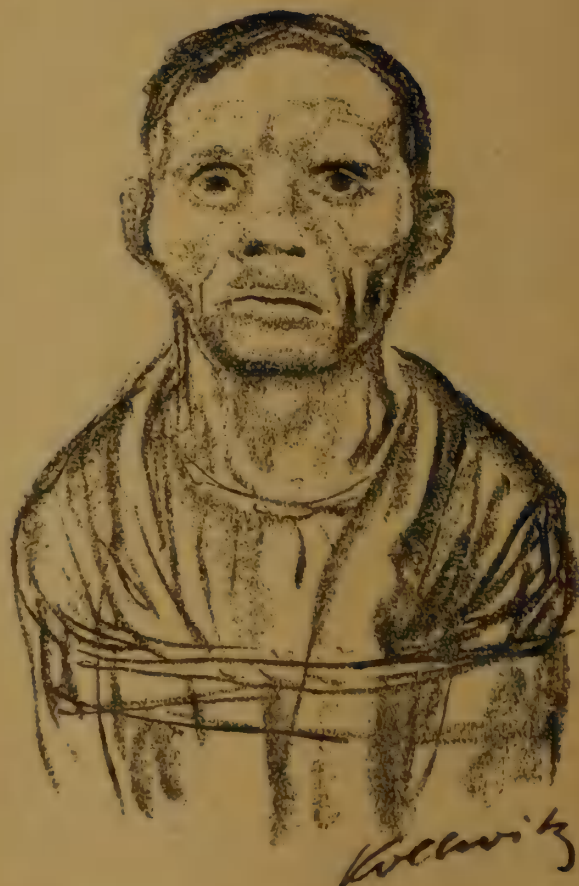
The steel towns around Pittsburgh are waiting for Lewis. Albert Attalah, for one, will go back from the convention to the dismal streets of Aliquippa full of an overpowering hope. "Next year," he told me, "or the year after, that convention will be so big three halls won't hold it!"

AGAINST WAR AND FASCISM

*A Selection of Drawings from the International Exhibition
Arranged by the American Artists' Congress*



Behind the News by Hugo Gellert, American



Prisoner by Käthe Kollwitz, German



Exodus from Dixie by Robert Minor, American



On the Way! by George Grosz, American



Death's Head by José Posada, Mexican



L'EGLISE

The Church by Frans Masereel, Belgian

Mr. Lunkhead the Banker

BY JAMES T. FARRELL

I RECENTLY met Mr. Lunkhead, the banker. He comes from one of the best banking families in the state of New York. And there is one achievement in his life of which he is proud. It is the great victory of his career. He tells you of it with a voice that oozes self-satisfaction. He says to you that you do not know how old he is. You guess, and say, oh, thirty-eight, forty, forty-two. He smiles, shakes his head negatively, and then he tells you that he is fifty-six. In other words, the one accomplishment in Mr. Lunkhead's life is that he has reached the age of fifty-six without looking his age. There is no gray on his large head. There are few lines in his face. There are no marks of profound or bitter experience. It is a well-preserved face, pickled by good living and moderation. He can enter a room full of people, standing straight and erect, and smile quietly to himself with the realization that they do not know how old he is, and when he tells them, they will express amazement, and he can then tell them how he has managed to attain fifty-six years of life without looking his age.

For there is a philosophy behind Mr. Lunkhead's remarkable achievement. He expresses it for one concisely and with simplicity. You are as young as you feel you are. You are as youthful as you think you are. And you must take all things in moderation, and never do too much of anything.

There is another interesting feature to the personality of Mr. Lunkhead. He does not put upon one the burden of conversation. He is perfectly willing to talk, and to allow you to listen. All that you have to do is to prod him with a question now and then. Thus, you can ask him, "Mr. Lunkhead, what departments of human culture are you interested in?" He will tell you. He will say, well, he likes to read books. Yes, he says, he reads six or a dozen books a year. He reads them all in June. Why June? That requires explanation, but Mr. Lunkhead possesses a great willingness to explain so long as he is explaining about himself. In June he goes on his vacation to Montana. He roughs it in the morning. After lunch he lies down and he sleeps and reads, and he manages to read six or a dozen books. Only these last two years he has had great difficulty in reading that many books in June on his vacation. You ask him why? Well, he brought along a radio on his vacation these last two years. And the only time he has a chance to listen to his radio is in the afternoon, because he roughs it in the morning, and he looks at the stars and listens to cowboy songs in the evening. And so the radio interferes with the six books a year that he reads in the month of June in Montana, where he goes to vacation and rough it. Because, you know, he will tell you, he likes to get Tokyo and Berlin and South America on the radio, and he gets a real kick out of that, and so it is harder these last years

for him to read six books a year than it used to be before he took a radio along, when in the month of June he goes to Montana to have a vacation. And then you ask him what books he reads? Well, he reads whatever books his friends say are good. He always waits until his friends say they have read such and such a book, and then he waits until the next June, and then when he goes to Montana, because you know he likes to rough it and have a vacation away from the city, why he reads the book, if the radio does not interfere with his reading, and if the book is good, why then, when that friend says that another book is good, he waits until next June, and he buys it, and when he goes to Montana, why then he reads that book if the radio does not interfere with his reading when he lies down in the afternoon.

Mr. Lunkhead is what is called a he-man. He likes he-man hobbies, and he-man sports, and he looks like a he-man. So he likes to ask a question. What are your hobbies? He is actually not interested in your hobbies. The question merely permits him to tell you of his hobbies. And he has one favorite hobby. He says, well, and then he pauses, and there is a very slight noise in his throat, well, his favorite hobby is old clothes. He likes to wear old clothes. You tell him that old clothes are your favorite necessity, and he says, yes, it is great fun to get out into the open and to put on old clothes and be natural.

He has a philosophical bent, and so he likes to ask questions like what makes a person tick. He will, say, see an attractive young woman, and he will say to her that he wonders what makes her tick. He smiles condescendingly at her, he tells her that he is fifty-six years of age, and that the secret of his success in not looking his years is that he does everything in moderation, and that a person is as young as he looks and as youthful as he thinks he is, and if he never does anything to excess, why there is no reason that he should not reach the age of fifty-six without looking it. And so he wonders what makes a young girl tick.

And then one might ask him what he does all day when he is not in Montana wearing old clothes. And he will say, well, he got up in the morning and he ate breakfast and he looked at the newspaper. And then he came in from Long Island in a motor boat. And he went to his office. And he had a pile of mail on his desk. But he did not read it. "But why, Mr. Lunkhead, didn't you read your mail?" Well, he has a theory about not reading your mail in the morning. There might be some bad news in it, and bad news can always wait a day or two. So he only reads his mail after it is two or three days old, because then, one may assume, the bad news will not be quite so bad. And then he had conferences. There were perhaps some people who wanted his bank to sink some money in the purchase of a golf course. Well, that did not seem a good investment,

so he was thumbs down on that. And there were some more conferences. And there was lunch. He had lunch in his office, just a sandwich, because he believes in moderation, he says. And then there was another conference. And a friend called him up. He knew what the friend wanted. He wanted to borrow some money. So he invited the friend and the friend's wife to supper. And then he had an engagement for tea with a charming young lady, and

they talked about the philosophy of life, which undoubtedly meant old clothes, moderation, and how to become fifty-six years old without looking your age. And then he had supper with the friend, and since the friend's wife was along, the friend was too sensitive to try and borrow some money. And so another day passed into eternity, and Mr. Lunkhead, the banker, traveled on from the age of fifty-six to the age of fifty-seven without looking his years.

Can Italy Make Peace with Europe?

BY LOUIS FISCHER

Rome, April 24

ALTHOUGH Italy is winning the Abyssinian war, the future is shrouded in uncertainty. Defeat would have been disastrous. But victory raises problems no less fateful. When the last Abyssinian town is taken, only the first stage will have ended. Then another and perhaps bigger show begins.

Italians are at once very confident and somewhat nervous. The unexpectedly rapid advance of their East African armies has exhilarated them. The rise in living costs resulting from sanctions is partially offset by increased employment. It hardly affects the bourgeoisie, and is borne in silence, except for occasional murmurs of unrest in Spezia, Milan, Turin, and Genoa, by the masses, to whom two shots of propaganda in the arm seem to be worth another hole in the belt. This is not the situation that need worry Mussolini at present. The chief difficulty lies in the field of foreign affairs. But the war has also brought to a head the question of the internal structure of the Fascist regime.

It may be more complicated for Italy to make peace than it has been to make war. If Mussolini carries out his original intention to crown a puppet emperor in Abyssinia, will this new King of Kings obtain international recognition? What will the League of Nations say? To accept Rome's appointee means to bless Italian aggression. Certain Italians, therefore, contemplate an Italian mandate for Abyssinia. But can one member of the League become the mandated territory, that is, in effect, the colony of another? Or did Geneva's Committee of Five in the summer of 1935 envisage foreign control over Ethiopia?

This is the formal side. What Italians really fear is that England has a far-flung plan to weaken them in Europe and rob them of their spoils in Africa. They do not take seriously the prospect of closing the Suez Canal. "We will march out through the Sudan and Egypt," one Fascist said to me lightly. But they talk so much about "empires come and empires go and now Britain's day is done," of India's sympathy for Italy, and of the Italian threat to England's Mediterranean position that they have not only convinced themselves; they think the British government is also convinced and has decided to take up the challenge. While the statements of responsible officials are either significantly pacifist or strikingly non-committal, other Italians

seek to fit the little British loan to Abyssinia, Mr. Eden's insistence on the continuance of existing sanctions, the sentiment in England for further sanctions, and certain acts of British diplomacy into their idea of the looming struggle between two empires, one already decadent, the other a reincarnation, though still in swaddling clothes, of ancient Rome.

"What has Sir Austen Chamberlain been doing in Vienna and Prague?" some Italians ask in this connection. The Italian government has made diplomatic inquiries. No doubt the visit was private, and Sir Austen is too moderate and wise to do anything. He may merely have been ascertaining what might be done by others. A few things are clear: in Vienna and even more in Prague there is a desire for closer relations with Great Britain. Prague, in addition, wants closer relations with Vienna. Both these objects could best be achieved by making the Austrian government more democratic. A broadening of the popular base of the Austrian state would give it the power to resist German fascism and be independent of Italian fascism. In the summer of 1933 the Czechs had practically arranged with Dollfuss to do this by coopting the right Socialists, but when the little Chancellor saw Mussolini in Riccione in August he changed his mind. The February, 1934, bombardment of the Vienna Socialists, which was provoked, it is said, by Mussolini's agent Morreale, apparently finished this possibility forever. The Czechs nevertheless kept a friendly eye on certain Austrian Socialists. Yet when Mussolini's mobilization on the Brenner checked the anti-Dollfuss Nazi putsch in July, 1934, Prague was impressed. Here was ample protection against German aggression. The Mussolini-Laval agreement of January 7, 1935, further strengthened the ties between Czecho-Slovakia and Italy, for it was understood then that Rome would put a brake on Hungarian revisionism—a movement which of course especially threatens Czecho-Slovakia. The result was that Herr Gömbös, the Hungarian Premier, slipped more frequently into Germany's embraces. Poland, being anti-Czech for the moment, pulled Hungary in the same direction. This made Prague all the more pro-Italian. Indeed, a few Czech statesmen, their sincere loyalty to the League of Nations notwithstanding, regretted the failure of the Hoare-Laval scheme.

They wanted an Italy relieved of difficulties in Africa and free to defend Austria.

Mussolini is extremely sensitive to Italy's role in Europe. Several of his most intimate coworkers urged him to leave the League when sanctions were imposed, but he refused because no European power can be strong overseas if it is ignored just beyond its borders. For the same reason, in fact, Mussolini has a much larger home army today than he had when the East African adventure commenced. After the remilitarization of the Rhineland the German threat to Austria began to receive greater attention. Perhaps the next German push would affect Czecho-Slovakia and Austria. This prospect must necessarily expose them to salvation by Mussolini—unless England, and possibly France and Russia too, offered some alternative. Was Sir Austen looking into this problem? Here the old formula recurs—democratization of Austria. The Vatican has an excellent auditory system, and I learn in Vatican quarters that on consultation most Austrian political leaders favored the introduction of new blood into the Cabinet. The exception was Prince Starhemberg; he objected. Starhemberg is a devoted disciple of Mussolini. Hence, it may be, the rumors of a coup d'état by his Heimwehr. Such an act would hope to achieve the same end as the artillery demolition of the Socialist homes in Vienna in February, 1934.

This is the situation, and Italians assume that Sir Austen Chamberlain's conversations are calculated ultimately to prejudice it against Italy. Similarly Italians contrive to discern in almost every international complex the hand of Britain working in devious but unalterably anti-Italian ways. Thus the soft answer which Downing Street returned to the Turkish request for remilitarization of the straits was interpreted as a bid for Ataturk's collaboration with England against Italy in the eastern Mediterranean. Rome was clearly irritated by the cold shoulder Italy got from Eden at the Locarno discussions in Geneva. But if one accepts this thesis of ubiquitous British wire-pulling to the detriment of Italy, there is rich evidence of similar Roman tactics—which only makes matters worse. After Hitler's scrapping of Locarno, Italy tried to draw France away from England, and Mussolini has sought to persuade a number of other Continental nations that Great Britain is too pro-German to be an important contributor to European peace. At the same time, however, Il Duce himself does not neglect his own German card. To assure Italy a guaranteed part in the affairs of Europe Mussolini holds fast to his beloved four-power pact, which would shelve the League, give Germany a free hand in the East, and exalt the revisionism of Rome and Berlin. How they could recarve the map without also cutting each other's throats is a minor mystery.

While the battlefield is thus being laid out for the struggle of the imperial colossi, the immediate problem is sanctions. Is it a feature of Britain's scheme to prolong this slow leech-like process of sucking Italy dry of gold so as to paralyze Roman efforts in Africa and Europe? In five months, experts aver, Italy's gold and foreign-currency assets will be gone. Let us say they err by three or four months. But obviously if Italy cannot export while it can

and does import it must reach bottom some day. It is not a rich country. It seems inconceivable to Italians that sanctions will be prolonged after their Abyssinian victory is complete. Then, to replenish their emptied coffers—later, perhaps, to exploit Abyssinia economically—they will receive a loan from France. They have already asked for this loan. French bankers, I am told on very good authority, thereupon consulted the London City, which smiled and whispered that Italy was a bad investment. Italians nevertheless hope. Surely France would rather lose some money than a potential ally against Germany.

Sanctions, Rome thinks, will make Italy economically self-sufficient. Edmondo Rossoni, Minister of Agriculture and Forests, showed me many samples of substitute textiles. They looked all right, but who can tell how long they will last or what a rain would do to them. On the streets one sees everywhere a poster showing a turkey and a rabbit eating leaves of lettuce which form the letters of the word "Sanctions." Turkey and rabbit, then, are expected to provide Italy with new food resources. I am rather ignorant about turkeys, but I do know that rabbits are anti-Bolshevik. During the first Five-Year Plan the Russians started breeding rabbits to make up for the heavy losses of livestock caused by mistaken collectivization methods. Posters showed how two rabbits soon became eight, and eight sixty-four, and before long they would replenish the Soviet earth. But it transpired that they refused to breed in Five-Year Plan tempo. Maybe rabbits are also anti-Fascist.

Undoubtedly the tendency toward autarchy now forced upon Italy by sanctions will liberate it from a certain amount of dependence on foreign supply; the human mind is resourceful. But these means are costly and insufficient, and they are no solution. Certain well-known concomitants of inflation are already manifest in Italy. Industrial output is up. There is consequently more money in circulation. But the armament industries are turning out lethal weapons at the expense of consumption goods. There may soon be a plethora of lire and a shortage of commodities. A flight from the lira is noticeable now.

Inflation in itself may be good or bad depending on many factors. In Italy it is likely to aggravate a situation which antedated the Abyssinian war and perhaps caused it. For this reason, probably, Rossoni, who refused to agree with me in December that a thoroughgoing land reform might have obviated the war, now tells me that a land reform is soon to be effected. What kind he did not say. The war, it seems clear, will not relieve Italian national economy, will indeed encumber it and therefore hasten the changes it was designed to avert.

Fascists claim that revolution is proceeding under our very eyes. "Bolsheviks, Socialists?" a Cabinet minister exclaimed. "Why, they are all reactionaries. The Bolsheviks have made their peace with capitalism. We are the real revolutionaries."

"Are you anti-capitalist?" I asked.

"We are not anti-capitalist," he replied. "We are anti-capitalism."

"What does that mean?" I demanded.

I had my pencil point on the paper and wrote down his

answer verbatim. "We will change the name of the capitalist and call him *Führer* as in Germany. We are like the Nazis in this matter." Nor could I get from him any clearer definition of the corporative state. He merely hinted at a reduced standard of living. "Italians," he declared, "don't need much. They are not like you." "I agree with the Catholics," he continued, "that you cannot have happiness on earth. Our synthetic cloth is not fine, but only half a million of our 44,000,000 inhabitants must have fine things."

Nevertheless, one must be fair to the Fascists. Many of them are sincerely convinced that they will establish a Socialist Italy. "A socialism with white gloves," one of them described it. The very people who suppress the Communists and Socialists affirm that they will themselves carry out the ideas of their victims. Or are the ideas different? Some capitalists, especially bankers, are subject to rigid control. "I cannot telephone to Paris without government permission," one complained. The long economic depression and the exigencies of war have weakened capitalism's resistance, and it cannot easily cope with an omnipotent, strident state. By helping semi-bankrupt enterprises the government has wriggled itself into a sort of partnership with many firms. But I have yet to hear of an industrialist or merchant or landlord who has lost his property. And this is the acid test.

Meanwhile Mussolini, with the precision that so characterizes this great statesman, has outlined exactly what he does and what he does not propose to do in the field of economics. "Fundamentally," Il Duce said, "this 'Plan of Economic Construction' is based on the assumption of an

inevitable situation which will force this country into a war." When and why he would not disclose. Nevertheless, "the Fascist regime has no intention of nationalizing or, what is worse, bureaucratizing the entire economy of the nation. It will content itself with the control and regulation of the economy by means of the corporations." Concretely, "farming retains its private capitalistic character." Foreign trade will become "a direct or indirect function of the state," but domestic commerce "will not seriously change its physiognomy." Credit, that is, banking, has been "placed under the direct control of the state." Private artisans will not be interfered with; they will receive government aid. "Small and medium industries will continue in the orbit of individual initiative and responsibility, but be guided, thanks to corporative self-discipline, into national and social channels." On the other hand, "heavy industries, working directly or indirectly for national defense," would suffer nationalization. Mussolini explained why. "They have only one customer—the state." He said nothing about compensation or even about expropriation. Indeed, ownership may actually not be transferred. The state will "participate" in these giant munitions companies. "In some branches this may take the form of direct, elsewhere of indirect, management. In other branches it may take the form of effective control." All this would be accomplished "without haste, calmly, but with Fascist determination."

These innovations are far-reaching. It will be interesting to watch their actual operation. But anyone who has ever seen a Socialist country knows that it is still a far cry from Italian fascism to socialism.



MISSED THE BUS.

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

"WHILE Millions Cheer," Mussolini announces his victory. He has, he declares, conquered Ethiopia. Never was there a greater error. True, he has occupied Ethiopia, ravaged the country, bombed its cities, killed men, women, and children. He has burned out their lungs with his poison gas, destroyed them in their hospitals, tortured or murdered them wherever he could, whether they were in arms or not. Now he thinks he has triumphed and triumphantly tells the world his sadism is quenched, his blood-lust satisfied, his eagerness to rob and plunder assuaged, and his colonial ambitions achieved. He will look, he says, neither to Palestine nor to Egypt to murder and kill some more. Italy is now among "the satisfied powers." "We Italians," he tells the press, "belong no more to the dissatisfied proletariat." The victory "brings us to the other side of the barricade." His countrymen are no longer of the "have-nots"; they are of the "haves."

Vain, foolish, stupid man! Victor? No, vanquished. Vanquished by every count in the court of honor, of morals, of human decency. Today and for as long as history is written and men turn its pages the record will be there of Italy's shame and disgrace. Nothing can expunge it—no railroads, no brilliant feats of engineering, no Roman highways, no palatial hostels, no great public buildings, not even tens of thousands of contented Italian settlers or a large profit on the country's operation and exports. There are still some things no money and no success can atone for and no triumph erase. Chaotic as the world is, misled and betrayed as the peoples are by their leaders, there is still a majority of human beings who know that might does not make right, that the rapist, the robber, and the murderer, whether individuals or nations, are to be neither condoned nor admired but remain the enemies of society and of mankind. Victory? Why, the cost to Mussolini is just begun.

So has the cost to the rest of the world just begun. At this writing it is hardly thinkable that the League of Nations may rescue itself, or that the badly shattered British prestige may be restored. Both of these collapses are fraught with the most serious consequences to the rest of the world. If anyone has any doubt of that, let him read the rejoicings in Berlin that collective security has broken down. The very encouragement that Mussolini has given to Hitler may in turn cost him extremely dear, for when you are a dictator the hand that is for you one day is as readily against you the next. Mussolini's successful defiance of the League will embolden Hitler whenever he glances at Austria, and beyond Austria at the Italian Tyrol with its unhappy subjugated inhabitants of the oldest Germanic stock in Europe. Nor can anyone yet measure the effect

upon the colored races everywhere of the smashing of the sole surviving independent country on the continent of Africa. It may not manifest itself openly for years, but wherever there are men of dark skins the sense of outrage and betrayal is intense. That glorious victory in Ethiopia is bound to have repercussions not only in Africa but in India and China as well. It does not suffice to reply that this sort of wickedness has gone on before and that white supremacy has not suffered. These are different times. There is a more alert world conscience and world public opinion than ever before—which is why Mussolini's excuse, that he was doing no more in Ethiopia than England had done all over the globe, availed him not at all—and there is a greater stirring among the colored peoples everywhere than has been recorded since the powerful nations undertook to supply their economic needs at the expense of the backward.

Victory? On the contrary it is another nail in the coffin of the whole colonial system of which Mussolini now believes Italy to be a permanent and triumphant part. There are economic inequalities in the world; it is unjust and wrong that some nations should profit because they hold lands in which nature has been especially bounteous with its gifts. But the way to deal with those inequalities, now so often referred to as the real "causes of war," is not by stealing others' land but by promptly working out a system by which, just as during the World War, the natural resources of the world will be pooled and distributed, not to the profit of imperialistic conquerors but to the just and equal benefit of all peoples. Victory? If to set one large section of humanity against another, if to inflame millions with the thought of vengeance, if to destroy men's faith that there is justice on earth and a just Providence above supervising human affairs, spells victory, why a few more such and the whole complexion of the world will change. What it all means is that Europe is in the grip of a tremendous revolution and that the Italian victory sends it farther along a path which the nations have never trod before.

This may be for the future. Today the simple fact is that outside of Italy Italian prestige has never stood so low. The flag of Italy has not been glorified or sanctified by the effectiveness of its planes, its tanks, its poison gas. It has been dragged in the mire. Wherever it flies there are black stains upon it which will never be eradicated. Whenever it is shown among men and women who reverence honor and decency, justice and the brotherhood of man, it will appear as a symbol of wickedness, of the wholesale slaughter of innocent and unoffending people, whose sole fault was that they were weak and possessed much territory.

BROUN'S PAGE

THE judges who functioned at Churchill Downs are not like their distant cousins of the Supreme Court in Washington. The stewards of the might and majesty of old Kentucky are loose constructionists. They allowed the number of Bold Venture to go up as winner of the Derby and permitted it to stand as official. A wreath of roses was hung around the neck of little Ira Hanford, and it was not until he returned to the jockeys' room that he learned he had been set down for fifteen days "for rough riding in the sixth race."

Still it was something like the ruling of the high bench in the gold-purchase case. After the manner of Chief Justice Hughes and his friends, the stewards said, "It would make too much of a mess to change the result, but don't do it again." Ira Hanford is the first apprentice ever to win the Kentucky Derby, and if rough riding helped him to gain the most coveted prize the American turf affords he is hardly likely to sulk over a fifteen days' suspension. Nor is it likely to prove an awful lesson. Indeed, when friends asked the youngster what he would do with his fifteen days of enforced idleness he answered, "I guess I'll just hang around the stable and feed sugar to that horse."

The judges were right, I think, in rendering an illogical decision. It was a verdict based upon circumstance and upon emotional need. The nine old men ought to make an annual pilgrimage to the Kentucky Derby, and Chief Justice Hughes might learn much if he could arrange to get himself invited to watch the race from the judges' stand. As the horses flash by at the end of the long stretch, those in authority must decide the false and true without the benefit of hesitation. These judges cannot say "perhaps," "maybe," or "we lack jurisdiction." When they have spoken there should be only one interpretation.

Fourteen horses went to the post, but twelve were beaten off and just two came roaring down the stretch together. And in that duel it was Hanford against Wayne Wright. No writer of popular fiction could have more perfectly arranged the circumstances. Hanford will not be a full-fledged jockey until July 25. In handicaps he still gets his "bug" allowance of five pounds because he is an "inexperienced" or apprentice jockey. Wayne Wright is generally regarded as the roughest and the most successful of American riders.

But it was the boy with the "bug" who put up the better finish. His horse was on the rail and yet he purposely bore out a little because Wright whips with his left hand and Hanford wished to cramp him. At the head of the stretch both went to the bat, but in the last sixteenth the apprentice gave Bold Venture only a hand ride. The photographs show the horses heads apart at the finish line, but when Hanford spoke over the microphone just after the race he said that it didn't seem to him to be so very close. "I knew I had plenty of horse left under me," he confided.

Hanford's brother Buddy was killed in a race at Pimlico

a few years ago, and he himself was banged against the rail in Maryland two weeks before the Derby and rode with a wrenched knee. But he gave the horse so aptly named Bold Venture a swaggering ride from start to finish, and when they asked him, "Was this the first Derby you ever won?" he answered, "Sure, it's the first I ever rode in."

Horses, so I am told, are stupid, but Maxie Hirsch, the trainer, does not go entirely on that principle. I first met Bold Venture about half-past five one morning at Saratoga. Hirsch was schooling him in the uses of a starting gate. Bold Venture insisted upon kicking at the padded sides of the stall and rearing up on his hind legs. Maxie walked to the horse's head but he never touched the bridle. He began to talk to Bold Venture with great earnestness. With complete unconsciousness he said, "What's the matter with you? You're two years old; haven't you got any sense at all?"

It would be an exaggeration, although I wouldn't put it past him, to say that Bold Venture hung his head in shame. But he did stop prancing. Hirsch walked ten or twelve feet away from the stall gate and said, "Now come out slowly." The horse walked to him almost like a pretty well-trained dog. "Now go back," said Hirsch, "back into the stall," and he waved at him with one hand. Bold Venture backed into his stall.

You could have knocked me over with a selling plater. I had an uneasy feeling that I was watching black magic and that if Hirsch had said, "Go over to my cottage and chew Walter Lippmann's column out of the paper," the horse would have gladly done so. And that would have been unfortunate because I do not think the average Lippmann column would agree with a horse called Bold Venture. Coldstream, which finished fourth, perhaps could take it.

Racing has been called the sport of kings, but I think it's too good for them, and I am told that they have horse races in the Soviet Union. I'm glad to hear that because it is too fine a sport to be dropped the minute the revolution comes. Maybe the Russians would think some of our Derby customs are funny. For instance, after Bold Venture had won, a very pleasant man named Morton L. Schwartz went up into the judges' stand and received a gold cup. Until then Mr. Schwartz had taken no part in the race. He is merely the owner who pays for the oats.

Still, that would make a pretty deep impression on Chief Justice Hughes and his friends now that I have them up there in the judges' stand. Whatever are they doing there? Why now I remember. I always knew I had something against Charles Evans Hughes in addition to his Supreme Court decisions. It all comes back to me. He was the man who undertook to kill racing more than twenty years ago. Seventy thousand people saw the Derby.

HEYWOOD BROWN

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

127,000,000 POETS, or THE MUSE'S GUINEA PIGS

BY BEN BELITT

IT HAS never been determined whether Plato denied the poets a place in his Republic because he distrusted them as citizens, or because, being a poet himself, he foresaw that they would one day feel the need of getting their verses into print. Either predicament is distressing, but the latter alone is insoluble. The state is, in theory at least, capable of restraining its undesirable citizens, but it has so far failed to devise any punitive or persuasive means of curtailing its undesirable poets. We are, according to the best statistical advices, a nation of poets. Only a few years ago John Masefield, during one of his infrequent visits to this country, was moved to remark that here in America we were all either reading verse or writing it. What Mr. Masefield failed to notice was the matter of proportion: if, for example, one half would content itself with reading and the other half with writing, we should be well in sight of the realms of gold. The source of discomfiture lies in the fact that America's 127,000,000 poets are demanding representation all at once.

The situation is not without its political hazards. Should the poets, as some have suggested, see fit to draw up an ultimatum for equal rights under the Constitution as artists as well as citizens, they would have nothing to lose but their end-rhymes. Happily, this trying eventuality has for the moment been averted by certain of our more public-spirited publishers—about whom more later—who have seen the extraordinary good sense of providing for all poets, of whatever race, creed, years, or party persuasion, equal opportunity of appearing between boards. Their medium is the anthology, or, in the more fashionable parlance, the omnibus, in which the occupant generally pays as he enters and is, as the phrase goes, taken for a ride.

Such anthologies are by no means indigenous American institutions. Laura Riding and Robert Graves published in 1928 a joint and seemingly definitive "Pamphlet Against Anthologies," in which the technique of such enterprises in England as well as America was considered from every conceivable angle. The subscription anthology, about which we are here concerned, is cited somewhat casually under Section VIII, Anthologies and the Living Poet; "It is," remark the authors, "a simple, money-making matter, cleverly exploiting the inexperience and ambition of young and old fools of both sexes who have read too many anthologies and are thrilled at any prospect of seeing their own work in print." There follows a helpful study of the gestation of such anthologies, which differs not at all from that customary in our own country. The important word, however, and the trade epithet by which publishers of this

order have come to be designated in America, has been curiously overlooked. The word is not, as the authors seem to believe, "inexperience," for the same names fill the same anthologies yearly, nor is it "ambition," since they must all come to understand, eventually, the futility of their position; it is *vanity*.

The word is indispensable, since it connotes at once an explanation, a technique, and a certainty of benefits to come. It supplies the victim, suggests the approach, pays the bills, and furnishes the publisher with the only weapon which he may with certainty count upon. The Adastra Publications, for example, will cordially invite a long roster of versifying housewives "to participate in the Adastra Poetry Prize Awards Contest": \$400 in prizes is to be given away, including \$50 in cash, \$200 of "autographed poetical works" by assorted anonymities, and oil paintings by one Miss Brown. The contest, by the cheerful admission of the publishers, "is sponsored to secure additional meritorious material for inclusion in 'Calliope's Gifts,' a distinctive volume containing the work of prominent contemporary poets"; and, most significantly, "contestants are not obligated to purchase." There remains for the publisher, thus, a single constant in the midst of all these variables—the factor of vanity, which is, fortunately, sufficient for his purposes and will, as usual, supply the victim, suggest the approach, and market the volume as certainly as it attracted the contributor.

Henry Harrison, among practicing anthology-makers today, is easily the most prosperous figure, though it may be invidious to exclude entirely lesser competitors like the Galleon Press. The latter institution, however, anthologizes only once yearly—as far as the writer has been able to discover—and is thus relatively negligible. Mr. Harrison, on the other hand, has made a career of anthologizing, and further outdoes himself by issuing from time to time, in vertiginous succession, first volumes by such figures as Ruby Archer Gray, Vivian Yeiser Laramore, Mary Edgar Comstock, Edith L. Fraser, and Katharine Carasso (aged twelve). His role, thus, is properly that of absentee landlord rather than anthologist, and in this capacity he has been making, among other things, much history.

His most recent and ambitious volume, edited under the aegis of one Tooni Gordi, has been a compilation of the 1,311 chief "Contemporary American Women Poets," published recently after seventeen months "in preparation," with an "advance sale" of over 2,000 copies. A monument of editorial resourcefulness, it supersedes all previous ventures in the field by its stern prosecution of

an ideal which Miss Gordi, for want of a gainfuller word, has let pass as "comprehensiveness," "inclusiveness." Miss Gordi is at some pains to explain that "our conception of a comprehensive anthology is to present, *with the design of inclusiveness*, the established and widely publicized poets, but primarily to make known the work of the newer, fresher, and less heard voices"; several, we learn, have "barely passed childhood" and certain of the "less heard voices" are making their "first flight into print through this volume." Page follows page, each marshaling two columns of type and each bursting with a plethora of sonnets, couplets, quatrains, blank verse, free verse, and prose proper. We have, for example, one votarist singing "western Utah's barren lands, By far Nevada's desert sands," and another whose "gypsy blood is restless, When summer's in the air," another who holds, "There ain't no poetry Like these middlin' hills," and a fourth who queries brightly, "Well, Doctah, how's you-all? I's feelin' mighty fine"; we have Browns, Taylors, Smiths, Joneses—but no Does. The Smiths, it should be put on record, outnumber the Joneses by a nine-to-five ratio.

The more redoubtable names, like Edna Millay, Louise Bogan, Marianne Moore, and others whose presence in such a volume is equally unaccountable are to be found only after the most exhausting scrutiny of a table of contents which falls nothing short of a telephone directory in "inclusiveness." We assume, since we are informed that no payment could be made for "acceptable manuscripts," that each of these poets has Mr. Harrison to thank for the opportunity of appearing side by side with the Misses Birdie Z. Morgan, Berenice B. Beggs, and Lulu E. McNab, the "fresher and less heard voices." And Mr. Harrison, whirling the vacuum of his anthology about the centrifugal pull of the more "widely publicized" names, doubtless has similar cause for gratitude.

It is, in the end, a patriotic duty which anthologists of this sort are accomplishing, hewn to the large democratic line of American life itself. From Maine to California, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, Mr. Harrison is canvassing the terrain state by state, scattering anthologies as he goes and celebrating in countless individual volumes, the flora and fauna, the fish, flesh, fowl, and good red herrings of the nation. His latest project, a companion volume to "Contemporary American Woman Poets" in which the 1,311 gentlemen poets of America will have their say, is to be edited by one Thomas Del Vecchio, whose first volume Mr. Harrison promises to issue along with "Contemporary American Men Poets." "The opportunity of little-known but gifted poets to achieve *immediate distinction* in this anthology is," Mr. Harrison feels, "inspiring and unequaled." He is likewise convinced that "the desirability of a companion volume" is both "obvious and inevitable." It is all of that. And it is no less inevitable that, having dispensed with the men and women severally, he will promptly move on to the infants, and eventually come to feel the desirability of another companion volume, a "U. S. Anthology" in which America's 127,000,000 poets will all "achieve immediate distinction" simultaneously. Then, until the appearance of "U. S. Anthology: Series Two," we may have a respite from anthologies.

BOOKS

Mr. Hearst's Linen

IMPERIAL HEARST. By Ferdinand Lundberg. New York: Equinox Cooperative Press. \$2.75.

HEARST: LORD OF SAN SIMEON. By Oliver Carlson and Ernest Sutherland Bates. The Viking Press. \$3.

IN New York City the other day the American Newspaper Publishers' Association devoted its reunion to the customary fetish rites and the annual obscene dance of the dead cats which it worships in the name of freedom of the press. The convention shouted bloody murder over the Black Senatorial committee's "prying" into Mr. Hearst's telegram to his editors, but not a sound, not an echo was heard of the Hearst organization's prying activities which drove the Lindbergh family out of America. For days attacks on individuals, groups, and organizations held hostile to the publishers—or their profits—filled the assembly halls, but all the publishers stuffed their noble ears against references to the violation of other peoples' rights by their paid—and underpaid—employees, and the association refused as usual to subject itself to the healing surgical weapon which it claims is the guardian of all that is fine in American social and political life—namely, criticism. The first enemy of a free press was never mentioned.

Only one faint voice disturbed the united singing of hymns of hate and paeans of self-praise. In between free-press resolutions and the report of the strike-breaking committee, which clearly again revealed the united publishers of America strongly biased against labor, Mr. Sulzberger of the *New York Times* declared that there was an easy assumption on the part of some publishers that they enjoyed certain privileges and immunities not vouchsafed to other citizens. He would not say that this indictment was valid, but he noted that a challenge was being made.

If Mr. Sulzberger is unaware that two publishers named Tammen and Bonfils committed a million-dollar blackmail with impunity, and that his own newspaper never retracted or apologized for the injustice done Bob La Follette, and that American publishers have committed ten thousand breaches of ethics if not of the peace, let him at least read the history of George Hearst and his melodramatic son, William Randolph, in these two new books, and he will not question the validity of his half-hearted indictment against "some publishers." These books constitute the most sensational indictment against a living American in our time.

Although many newspapermen will find things they already know repeated, and although there is a duplication of material of almost 50 per cent—with, however, different emphasis and interpretation—I am sure that the profession as well as the laity will be profoundly shocked and intensely interested by the almost unparalleled history of intrigue and hypocrisy which the two volumes relate. Mr. Lundberg scoops Messrs. Carlson and Bates in the chapter on the origins and significance of Chicago gang warfare, for me the most sensational of all the disclosures. As an employee of Mr. Hearst's rival I heard years ago of the notorious newspaper war, but only now do I learn from Mr. Lundberg that the fathers of modern racketeering, the sponsors of present-day gang warfare, were none other than the two rival publishers of Chicago. Mr. Lundberg tells how the first gangsters were employed, he describes the gun

Detailed • Explicit • Scientifically Accurate

SOLD ONLY TO PHYSICIANS OR UPON
A PHYSICIAN'S PRESCRIPTION**PARENTHOOD***Design or Accident?*

A MANUAL OF

BIRTH CONTROL

By Michael Fielding, M.D.

Detailed • Explicit • Scientifically Accurate

PREFACE by H. G. WELLS

130,000 Copies Sold in England

At a time when so much pseudo-science upon the subject of birth control is being foisted upon the public, this book, by a recognized British authority, and highly endorsed by the medical profession here and abroad, is trebly valuable.

The leading medical publication of this country (The JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION) comments as follows on this volume:

CONTENTS

The Meaning of Birth Control
The Sociological Factor
The General Principles of Contraception
Methods of Contraception
Methods of the Future
Objections to Birth Control
The Propaganda of Birth Control
Birth-Control Clinics
The Birth-Control International Information Centre
O.K. Theory: A Survey of Fact and Fancy
Names and Addresses of Manufacturers and Retailers of Contraceptives
List of Birth-Control Clinics in the United States
Glossary
List of Books for Further Reading
Index

ILLUSTRATIONS

Female Organs of Generation (Fig. 1)
Female Organs of Generation (Fig. 2)
Foaming Jelly Double Tube with Bakelite Nozzle
"Dutch" Pessary
Cervical Cap
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battles in the streets, the murder of innocent bystanders as well as opposition gorillas, he gives the complete history of Colonel McCormick's two Annenbergs, now respectable millionaires who contribute to worthy charities, and he concludes a narrative of bloodshed and violence by alleging that Dion O'Bannion, at one time second to Al Capone in the criminal hall of infamy, was actually a Hearst employee.

Sufficient unto each book are the sensations therein: Mr. Lundberg announces he will omit references to his subject's private life, whereas Messrs. Carlson and Bates—rightly it seems to me—declare it, too, "will be treated frankly in the following pages in so far as it has affected his public life, his reputation, and his general development." The Carlson-Bates counter-scoop is especially interesting because it proves one thing definitely—that whereas no layman can protect his private life from the prying of the yellow press he can obtain complete privacy, no matter how "newsworthy" his actions, by becoming the publisher of a newspaper. It is the unwritten law of publishers that they may wash all the dirty linen of the world, including that of King Carol and Magda Lupescu—but exempt that of their own colleagues. (Freedom of the press?) The Hearst linen is pretty well displayed here.

It would take about five times the space I have to report adequately on these two volumes, and I cannot even list the most important episodes. The authors begin with a gaudy, rowdy picture of California in '49, they show George Hearst as the typical robber baron, they tell the story of yellow journalism, the Hearst part in the Spanish-American War, pro-Germanism in 1914, the Mexican forgeries of 1927, the Hitler episode of the other day, the present red-baiting campaign; they cover the political campaigns and analyze the Hearst business empire, but rarely if ever do they say a kind word for the common hero. "This is not to say that Hearst possesses no virtues," declares Professor Beard in the introduction to the Lundberg volume; "Nero and Caligula had virtues." Carlson and Bates attempt a psychological as well as social interpretation—which they share with Lundberg—finding megalomania, a Messianic complex, an overcompensation for inferiority, a tendency toward split personality. Each book has its faults of omission—they sometimes contradict each other, once in the spelling of names—but it would be foolish of me to enlarge on mistakes or make odious comparisons as it is my main intention to drive readers into the bookshops to buy both.

Significantly, the life of the subject is written with the keynote of death. Messrs. Carlson and Bates open with the line, "Before William Randolph Hearst shall pass into the limbo of forgotten things," and conclude with the epitaph, "Unknowingly all his life he has worked on behalf of death—the death of personal integrity, the death of decent journalism, the death of honest patriotism—and now ultimately death will take its own." Professor Beard's preface has Hearst standing "within the shadow that in due course enshrouds all mortals," and Mr. Lundberg's last paragraph recalls Hearst's age as seventy-three. Again both books have one conclusion in common: they agree that Hearst is the greatest enemy of a free press in America and that he is first among America's fascist menaces. In this agreement they will probably find all their readers also. But Mr. Hearst has arrived at his proper position—pretender to the throne of an American dictatorship—a little too late. Uppermost in his mind, as in those of his associate, Paul Block, his attorney, James Francis Neylan, and other candidates for the Hearst political inheritance, must be that one dread word which must never be mentioned in the presence of the lord of San Simeon—death. Life has played Mr. Hearst a very dirty trick.

GEORGE SELDES

A Buddha of the Bayous

STRANGE GLORY. By L. H. Myers. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.

THIS book bears only a superficial resemblance to the series of novels which Mr. Myers is writing about a group of people in sixteenth-century India. The first three members of that series were collected last summer into a volume which made Mr. Myers seem suddenly to have become one of the best of contemporary novelists. And he still is that, for "The Root and the Flower" has lost nothing by the passage of the months. But "Strange Glory" will have no such life, and perhaps it should never have lived at all. It is "written" well, since Mr. Myers cannot be ungraceful; and it goes through the motions of being philosophical fiction. The resemblance ends there.

The reason for the failure of "Strange Glory" can scarcely be that Mr. Myers knows little or nothing about modern Louisiana, where the story is set. What could he "know" about sixteenth-century India? Yet it is true that even the landscape of "The Root and the Flower" lives on in a reader's imagination, as certain apparently irrelevant properties of a first-rate novel are likely to do; lives on, promising to produce out of itself, with or without Mr. Myers's help, any number of new human situations of the sort that have distinguished the narrative thus far. When a novel is alive it is perhaps all alive. At any rate my own memory of Mr. Myers's forests and plains and cities starts his people moving among them, entangling themselves in crises which are entirely natural to the scene. The scene of "Strange Glory" has no such power, nor have its people any such reality. And this, as I have said, can scarcely be accounted for on the theory that Mr. Myers has never lived in Louisiana, let alone the United States. For all I know he has spent more time in New Orleans than he has in London. It is merely that his imagination has failed to settle there; the result being that his people do not live there either, and that the metaphysics they talk is as thin as commercial buttermilk.

The paradox about philosophical fiction is that it cannot succeed without a great deal of body. There must be not only length; there must be a large, bony frame of events, there must be a veritable landscape, a palpable atmosphere. And there must be a horde of people. There must be something, in other words, for the mind to think about—a universe sufficient to carry the author's ideas if he is so fortunate as to have any in the form proper to fiction. He will have written his novel, indeed, in order to express his ideas, which could not have been expressed in any other way and which even now cannot be extracted from it for the same reason that the mind cannot be extracted from the body.

As the mind can be said to express the body, so the particulars of a novel—and only the particulars—contain its meaning. The meaning of "The Root and the Flower" was contained no less in the temperaments of its people than in their conversations, no less in the accidents than in the substance. And the India of the book was swarming with life—life capable of continuance no matter what one of the heroes thought or said about it. It is a far fall, then, to this attenuated bayou-land where Wentworth the Englishman lives in his little shack and ruminates about the earth-spirit. He has little glades where he goes to brood, and there is a log on which he sits while he stares uncommunicatively at the heroine, Paulina. But his thoughts, like hers and like those of Stephen the Communist, are pallid from disconnection with any sensible world. They are wilted flowers in a vase which no one has supplied with

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water; nor could these bayous have furnished the water, since their dampness is purely literary. Here is the flower without the root, here are ideas without being.

The ideas sound particularly silly in their modern setting, such as it is. Mr. Myers is enough of a twentieth-century Englishman to want to make his people, most of whom are fellow-countrymen in exile, speak the clipped and savorless speech of their spent kind. So they say less than they mean; murmur with small mouths; understate most gallantly, most nobly. But then the time arrives for them to be mystics, or for Wentworth at any rate to suggest the eternal presence of earth's mind. The theme calls for trumpets, for woodwinds, for bells. And what do we hear? Mere lips, mere teeth, intelligently clipping sound.

MARK VAN DOREN

"Above the Average"

ANTONY (VISCOUNT KNEBWORTH): A RECORD OF YOUTH. By His Father the Earl of Lytton. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.

"KNEBBY," the boxing peer, had most of the qualifications of a candidate for the role of a twentieth-century Sir Philip Sidney. He excelled in all games and sports; his promise was cut short by accidental death; and his life, like Sidney's, provides an unusually revealing social document. There is a certain embarrassment in reading the early letters from Eton, intimate and self-satisfied letters such as most men have written and few would care to see published. But Antony soon tired of exploring the pleasures of the fortunate world into which he was born, and felt vague stirrings of self-justification. Enthralled as he was by Napoleon and Henry V and Mark Antony, "a fine ordinary man, above the average," he wondered, "Is it wrong to win? To try to win? . . . I've got well out of my depth, but I do wish I could be a little less selfish."

These letters illustrate better than anything I have read the upper-class Englishman's terror of being thought serious, his tendency to scurry away to a periphery of games and pastimes until at length huntin', fishin', and shootin' no longer provide a satisfying substitute for thinkin' and doin', and in the resulting confusion his first struggles to come to terms with the world lead to an impatient and immature fascism. Much is revealed in the photographs of Lord Knebworth: the good looks at the time when, with the supreme egoism of boyhood, he busied himself in naively hedonistic pursuits; the slow change from his coming-of-age until his death nearly nine years later. In the year of his majority he wrote: "My face is happy, my jaw large, my forehead negligible, and my hands too large to hold a pen." His forehead was of course anything but negligible. The quality of his Oxford letters and a real distinction of style in the later papers would be sufficient, by themselves, to disprove that. The significance is that he preferred to think it true—it was, in short, good form. "Everything being dandy's what I like," he had written. That was an approved attitude, and led to such statements as "I dislike work so intensely that everything which appears to be connected with it, such as theory, is damned." His short and brilliant career contradicted the words as it underlined the spirit.

A similar mental maladjustment occurred when, as a young National M.P. should, he indulged in political speculations. While still an undergraduate he had tried "to look at everything in a Tory light," and his first nibblings at the forbidden fruit of knowledge were inevitably timid: "Daddy is a free trader and free trade sounds so wonderful." At the age of

twenty-one he wrote: "I adore Ramsay MacDonald, but . . . I hate the Bolsheviks and trade unions and all such things." There is reason to suspect that his anti-labor animus was a result less of conviction than of force of habit, and that when later as parliamentary private secretary at the War Office he discovered that "the whole doctrine of liberalism which has pervaded and ruled the world since the Renaissance has been one ghastly futile blunder," it was partly due to circumstance that he chose the fascist path, forsaking the High Whiggery of the Lyttons to become a neo-Tory. From being "confused, bewildered, and hopeless" about politics, he passed to the reluctant conclusion that "I shall yet have to be the one to save England," since "there can only be justice and freedom where there is strength and determination."

His prowess had always been physical; it was on the rugged field and the ski slope and in the boxing ring that he won laurels and found fullest expression as a boy and youth. Finally, turning back to the world of action for comfort and self-expression after his headlong struggles in the world of ideas, he found joy in the air. To his mother he wrote that flying "will take an edge off my delight," and a few months before his fatal accident he wrote to a friend, "I wish you were in the Air Force too. It is all that is fun now." It is oddly significant that the airman is the symbol of Auden and company at the other end of politics, when, for their part also, they seek salvation in action. Reacting from the intellectual life, they too might have written, "I feel it is good to be alive, and the sheer taste of fresh air is a grand thing in itself." A visit to this country might have provided Lord Knebworth with a more educational relief from himself ("I have a perfect passion for the Americans—they are such scrumptious people"). Unhappily, to speculate on the effects of a study of the American scene is now fruitless. Many readers of Lord Lytton's "record of youth" will be reminded of Marlowe's line: "Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight." For throughout the letters there are evidences of an integrity strong enough to translate itself into action if intelligence should have informed sympathy, making possible a more generous view of life and its problems.

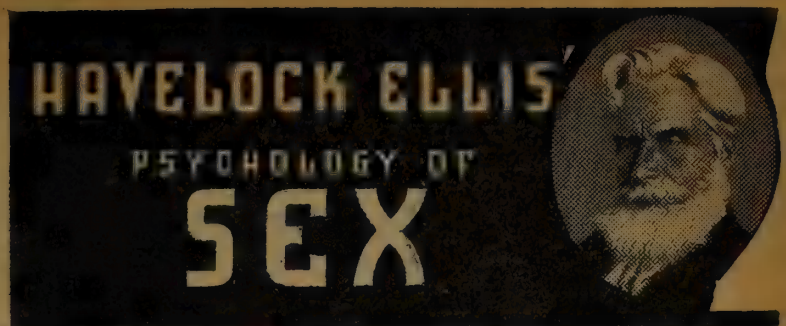
S. GORLEY PUTT

Ethereal Politics

THREE GODS GIVE AN EVENING TO POLITICS. By Richard Rothschild. Random House. \$1.50.

THE author of this book could not have made a happier choice in selecting Socrates, Jefferson, and Lenin as protagonists in these imaginary conversations. Jefferson appears in the role of a defender of modern industrial capitalism, Lenin as an experimental humanist, and Socrates as a neo-Hegelian idealist. That the portraits of these thinkers are not altogether drawn in historical character, the author readily admits. Nor does it hinder the progress of the political argument—whatever there is of one. Unfortunately Mr. Rothschild is not so much concerned with the confrontation and development of clear-cut political views as he is with the exposition of a peculiar system of metaphysical idealism according to which man must seek fulfilment in the "Absolute, the organism of all organisms." Just when the reader's interest has been whetted by the introductory dialogues, which are not lacking in persuasiveness and grace, Mr. Rothschild loses himself in disquisitions upon destiny, cosmic society, and the morphology of pleasure.

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established between metaphysical theories and political conclusions. This the author fails to do. And in his case the task of showing the relevance of metaphysics to politics is all the more imperative because many thinkers who have subscribed to the generic type of idealism embraced by Mr. Rothschild hold political views quite at variance with his own. Conversely, many who agree with the glimpses Mr. Rothschild presents of his political philosophy would reject his metaphysical utterances as either meaningless or quite definitely false. Many wise sayings flash through the pages of this book, but not one of them depends upon the setting in which it is found.

It is a pity that Mr. Rothschild saw fit to ride his metaphysical hobby horses in these dialogues, especially since he has given them full rein in other writings. He would have been more faithful to the title of the book if he had permitted his sensitive intelligence to play upon the important problems involved in accepting both economic collectivism and the values of individuality, personality, and freedom of intellectual inquiry. It is not enough these days for a writer to proclaim his allegiance to collectivism. The existence of collectivists whose conception of the life of mind suggests the cultural monism of the totalitarian state makes it necessary to state what kind of collectivism is meant. Is it to be a collectivism in which democratic processes of control exist? Or is it to be a collectivism administered by a dictatorship of a minority political party? Is the relative autonomy of art, science, and philosophy to be respected? Or is everything to be retarded as a matter of politics and settled by instruments of political coercion? We cannot begin soon enough to make the necessary distinctions between the various kinds of collectivism—not only in the interests of intellectual clarity but because the battles of tomorrow will in all probability be fought around the issues they raise. These problems would have been worthy of Mr. Rothschild's historical protagonists. Perhaps some day he will return to them without the irrelevant metaphysical metaphors.

SIDNEY HOOK

The Spirit of China

MIRROR OF CHINA. By Louis Laloy. Translated by Catherine A. Phillips. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.75.

FRENCH interest in the Orient is of very long standing. More than two hundred years ago the Jesuit missionaries began learning the Chinese language and culture with greater enthusiasm than they were to show in teaching Christianity. The opening New Year of the eighteenth century at the French court was celebrated with Chinese festivities. As far back as 1815 the Collège de France had a Chinese chair, occupied by Abel Rémusat, long before any other European university had anything similar to offer. Rémusat translated as "The Two Cousins" a Chinese novel called "Ju Kiao Li" and delighted Leigh Hunt, Thomas Carlyle, and John Stirling. Théophile Gautier thought Chinese the most important language in the world and secured a native tutor for his daughter. A like enthusiasm is felt by Maspéro, Pelliot, and Laloy.

For thirty years M. Laloy has been studying China, its language and literature. He wrote a good book on Chinese music a quarter of a century ago. He is teaching in the Institut des Hautes Etudes Chinoises at the University of Paris, besides directing the National Opera and writing musical criticism in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. In 1931 the university sent him to China to study the modern theater and literature. "Mirror of China" is the result of his journey through the Suez Canal, Ceylon, Singapore, Annam, China, Manchuria, and Siberia.

He met many Chinese scholars and artists, some of whom he had known in France, and he lived and talked with them of literature, the arts, the theater, and politics. In the French colony of Indo-China he feels the unfortunate situation of the natives. "The Annamites employed in the administration receive salaries greatly inferior to those of the French. Primary education is inadequate, and secondary education available only as rare favor. Higher education is only to be had in France. The students who return after enjoying it are indignant at the difference between that land, where they are treated as equals, and the colony, where they are held at arm's length. Taxation falls heavily upon everybody, and they are not spared humiliations." Naturally some who return try to stir the people with revolutionary ideas; then they try to escape to China through the forest frontier, as the Koreans to Siberia. If they are captured they are labeled radicals and at once executed. But most of them linger as long as possible on the Paris streets. M. Laloy is angriest at the Japanese for their Asiatic invasions. He sympathizes with the inscription in every lecture room at the Chinese University, "Down with Japanese imperialism."

Modern China is too busy observing things Western. The literary critic likes to quote Aristotle's "Poetics" or Shelley's "A Defense of Poetry" rather than Confucius or Yen Yu. That is the *Geist* of the time. M. Laloy sees the mal-education of Chinese youth. Although the Catholic University teaches every branch of Chinese civilization, in too many universities the students learn nothing. They lack culture and moral stamina. He says that the Chinese government has made the irretrievable error of excluding the classical works of China from the curriculum. "The sole ambition is to obtain a diploma. . . . As for a diploma, it means nothing, for most of the Chinese universities have adopted the American method, which makes it the reward of regular attendance at lectures without any examination into the students' acquirements, and accepts marks of attendance and written tests as a substitute for examination marks."

M. Laloy describes all the Chinese types: the reformer, the philosopher, the painter, the poet, the coolie. He notices the children and says, "The children I had seen in China, whether rich or poor, whether petted or in rags, were all nice, friendly, smiling, and innocently trustful, as though the cruelty of man was a thing unknown to them." Personally I don't think that Chinese children or servants are any better than Western, but I can understand M. Laloy; there is an Oriental saying, "If you think your wife is beautiful, you will see beauty even in the pile of dung in your in-law's barnyard."

He gives a very good picture of Chinese cookery—the taste of swallows-nest soup, "the savor of an unseen ocean" in the soft transparent white seaweeds. Of course the Chinese spend much time in cooking; like the French, they consider cooking an art and never take only a few minutes for cooking steak as in America. A Chinese fed on *Kartoffeln* in Germany meal after meal, or mutton in England every day can appreciate his native cooking as much as M. Laloy, not for materialistic reasons alone but because he recalls how even the celebrated Li T'ai Po drew his "happiest imagery from brimming cup," and how the exiled Tu Fu enjoyed his roast beef. Both reached the poets' heaven by these means—one by kissing the moon in the lake while drunk and the other by overeating roast beef while hungry.

M. Laloy's pages on Chinese music are very stimulating. Once a disciple played a few wrong notes before his master Confucius, who remarked: "He has mounted the threshold to the outer hall, but has not yet penetrated to the inner apartments." M. Laloy has entered into the soul of Chinese music,

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Ayers Brinser

June 1:

Security or the Dole?

(A summary of available data)

Maxwell S. Stewart

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PUBLIC AFFAIRS COMMITTEE
National Press Building, Washington, D. C.

which is a mere ting-jang monotony to most Westerners. He thinks the union of the music of China and Europe is possible, because the scales are constructed upon exactly the same notes. "The points of contact do exist. To discover them, it would be necessary to know the history of music not only in Germany but in Europe, from the Middle Ages down to the present." He is right, and no one would be better able to point out these similarities than himself.

Just as he grants to every note its music, saying, "Music imparts the same emotion to all those who listen to it: it encourages humanity," so M. Laloy chooses his own words carefully, seeking to communicate sound, smell, shade, and hue. Describing a Chinese landscape as he saw it on an excursion outside the city, he says, "The silence is only broken by a stream, falling in a series of waterfalls, but invisible beneath the dark moss. We are like those initiated into the mysteries, who hunt for the cloven mushroom, shining among dark undergrowth, which is said to prolong human life." Such lines as these convey China's secret of power and suave tranquillity. M. Laloy writes with beauty of color harmonized by his sense of form.

The translation from the French is well done.

YOUNGHILL KANG

Shorter Notices

RAW MATERIALS, POPULATION PRESSURE, AND WAR. By Sir Norman Angell. Boston: World Peace Foundation. 75 cents.

It has been fashionable of late to give an economic complexion to all causes leading to war. In this pamphlet Sir Norman Angell shows with admirable clarity and conciseness that other more subtle causes often account for military adventures. Both Japan and Italy have given the need of access to raw materials and population pressure as reasons for their present militaristic ventures, but history shows that the colonies which each have possessed for years have not been instrumental in solving either problem. As the author pointedly sets forth, "these efforts for new territory, the vast risks and costs undertaken in these military adventures, do not represent any carefully thought-out plan of economic advantage, welfare, wealth, prosperity; they represent that struggle for power which is the sole means of defense available for a nation in a world of international anarchy." Constantly changing tariffs, the lack of monetary stability, and the ignorance of these facts on the part of the public have served as major factors in causing these unsettled conditions. These conditions of "international anarchy" have in turn led nations to seek security and defense "by the method of anarchy, by individual power, which means that each must try to be stronger than the other." The tariff policy of the United States has contributed a great deal to these barriers to international cooperation. It is unjust then to assume an attitude of public horror against the Italian and Japanese governments for seeking a solution, however misguided and futile, to conditions in which we ourselves have played a leading part. "We must face the fact," Sir Norman Angell continues, "that a nation's tariff policy, exchange restrictions, monetary policy, have ceased to be purely its own affair." Although the author does not see much hope in world conferences, since the ones we have had in the past have failed so miserably, he sees some possibility of a slow extension of these principles through the activities of such bodies as the International Labor Office, by cooperation among central banks, and by bilateral commercial treaties. In the last analysis, however, he finds that "steadily

movement in the right direction will be impossible if public opinion, expressing itself in pressure upon politicians and governments, continues to be dominated by certain misconceptions which have hampered sound policy in the past."

VIVE LE ROY. By Ford Madox Ford. J. B. Lippincott Company. \$2.50.

Novels of mystery have never been noted for their authenticity, but there are limits, conceivably, even to the credulity of mystery fans. Herein Mr. Ford exceeds these limits so freely and so often that his laborious roguishness serves only to emphasize his novel's basic falsity. The scene is that of a future royalist France just recently succored from the bungling rule of Communists. Into its turbulence is transported an American hero (non-Communist) charged with delivering to the Parisian comrades \$20,000 from a strangely wealthy New York party. On shipboard appears a Greenwich Village artist-heroine to chatter Fordian-American slang with a Fordian-English accent. "Paradise!" she exclaims at intervals, and seems obsessed—during attacks of Fordian streams of consciousness—with "beasts" who want to "make" her "whilst" she slumbers. By the time the two arrive in Paris they are passionately in love for no good reason; a Dutch detective has appeared to sniff a plot and plant some clues; a French Lord Chamberlain has given indications of greater mystery than his beady eye and ebon beard at first would indicate. Then ensues much Message to Garcia business, replete with cloak-and-sword trappings and a savor of the Man in the Iron Mask, complicated no end by *camelots* (pernicious fellows given to jabbing hypodermics into unsuspecting conspirators). By page 209 the reader has solved the creaking mystery for himself. Unfortunately, Mr. Ford requires an additional 133 pages in which to recapitulate. It is one thing for him to have had "a glorious time"—as the jacket proclaims—in concocting his mystery; it is quite another for him to have lacked the skill to hide the scaffold of his plot until the end. He embarrasses the reader throughout by the difficulty he has in deducing his own deductions.

RECORDS

VICTOR treats us this month to a small Brahms festival. The most important item is the second piano concerto—the first recording in some years—played by Artur Schnabel with the B. B. C. Orchestra under Adrian Boult (six records, \$12). There are a few minor disappointments: some of the runs are smudged; the top register of the piano does not record so brilliantly on wax as does the orchestra; and one could have wished for a less tentative statement of the beautiful *Immer leiser* theme of the third movement by the solo cello. But these flaws do not seriously detract from a broadly and poetically conceived performance by both soloist and orchestra. In the hands of lesser artists this concerto sometimes seems to fall apart into a bundle of unrelated parts. Not so here. Despite the wide variety of mood and the wealth of thematic material, this is a mature, well-knit, and thoroughly masculine performance.

The second major item of the festival is a re-recording of the First Symphony by Stokowski and the Philadelphians (five records, \$10). Those familiar with the earlier recording will recognize the characteristic brilliance of the strings and the slightly exaggerated portamento. Space does not permit a de-

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Benjamin Stolberg on Jews and the World

In this brilliant article to appear soon in *The Nation*, Benjamin Stolberg answers the arguments advanced in "Jews in America" by the editors of *Fortune*.

tailed comparison of the two versions, but in the newer one Mr. Stokowski depends for his musical effects more on clearly articulated line than on dramatic devices.

To round out the Brahms program, there are four *Lieder* sung by Elisabeth Schumann on one ten-inch record (\$1.50). This is the least satisfactory of the contributions as Mme. Schumann, despite an exquisitely clear natural voice, affects the pet vices of many *Liedersänger*—scooping and unnecessarily marked dynamics. They are particularly noticeable in the familiar "Wiegenlied."

Still in a festival mood, Victor issues an album entitled "Highlights from Aïda" (six records, \$10). This contains no fewer than three sopranos as Aïda (Ponselle, Giannini, and Rethberg), three tenors as Rhadames (Caruso, Pertile, and Martinelli), and five orchestras (Victor, Boston "Pops," La Scala, Berlin State Opera, and an anonymous "with orchestra"). The result is, of course, a hodge-podge, but an extremely interesting one. The old Caruso "Celeste Aïda," fitted out with a fresh orchestral accompaniment, is magically resurrected so that it sounds more lifelike than the old record from which it must have been taken. However, it is still without the overtones of, say, the Ponselle-Martinelli "O terra addio," the last record in the album. The most brilliant recording is, as usual, turned in by the Boston "Pops" Orchestra with the Grand March and the "Ballabili," while the most beautiful singing from the role of Aïda is done by Elisabeth Rethberg in "O patria mia."

Columbia specializes this month in Nathan Milstein's violin playing. The Vitali Chaconne is reissued in an album with the Adagio from Bach's G minor sonata for violin alone (two records, \$3). In addition Columbia brings out a short recital including the Vivaldi D major sonata and four shorter pieces (three records, \$1.50 each). Mr. Milstein is at his best in passages that require a clean, clear technique, notably the last movement of the Vivaldi and the Paganini-Kreisler "La Campanella." Leopold Mittmann's alert and well-recorded accompaniments are important contributions to the success of these records.

The Kolisch Quartet adds the Schubert String Quartet in A minor to its list for Columbia, and for good measure throws in the Quartetsatz in C minor, the second theme of which is the source of "Say It with Music" (eight records, \$6). It may be because the Kolisch members play without notes and thus do not have the interference of music stands that the separate voices record with remarkable clearness. Even when the tone of Mr. Kolisch himself, the first violin, stands out with unusual strength, the other three voices are clearly articulated. The first movement, which opens with a beautiful song-like theme in the first violin accompanied by two different rhythmical figures and bass, is a good illustration of this fine clarity.

Other recent recordings by Victor include some highly engaging virtuosity by Vladimir Horowitz in two pieces by Poulenc and an étude by Debussy (one record, \$2); more virtuosity by Gregor Piatigorsky wasted on some nonsense by Weber and expended more profitably on a "Largo and Vivo" by Francœur (one record, \$2); and two competently played and splendidly recorded overtures by the B. B. C. Symphony Orchestra under Adrian Boult—Mendelssohn's "Fingal's Cave" and Beethoven's "Coriolan," both of which needed more modern recordings (one record each, \$1.50). And if you want to hear a handsome performance of the kind of music you get in New York Russian restaurants, try Columbia's release of a Russian and a Bessarabian folksong arranged and sung by Peter Lescenco (one record, \$1).

HENRY SIMON

Joseph Wood Krutch says:

CALL IT A DAY. *Morosco Theater.* Gay and delightful comedy about what almost happened to an English family on the first dangerous day of spring.

IDIOT'S DELIGHT. *Shubert Theater.* Robert Sherwood manages somehow to make a smashing theatrical success out of an anti-war play. With the Lunts and many other entertaining trimmings.

DEAD END. *Belasco Theater.* A play about gangsters in the making on an East River waterfront. More a good show than a great drama, but a very good show indeed.

SAINT JOAN. *Martin Beck Theater.* Brilliant interpretation by Katharine Cornell of what may well be Shaw's most enduring play.

END OF SUMMER. *Guild Theater.* The wittiest of American playwrights sets a group of interesting people to talking about the world as we find it. Ina Claire and Osgood Perkins help make a very happy evening.

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN REPERTORY. *Majestic Theater.* The same company which usually appears about this time of year in pleasant revivals. A weekly change of program.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE. *Plymouth Theater.* Amazingly successful adaptation, brilliantly staged and acted. A thoroughly delightful evening in the theater.

VICTORIA REGINA. *Broadhurst Theater.* Delightful series of scenes from Laurence Housman's drama stunningly acted by Helen Hayes and others. Fairer to the matron queen than Strachey but funny nevertheless and charming besides.

Mark Van Doren says:

MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN. *Columbia.* Directed by Frank Capra, and even better than "It Happened One Night." Gary Cooper as the rustic and quixotic Mr. Deeds is not only charming but meaningful, and the whole film has human importance.

PEG OF OLD DRURY. *British and Dominion (Paramount).* An eighteenth-century costume piece with Sir Cedric Hardwicke as David Garrick and Anna Neagle as Peg Woffington. Delightfully unhistorical.

A NIGHT AT THE OPERA. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* The Marx Brothers in their best picture to date. Hilarious and brilliant.

MODERN TIMES. *Charles Chaplin.* Charlie Chaplin returns to the screen disguised as his old self and fulfils every expectation. Should be seen by everyone—and heard, for he has sound effects.

THE GHOST GOES WEST. *Gaumont British.* René Clair's first film in English, with scenes in Scotland and the United States. Clever, satirical, and fanciful, but without the master touch.

THE PRISONER OF SHARK ISLAND. *Fox.* Tells the story of Dr. Mudd, convicted in 1865 of having helped Booth to escape. Somber and powerful; does not spare the spectator.

DUBROVSKY. *Amkino.* As romantic as Pushkin, on whose unfinished novel it is based. Not wholly successful, but interesting as a variation on the orthodox Russian theme.

Letters to the Editors

VEBLEN AND HENRY GEORGE

Dear Sirs: Max Lerner gives us an evaluation of Veblen in *The Nation* of March 11 that is at once stimulating and disappointing. Surely in his final paragraph Mr. Lerner allows his enthusiasm for Veblen—which I confess I share—to seduce his critical judgment. "Such phrases," he writes, "as 'conspicuous waste,' 'absentee ownership,' 'vested interests,' 'leisure class,' 'invidious distinction,' 'calculable future,' have worked themselves into the texture of our own vocabulary in a way that shows the enduring appeal of Veblen's writing."

The theory of vested interests was a doctrine of American radical social philosophy before "The Vested Interests and the State of the Industrial Arts" made its appearance in 1919. Aside from the rise of the shibboleth into popular use in the '80's and '90's, the idea received formulation at the hands of Henry George in "The Science of Political Economy." Actually, its outlines appeared in George's editorials years before.

Those of us who feel that it can in no sense detract from the many other contributors to the philosophy of American radical liberalism to insist upon the importance of George, the social philosopher, can but remain unsatisfied with the work of a competent reviewer which includes the sweeping statement: "His [Veblen's] approach to the problems of this generation would be quite different from that of the other progressives and radicals."

This, obviously, excludes George, though he *did* "seek the roots of fascism not only in the immediate struggle for power but more searchingly in the entire history of the predatory barbarian tradition." It also excludes John Dewey, certainly an appreciative contemporary of Veblen. Mr. Lerner should ask himself if Veblen's approach is not characteristic of the radical wing of American Populism.

In these shortcomings Mr. Lerner is not alone. In all that has been written in recent years on Veblen, critical and eulogistic, the statements have become common. Previously, they could be ignored. But when a critic with Mr. Lerner's background gives them currency, it is time to object lest the interpretations become leg-

endary. Perhaps if there were available an adequate study of the relation between George's thought and Veblen's this letter would not have had to be written.

EDWARD W. BELL

Clifton, N. J., April 20

"GERMANY—A WINTER'S TALE"

Dear Sirs: In your issue of April 22 Lion Feuchtwanger refers to Heinrich Heine's satirical "Germany—a Winter's Tale," and points out its timeliness. How gifted a prophet Heine was is shown strikingly by a passage in the first volume of his book "Über Deutschland," in the chapter headed *Zur Geschichte der Religion und Philosophie in Deutschland*. It reads, in translation:

Christendom—and this is its most beautiful merit—has somewhat mollified that brutal Germanic lust for battle, but could not destroy it, and when the taming talisman, the cross, finally breaks down, then there will again come clashing up the wildness of the old battlers, the mad Berserk rage of which the Nordic poets sing and tell so much. That talisman is decaying, and the day will come when it collapses pitifully. The old stone gods will then rise from the long-forgotten debris and rub the dust of a thousand years out of their eyes, and Thor with the giant hammer will finally spring up and shatter the Gothic cathedrals.

S. MILES BOUTON

Ashville, N. Y., April 18

Dear Sirs: In the course of his article "Germany—a Winter's Tale" Lion Feuchtwanger has made some misleading statements. In particular I take issue with him on the question whether or not Germany has been brought to her present state as a result of the activities of the Hitler government.

Regardless of who caused the Great War, regardless of how Germany *might* have treated the Allies had she been the victor, the fact remains that the Allies made Germany what she is. Having gone through four years of hell, the last of which saw a skin-and-bone civilian population, Germans were faced with the probability of becoming slaves, and having their children become slaves, to the Allied Powers for the next ten, twenty, thirty years. In a land filled with chaos, in a land where money was so abundant

that its holders used it for book covers and wall paper, or cherished it as a bitter memento to be handed down to their offspring—in this land of misery the Allies proceeded to degrade the German people still further, to strip them of their last vestiges of honor and self-respect.

Are we, then, to believe, as Mr. Feuchtwanger does, that it is Hitlerism that has "reduced to slim rations, inadequate living quarters," the people "which once had the means to be well fed and well clothed"? No. Germany's plight has not been the work of the Third Reich but of those nations that are today so desperately convening councils, signing pacts, and declaring for peace—the war-time Allied powers.

LEONARD A. GREENBERG

New York, April 20

VERMONTERS STILL ON STRIKE

Dear Sirs: The striking marble workers in Rutland County, Vermont, are now in their seventh month of struggle (under the leadership of their union affiliated with the American Federation of Labor) for decent working conditions. They are fighting against the feudal regime of the Proctor family, which has dominated the economic and political life of Vermont for decades.

A false story is now being circulated that the strike is over. This is not true. Six months ago 670 men came out, and 640 are still on strike after fighting through a bitter Vermont winter on an average income of \$1.86 per family per week.

The Vermont Marble Company is now using all means to smash this strike, destroy the union, and drive the quarrymen and marble workers back to work without a union agreement. Five strikers were convicted and sentenced a week ago to from one to two years on the charge of attacking a strike-breaker. They are now in the state penitentiary, held without bail pending appeal. During the past few weeks the local press has reported several cases of "dynamiting" which strangely enough do not hurt any one or anything. Rewards of \$600 are posted for the arrest of the culprits. This is the old game of prejudicing public opinion

against strikers by "arranging" dynamitings and the like. Out of these events, however, may come a frame-up of union leaders.

The strike goes on. The workers will fight and win if you will help them right now. Meetings are held at Room 9, 7 West Fourteenth Street, every Monday night at 8 p.m. Come and help the Green Mountain boys win their fight.

PERCY SHOSTAC,

Chairman, United Committee to
Aid Vermont Marble Workers
New York, May 4

THE NATION IN PRISON

Dear Sirs: The International Labor Defense has complied with the prison requirements of Salem Penitentiary, but none of the liberal publications including *The Nation* are being delivered to Dirk De Jonge and Edward Denny there. For the past two weeks the papers have been sent direct to the prison.

We urge you to publish this fact, explaining to your readers that this interference with the mail of political prisoners is a blow against freedom of the press. The fact that the *Oregon Journal*, a reactionary publication, is delivered to them and that other capitalistic papers are sold in the prison proves this. Readers should send letters of protest to Warden W. J. Lewis, Route 6, Box 1, Salem, Oregon.

EARL STEWARD

Portland, Ore., April 22

WILL CALIFORNIA REPEAL THE SALES TAX?

Dear Sirs: The article by Lillian Symes in *The Nation* of April 22 entitled After Epic in California fails to touch upon what seems to me the most important feature of the political landscape in California today. This is the pending constitutional amendment submitted under the initiative providing for the repeal of the sales tax and the gradual removal during a period of five years of all taxation upon improvements and tangible personal property.

The real-estate boards and the chambers of commerce are under no delusions about the fundamental character of this proposition and are raising thousands of dollars more than six months before the election to encompass its defeat. Whether they will succeed or not cannot be told till Election Day, but the alarm of the privileged groups cannot be discounted. Evidently the pocket

nerve has been seriously touched, and the California papers are filled with misrepresentations of its purpose and effect.

Meanwhile all the trade-union groups are united behind it, and the small business men are joining in the fight. The same is true of all progressive newspapers, though the so-called great dailies hear the master's voice and oppose it.

JACKSON H. RALSTON

Palo Alto, Cal., April 21

THE WAY TO DISARM—

Dear Sirs: Versatile and energetic, the baffling Gentleman from New York, Vito Marcantonio, recently introduced into Congress a sufficiently startling constitutional amendment to prick the curiosity of your readers. Incidentally he has earned the gratitude of the Woman's Peace Union, which from profound conscientious motives drafted this amendment which not alone outlaws war for the United States but actually and categorically provides for complete independent disarmament. Introduced into the Senate ten years ago by a realistic "dirt farmer" of North Dakota, Senator Lynn J. Frazier, it has afforded a keen talking-point for three hearings in Washington.

Success, therefore, to H. J. Res. 528!

TRACY D. MYGATT

New York, April 11

QUILTS FOR LABOR

Dear Sirs: A group of housewives in Santa Cruz, California, experts in piecing and quilting handworked quilts in the early American tradition, spend several afternoons a week in making such quilts, all money from their sale going to the International Labor Defense for aid to political and labor prisoners.

They take orders for quilts in any size, color scheme, or pattern. Information can be had from, and orders placed with, the Northern California district office of the International Labor Defense, Room 410, 1005 Market Street.

MADELINE CRAIG

San Francisco, March 26

CORRECTION

[In an editorial paragraph on the strike in the May store in Brooklyn, in *The Nation* for April 22, reference was made to "May's Department Store." No reference was intended to the May Company, known as the May Department Stores, with branches in Los Angeles and several other cities.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

CONTRIBUTORS

MARGARET MARSHALL was a member of the fence-sitting fraternity who managed to follow the important proceedings of the convention of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers, although they were not allowed inside. With Rose Stein as guide, she also visited a number of steel towns in the Pittsburgh area.

JAMES T. FARRELL is the author of the Studs Lonigan trilogy, the last of which, "Judgment Day," was available for the Pulitzer novel prize, but was evidently too distinguished to receive it.

LOUIS FISCHER mailed his article from Rome eight days before the departure of Emperor Haile Selassie from Addis Ababa, when Mussolini's Ethiopian adventure was all over but the shouting—and the menacing consequences which Mr. Fischer so ably discusses.

GEORGE SELDES, author of "Freedom of the Press" and "Sawdust Caesar," was a foreign correspondent in various countries of Europe from 1916 to 1928.

S. GORLEY PUTT is an Englishman doing graduate work as a fellow at Yale.

SIDNEY HOOK, author of "Towards the Understanding of Karl Marx," is professor of philosophy at New York University.

YOUNGHILL KANG, a Korean student of the literature and philosophy of the Orient, wrote the story of his life in "The Grass Roof." He is a member of the English Department of New York University.

THE DRAWINGS on pages 640 and 641 are taken from the Anti-War and Anti-Fascist International Exhibition of Drawings, Prints, and Cartoons, held recently at the New School of Social Research in New York City under the auspices of the American Artists' Congress. The exhibition will be shown in Cleveland, Chicago, Minneapolis, Boston, Detroit, St. Louis, and Philadelphia.

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CONTENTS

THE SHAPE OF THINGS

661

EDITORIALS:

COAL IS UNCONSTITUTIONAL

664

CAN EUROPE AVERT WAR?

665

BOOMERANG AT SEA

666

WASHINGTON WEEKLY by Paul W. Ward

667

THE CORPORATE TAX BATTLE by Max Lerner

669

TREASON AMONG THE FUTURE VETERANS

by James Wechsler

672

THE AUSTRIAN VOLCANO by M. W. Fodor

673

VERMONT: STATE OF ANARCHY

by a Special Correspondent

675

ISSUES AND MEN by Oswald Garrison Villard

677

BROUN'S PAGE

678

BOOKS AND THE ARTS:

TACKS IN AN EDITOR'S CHAIR

by Joseph Wood Krutch

679

"IT IS NOT FORBIDDEN TO THINK"

by Marianne Moore

680

THE CULT OF EMOTION by Clifton Fadiman

681

THE TRAGEDIAN PARNELL by Horace Gregory

682

THE COMING WAR IN THE EAST

by Maxwell S. Stewart

684

RADIO by Heywood Broun

686

FILMS: DOCUMENTARY by Mark Van Doren

687

THE INTELLIGENT TRAVELER

by John Rothschild

689

DRAWINGS by Georges Schreiber and Dan Reed

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The Shape of Things

*

RELIEF, RESETTLEMENT, AND PUBLIC WORKS are sharing the Washington limelight along with the tax bill and the Guffey decision. The last-named two are discussed elsewhere in this issue. The tangle of Mr. Hopkins, Mr. Ickes, and Mr. Tugwell in their struggle for a place in the sun of relief funds does not seem to yield even to Mr. Roosevelt's diplomacy and cajolery. Ickes has forced the President's hand with his threat of resignation, and is likely to get some RFC funds. Tugwell, less strategically secure, has fallen on evil days. *The Nation* has in several articles criticized the administration and aims of his resettlement work. Nevertheless, whatever its specific faults, there can be no doubt of its value as an experiment in long-range planning. The Tugwells and their measures must be kept from being fed to the Liberty League lions. But even if they are saved from that dire fate, there are always the courts. The Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia has declared Tugwell's model-housing project at Bound Brook, New Jersey, unconstitutional. This will probably mean that even the scanty PWA funds that Mr. Roosevelt has mentioned as possibly going to resettlement work will now be withheld. Since Mr. Tugwell's funds for the model-housing project came from relief appropriations, the court's decision has cast doubt on the validity of the relief program. How serious this doubt is cannot be determined until the Supreme Court has had a chance to pass on it. Meanwhile it is another instance of the chaos that can be produced by leaving the decision of social policy in judicial hands.

*

IT IS NO CRIME IN FLORIDA TO BEAT A MAN TO death. This was the astonishing implication of the argument advanced by counsel for the defense in a plea for a directed verdict of acquittal in the Tampa kidnaping case. Three men, Eugene S. Poulnot, Dr. Samuel J. Rogers, and Joseph Shoemaker were kidnaped last November, tarred and feathered, and beaten with a chain and a leather strap; Shoemaker died of his injuries. Seven policemen, among them former Chief of Police R. G. Tittsworth, were indicted for "kidnaping"—murder was not mentioned. At the close of the prosecution's case Judge Robert T. Dewell did in fact acquit Tittsworth of being an accessory after the fact, and also another of the defendants, Robert Chappell. The remaining five defendants will continue to be tried, but too much hope need not be held out for a verdict of guilty. From the beginning the trial has been not a simple

BURLINGAME
PUBLIC
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consideration of a brutal attack upon three unarmed men, but a political battle, in which the issues were communism, the overthrow of the United States government, the menace of Norman Thomas—and the Ku Klux Klan and the power of the large citrus growers in the state. The defendants were known to and identified by the victims. But this was unimportant compared to the alleged fact that the Modern Democrats, the political organization with which the three victims were affiliated, were dangerously red. Testimony that meetings of the group were opened by a rendition of "America" surprised but did not seriously disconcert the defense. The two men who, presumably under fear of testifying, committed suicide while the case was pending might have saved themselves the trouble.

*

STEEL WILL BE ORGANIZED. THE RESOLUTION adopted by the convention of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers in Canonsburg, Pennsylvania, did not expressly accept the \$500,000 offer of the Committee for Industrial Organization. There were too many faces to be saved. Instead, it was a little masterpiece in resolutions. It welcomed the cooperation of the craft unions dominating the A. F. of L. executive council as well as the help of industrial-union advocates in the C. I. O. At the same time it set a limit to the jurisdictional hunger of the crafts. The Amalgamated, reads the resolution, seeks the cooperation of all national and international unions affiliated with the A. F. of L. Such cooperation is to consist of (1) the waiving of any and all rights or claims of jurisdiction in the steel industry by any and all interested organizations; and (2) contributions, trained organizers, and where possible donation of funds. A third provision stipulates that organizations meeting the requirements of points one and two be requested to participate on a joint committee. Since the organizations of the C. I. O. have already waived any jurisdictional claims and have made an offer of real money, they may be expected to have places on the committee to organize the steel workers as soon as it is formed.

*

ROY HOWARD HAS DISCOVERED A CREATIVE writer after his own heart in Rupert Hughes, whose revolt from the Screen Writers' Guild is dealt with by Heywood Broun on another page of this issue. At the moment Mr. Howard is engaged in a manful struggle to retain the liberal readership of the New York *World-Telegram* while at the same time he fights off the menace of the Newspaper Guild demanding a contract. When Rupert Hughes, king of the free lancers, bolted from the Screen Writers' Guild, Mr. Howard wired him in this fashion:

Only about twenty-five words printed here your statement Screen Guild's closed-shop policy would create writers' soviet. Think important public understand implications this attempt hogtie and standardize creative writing. Newspaper Guild also attempting effect editorial workers' closed shop. Would restrict all reporting and even editorial writing to members committed to closed-shop trade unionism thus eliminating dissenting and con-

troversial opinion from all newspapers. Net effect would be guild dictatorship of American press on parity with Communist, Fascist, or Nazi unilateral press dictatorships abroad. Difference be here guild would dictate policies, owners retain responsibility and foot bills. . . . Will you wire *World-Telegram* press collect five hundred to thousand words grounds and significance your revolt and prospects for spread this anti-regimentation movement among creative writers. Would like you incidentally point out menace to democratic institutions of attempting limit editorial expression to proponents of any one school of . . . thought.

*

THE EXCERPTS FROM MR. HUGHES'S REPLY cited on Broun's Page bear out his proud boast that he has always found it easy to work with editors, though they cast some doubt on his claim to be a creative writer. Mr. Howard's telegram of appreciation to Mr. Hughes is both shorter and more significant:

Many thanks and my sincere appreciation. That shot punched out the geometric center of the bull's eye. Am asking the press association to watch your efforts tonight which I think are of vital importance to real liberty of the writing craft and honest to God freedom of expression.

Since Mr. Howard owns a large share of the United Press we may expect to see in its dispatches an increasing amount of freedom of the press as defined by Hearst, Howard, and Hughes. Meanwhile, it might be well if some of Howard's best friends enlightened him, press collect, on at least one reason why the *World-Telegram* is no longer regarded as a liberal newspaper.

*

IS LEON BLUM DOOMED TO BE THE KERENSKY of a new revolution in France? In certain superficial aspects the parallel is startling. He has the support but not the collaboration of the Communists, who are forming local committees all over the country to see to it that the program of the People's Front is promptly put into effect. He is forced to shape his Cabinet from material supplied largely by non-Socialists, insuring a fundamental division of opinion on all important issues. He must struggle within the confines of the capitalist system to support a collapsing financial structure which the capitalists themselves have abandoned. What can he do but temporize and compromise and finally fall under the weight of an impossible load of conflicting obligations and efforts? But the likeness to Kerensky evaporates at exactly this point. Blum and his left-center Cabinet have powerful support in the need of a stable anti-fascist government in France. The Communists will doubtless use their freedom from responsibility to press Blum as far as they dare, brandishing their loyalty to the People's Front program as a weapon of attack. But they will not cause the government to fall while fascism and war stalk along the political horizon. If realistic patriotism and self-preservation were not enough to hold them in line, the influence of the U. S. S. R. would doubtless do so; Russia cannot afford a revolution in France while Hitler rules in Germany. The Radical Socialists also desire the maintenance of republican government

and the alliance with Russia. The day has passed when a French ministry could be allowed to fall over a trifling financial dispute—or a major one. Even in the face of the doomed franc, the Blum government will probably be held together not by the strength of a united front in support of social reform but by the strongest of all social forces—fear.

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WITH THE DISPATCH OF 10,000 ADDITIONAL Japanese troops to the Peiping-Tientsin area, events in North China are once more approaching a crisis. Japanese spokesmen have referred vaguely to the growing Communist "menace"—thus contradicting the reports from Nanking that the Communists had been driven completely out of the north—and have revived the rumor of a secret pact between Moscow and Nanking. The primary cause of friction at the moment, however, appears to have grown out of the repeated British and Chinese protests against the huge Japanese smuggling operations in North China. According to reliable estimates, Korean and Japanese gangs have smuggled approximately \$70,000,000 worth of goods into this area in the past year. Chinese customs authorities have been forcefully prevented from interfering with this trade. The evidence suggests that the encouragement of illicit trade by Japan is directed primarily against Great Britain. As long as Britain controls the customs service, and utilizes this position to turn Chinese revenues into the coffers of British bondholders, Japan's political dominance in North China will be of very little value. The widespread smuggling operations kill two birds with one stone: they undermine the customs service, and permit Japanese goods to be sold more cheaply than those of British and American competitors. But the recent troop movements suggest that the Japanese are bent on obtaining the same objectives in a slightly more orthodox manner—by the annexation of North China.

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THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT'S ACTION IN warning banks and insurance companies against granting further credits to Germany is not easy to interpret. Short-range political motives may have taken precedence over purely economic factors. Hitler is at present sweating over a series of very pointed questions on which the British government has asked elucidation, and it is not impossible that the British Foreign Office wishes to bring pressure at this crucial period. On the other hand, no one can doubt that the German financial situation is gradually becoming more critical. The appointment of Göring as financial dictator and the reduction in the powers of Dr. Schacht were clearly the result of growing dissatisfaction with the rigorous economies imposed by Schacht. While Germany's fundamental difficulties may be attributed to the rearmament program, Schacht's policies have undoubtedly aggravated the situation. His attempts to balance trade with each individual country, for example, have frequently led to the importation of inferior raw materials and the payment of inordinately high prices. Further evidence of the anxiety of international financial interests over the approaching German crisis may be seen in the action of the New York

banks reducing the price of travel marks by 12½ per cent. This action was entirely voluntary, and was apparently prompted by the fear that the unfreezing of American funds in Germany would not be completed before the final crash. When the bankers begin to sell capitalist Germany short, it is time to take heed.

*

OUR HATS ARE OFF TO MAURY MAVERICK, Capitol Hill's dauntless, self-confessed, and proud-of-it hat-taker-offer. Single-handed, the gallant gentleman from Texas is out to combat the newest menace to our civil liberties, the Association for the Prevention of Taking Hats Off in Elevators. Already the A.P.T.H.O.E. flies its black banner over the nation's capital, and unless immediate action is taken by all liberty-loving Americans we cannot doubt that it will end in rigid regimentation, in fascism! The A.P.T.H.O.E. may seem innocent enough on the surface, but consider the ultimate implications. What will a man do when he sees a pretty girl in an elevator and wants to break the ice? Instinctively his hand will rise to his hat but then, as he remembers the prohibition, he will look guiltily around, pretending that he was only going to scratch his ear. The girl will regard him with contempt. No ice broken, no boy meets girl, no orange blossoms. Our birth-rate will drop off, our population decrease, the country will become defenseless, and, before we know it the Japanese will be on us! Are we to stand by while traitors open our country to the invader? Here and now *The Nation* founds the C.L.C.H.D.H.B.R., the Chivalry League for Continued Hat-Doffing and a Higher Birth-Rate.

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AFTER A LONG NIGHT OF HECTIC BUSINESS, when the morning sun was already slanting across the lawns of the Capitol at Albany, the New York legislature mustered just enough votes to appropriate \$15,000 for a committee to investigate "communistic activities" in the schools and colleges of the state. The appropriation had originally been \$150,000; it must have been some wag who cut it down, and indeed the legislature may have intended the whole thing as a little joke—with the taxpayers' money. For this is how it works out: In 1932 in New York State there were 2,240,000 pupils in public elementary and secondary schools. Add to this 171,000 students in colleges, universities, and professional schools, and 95,000 teachers of all of them, and you have a total of roughly two and a half million individuals to be "investigated" to the extent of \$15,000. This divides up to exactly six mills per person, which is very likely equivalent to the amount of "communism" the legislative committee could discover if it spent millions instead of thousands of dollars. Of course, \$15,000 would also buy 300,000 hot dogs which could be distributed to school children with the legislators' compliments and might get a few grateful votes from their parents. If the sovereign state of New York were in danger of being overthrown by its school children, we fear that the legislature's appropriation would not help much to prevent such a catastrophe.

Coal Is Unconstitutional

AS with death from a deep-lying cancer, the Supreme Court decision in the Guffey Coal Act was clearly expected but is none the less tragic and distressing. Most of those who had been following the sequence of constitutional decisions since the Railway Retirement Pensions case with that tremulous anxiety which the edicts of the world's most powerful tribunal have a right to expect were not unprepared for Justice Sutherland's majority reasoning. The gentle sage of Utah set down a series of propositions in law and logic which marched inevitably to the conclusion that the federal government had no constitutional power to regulate the bituminous-coal industry, especially in creating a labor board for insuring collective bargaining and settling labor disputes. It might be added that Chief Justice Hughes set down another series of propositions in law and logic which seemed to march just as inevitably to somewhat the same goal, though by a different route. It might finally be said that Justice Cardozo, speaking for the usual minority of three, set down his own series of propositions, equally legal and logical, which not only followed a different path from that of the other two but arrived at an exactly contrary conclusion.

Whatever the merits of the conflicting chains of reasoning, the one overwhelming fact is that as a result of this decision coal is unconstitutional. The industry is left in a state of chaos, with respect to production, marketing, labor relations. Any legislative effort calculated to be effective in introducing some order into this chaos has been adjudged as exceeding the limits of our constitutional structure.

The wisdom or unwisdom of the particular Guffey plan for regulating the coal industry is not anything that need concern us now. Actually we have very grave and disquieting doubts about compulsory cartelization as a pattern of control in a basic industry like coal. The act, which has generally been called "a little NRA" for coal, is far too similar to the unhappy national experiment in industrial control after which it was so closely modeled. The district boards of coal producers which set prices, subject to review by the national commission, are too like the NRA code authorities to fill us with much enthusiasm. The relaxation of the anti-trust laws is always a dangerous principle unless accompanied by more adequate safeguards against monopoly. The provisions for control in the public interest are sketchy at their best. The consumer's representative on the commission is armed chiefly with the power to call for records and testimony, and while this is a better break than the consumer has ever got before, it is still not much of a break. The best things about the act are the labor provisions, which set up a mechanism for assuring collective bargaining. It is no secret that the act, while bearing the sponsorship of Senator Guffey and Representative Snyder, was actually pushed through by John L. Lewis and the massed force of unionism behind him. And it is hard not to feel that the labor provisions atone for the others, and give the entire act real value.

But while all that is very important from the standpoint of social policy, it can have no bearing on the reaction to the Supreme Court's decision. Justice Sutherland was presumably not actuated by any deep concern over the fact that the act is not a radical-enough solution of the coal problem. It is more likely that he is terrified at the amount of "socialism" which he conjures up in the act, and that his opinion is a direct response to his terror of any form of governmental interference with business enterprise. Students of constitutional law have by this time lost their original innocence about the judicial process. They know that however clearly a set of legal propositions marches on to its appointed goal, what gives it steam is the set of economic convictions and social views that the judge holds.

The court's formal reasoning—or rationalization—was the traditional rationalization. Coal production is not interstate commerce. Any disturbances in the coal industry, whether due to a chaos of price structure or to labor conflict, do not *directly* affect or burden interstate commerce. The wages-and-hours provisions of the act are not, therefore, a "true" regulation of interstate commerce. They represent, moreover, an improper delegation of legislative power. The penalty tax levied by the act in order to carry out these provisions becomes unconstitutional, since it is levied not for revenue purposes but to enforce a power which the federal government does not otherwise have. And since the wages-and-hours provisions are inseparable from the rest of the act, the entire act is void. Chief Justice Hughes's concurring opinion differed from this only in his anxiety to make clear that, while Congress does not have the power to regulate labor relations in the coal industry, it does have the power to fix prices. The price-fixing sections of the act he therefore regarded as constitutional, and as separable from the rest of the act and capable of standing alone.

The effect of the majority reasoning on the remaining New Deal decisions is fairly clear. Wherever the commerce power of Congress is involved, we may be certain that the court will construe it narrowly and mechanically. Wherever there is an attempt to enforce collective bargaining and give labor some protection against the brutal power of concentrated capital and giant corporate enterprise, we may be certain that the court will nullify that attempt. This dooms, among other things, the Wagner Labor Act. Brushing aside the many technical, theoretical, and political issues that cluster around any tangled constitutional problem, the outstanding fact is that the court majority is determined to block efforts of the federal government to regulate industry, whether those efforts are entirely defensible socially, as with the railway retirement pensions, or indefensible as with the NRA. It is using its concern for states' rights as a cloak for the repugnance it feels to any departure from unregulated capitalism.

The minority of three, speaking again through a brilliant dissenting opinion by Justice Cardozo, makes another heroic venture in judicial self-limitation. Justice Cardozo holds that the labor and price provisions are separable; that the price provisions fall within the commerce power of Congress; that the Supreme Court is not

called upon in the particular case at issue—the request of the Carter Coal Company for an injunction—to settle any other constitutional problems; that since the act has not begun to function, “what the code will provide as to wages and hours of labor . . . is still in the domain of prophecy. . . . The complainants have been crying before they are really hurt.” The position that Justice Cardozo takes in this case is the only possible position that will keep the court from intruding its views upon the legislature and trying to settle issues of economic and social policy by narrow legalistic categories. It is the only possible position that will allow the court to exist and function and still keep it from wrecking our legislative constructions and throwing our industries into chaos. But as he read his dissent in court, Justice Cardozo sounded like a voice crying in the constitutional wilderness.

What remains is the usual mending of legislative fences after the Supreme Court hurricane has passed by. The ingenuity of constitutional lawyers will in all likelihood find some makeshift to replace the Guffey act, just as they found one after the Hoosac decision to replace the AAA. John L. Lewis and the miners’ union will be forced back on their massed collective strength and the use of the strike weapon when necessary to maintain labor standards. Paradoxically, the labor vote will swing even more strongly than before to Mr. Roosevelt—despite the fact that he refrains from making the arbitrary use of the judicial power a campaign issue. And even those coal operators who opposed the act and welcome the decision will find that their victory is dearly bought, and that a sick industry like coal is not healed and made whole again by the legalistic mumbo-jumbo of six judges.

Can Europe Avert War?

THE past week’s dramatic events in Austria, largely foreshadowed by Mr. Fodor in an article appearing elsewhere in this issue, have once more shaken the delicate balance of European peace. While France and England appear to have sponsored Prince Starhemberg’s removal with a view to limiting Italian influence in Austria, it is an open question whether Schuschnigg and Reither are strong enough to maintain a government which is opposed by three of the most powerful groups in the country—the Socialists, the Nazis, and the Heimwehr. Should Schuschnigg fall, almost anything might happen. Radicals in the German Nazi Party would like nothing better than a renewal of civil disturbances. Although it is unlikely that Hitler would plan a second adventure immediately after his successful coup in the Rhineland, his hand may be forced by events. The danger of a Nazi coup within the next few months is greatly enhanced by the prevailing feeling that neither England nor France would resort to force to preserve Austrian independence. Mussolini, it is agreed, will fight rather than allow German troops to occupy the Brenner Pass. But the success of Hitler’s Rhineland coup has convinced many Nazis that France will not resort to arms unless assured of the support of England, and that England will not fight under

any circumstances. The fact that they are probably mistaken on both counts only magnifies the danger.

As long as the League of Nations existed as a potential instrument for mobilizing collective action against an aggressor, the position of Austria was reasonably safe. But for the moment at least the League has been shelved as an effective weapon. Italy’s withdrawal leaves only three of the seven world powers still represented at Geneva. Economic sanctions are difficult at best; they become impossible when a considerable proportion of the chief trading nations fail to cooperate. Italy’s triumph in Ethiopia and Japan’s unopposed penetration of North China have caused even the League’s most loyal supporters to become discouraged about the possibility of building an effective instrument of security in the present-day world. Guatemala’s resignation from the League may be the signal for a general exodus of South American states.

The eclipse of the League leaves Europe at the mercy of the fascist war-makers. In a world devoid of law there can be no security. Isolation is obviously impracticable even for a country like England; for little Austria it would be the height of folly. Efforts to strengthen national defenses can only intensify the horror of the ultimate disaster. Alliances may afford a temporary respite for great powers such as France and Russia, but in the long run they can only serve to transform every war into a world conflict. In lieu of a more hopeful course of action Prime Minister Baldwin, who is as responsible as any one man for the present difficulties of the League, has revived a movement for revision of the Covenant in the hope of thereby stemming the threatening tide of nationalism. By eliminating Article XVI—the sanctions article—Baldwin hopes to persuade Japan, Germany, Italy, and the United States to realign themselves with the League. The abandonment of Article XVI would preclude all attempts to enforce peace by coercion, but would preserve the League as an agency for conciliation.

While it is conceivable that the League might serve a useful purpose even without Article XVI, a wise general does not call for a strategic retreat when he is cornered at his last line of defense. Any modification of the Covenant at the present moment would be rightly interpreted in Rome, Berlin, and Tokyo as an admission of weakness on the part of the non-fascist countries and as an invitation to pursue their aggressive policies without restraint so long as they do not conflict directly with the interests of the other powers. To put it bluntly, it would consign all of North China, Mongolia, and Fukien to Japan, give Ethiopia to Italy, and allow Germany to absorb Memel, the Baltic states, and Czecho-Slovakia. The German-Italian differences over Austria might be patched up by a division of the spoils. Some pacifists would go so far as to say that such a development is preferable to a general world conflagration. Possibly so. But does anyone really believe that the appetites of war-makers become satiated with easy conquest?

There has been no period in recent history when the pessimists seemed to have things so completely their way. A few months ago there was at least a fighting chance of stopping Hitler by an overwhelming display of solidarity

against aggression. That chance is practically non-existent today. Hope is not, however, completely dead. The League has maintained at least a semblance of moral integrity in the Ethiopian crisis. Despite great pressure, sanctions have not been lifted against Italy. But if the League is to be saved, it will not be by negative action. Rigorous new penalties must be imposed against Italy if Hitler is to be impressed with the hazards of aggression. Any other course means certain war for Europe.

Boomerang at Sea

THE strike of 374 seamen on the S.S. California in the harbor of San Pedro on March 2 has had almost as many reverberations as the shot heard round the world. It will be recalled that on the promise of a "square deal" by Frances Perkins the strikers, led by Joseph Curran, consented to sail the ship to New York. While the California proceeded round the coast Daniel C. Roper, one of the President's political fences on the right, accused the strikers of mutiny and called upon the Department of Justice to prosecute. Soon thereafter, with the front-page support of the New York newspapers and the self-righteous approval of the shipping companies, the Secretary steamed off on a red hunt in the name of safety at sea.

When the California arrived in New York, the agents of the Department of Justice failed to show up, but sixty-four seamen were docked in their pay and were given discharge notices amounting to a blacklist. The entire crew walked off and became the nucleus of a strike mainly against the International Merchant Marine, holding company which owns the Panama Pacific Line, the United States Lines, and other American steamship companies. The strike was also directed against a recently signed agreement between the national officers of the International Seamen's Union and the owners which disregarded the express orders of the membership that the new terms should match those of the West Coast award won by Harry Bridges and the Maritime Federation.

Since then some four thousand seamen have joined the Curran group, and though the International Seamen's Union still insists that it is an outlaw strike, the New York Times has been forced to recognize it; a transatlantic liner, the President Roosevelt, has actually been delayed in order to allow for an inspection of its personnel because the strikers asserted that inexperienced seamen were aboard; A. J. McCarthy, vice-president of the I. M. M., is trying to drown out the hue and cry over safety by howling "reds"; and the hitherto boring slogan of safety at sea has become a hot issue.

It was unfortunate for Secretary Roper that he selected the safety of passengers as the excuse for his attack on American seamen. He could not have foreseen that it might be a boomerang which would conceivably remove Mr. Roper from his control over the Bureau of Navigation and Steamboat Inspection, remove the bureau in turn from the influence of shipowners, and make American shipping really safe for both passengers and seamen.

In *The Nation* of April 29 M. R. Bendiner analyzed the cargo of favoritism, graft, and politics carried by the Bureau of Inspection under the command of Captain Roper. He pointed out, for instance, that the investigators who looked into the Morro Castle and Mohawk disasters were alarmed at the laxity in the government's specifications in ship construction. Testimony at a public hearing held by the National Committee on Safety at Sea bears out the strikers' charges that even the lax requirements of the bureau are evaded by the shipowners and that the inspection service is riddled with graft.

The National Committee on Safety at Sea was appointed by the President himself, and its Progress Report, issued on April 29, thoroughly demonstrates that the American merchant marine is shot through with abuses ranging from intolerable living conditions for crews to the limitation of liability for steamship companies and the deprivation of the passenger's right to a trial by court. The government, through subsidies, is heavily involved in American shipping and has both the right and the obligation to correct these abuses. Senator Copeland has just announced the formation of a committee to investigate personnel and living conditions on American ships, but the fact that it is scheduled to include such persons as Paul Scharrenberg, reactionary official of the International Seamen's Union, but no representative of the rank and file does not inspire confidence either in Senator Copeland's motives or in the committee's success. The danger is that the powerful forces which control American shipping will succeed in diverting the campaign for safety into a red-baiting attack on the maritime unions which have won at least a measure of control over working conditions on the West Coast and have set out to improve their status on the East Coast. In this attack the companies can count on the support of newspapers which have a stake in ship advertising and on all those elements opposed to organized labor.

It is time the President took a hand, since Secretary Roper will not. Obviously the first move should be a clean sweep of the Bureau of Navigation and Steamboat Inspection and the establishment of an agency entirely removed from political influence, properly equipped, and manned with a personnel subject to dismissal when regulations are not enforced. The second step is the passage of safety legislation which has been defeated in the past by the powerful shipping lobby. As for the problem of personnel, the passenger's best guaranty of safety lies in the establishment of a strong, responsible union dominated not by a few landlocked officials but by the men who actually go to sea, know its hazards, and themselves have a stake in safety as well as in steady jobs, decent conditions, and the sea as a way of life. So far the seamen on strike in New York have shown themselves far more responsible in matters pertaining to safety at sea than Secretary Roper or the shipping companies. They deserve public support both in their attempt to force the government to live up to its responsibilities and in their attempt to throw off the control of a few reactionary employer-loving officials who have for years "cooperated" with the owners at the expense of the membership. Above all they should not be made the red scapegoats for the sins of shipowners.

WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD



Fighting Ickes

Washington Shell Game

Washington, May 17

JEDGAR HOOVER, chief of the G-men, should turn his attention to Congress if he seeks replacements for his recently exhausted list of public enemies. A majority of the members of the House and Senate are getting ready to defraud the public that pays their salaries by grabbing their hats and rushing home without having taken the trouble to vote on a dozen or more measures in which their constituents are vitally concerned. Joe Robinson of Arkansas, leader of the Administration's forces in the Senate, sounded the call for this exodus when he proclaimed to his colleagues, "It is my desire that the session shall conclude its labors by June 6."

In that same speech he listed what he considered to be the only bills standing in the way of adjournment. These were the tax and relief bills, the omnibus flood-control measure, and the commodity-exchange bill. When they and such other bills as have already been passed by both houses and are in conference have been finally enacted into law, he said, the time will have come to adjourn without pausing to pass further legislation. Senator Wagner of New York protested that this schedule would exclude action on his and Representative Ellenbogen's low-cost housing bill. Robinson met his protest with a rebuke in which the majority leader said, "I think the Senator from New York has had sufficient liberal experience in legislative matters to know that it is a physical, moral, mental, and every other kind of impossibility to pass judgment on

whether a measure that has not even been reported by one of the committees of the Senate shall be disposed of during this session. So far as I am concerned I would not favor continuing the session beyond June 6 for the purpose of passing the bill to which the Senator is referring. I recognize its importance."

Space limitations preclude a listing of all the major bills his schedule would toss into the discard. Obviously it not only would kill the Wagner-Allenbogen bill but would save the Administration from having to bury it under the fraudulent substitute which Jesse Jones and the FHA boys have been getting ready for that purpose. It also would kill the various anti-lynching bills that have been introduced in both houses, as well as the various bills to reform the ship-subsidy system, which Mr. Roosevelt vocally loathes but painstakingly leaves untouched. The House has just reinserted in the Post Office Department appropriation bill the \$26,000,000 item needed for continuance of the present subsidies; the item had been struck out by the Senate to force action on reform legislation at this session. The Wheeler bill, instructing the Federal Trade Commission to protect the consumer instead of merely protecting business men from one another, also would be brushed into the wastebasket by Robinson's adjournment schedule, along with the Kerr-Coolidge immigration bill, the Bankhead farm-tenant bill, the La Follette civil-liberties-investigation resolution, and the United Textile Workers' bill for regulation of wages and hours in the textile industry.

The meaningless, duty-dodging adjournment rush will in addition lessen the chances of decent tax and relief legislation being passed by this Congress. The tax bill already is in such a tangle that it is all but impossible to make sense out of it, and the Administration apparently thinks it isn't necessary to make sense out of the relief bill. Roosevelt's statement on Friday that the provision of \$1,500,000,000 is for the exclusive use of the WPA and at the same time for the use of Ickes's PWA and Tugwell's Resettlement Administration as well was unnecessarily confusing. It meant only that in the public-works, work-relief, and relief fields Mr. Roosevelt is running a shell game. If you have ever seen the game, you know that three shells are used and the trick is to tell under which shell the pea lies. Taking the PWA and RA out of the picture would be taking away two of Roosevelt's three shells, and it no longer would be possible for him to hide the pea. He will keep the RA and the PWA, and they may even get some of the WPA's money, but they won't be able to keep much of what they receive; Roosevelt will flick the pea back under the WPA shell each time the audience's attention strays. He has been playing this little game with one variation or another ever since the New

Deal began. It is one of the reasons why of all the billions passed under the PWA's shell only \$1,250,000,000 has stuck there since 1933, and there never before was such need as now for playing this game of put and take. The \$1,500,000,000 will be barely enough to keep Hopkins's WPA show going until Congress meets again. That will be after election, and until after election the RA's boss is going to be Rex the Obscure. He is putting up no fight, for he wants to keep his job. He thinks Ickes's fight is foolhardy, but Ickes knows that Roosevelt does not dare fire him, and so he keeps on fighting.

Champions of Poisoned Drugs.

A SUBCOMMITTEE reported to the full membership of the House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee on Friday a revised version of the Copeland food-and-drug bill which the Senate passed last year. If its backers succeed in pushing it through Congress as it stands, Senator Copeland's name should be taken from the bill and supplanted by that of Representative Chapman of Kentucky, for Chapman, bringing integrity as well as intelligence to the measure, has transformed it by weeks of labor into an act that goes a long way toward fulfilment of the New Deal's initial promises in this field. The indications are, however, that when the full committee gets through with the bill it will be in such shape that Chapman will not want to claim relation to it. Judged by their votes in the bitterly argumentative executive session that began Friday and will be resumed tomorrow, most of the people's representatives on the committee believe that you dote on poison for breakfast, luncheon, and dinner, liking especially lots of arsenic and lead on your fruits and vegetables. They also believe, it seems, that in seeking to improve your appearance, you would rather risk disfigurement, blindness, and death than put the manufacturers of drugs and cosmetics to the risk of being honest with their customers. They think, too, that you would rather see babies suffer the agonies of asthma than put the makers of proprietary foods to the trouble of letting mothers know that their concoctions contain ingredients poisonous to certain children.

I say these things on the basis of the changes thus far voted in Chapman's bill by the committee, meeting in secret session. Its worst defilement of the measure—and one that, if left to stand, will make the bill not only worse than the Senate version but worse than existing legislation—is an amendment which says in effect that a food, drug, or cosmetic must be dangerous to the health of *any* user to be classified as "adulterated" and thus be made subject to strict federal regulation. It has not yet been possible to ascertain just which members of the committee are responsible for these betrayals of the public trust. Lea of California is known to be one of the Chapman bill's fieriest foes on the committee. Pettengill of Indiana is another who rates profits for drug racketeers ahead of consumer protection. Cole of Maryland also is reported to have constituted himself a champion of the drug lobby, although his opposition to the consumer interest has been tempered by support of the bill's provision giving the Food

and Drug Administration control over food, drug, and cosmetic advertising. The food and drug lobbyists need only a few resolute friends in the committee; the ignorance and indolence of the other members make them equally helpful to Charles Wesley Dunn, Frank Blair, and their colleagues in the industries held at bay by the threat of the Chapman bill. Crosser of Ohio, for example, believes in magnetic healing. And imagine trying to explain the importance of allergic reactions to Sadowski, the Detroit builder, or to Chairman Sam Rayburn of Texas. The committee members on whom the public will have to depend, it seems, are Reece of Tennessee, Huddleston of Alabama, Wadsworth of New York, Wolfenden of Pennsylvania, and Kenney of New Jersey, in addition to Chapman, and half of these six sit on the minority side as Republicans.

As reported to the full committee, the Chapman bill continued all the Copeland bill's advances over existing food-and-drug legislation. Its chief advance over the Copeland bill was its erasure of the Bailey amendment, which would force the government to bring an individual court action for each seizure it makes of misbranded goods. The Vandenberg amendment, requiring that all these cases be tried in the home district of the defendant manufacturer, also has been supplanted in the Chapman bill by a provision permitting trial in the judicial district adjacent to that in which the defendant has his place of business. Another major advance in the Chapman bill is a provision for grade labeling; it gives the Food and Drug Administration power to promulgate legal standards of both quality and identity. In addition, it would require the makers of patent medicines to file their formulas with the Secretary of Agriculture, and it eliminates the Copeland bill's provisions for committees of food, drug, and cosmetic manufacturers to superintend the bill's enforcement. Backers of the Chapman bill predict that they will get it reported to the House for a vote before the next week ends. They are fighting to get the bill through the House and to conference within the week so that final action on it at this session may be made certain and its death by adjournment averted.



Rex the Obscure

The Corporate Tax Battle

BY MAX LERNER

PUT it down to Mr. Roosevelt's eternal credit that he has managed somehow to make a good show even of taxes. Here is a subject that has been handled in more or less routine fashion year after year, with the Treasury experts and the big financial shots dominating the scene and effecting a compromise between what was administratively necessary and what would least injure the delicate pecuniary nerves of the big owners. And, presto, this subject is whirled into the news in dramatic fashion, evoking the most emotional philippics and the most heroic defenses—the sort of thing that is generally reserved for boondoggling and Liberty League dinners and Supreme Court justices and the impounding of telegrams. In this dramatization Mr. Roosevelt has been impresario rather than actor. In making a big show out of the tax on corporate surpluses, he has of course had the help of the Republicans, the corporation heads, the campaign, the Supreme Court; possibly also the taut nerves of Senators, Treasury officials, witnesses, frayed by the incessant hammering of recent events; not least, the Washington heat.

But to grasp the forces at work behind the scenes, you must have seen them in dynamic form in the welter of a Senate committee room. Away from Washington, no matter how much you read and ponder over the testimony and the newspaper accounts, the thing somehow fails to come to life. You say to yourself: this pothole over a six-hundred-million-dollar budget item—big as it is—is out of proportion to its budgetary importance. The struggle must have some other meanings, some other roots.

It was the desire to discover what they are that sent me to Washington. I had been informed that on Tuesday, May 12, Treasury Counsel Herman Oliphant would be given a chance to answer the barrage of objections to which his bill had been exposed. I believe I must be the only mortal who ever traveled to Washington to get closer to a tax hearing out of sheer intellectual passion. I wanted a ringside seat at the tax fight. Others might pick Joe Louis or Tony Canzoneri, mauling a hapless victim in the glare of the arc lights while thousands cheer. I picked Mr. Oliphant and Senator Byrd, both stripped (intellectually) to the waist in a hot committee room, fighting over the corporate surplus tax with no one cheering, and with only a tableful of yawning newspapermen and a scattering of others there to see the carnage.

You come into a room already half-filled with smoke. At one end a raised platform of horseshoe formation, and behind it the members of the Senate Finance Committee, posing a little—as the Roman Senate did—as an “assembly of gods,” and a little as a group of American “regular fellers.” Pat Harrison, of Mississippi, in the

chair. He turned out what I thought was a consummate bit of chairmaning. At the bar, facing Harrison and with his back to the newspapermen and spectators, stood Herman Oliphant, treasury counsel—more responsible for the fate and character of the bill than any other man in Washington. He spoke slowly but with a bitter intensity, like someone at bay. For months he has been the target of attack, not only from the Republicans but from within the Administration itself. He is a little man, with a bullet head, eyes sunken but flashing, finely chiseled features. Most of the time he speaks straight at the Senators, but when he has something to say that he regards of particular importance he swings his body slowly around and faces the newspapermen and spectators. It is hard to meet the glance of those eyes, but easy to read almost anything into them—certainly zeal, tenacity, conviction. He is a former law professor at Columbia and Johns Hopkins who, as law professors must, knows the corporate structure. I have a suspicion that he takes the New Deal seriously.

The whole episode started, of course, when a soviet of judges and soldiers combined to take over the budgetary reins from the hands of the constituted authorities. The Supreme Court had declared the processing taxes invalid in the *Hoosac* decision, and then the veterans had marched in and mopped up after the court by getting their bonus. Since the Republicans had openly rejoiced over the foray of the judges, and aided the foray of the veterans, they were in no position to raise an outcry when the President and his financial advisers looked about for ways of restoring the raided revenue. Actually they were a bit happy about it. Taxes are never popular, and raising money is a poor way of enhancing your political prestige. They felt that they had the President in something of a hole. If he did not succeed in balancing the budget, they could raise the Landon-Hearst cry of extravagance; if he did, it would necessarily involve “nuisance taxes,” and cost him votes. There was dark talk of having to make a choice between a sales tax and an increase of the income tax in the lower and middle brackets. When, therefore, Mr. Roosevelt sent his special tax message to Congress on March 3, his novel tax proposal found the country dazed. The only people who knew what to say were the Republicans, but they said it more out of principle than understanding: it was enough for them that the source was satanic. The Democrats, on the whole, tended to stand behind the proposed measure—for the same reason reversed.

What sort of tax universe was the proposal born into? Obviously the rapid growth of the corporation in the last few decades has cut under the entire tax structure of the country. What had formerly been more or less tangible income now became intangible claims to income. A mechanism which in its construction has engaged the best legal

resources of the country was bound to create problems both for Treasury officials and for the state as a whole—problems of the concentration of financial power, the wresting of control from the investors, its capture by a small group of insiders who often used it in the manipulation of securities and in a ruthless march toward monopoly. One of the central features in this picture of corporate control has been the accumulation of a huge corporate reserve. Complaints had for years been pouring into Washington pointing to the abuses of such a surplus. It was a happy coincidence, therefore, when Mr. Oliphant's analysis of the possible sources of new revenue fixed upon business profits as having advanced farthest in the movement toward recovery. His proposal to place a heavy graduated tax on the corporate surplus seemed to offer a chance to combine a sound revenue objective with a needed social objective.

The present corporation tax is not very fruitful of revenue. It is an attempt to tax at the source only, and not a very successful one. A tax ranging from 12½ to 15 per cent is levied on the net income of all corporations. Under Section 102 of the present law, any corporation which is *prima facie* a holding company created for the purpose of tax evasion, or any corporation accumulating capital beyond the reasonable needs of its business expansion, is held subject to a tax penalty. But what constitutes a reasonable reserve is, of course, a question so subjective as to elude even the most competent tax administration we have had thus far. A common device among the big corporations is to place accumulated reserves in the hands of holding companies created for that purpose, and whenever the pile reaches dangerous proportions a reorganization is quietly effected and the entire process begins again. Thus far administrative difficulties have prevented the enforcement of this section. The Aluminum Company, owned by Mr. Mellon, can for example make out a very good case for large reserves as necessary for expansion, and it would take an extremely persistent and clever revenue agent, as an outsider to the affairs of the company, to break through the company position. The Internal Revenue Bureau once selected for study a number of cases of this sort, and after considerable scrutiny it was clear that in the present situation very few would stand up against a cold denial and a clever exposition on the part of the corporation officials. But as far as the strictly legal situation goes, a distinction must be made between the stockholder suits to compel the distribution of dividends, where the courts are reluctant to interfere in corporate matters, and cases where the government itself is a party to the suit.

The most fatal blow struck at the proposed measure was the impressive array of witnesses who appeared to testify against it. The political astuteness of the plan from the very start had rested on the fact that while every tax measure had to cause pain somewhere, the pain in this case would be visited on those who were already anti-Administration. Opposition from the business interests was of course expected. What was not expected was its volume and unanimity and the form it took. It was not just the tory attack of big corporations. It became apparent that the attempt to get at the corporations that evaded

a surtax on their undistributed profits would in the process sideswipe the smaller corporations which were in genuine need of building up surpluses. The case was stated most clearly and cogently in the climactic testimony of George O. May, whose prestige in the financial and accounting world is unsurpassed. He not only spoke caustically of the "slaughter of the innocents" that would follow on the attempt to get at the malefactors, but also challenged the Treasury estimates of the probable yield of the tax. The government forces, facing the enemy fire, could not hold their lines intact. In the House committee only one Democrat, Representative Lamneck, deserted, but in the Senate committee the revolt took on serious proportions. The conservative wing of the Democrats broke away from the Administration wing and joined the Republicans. Byrd of Virginia, Bailey of North Carolina, and Clark of Missouri, a trio of able Democrats, led the defection.

What I was witnessing in the Senate committee room was the last attempt of Senators Harrison and Barkeley, the Administration stalwarts, to salvage the principle of the bill by calling Mr. Oliphant before the committee to deliver a final plea. It raised far-reaching issues of policy and tax structure. They may be roughly grouped under four headings: the philosophy of a tax on corporate surpluses; the relation of such a tax to the corporate structure and the principle of corporate democracy; the question of the relative effects of the tax upon the large and the small corporation; the effect of the tax upon the economic structure as a whole and upon the business cycle.

As regards the philosophy of the tax, the Administration finds itself in a ticklish position. The corporate-surplus tax fits integrally into the logic of the New Deal. In addition to the raising of revenue, it has four non-revenue objectives—reforming the corporate structure, protecting investors, putting individuals and partnerships on an equality with corporations, forcing the distribution of corporate income and therefore the more rapid circulation of purchasing power. These are an essential part of an administrative policy which has created a Securities Exchange Commission, sought to regulate the more flagrant malpractices of corporate finance, pushed through the Public Utility Holding Company Act, and emphasized the purchasing-power theory of prosperity and depression. Mr. Roosevelt has been praised and attacked for his political astuteness in proposing such a tax, since it got him out of a serious budgetary difficulty. But this measure was not merely a Roosevelt trick. Mr. Roosevelt has generally been found to play the politician in what he fails to do rather than in what he does, in his retreats rather than his attacks. The real political astuteness of the measure was that it was intended to jibe with the concern that the Administration has always had for the small investor and small business man and to carry that concern into the field of taxation. The focus of Mr. Roosevelt's policy is neither the finance capitalist nor the worker; it is the investor.

The basic weakness of the plan, however, lay in the fact that its two objectives—raising revenue and reforming the corporate structure—did not quite coincide. This

was most clearly brought out in the verbal tilts between Senators Byrd and Bailey, on the one hand, and Mr. Oliphant and Senator La Follette, on the other. With impressive tenacity Senator Byrd clung to his contention that the plan would injure the small corporation and favor the larger one. The large corporation is obviously in a much better position to distribute its entire income and thus avoid the payment of a tax completely. Mr. Oliphant's reply that government would get its revenue from the individual incomes taxes of the stockholders was satisfactory from a revenue point of view, but inconclusive from a social standpoint. What had evidently happened was that in order to meet his revenue objectives, Mr. Oliphant proposed removing the existing tax on corporate income; but in the process he was defeating his social objective.

This was a fatal error in strategy, for it gave the conservative forces exactly the handle they were seeking. Senator Byrd, who has been anti-New Deal from the very beginning and who has played closely with the big interests, now stepped forward in a surprising role as the champion of the rights of the little fellow. Senator Bailey of North Carolina, who stands for the big tobacco interests of his state, if he stands for anything, vied with his Virginia colleague in the unctious he showed in defense of their new cause. Senator King of Utah, who throughout the afternoon ranted in spread-eagle fashion and made no point that he did not botch and befuddle, found himself surprisingly swelling the chorus of so-called "liberal" protest.

This leads us to the final issue of the effect of the tax measure on the structure of business prosperity. This issue cropped up time and again in the argument about the desirability of encouraging savings and the need for reserves as a cushion against depression. Mr. Oliphant pointed out that the argument about savings would apply equally to a reduction of the individual income tax; that if savings were needed for reinvestment it would be a simple device for a corporation to declare a dividend and for the stockholder—especially in the case of the small corporations whose stock is closely held—to plow the dividend back into more stock. Ultimately the argument came back again to a question of corporate democracy. The opponents of the bill insisted that once a dividend was declared it was doubtful whether it would ever find its way back into investment, since the flotation of new stock might be difficult or the tendency to spend the income prove overwhelming. Here Senator La Follette invariably took his stand on the ground that such a decision was for the stockholder himself to make, and that he was a better judge of his own interests than some member of an inner corporate directing group. Even more important than these arguments is the growing conviction among our economists that we suffer from too much saving rather than too little.

As we go to press the outlook for a corporate surplus tax is dark indeed. The primary objective of corporate reform which gave importance to the original tax proposal, whatever its shortcomings, has now vanished. All the talk now is, what will raise the revenue? The committee celebrations seem to point to (1) a slight increase of the cor-

porate income tax to 18 per cent; (2) a small 6 or 7 per cent surtax on undivided profits; (3) a raise of the individual income tax from 4 per cent to 5 per cent. This confirms again my conviction that there has never been an income-tax bill framed yet that wasn't a series of weak compromises and crudely concealed surrenders. The Republican members of the committee know that an increase in the individual normal tax is likely to weaken Roosevelt's support in the election. If that happens, it will be a fitting climax to the series of blunders which has marked the handling of the proposal thus far. It would be indeed an irony if the heralded Democratic reform in the tax structure and the corporate structure should turn out to be in the end nothing but a preliminary approach to a raising of the income tax.

If the Administration keeps clearly in mind what it is driving at, the framing of a tax measure does not present insuperable difficulties. The primary objectives are three: to produce the needed revenue; as far as possible, to force dividend distribution along to the stockholders, without affecting the smaller corporations adversely; to prevent the accumulation of huge reserves on the part of the large corporations, with the resulting tax evasion, oversaving, and corporate manipulation. One essential in any tax proposal is that the present corporate income tax should not be removed or decreased. To it should be added a tax on all corporate surplus, large enough to be persuasive but not such as to embarrass the small corporation. A second is the removal of the exemption of the individual taxpayer from the income tax on dividends: thus the dividends whose distribution is forced along will finally yield tax revenue. A third is the enforcement of Section 102 of the present revenue law with a heavy penalty surtax on the unreasonable surplus. I am convinced that in their zeal to find another method for getting the revenue, the Treasury officials have disposed too summarily of the possibility of revising Section 102 and putting teeth into it. For example, the exemption of corporations with a relatively low income from the operation of the penalty surtax on undistributed profits will ease the administrative problem considerably; a rule that any corporation distributing a very high proportion of its profits (to be set by the Treasury) will be deemed to have a reasonable surplus will ease it further. What remains is a problem for administrative ingenuity. If this section can be rigorously enforced, it should serve to penalize the improper accumulation of surpluses, which is after all the principal reform aim of the House bill.

Regardless of what the Senate committee does, the corporate-tax battle is not over. There remains the conference committee of the two houses, and there remains also the President. An abandonment of the principle of penalizing large surplus accumulations may mean an early adjournment of Congress, but it will also mean a betrayal by Mr. Roosevelt of his own reformist philosophy. He is strong enough to apply pressure, if he is willing to exert his strength. If he yields, it will be a proof that only a genuine labor Administration will ever have the courage to place the tax burden where it belongs, and to use the taxing mechanism for making sense of the economic structure.

Treason Among the Future Veterans

BY JAMES WECHSLER

A SUCCESSION of recent events has revealed a growing disparity between the "national commanders" of the Veterans of Future Wars and their undergraduate followers. So pronounced has this breach become that the summoning of a national convention, said to be planned for early September, may end the rule of those who launched the project. They are now conspicuously out of step with their organization. Wholesale treason is discernible in the ranks. Unless the situation is miraculously altered, the leaders are doomed to become Veterans of a Future Insurrection.

It is now clear, in the aftermath of "the biggest publicity stunt since the World War," that the V. F. W. was inspired by a group of conservative Democrats at Princeton whose prime mission is to defend the United States Treasury against all intruders. With happy optimism they envisage themselves as the nation's "future taxpayers" and hence as victims of all "Treasury raids." Dismayed by the passage of the bonus bill, they created the V. F. W. as an anti-bonus burlesque, providing free entertainment for all, publicity for its founders, and copy for starving Princeton newspaper correspondents.

The response which greeted them undoubtedly exceeded their expectations—and their desires. The birth of National Commander Gorin's idea was followed by a deluge of fan mail probably equaled only by that which greeted the birth of Mrs. Dionne's quintuplets. Utterly indigenous in theme and language, the project satisfied the lust for sensation with which Americans are perhaps peculiarly endowed. Satirical and pointed, lacking any complex political terminology, the V. F. W. quickly spread far beyond the campus.

All this was no doubt gratifying to the commanders except for one rather crucial detail. While scores of local "posts" were emerging on campuses throughout the country, virtually none of them shared the anti-bonus enthusiasm of the Princeton officials. Those who rallied to the movement did so because they saw in it a devastating criticism of war. Students who had heretofore remained unresponsive to anti-war propaganda were stirred by a movement which captured their imagination as well as their intellectual approval. The V. F. W. was a rollicking yet essentially sober instrument for a thrust against the war-makers. So plain and widespread was this recognition of its possibilities that the stuffed shirts quickly betrayed panic. Mr. Gorin was labeled a red. There were frightened outcries in women's clubs and D. A. R. chapters. A Hearst reporter was dispatched to Princeton to "expose" Moscow's latest maneuver. All that he found was a bewildered array of conservative Democrats battling valiantly against a bonus bill which had already been safely enacted.

There were those, however, who got Mr. Gorin's point

and expected even greater things from him. The American Veterans' Association, extreme right-wing of the veterans, bestowed sympathetic attention upon the plan and sent its national commander to address the opening rally at Princeton. Some sections of the conservative press, undaunted by the cries of "red," hailed the venture as a springboard for renewed criticism of New Deal "extravagance." Bernarr Macfadden was elevated to the post of commander of "physical fitness." William Randolph Hearst declined to serve as honorary national commander, but with profuse thanks.

The V.F.W. leadership, though it made a vigorous attempt to maintain the atmosphere of buffoonery, felt these pressures. While conservative journals urged it to carry on the anti-bonus campaign, a preponderance of the student membership impatiently demanded a statement of position on the April student peace strike. Having enlisted in the V. F. W. on the assumption that it was an anti-war enterprise, they regarded the strike as a logical next step. These were distressing developments to the Princeton officialdom. On visiting their headquarters I was assured that they didn't "want to offend anyone." They were, I was informed, building a large organization; "when everybody is in it we'll see what they agree on and draw up a program." Terrified by the "red" label, they were desperately avoiding any further commitments. They stubbornly refused to criticize American war preparations. They would not challenge the expansion of the R. O. T. C. They were determined to refrain from any indorsement of the student peace demonstrations.

But on April 22 Mr. Gorin partially abandoned his reticence. In an Associated Press interview he was quoted as upholding "necessary" and "rational" wars to which students could legitimately give their support. This, of course, was an implied attack on the Oxford pledge, one of the central declarations of that day's strike. While Mr. Gorin was extolling "rational" warfare, however, a chapter of the V. F. W. at Kansas was being attacked with tear-gas bombs for holding an anti-war meeting, the commander of the V. F. W. at Ohio State was being reprimanded for leading a "corpse" with a placard "Enlist Now" in the R. O. T. C. parade, and several leaders of the DePauw post were threatened with loss of their degrees for supporting the strike. These incidents were typical of many which showed that the V. F. W., in most of its local branches, had become an integral part of the student peace movement. Often they rescued the peace strike from the peril of solemn monotony and routine, injecting a colorful note and translating peace slogans into persuasive American idiom. There are, of course, campuses on which V. F. W. posts have supported the anti-bonus plank of the founders, but these are exceptions. The

growth of the V. F. W. has revealed an encouraging disbelief in the glories or sanctity of war. There is unanswerable irony in a parade of Future Unknown Soldiers.

However much these tendencies may gratify liberals, they have thus far made no evident impression upon the national commanders. Mr. Gorin has just published a book devoted entirely to a denunciation of the "bonus grab." Nowhere in this "true story of a sensational youth movement" do its real character and meaning appear. Nor have the recent utterances of Mr. Gorin's cohorts revealed any sensitivity to the situation. It is apparently their determination to pursue their original idea while the membership

moves in an opposite direction. Whether the V. F. W. will survive the summer is highly dubious; its potentialities may be already exhausted; perhaps the joke requires new inspiration. If the movement lasts, several stormy sessions will be on its agenda. The policies of the leaders have evoked growing dissatisfaction. Their unwillingness to "offend anyone" has deprived them of long-term purpose and program. It is not valid to assert that they have fled into the arms of fascism. They have fled into the arms of fame and are reluctant to give up the embrace. So imaginative and lusty a creation as the V. F. W. merited a more courageous, idealistic parentage.

The Austrian Volcano

BY M. W. FODOR

Vienna, May 4

AUSTRIA today is faced with a danger the exact nature of which is known to nobody but is feared by all. Two factors make this fear worldwide: First, Germany's remilitarization of the Rhineland shows that Hitler is determined at any risk to carry through the program he advocated long before he came to power, and part of this program is the unification of German-speaking peoples. Second, Austria's unhappy internal situation offers the Nazis an opportunity to do their underground sapping more thoroughly than would be possible if the Austrian government rested on a broader popular base.

Hitler's march into the Rhineland completely changed the European situation, especially in Central Europe. The attempt to bring about a similar *fait accompli* in Austria would seem to be the logical next step. One suspects that Hitler is a little disappointed over the result of the Abyssinian adventure. He hoped that Italy would bleed so nearly to death in Ethiopia that Mussolini's power on the Brenner Pass would become negligible, and he expected that League sanctions would lead to war between Italy and Great Britain. It now seems quite possible that Mussolini will emerge from the African conflict with unimpaired strength and that the Stresa front will be reestablished. All the more reason for seizing upon the present as the time to act in Austria. The Wilhelmstrasse and the Reichswehr are against such an adventure, but they also prophesied that disaster would result from Germany's adoption of conscription last year and from the reoccupation of the Rhineland a month ago. And their prophesies proved false. On the other hand, Italy is not France or Britain. These two countries would go to war only as a last resort. Italy is ruled by a desperado with the same mentality as Hitler's. Hitler knows very well that if German troops should march into the Tyrol or Salzburg, Mussolini would not hesitate to mobilize his army as he did on July 25, 1934.

Austria's internal situation is equally fraught with danger. The present Schuschnigg-Starhemberg government

enjoys little popularity—which in all fairness might have been said of almost any Austrian government for years past. The Austrian people, though intelligent and possessing artistic talents of a high order, are almost entirely without political insight. They are intensely individualistic, by temperament anarchists rather than law-abiding citizens. But it must be admitted that the political platform of the Schuschnigg government is such as to receive only very slight popular support. The Nazis and the Socialists, each claiming the adherence of at least 30 per cent of the population, are sharply opposed to the present government, and even the supporters of the government are torn by quarrels within their ranks.

The truth is, of course, that there is dissension within every dictatorship. It is a fallacy to believe that a dictatorship which nominally abolishes parties actually exterminates them. The parties, as far as their visible existence is concerned, disappear, but they continue to function either as factions within the government itself or as illegal organizations. In the Austrian Fatherland Front three groups can be distinguished. On the extreme right is the Heimwehr, composed of fascists in the Italian sense; in the center are the Catholic Clerical reactionaries; the left wing is made up of semi-democratic Christian Social reformers. Prince Ernst Rüdiger von Starhemberg leads the right wing; Dr. Schuschnigg is the man of the center; while among those who demand democratic methods and reforms are the Minister of Agriculture, Ludwig Stöbl; the Minister of Social Welfare, Dr. Ludwig Dobretsberger; the Governor of Lower Austria, Josef Reither; and the leader of the Catholic workers' organization, Leopold Kunschak.

The breach between the Heimwehr and the left wing of the Fatherland Front is irreparable, and it has placed the Heimwehr at loggerheads with both the peasants and the Catholic workers. Prince Starhemberg and Governor Reither have distrusted each other as long as the Fatherland Front has been in existence. The Prince has stood for fascist totality; Reither is for democracy and self-determi-

nation. Both have pretorian guards to support them. Starhemberg commands the Heimwehr; Reither holds the allegiance of a large section of the Sturmscharen, which nominally have disarmed but in reality have kept together pending the date when the Heimwehr is also disarmed.

An equally sharp conflict exists between the Heimwehr and the Minister of Social Welfare, Dr. Dobretsberger. Dobretsberger, a close friend of the late Chancellor Dollfuss, intended and still intends to introduce democratic elements into the Stände-Staat constitution and tries to pacify the workers by granting them concessions. He hoped to improve their lot somewhat through the medium of the Einheitsgewerkschaft, a single, all-embracing, government-controlled trade union. When the automobile workers demanded higher pay (their wages have been cut 40 per cent during the last two years), Dr. Dobretsberger encouraged the Einheitsgewerkschaft to take up the workers' cause. But the industrial federation, led by prominent Heimwehr members, defeated the wage demands, and the leaders of the union were dismissed though they were members of the Fatherland Front. This brought so sharp a difference between Herr Mandl, the chief armament manufacturer in Austria and leader of the reactionary industrialist group, and Dr. Dobretsberger that the latter's early departure from the government is a foregone conclusion.

The affair of the Phoenix Life Assurance Company has created another complication. The Phoenix, the largest company of its kind in Austria, collapsed some weeks ago. The collapse was inevitable, for the Phoenix was the heritage of the old empire, calculated for the needs of a monarchy with 55,000,000 inhabitants, and it was miraculous that it lasted as long as it did. In fact, the error of not liquidating it some nine years ago when the troubles of the company first became known added to the final catastrophe. But when the end came, a list containing the names of those who had received bribes, engaged in improper speculation, or received too high salaries was dis-

covered. Rumors about this list involved many prominent persons connected with the government or with the regime. Dr. Schuschnigg, whose honesty has never been questioned even by his opponents, promised a ruthless exposure of the culprits, and the results of an investigation were published. Though it was felt in some quarters that the list was not complete, its publication helped to calm public excitement over the scandal. In consequence of the exposure, the former Chancellor, General Karl Vaugoin; the Heimwehr leader, Count Botho Coreth; the famous commander in the World War, Prince Schönburg-Hartenstein; the leader of the Austrian Tourist Traffic Association, Strafella; and many others had to resign their positions in the corporative state.

In addition to these conflicts within its own Fatherland Front, the government has had to face the constant propaganda of the Austrian National Socialists, designed to weaken its position. Every divergence of opinion in government circles is magnified into a sign of weakness and decay. Constant rumors about impending government changes help to create the impression that the days of the government are numbered. And the actual quarrels among the ministers, emphasized by Starhemberg's sharp speeches, benefit the Nazi campaign of sniping. The Nazis are also helped by the censorship, which is clumsily and unwisely handled. The suppression of all manifestations of unrest or criticism in the newspapers has caused the people to doubt everything they read and to seek real political news in illegal propaganda sheets like the Nazi *Illegale Korrespondenz* or the Socialist *Arbeiter Zeitung*, which are secretly printed and distributed. Skilful and widespread Nazi rumors supply the rest of the "news."

The Nazis themselves are not strong enough to deliver a telling blow against the present regime. Despite the weaknesses of the Fatherland Front, the government still has the situation in its control and could easily suppress a Nazi uprising because of the disorganization in the Nazi ranks. It is believed by well-informed neutral observers that even a march into Austria of the Austrian Legion—recruited from young Nazis who escaped from Austria to Germany and about 13,000 strong—could be successfully suppressed by government troops. Only when Germany decides to move the Reichswehr into Austria will the catastrophe really begin. In Austria there is a firm belief that Hitler realizes the danger of such a step. It would undoubtedly be the signal for a world war, for Italy would immediately go to Austria's assistance and not single-handed.

The Austrian Social Democrats are convinced that only one solution can be effective for Austria, the neutralization of the country after the pattern of Belgium. A neutralized Austria would mean peace in Central Europe. Austria is the bone of contention not only between Italy and Germany but between Italy and Yugoslavia. Since the Italian-Yugoslav frontier is impenetrable, an Italian offensive, in the event of an Italian-Yugoslav war, could be made only by a march through Austria. If Austria were neutralized, such a movement would be impossible, and *faute de mieux* Italy and Yugoslavia would be compelled to effect a reconciliation.



Amsterdam Telegraaf

"Just a minute, Ladies and Gentlemen. Following our tableau 'The Rhineland,' we will present two sensational numbers entitled: 'We Want Colonies,' and 'Austria Belongs to Us.'"

Vermont: State of Anarchy

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

Barre, Vermont

THE staid old New England state of Vermont has broken loose from its stiff crinolines of law and order and gone anarchist—anarchy is used here in its literal dictionary meaning of "absence or utter disregard of government." The anarchy now prevailing in Vermont was not induced by "mobs" or "the rabble." On the contrary, the best people and the best churches are numbered among its adherents; and with only a very few exceptions the officials condone the new regime by their silence when they do not openly advocate it.

The thing began when the Vermont Marble Company in Rutland County disagreed with its employees. The company was paying extremely low wages. Statistics show that wages in the granite industry in Barre are approximately twice as high as in the marble industry in Rutland County. For a year and a half the employees of the company tried to get their wages raised by negotiation. After all, these employees are conservative and sober Vermonters of the old school. They also attempted to get the controversy settled according to labor laws which were designed to meet just such problems. In Chapter 269 of the Public Laws, for instance, is a statute requiring the Vermont Commissioner of Industry to make an investigation in any dispute and "publish a report finding such cause and assigning such responsibility or blame."

When, after a year and a half, negotiations failed, 600 workers in five Vermont towns went on strike. That was in November, 1935. As for the investigation required by law, the Commissioner of Industry claims he made one. But there is evidence to show that he "investigated" by spending the scanty daylight hours of one winter day at the scene and then publishing the canned statement of the Vermont Marble Company as his report; he also included extracts from the news columns of the *Rutland Herald*.

The laws of Vermont also empower the governor on his own authority to investigate any controversy that in his opinion "seriously affects or threatens seriously to affect the public welfare." In Rutland County the 600 marble workers who went on strike at the beginning of the bitterest winter New England has had in years are still out. Purchasing power in the community has been throttled, and merchants are losing heavily. Seventy children in one school in Danby had to be provided with clothes by order of the school superintendent. The district attorney of Rutland brought pressure on the overseers of the poor to provide relief to the destitute strikers, although a marble-company official, who was also an overseer, protested. Federal relief, meanwhile, was scanty and its administration highly partial.

When the strike had been in progress two months an appeal for a genuine investigation was made to the Gov-

ernor. He neither declined nor acceded, and nothing happened. Then a petition bearing more than a thousand names was presented to him. Again there was no reply from the Governor. His Commissioner of Industry, however, stated that the law did not apply to the present strike.

Certainly it would have been embarrassing to the Vermont Marble Company if it had been compelled to testify under oath to the statements it had given out freely to the press. The company denied, for



instance, that it had ever paid any employee less than \$5 as the balance due him on his weekly pay check. The employees promptly produced scores of canceled company checks for amounts ranging from two to twenty cents and more, but all of them for much less than \$5; they even produced a stack of little yellow company forms showing that many men were paid nothing at all after company charges had been deducted for rent, light, and even, in some instances, for the pasturage of the family cow.

These little yellow slips reveal more than one significant item. Here is a sample.

*Vermont Marble Company—Identification Slip for Week
Ending Nov. 7, 1935
5212—Mike Boleson*

Disability Insurance	
Rent, part	...\$2.52..	No Check
Water	
Lights	
Bank Deposit	
Retirement Premium (pension)	

Mike Boleson was one of those who worked and was paid nothing to feed his family. But from the point of view of law and order the first item on the slip is even more interesting. Section 6570 of Chapter 264 of the Laws of Vermont expressly prohibits any agreement by an employee to pay any portion of the cost of insurance of any kind maintained or carried by an employer; it further provides that an employer who makes a deduction for such purpose from the wages of an employee is subject to a fine of "not more than five hundred dollars." More than one employee of the company has testified that the fee for insurance is collected, law or no law, by the Vermont Marble Company.

The employees finally appealed to the United States Department of Labor, and a Commissioner of Conciliation came to Vermont. The company officials received him

politely but implacably. It was doubtful, very doubtful, whether the dispute was within the province of the United States government. It was a state affair. They had special deputies sworn in and the situation was well in hand.

The story of these special deputies throws a strong light on the attitude and the power of the company. Over the protest of the district attorney from eighty to a hundred deputies were sworn within twenty-four hours after the strike began, although there had been no hint of violence. Among the deputies were two sheriffs from adjoining counties who had been elected and were being paid by the residents of their respective counties. Half the deputies were paid by the state out of a special fund administered by the Attorney General. When this fund was exhausted—the cost was approximately \$1,800 a week—the legislature obligingly made an appropriation amounting to more than \$18,000, thereby relieving the Vermont Marble Company of maintaining its own private guards. There was no violence before the deputies were sworn in. There has been no violence since then on property owned by the company or abutting upon it. The only clashes that have taken place between the deputies and the strikers have occurred when the deputies have made sorties, en masse, into the town. There has also been some dynamiting. In general, the explosions of dynamite caused loud noises but no property damage. They did make excellent propaganda against the strikers. One charge of dynamite, for instance, was placed on a railroad track in such a way that it could only blow out the dirt between the ties; another splintered the base of a wooden pole on a company power line, but the pole was supported by a second pole so that it could not possibly have come down. In an explosion which occurred on a company bridge at two o'clock on a December morning enough dynamite to wreck a blast furnace was used. But it did practically no damage; and for some reason the dynamiter, allegedly a striker familiar with company property, had selected an unused bridge rather than one a half-mile away whose loss would have seriously crippled operations.

The bridge explosion was notable in other ways. The special deputy sheriff in charge of the company deputies knew of it within ten minutes, though he was twelve miles away at the time and no company man was within a third of a mile of the bridge when the blast went off. Moreover, it was a dark night and no flames followed the explosion. That any deputy could know *what* it was and *where* it was is a matter for admiration and wonder. Nevertheless, by four

o'clock—it was still as dark as the inside of a cow—the mind-reading sheriff had arrested two strikers by identifying the prints of their shoes in the light spit of snow that lay on the ground. The sheriff further identified the culprits by the tread of a Ford automobile, admittedly theirs, which he was able to detect, by some mysterious sixth sense, in a traveled road near the scene of the explosion. The two prisoners were held in bail for the grand jury and then indicted.

At the trial it was brought out that the shoes of the accused men were thirteen and one-half inches in length, whereas the footprints in the company's photographs were only eleven inches long. Also by accident it came out that witnesses for the company had failed to mention the only clear photograph among the many devoted to the prints of automobile tires. This picture showed the pattern of a tire tread entirely different from that of the tires on the car of the two accused strikers. Reluctantly the company witnesses admitted that all the photographs they had produced were likenesses of the same rut in the road. The strikers were acquitted.

On March 2 there occurred a fracas so trivial that the district attorney entered it for trial as "intimidation of a company employee." At that point the Attorney General appeared and ordered the charge altered to breach of the peace, which, in Vermont, is a charge that can include anything from spilling a garbage can to manslaughter. One man was tried on the charge. The jury disagreed, six to six. The Attorney General then ordered the case tried in the County Court and indicted five men on the same charge. Under Vermont procedure each County Court has two lay judges; the third must have had legal training, but the two lay judges can outvote him on any question. The men were promptly convicted and sentenced to from one to two years in state's prison. Pending appeal the judges were asked to stay execution. The request was denied, although such a stay has never been refused before, and the strikers' terms began at once.

It must be clear to any ordinary citizen that the "public welfare" of Vermont has been affected by the controversy

between the Vermont Marble Company and its employees. The normal life of one whole community has been disrupted; the laws designed to protect the rights of citizens have been flouted by those sworn to enforce them. But Governor Smith has not yet seen fit to order the investigation which the laws of his state plainly authorize and which a wide section of public opinion demands.



Drawings by Dan Reed

Strike Call

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THE pre-nomination situation of the Republicans gets steadily worse. Senator Borah has not done as well as he gave promise of doing a few weeks ago. The defeat of the Hearst-Landon combination in California has not helped Landon despite the hullabaloo to that effect from the Governor's friends. That he ever could have accepted Hearst's support is the measure of the political vision and ability of the Chief Executive of the state of Kansas. So we are within a couple of weeks of the opening of the Republican convention with no outstanding candidate in sight. If the convention does take Governor Landon it will obviously be simply because, in the absence of any outstanding figure, he has drifted into a more favorable position than anybody else. What a plight that is for the party of which Elihu Root boasted some twenty years ago that it alone was fit to rule!

Now the danger of all this is a serious one—that the powers that be in the convention will repeat what happened when Harding was nominated in 1920. They are quite likely to fish out of the grab-bag at three o'clock on Saturday morning in some private room Senator Dickinson of Iowa or Senator Vandenberg of Michigan. The latter choice would be negatively good, for Senator Vandenberg is a pleasant, kindly, rather attractive person, broad enough to admit that at least half of the New Deal program was entirely justified, even from the Republican point of view, and that that portion of it must be retained. He is not a big man or a dominating personality, but he is far more sympathetic to liberal ideas than are the run of Republican Senators. The choice of Senator Dickinson, however, would be an unqualified misfortune, for he is a complete reactionary, a red-baiter, and an absolute opponent of the liberalism of Franklin Roosevelt. He is essentially of that Republican Old Guard which ought to be driven out of the party at the earliest possible moment if the party is to survive. Actually there is a great deal of under-cover work being done in business circles in New York and Chicago looking to the choice of this Iowa Senator. From the Roosevelt point of view it would be a fortunate choice, because Dickinson would drive many liberals who are now hesitating into the Roosevelt camp.

Now what would a great party that is fit to rule do under the circumstances? It would seem as if it would call a quiet gathering of influential men representing every point of view to see whether there could not be substantial agreement on a man who would have the qualities and the experience in national and international life plainly needed in any candidate for the profoundly difficult job of conducting the affairs of the United States in this crisis of the world's history—qualities which Governor Landon obviously lacks. There would be young Republicans in

such a conference. Nicholas Murray Butler would be asked to repeat the statement that he made after his recent trans-continental journey—that not a single one of the candidates now being talked about measures up to the need of the hour. If no man obviously fitted to lead a forlorn hope could be found in the Senate, then such a gathering might well search the academic and the business worlds for a man not now connected with politics but of demonstrated ability in dealing with large business affairs. If it were not for his peculiar record, one might think of President Gifford of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. If there were a Republican of the wide experience of Owen D. Young he would naturally come into the picture. If there were a younger man of the type of Alanson B. Houghton, who was a useful representative in Congress for years and an admirable Ambassador to Berlin immediately after the war, and who is a successful manufacturer on the best of terms with his employees, he would naturally be considered. There would be a serious investigation of the merits of John G. Winant, former Governor of New Hampshire, even though he is now connected with the social-security branch of the Roosevelt Administration. There are several men in the college world whose names immediately suggest themselves, but they would not exhaust the list. It is simply incredible that a party which polled 15,761,841 votes in 1932, which boasts that it contains within its ranks the leading business men, bankers, and great executives of the country, could not find someone worthy of heading the ticket.

Well, I hear cynics say, "What's the use? Roosevelt is going in no matter whom they nominate." True. But I am writing from the Republican point of view on behalf of those Republicans who sincerely believe that their party can be rescued and revamped and made into a constructive social force. There is, however, another reason why independents and Democrats alike should wish to see a strong opposition to the Democratic Party, both in and out of Congress. The safety of our institutions depends in large degree upon such an opposition. It will be little less than a misfortune if Franklin Roosevelt is elected by a greater plurality than he received in 1932 and if there is a less effective minority against the Democrats in the Senate and the House of Representatives. Given such an overwhelming victory, any tendencies in Mr. Roosevelt toward dictatorship will be reinforced if there is no determined, sincere, and able group of men to check his power and forcefully to present to the public the arguments against any policies which he may advocate. The President's acceptance of a modification of his latest tax bill in the face of severe criticism shows the effectiveness of capable analysis and opposition.

BROUN'S PAGE

RUPERT HUGHES has set himself to save the down-trodden film magnates of Hollywood. No blot or stain shall ever come to the escutcheon of Will Hays if Mr. Hughes can help it. And yet it is a strange device which this half-a-minute man wears upon his shield, for he fights for free press, free speech, and Metro-Goldwyn.

Rupert Hughes is the leader of the white-mouse faction in the Screen Writers' Guild. A connoisseur of buttered bread, the author has left the union of his own choosing now that pressure has come from the employing groups. But Mr. Hughes is actuated by the noblest motives. He is one of those who would have his silver and his soul's salvation, too. Ugly words have generally been used about those who desert their fellow-craftsmen in time of strife, but how can they be applied to Rupert Hughes, who would single-handed preserve the American family and more particularly the Warner Brothers?

Rupert Hughes once wrote a penetrating book about George Washington which elevated the eyebrows of the patriotic, but now he tends to conformity, and while the picket line wends its weary way outside the studio he purposes to stick to his desk, setting down "I wonder," "Came the dawn," and "Kiss me, my fool." In other words, Rupert is himself again. Alone in his Alamo he holds the fort against those who would debase the American motion-picture industry with sovietizing influences.

"When the freedom of American writers is gone," says Mr. Hughes from his cubicle on the lot, "American freedom is dead indeed. And since writing is an almost universal form of expression, its regimentation attacks thought, speech, and press and thereby the liberty and security of every citizen. Of late a certain school of writers is not only trying to align the writing craft with the labor unions, but to amalgamate all writers into one grand national union. This will be ruled, of course, by a small committee employing closed-shop principles . . . I believe in organization among all crafts, including the crafts of the employers."

"When the grand amalgamation was broached," Mr. Rupert Hughes continues, "I protested that a tyranny of writers over writers was planned, and this meant a despotism of a few natural-born committee men. Eight or more screen writers sent in their resignations and were immediately accused of bad faith and of 'blatant and callous treachery.' I now felt it time to join the traitors against the unforeseen Soviet, and we secessionists are now forming a new association devoted to the correction of abuses and the betterment of the craft in cooperation with producers as sincerely interested in the prosperity of the picture industry as are we writers. . . . There is a vague thing called Americanism that tries to work for freedom, equality, and democracy with the least possible restriction either in thought, speech, press, or action."

To be sure, "the one grand national union of writers" is a bogey invented by Mr. Hughes himself. And so are the secret negotiations designed to bring it about. I speak from my own knowledge, since I am at least an uncle of the idea which Rupert Hughes distorts. More than a year ago I spoke before a body of school teachers (I think it was the League for Progressive Education) and made the suggestion that authors, dramatists, screen writers, educators, newspapermen, and others whose jobs made them responsible for the creation of public opinion should form a loose confederation and meet in convention once a year. It was my notion that such an association might be helpful in the prevention of war. The screen, the press, and the radio are owned by a comparatively small number of individuals. The writers of America in any given situation have a right to know whether they are acting on their own or whether they are being pushed around by the few who own the media of propaganda.

Mr. Hughes professes to fear "a tyranny of writers over writers." Even if such a thing were possible, would he regard it as a step down from a tyranny of illiterates over authors? Mr. Hughes cannot possibly maintain that he or anybody else in Hollywood has freedom to write as he pleases under the present set-up. The closest sort of regimentation exists, and it is a pressure of men with no interest save that of profit over a group laughingly known in the counting-room as "creative artists." Indeed, Mr. Hughes identifies himself as one sharing wholly the point of view of the management, since he stresses at the expense of all else "the prosperity of the industry."

Rupert Hughes believes in the organization of everybody in the craft including the employers, but he need not lie awake nights wondering whether the poor producers will avail themselves of the necessary protective measures against the savage purposes of their employees. Depend upon it, Rupert, they have their grand union. They have their united front. Your kindly effort to build a writers' "union" to cooperate with the bosses will undoubtedly be welcomed by them, but I fear that it will be regarded by the studio heads as just another evidence of the inveterate passion of some employees to better themselves not by organization but by osculation. Such progress, it is quite true, cannot be obtained by regimentation. Mr. Zukor will be glad to accommodate all pilgrims to Rimmon, but each must take his turn or there will be a bumping of heads.

Equity knew its "Fidoes." The American Newspaper Guild did have its "League of Politeness," and the Screen Writers' Guild should not be surprised to encounter "a vague thing called Americanism" in Rupert Hughes. It is true that Sherlock Holmes did not call it that. I showed him a copy of the communication and after examining the tracks under a microscope the great detective exclaimed, "That man was running for his life."

HEYWOOD BROWN

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

TACKS IN AN EDITOR'S CHAIR

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

A LITERARY editor, like any other kind of editor, is faced by a certain number of recurrent dilemmas. To none of them is there any thoroughly satisfactory solution, but there are two at least which are important enough and persistent enough to warrant open discussion with the readers of a magazine who take, as many *Nation* readers do, an active personal interest in its policies and points of view.

The first is concerned with the question of what to do with letters of rebuttal and protest. Nearly every review of a controversial book draws one or more, and often a great many. In addition, a considerable proportion of unfavorable reviews of books of any kind are replied to by the author, by one of his friends, or by some outsider who happens to be passionately interested. Such letters are always sent to the author of the review in question, who usually—and at the cost of considerable time—answers them personally, but in most cases the letter writer wants his protest published and in three cases out of four cries "prejudice," "fraud," or "suppression" if it isn't. Yet only a small number of such letters could be printed unless we were willing to devote the major part of the paper to them, and it is not possible to formulate hard and fast rules which will render automatic the decision in any particular case.

We can and do say that errors in fact will be corrected unless they are manifestly too trivial to be of any importance. But if certain facts are obvious and determinable as matters of record, there are, unfortunately, many others which seem facts to a reader but are not demonstrable as such; and more than one correspondence has ended with the reader's declaration, "I merely inform you that your reviewer is a knave as well as a fool, and if you won't publish that obvious fact then you are engaged in the deliberate suppression of the truth." Most letters, on the other hand, are frankly concerned with matters of opinion, and here, of course, the limitation of space is the determining factor. We publish as many as we can of those which seem to us most important and most likely to interest our readers. But the conventional editorial phrase, "Rejection of your manuscript does not imply a lack of merit," means rather more in this connection than it often does in any other. Many interesting letters are never published simply because, interesting though they may be, to include them would mean to exclude some others which for one reason or another we consider it more important to print.

Somewhat harder perhaps is the case of the author who feels that he has been unjustly treated in an unfavorable review. There is, I believe, a law in France which provides that the recipient of an unfavorable review may require

the periodical in which it appeared to give him an equal amount of space for rebuttal, but the law is not very often invoked, and if it were, it would make almost impossible the publication of an extended literary section. With us we regard such a reply exactly as we should regard any other contribution and use it only if it seems of sufficient interest or importance to justify the omission of some other letter or article in order that it may be published. After all, most reviews belong in the realm of opinion. They are offered as opinions, and most experienced authors, recognizing the fact, hesitate to reply, sensibly preferring to believe that in the book itself they have had their say.

Even thornier than the problem of protesting letters is that raised by the question of editorial responsibility for or agreement with the opinions expressed by individual reviewers. It is frequently raised and was raised again only a few days ago by a reader who had been infuriated by a certain opinion and who ended by stating roundly: "If the editors of *The Nation* agree with that opinion they are fools; if they do not agree with it they should have thrown the review into the wastebasket."

So far as this particular protest is concerned, it can be answered categorically. The editors of *The Nation* do not hold every opinion expressed in every book review or other signed article, and they do not consign to the wastebasket the work of every reviewer who happens to say something with which they do not agree. The variety of opinions expressed ought to be sufficient evidence of that fact, but unfortunately the question as a whole cannot be disposed of so easily. If it is obvious that we do not insist that every reviewer shall share all our opinions, it is equally obvious that, since we select our reviewers, we have some sort of responsibility for at least the general tendencies of their thought. It would be possible to conduct a book-review section from which all opinion opposed to the editor's own should be excluded. It would be impossible on the other hand to conduct one for the general color and competence of which he had no responsibility unless he were content merely to open the daily mail and to turn its contents over to the printer.

In the vast majority of cases books are assigned to a definite reviewer of the editors' choice. He is chosen because the editors believe that he is, in general, a man of intelligence and taste who has, besides, some special competence relative to the book in question. But since the editors believe in the utility of discussion from various points of view they often choose reviewers whose general philosophy they know to be different from that of *The Nation* but for whom they have, nevertheless, a solid respect. Occasionally the review resulting from such assign-

ment is rejected because it seems dull or badly written, but seldom, if ever, is it "tossed into the wastebasket" because the point of view is not in accordance with our own. Since its author is a man in whom we have reposed confidence we prefer to assume that his opinion, however different from ours, is at least worth hearing.

It is hardly necessary to add that any reviewer who consistently wrote reviews which seemed to us ill-informed or unintelligent would be dropped from our list, and it is to that extent, but to that extent only, that we assume responsibility for the opinions expressed. Doubtless it is impossible to specify more precisely the exact degree of control of opinion which results from this policy: it is obviously dependent in part upon the extent of disagreement which the editors can reconcile with a belief in any reviewer's intelligence and competence. But such a description of our intentions should serve at least to give some sort of answer to the often raised question of the degree of responsibility which we assume. Our readers are justified in concluding that the authors of reviews in *The Nation* are men whom the editors believe worth hearing on the particular subject in hand. They are not justified in assuming that any specific opinion necessarily even approximates agreement with the editorial policy of the paper.

BOOKS

"It Is Not Forbidden to Think"

COLLECTED POEMS. By T. S. Eliot. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

THE grouping of these poems—chronological through 1930, and inclusive except for "Murder in the Cathedral"—seems to point to a mental chronology of evolvment and deepening technique. But two tendencies mark them all: the instinct for order and certitude, and "contempt for sham." "I am not sure," Mr. Eliot says in "The Uses of Poetry," "that we can judge and enjoy a man's poetry while leaving wholly out of account all the things for which he cared deeply, and on behalf of which he turned his poetry to account." He detests a conscience, a politics, a rhetoric, which is neither one thing nor the other. For him hell is hell in its awareness of heaven; good is good in its distinctness from evil; precision is precision as triumphing over vagueness. In *The Rock* he says, "Our age is an age of moderate virtue And of moderate vice." Among Peter the Hermit's hearers were "a few good men Many who were evil And most who were neither." Although as a critic, confronted by apparent misapprehension, he manifests what seems at times an almost pugnacious sincerity, by doing his fighting in prose he is perhaps the more free to do his feeling in verse. But in his verse, also, judgment remains awake. His inability to be untormented by "the Demon of Thought" as action, in *Prufrock*, posits an overwhelming question:

Oh, do not ask what is it,
Let us go and make our visit;

and as writing is satirized in *Lines for Cuscuscaraway and Mirza Murad Ali Beg*:

How unpleasant to meet Mr. Eliot!
With his features of clerical cut,

* * *

And his conversation, so nicely
Restricted to What Precisely
And If and Perhaps and But.

One sees in this collected work conscience—directed toward "things that other people have desired," asking "are these things right or wrong"—and an art which from the beginning has tended toward drama. *The Waste Land* (1922) characterizes a first period. In *Ash Wednesday* and later Mr. Eliot is not warily considering "matters that I with myself too much discuss Too much explain"; he is *in* them; and *Ash Wednesday* is perhaps the poem of the book, as submitting in theme and technique to something greater than itself.

And spirit of the river, spirit of the sea,
Suffer me not to be separated

And let my cry come unto Thee.

This is a summit; an instance, as well, of increased pliancy in rhythm, the lengthened phrase and gathered force of rhymes suddenly collided being characteristic of the later poems.

Mr. Eliot's aptitude for mythology and theology sometimes pays us the compliment of expecting our reading to be more thorough than it is; but correspondences of allusion provide an unmistakable logic: stillness, intellectual beauty, spiritual exaltation, the white dress, "the glory of the humming bird," childhood, concentration and wholeness of personality—in contrast with noise, darkness, drugs, dreams, drowning, dust on the rosebowl, Dusty the makeshift enchantress, cards, clairvoyants, serpents, evasiveness, aimlessness, fog, intrusiveness, temptation, unlogic, scattered bones, broken pride, rats, drafts under the door, distortion, "the sty of contentment." Horror, which is unbelief, is the opposite of ecstasy; and wholeness, which is the condition of ecstasy, is to be "accepted and accepting." That is to say, we are of a world in which light and darkness, "appearance and reality," "is and seem," are ineludable alternatives.

And there are words of special meaning which recur with the force of a theme: "hidden," referring to poetry as the revelation of a hidden life; "the pattern" continuing the Aristotelian concept of "form" as the soul, the invisible actuality of which the body is the outward manifestation. Fire, the devourer, can be a purifier; water has in it the thought of drowning or of drought ended by inundation; as God's light is for man, the sun is life for the natural world. Concepts and images are toothed together and the poems are so consistently intricate that one rests on another and is involved with what was earlier; the musical theme at times being separated by a stanza, as the argument sometimes is continued from the preceding poem—"O hidden" in *Difficulties of a Statesman* completing the "O hidden" in *Triumphal March*. The period containing *Ash Wednesday*, concerned with "the infirm glory of the positive hour," is succeeded by the affirmative one to which "Murder in the Cathedral" belongs; also *Burnt Norton*, a new poem which is concerned with the thought of control ("The high road and the low are one and the same") embodied in Deity and in human equipoise, its temporal counterpart:

We move above the moving tree
In light upon the figured leaf
And hear upon the sodden floor
Below, the boarhound and the boar
Pursue their pattern as before
But reconciled among the stars.

In *Usk*, also, Mr. Eliot expresses the conviction that the *via media* of discipline and self-control is the valuable one:

Where the roads dip and where the roads rise
 Seek only there
 Where the gray light meets the green air
 The hermit's chapel, the pilgrim's prayer.

One notices here the compactness, four thoughts in one—the visible, the invisible, the indoors, the outdoors; and that in the later poems, although statement is simpler, the rhythm is more complex.

Mr. Eliot has tried "to write poetry which should be essentially poetry, with nothing poetic about it, poetry standing naked in its bare bones, or . . . so transparent that in reading it we are intent on what the poem *points at* and not on the poetry." He has not dishonored "the deepest terrors and desires," depths of "degradation" and heights of "exaltation," or the fact that it is possible to have "walked in hell" and "been rapt to heaven."

Those who have power to renounce life are those whose lives are valuable to a community; one who attains equilibrium in spite of opposition to himself from within is in a stronger position than if there had been no opposition to overcome; and in art, freedom evolving from a liberated constraint is stronger than if it had not by nature been cramped. Indigenous skepticism, also constraint are part of Mr. Eliot's temperament; but at its apex art is able to conceal the artist while it exhibits his "angel"; like the unanticipatedly limber floescence of fireworks as they expand into trees or bouquets with the abandon of "unbroke horses"; and this effect we have in Cape Ann—denominated a minor poem, perhaps as being a mood or aspect rather than part of a thought-related sequence:

O quick quick quick, quick hear the song-sparrow,
 Swamp-sparrow, fox-sparrow, vesper-sparrow
 At dawn and dusk. Follow the dance
 Of the goldfinch at noon. Leave to chance
 The Blackburnian warbler, the shy one. Hail
 With shrill whistle the note of the quail, the bob-white
 Dodging by bay-bush. Follow the feet
 Of the walker, the water-thrush. Follow the flight
 Of the dancing arrow, the purple martin. Greet
 In silence the bullbat. All are delectable. Sweet sweet sweet
 But resign this land at the end, resign it
 To its true owner, the tough one, the sea-gull.
 The palaver is finished.

MARIANNE MOORE

The Cult of Emotion

THE STORY OF A NOVEL. By Thomas Wolfe. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

THIS is an interesting little memoir of the way in which Mr. Wolfe came to complete his two published novels and a third, still to be published. He tells us of the troubles that went into the making of his books, his difficulties in learning how to write, the intensity of his imaginative life while writing, his discovery that writing is hard work, his wonderment at the source of the artist's material, his relationship with his sagacious editor, his triumphs and despairs, and so on. These are experiences every beginning novelist has had, but Mr. Wolfe, who is impressionable, has had them more grandly and is able to write about them as if they had never happened to anyone before. That is the excuse for his book, and it is a good excuse.

The interest of this essay does not, however, except for professional students of Mr. Wolfe's career, lie in the facts it gives us about the composition of his novels. It lies in the

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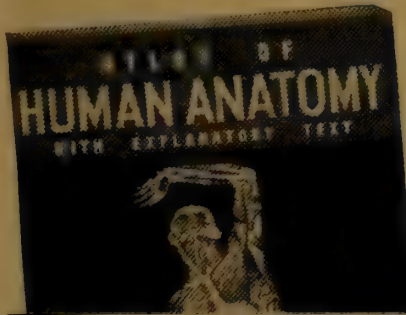
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explicit statement of his view of life and the relation of the artist to it. First, his vision is completely egocentric. "Everything in a work of art is changed and transfigured by the personality of the artist." These words, true in a degree for all artists, are intensely true for Mr. Wolfe. His novels are, despite their length, lyrics. Second, his vision is a sense-vision. "The quality of my memory is characterized . . . by the intensity of its sense impressions." If he were a poet, he would be like Spenser rather than like Whitman, to whom he has been mistakenly compared. Third, these intense sense impressions produce a range of titanic, if cloudy, emotions in him, and these emotions form almost the entire stuff of his books. Referring to his own "almost insane hunger to devour the entire body of human experience," he says, "The only way I could meet it was to meet it squarely, not with reason but with life." How one can meet an insane hunger for experience by giving it more experience to be insane about is difficult to understand; but there is Mr. Wolfe to demonstrate how it can be done. Life is the answer to all problems, including the problems of life.

His story is sincere, passionate, and no doubt utterly truthful; but it will make some of his admirers, myself among them, a little uneasy, for its unconscious motivation seems to be a deep fear and hatred of the reason. The cult of emotion is growing fast these days. I would not like to see it triumph here. Yet the presence of Mr. Saroyan, Mr. Engle, Mr. Reynolds, and the victorious Mr. Wolfe himself indicates that the cult of emotion already constitutes a school.

I may be an old fogey, but I still admire reason and consider the works of Thomas Mann superior to those of Adolf Hitler. And so I am, paradoxically, in favor of censorship. I am in favor of a Definition Test which all aspiring novelists would have to pass before being allowed to write. I would like to have Mr. Wolfe say, for example, just what he means by "America" and "American," two words he uses stirringly but not always clearly. I would like to know what he means when he describes this little book as "a story of the artist as a man who is derived out of the common family of earth and who knows all the anguish, error, and frustration that any man alive can know." If he means exactly what he says, then Mr. Wolfe is no man at all, but a sort of demigod, lent for a brief term to mankind and Scribner's. Along with others I have remarked in print with wearying iteration that Mr. Wolfe has streaks of genius, that his energy and power of caricature are admirable, that he is one of the hopes of our literature today; but one must still insist that he define his terms, look closely, after writing it, at what he has written, curb his natural interest in himself, and give the rational soul a break.

CLIFTON FADIMAN

The Tragedian Parnell

THE GREEN LION. By Francis Hackett. Doubleday, Doran and Company, \$2.50.

FRANCIS HACKETT always writes with warmth and energy; but beneath its surface his prose too often generates its heat from the purple imagery and facile mysticism of the Pre-Raphaelites. The title of his present book has its source in a quotation from Evelyn Underhill that would have delighted Dante Gabriel Rossetti: "The duty of the alchemist, then, the transmuting process, is described as the hunting of the Green Lion through the forest of the sensual world. He, like the Hound of Heaven, is on a love chase down the nights and down the days." As his biographies of Henry VIII

and Francis I testify, Mr. Hackett has a lively appreciation of the so-called human interest that may be found in historical characters, so much so that his biographies closely approximate historical fiction. He endows all his historical periods with colors from a Pre-Raphaelite palette, and this time he has chosen the last quarter of the nineteenth century in Kilkenny, Ireland, that moment which produced Yeats's "tragic generation" of young men who lived within the shadow of Ireland's disaster and Parnell's defeat.

It is perhaps through force of habit that Mr. Hackett constructs his present novel in the loose, episodic form which usually characterizes the writing of his biographies; perhaps the boy hero, Jerry, has a distant origin in Mr. Hackett's memories of childhood in Kilkenny, and if so the book may be read as a document of extremely remote autobiography. Jerry was an extraordinary boy, and at the age of eight was an ardent Parnellite; his Uncle Humphrey, a journalist, edited a Parnell newspaper; both boy and uncle saw Parnell plain, and to them the man was more than a great name: he was their cool, quiet, gentle friend as well as leader.

One should not perhaps lose patience with Mr. Hackett's precocious boy hero (though perversely I am reminded of G. A. Henty's boys under Clive in India, under Wolfe in Canada, under Bonnie Prince Charlie fighting for the lost cause in Scotland); his book does not pretend to be a work of naturalistic fiction. Its weaknesses center I believe in Mr. Hackett's interpretation of Parnell. The Parnell episodes allow him natural opportunities for a historical analysis of time and place within the novel which as such deserve more than casual attention. He says of Parnell:

He was not extravagant or impossible, but he lifted his cause into a force that had formidable claims on world opinion and held England to its bar. This he accomplished by the aid of everyone who loved Ireland, and with the help of lieutenants who cared as much as he did but who did not possess his untrammelled spirit, his governed audacity, his comprehension of the English ruling class, his cool hand. He had an unbroken pride. And to win against the subtle empire that rejected a claim to self-government he only needed loyalty through the dark hour of his career.

"Everyone who loved Ireland," "untrammelled spirit," "governed audacity," and "unbroken pride" are fine mouth-filling phrases for oratorical exercise but they do nothing toward explaining the forces that Parnell had to meet, nor do they lead to an understanding of Parnell's motives and character. Some of these phrases might well be applied to any public hero from Julius Caesar to Charles A. Lindbergh, and therefore the hero remains mysterious, a statue cut in marble or cast in bronze, another tribute to the great-man concept of history, to be admired as a symbol of national pride in city parks and museums. It is this very concept, I would say, that makes Mr. Hackett's Parnell as unconvincing as Parson Weems's George Washington. I do not mean to question the validity of his information: it is his use of it which seems to distort the causes of Parnell's downfall. Mere distrust of Gladstone's good intentions toward Home Rule, and recognition of the evil in Ireland's priest-ridden churches are not enough.

These causes are, I think, too near the surface of events. The real cause may be found in the quality of Parnell's leadership, for Parnell, despite his loyalty to the Irish peasant, seemed to be obsessed by the same concept of history that deflects Mr. Hackett's interpretation of the popular hero. If his lieutenants lacked the power to sustain his policy, it is evident that Parnell also lacked the ability to translate the philosophy of the Land League movement into terms that extended beyond his manipulation of a political machine; the strength of his policy was

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vested in his personality. But Parnell was to disclose his great-man complex in the O'Shea affair; in that episode he was to offend, if not entirely betray, the sexual morality of the Irish peasant at a crucial moment; he was to count the world well lost for love of a handsome, vain, ambitious woman who respected him but had no sense of his public responsibility, as any reader of her memoirs would soon discover.

It is clear, I think, that any political leader who lacks a world philosophy is already doomed to betray the very cause which gave him excuse for being; his real strength, however aided by personal character and the ability to dramatize the moment, lies in a philosophy of action for the common good. Lacking that philosophy he is killed, trapped, or overthrown by enemies of equal strength, who like him secure the transient advantage, and a few years later follow the same course to destruction which is the fate of the dictator, whether in ancient Rome or present Germany.

To fail as Parnell failed is to create an analogy to classic tragedy, an analogy of which both Yeats and Joyce are not unaware. Yet Mr. Hackett, in his pursuit of the "Green Lion" remains untouched, and the subsequent adventures of his hero to the age of seventeen, concluding in an escape to America, dwindle into insignificance.

HORACE GREGORY

The Coming War in the East

JAPAN MUST FIGHT BRITAIN. By Lieutenant-Commander Tota Ishimaru. The Telegraph Press. \$3.

WHEN JAPAN GOES TO WAR. By O. Tanin and E. Yohan. The Vanguard Press. \$3.

WAR IN THE PACIFIC. By Sutherland Denlinger and Lieutenant-Commander Charles B. Gary. Robert M. McBride. \$3.

TOGO AND THE RISE OF JAPANESE SEA POWER. By Edwin A. Falk. Longmans, Green and Company. \$4.

WAR AND DIPLOMACY IN THE JAPANESE EMPIRE. by Tatsuji Takeuchi. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$4.50.

JAPAN'S FOREIGN RELATIONS, 1542-1936: A SHORT HISTORY. By Roy Hidemichi Akagi. The Hokuseido Press. \$4.

THE simultaneous appearance of three books dealing with Japan's approaching struggle for mastery of the East can scarcely be set down as a mere coincidence. It is interesting to note, however, that the authors are unable to agree on Japan's probable opponent in this conflict. Commander Ishimaru has reasons that are at least plausible for choosing England rather than America or the Soviet Union for this role. War between the two great island empires is inevitable, he maintains, unless England, rich in colonies, forgoes all attempts to maintain the status quo or Japan abandons its policy of expansion. The latter he dismisses as unthinkable and holds the former to be desirable but unlikely. In contrast to the strong bonds of trade between the United States and Japan, he points out that there is deep-seated economic rivalry between England and Japan. Both are of necessity trading countries living by their exports of manufactured articles, and both are dependent on their markets in the East. Any one of a number of issues—trade restrictions, naval limitation, immigration policies in the colonies, or the Open Door in China—might provide the occasion for war.

Commander Ishimaru does not think much of Britain's chances should such a war break out. Unless England can find

an ally in Soviet Russia or the United States, he feels that Japan has nothing to lose and everything to gain by the conflict. Britain, he believes, is decadent. The passing of the era of free trade has deprived England of whatever natural advantages it had as a manufacturing nation. The necessity for defending its wide-flung empire would offset whatever naval supremacy it appears to possess. India, Egypt, and the Irish Free State are only waiting for a chance to escape from London's yoke, and it is even doubtful whether all the self-governing dominions would give full support to the mother-country. Only one major difficulty is seen by the author: how to make an unexpected attack on England without violating the Kellogg peace pact and running the risk of war with the United States. Admittedly the excuses offered in connection with the Manchurian affair would be even less convincing in the event of an attack on a great power. This factor, however, is subordinated to the necessity of attacking before the British fleet could be assembled at Singapore or Hongkong. The book ends with an impassioned plea to Britain to prevent war by making way for the new empire in the Orient.

The second is also a war book, but of a very different type. Tanin and Yohan, authors of an authoritative book on Japanese fascism, have turned their incomparable talents for research to making a careful evaluation of Japan's economic and social resources so as to form a judgment of its capacity to wage war against the Soviet Union. While recognizing that any estimate of this type can be little more than a rough guess, the authors have piled up an amazing amount of quantitative data. First they compile a complete list of the materials which they believe would be necessary in the first six months of the war, and in subsequent semi-annual periods. Having done this, they proceed to explore all the possibilities of obtaining these supplies—the abundance or lack of raw materials, the country's agricultural and industrial resources, the prospects for imports and exports, and the chance of obtaining foreign loans. Special attention is directed to the class antagonisms within Japanese society and to the possibility of a Communist uprising. The authors do not make the mistake of underestimating the strength of the Japanese military machine. They admit that in a short war Japan would exhibit considerable strength. But their analysis indicates that very serious weaknesses would appear in an extended conflict. Japan's heavy industries are especially weak. Not only would it be necessary for it to import a considerable proportion of its iron and steel, machinery, and special war equipment, but it would encounter grave problems when it came to organizing the national economy on a war basis because of the preponderance of small industries and lack of modern technique. Raw materials of all types would also have to be purchased from abroad, as would a considerable amount of food. With very small gold reserves, and with an inevitable falling off in export trade, Japan would find itself in an extremely critical situation by the opening of the second year of the war. Granting that Japanese discipline would suffice in the early months of the conflict, the authors feel that the underlying class antagonisms would be of growing importance as food supplies were curtailed, and the population faced the shock of bad news from the front.

"War in the Pacific" deals with a possible Japanese-American encounter, and is in many ways the most rewarding of the three books. It is analytical and descriptive rather than prophetic. While it does not attempt an exhaustive evaluation of Japanese resources such as Tanin and Yohan give us, it contains a brief chapter on this phase of the subject which agrees substantially with the Russian study. The book is primarily concerned, however, with technical questions of equipment and

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lacking in all the external attributes of greatness, except one:
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and as a master of naval strategy he is ranked second only to
Nelson. In addition, he was typically Japanese in his single-
minded loyalty to the Emperor and his acquiescence in the
expansionist aims of his country.

A partial explanation, at least, for the almost universal ac-
ceptance of the postulates of militarism in Japan may be ob-
tained by reading between the lines of Dr. Takeuchi's remark-
able book. Dr. Takeuchi gives us what is undoubtedly the most
authoritative description available in English of the workings
of Japan's invisible government, and the means by which the
army and navy have maintained their influence over foreign
policy. He follows this by a "case history" of each of the crises
in foreign relations in the last half-century, showing how the
various groups in this invisible government affected the final
outcome. While the value of the book for the ordinary reader
is marred by the author's failure to interpret the amazing col-
lection of facts which he has assembled, it is indispensable to
anyone seeking a clear understanding of Japanese foreign
policy.

In contrast, Dr. Akagi's book suffers from over-interpretation.
As a semi-objective defense of Japanese foreign policy
it has its value, but it is scarcely a book that would interest the
average reader.

MAXWELL S. STEWART

RADIO

UNDOUBTEDLY the large advertisers try to give the
public what it wants in the matter of radio entertain-
ment, and since many accounts remain on the air year after
year it must be that the commercial results are satisfactory.
And yet unquestionably the development of the medium lags.
Radio needs critics. Fan letters do not suffice, since there are
those who write and rather more who merely yawn and turn
the dials. Newspapers do not evaluate radio programs in the
manner in which they review books and plays and, to a lesser
extent, motion pictures. They do not want to help radio or
hurt the feelings of advertisers. But somebody really ought to
tell the sponsors of Eugene and Willie Howard how perfectly
dreadful their new program is.

The lag between a good radio show and a poor one is even
greater than in the case of plays or pictures. The program mak-
ers go on the theory that people who resemble each other are
equal to the same thing. It isn't true at all. One need do no
more than contrast Amos and Andy with their many imitators.
Amos and Andy, of course, are dealing with a wholly synthetic
conception of Negro life, but they really stand as the founders
of a possible folk school of radio skits. They have endured
because they deal in character, such as it is, and incident, and
because they never employ gags. To be sure, they mispro-
nounce words, but so does Herbert Hoover and he isn't nearly
as funny.

The sharpest criticism of radio advertising and radio entertainment (the two are entwined) is offered by a pair of radio performers who do not seem to have helped themselves commercially by the keenness of their jabs. Indeed, Colonel Stoopnagle once said, "Budd and I seem to get along all right by going from one dissatisfied sponsor to another." Although they stand only moderately well in popularity polls, Stoopnagle and Budd seem to me easily the most amusing of the radio comics. They have developed a distinct radio technique while many of the others are still using the devices by which one gets laughs from a theatrical audience.

If there were a radio Will Hays, heaven forbid, he would do well to abolish the practice of studio audiences. Until this is done, or until television comes, the radio performer will never fully adapt himself to his medium. The invisible audience is not amused by the fact that Ed Wynn wears a fire helmet. Radio will begin to come into its own when the stooges are kept out of the studio.

It might be well to point out that Amos and Andy, who have outlasted them all, never permit anybody to watch them while they are working. Radio's appeal should be to the ear alone. It is a mistake to try and swap senses while crossing a stream of consciousness.

But perhaps my criticism should be discounted. I'm the person who laughed his, or her, head off when Stoopnagle and Budd mentioned their friend Phoebe B. Beebe who owns a new canoe canal.

HEYWOOD BROWN

FILMS

Documentary

"WE ARE FROM KRONSTADT," the new Russian film at the Cameo, was undertaken not so much to tell a story as to present for the information and edification of its audience a certain body of material hitherto passed over by the camera. "In 1933 I was given an assignment to write a scenario about the Baltic fleet," writes Vishnevsky for the program. "I wrote this scenario, refuting many cinema traditions, blazing new trails. I came out against parlor realism, against a conventionally symbolical cinema, against cinema hyperboles. . . . The country must see the face of the Red navy—that was the assignment, and everybody should understand that such an assignment must be covered fully, receiving the highest marks." With Dzigan as director the work went on, first in the Baltic and then on the shores of the Black Sea, where a Northern atmosphere was created by planting pine forests and building a landscape equivalent to that against which the original action had taken place. The original action was the defense of Petrograd in 1919 by land and sea, and since action of some sort is the subject matter of the film it may be said of course to tell a story. But the story is not the thing.

The average American movie-goer would scarcely need to be told this. He would find the film bewilderingly slow and literal. The soldiers and marines would look to him now and then as if they had paused to have their pictures taken. The humor would seem rudimentary—developed with half a heart and then dropped all at once. And in general he would miss the sense, with which he is so familiar, of history concentrating itself into a series of self-conscious and significant gestures.

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The episodes of the film would remain separate in his imagination, and within each episode the actors would appear to be only rather listlessly aware of what their doings meant. This would be in part because the film is European, and hence out of touch with our tradition of "pace." In addition, however, it would suggest that Vishnevsky and Dzigan had succeeded in their attempt to avoid symbol and hyperbole. My own notion is that they have succeeded too well. The documentary film has its great interest; and I am not unaware that there is a certain pleasure to be derived in the present case from an absence anywhere of signs that Artem Balashov and his friends know they are making history. The trouble is that they seem to know they are making a film. The art of documentation has paraded itself here no less conspicuously than the arts of symbol and hyperbole parade themselves in Hollywood films.

The single fine exception is the episode in which several Red sailors are executed by being pushed over a cliff into the sea; and curiously enough this scene is saturated with conscious poetry. If it is the scene which most members of the audience will remember longest, as I am sure it is, the reason must have something to do with its having been imagined dramatically. The group to be executed has its arbitrary symmetry: on the one wing a commissar with distinguished face and white hair, on the other wing a little boy who has volunteered from the ship, and in between them half a dozen indifferent marines. It is no accidental grouping of human figures; nor is it by chance, I am convinced, that gulls fly freely and beautifully over their heads as one by one they take their last look at the sky. I am positive that Dzigan waited for those gulls, and I insist that they are symbols. It is a powerful scene, as the central scene of any narrative should be, and indeed it is one of the best scenes I can remember from any movie. My point merely is that the average American is moved by a proper instinct when he asks for more of the same, and when he calls most of the picture dull.

The films now being privately shown in this country by Joris Ivens, a young Dutch director, are announced both as "documentary" and as "social." Mr. Ivens, introducing them the other night at the National Board of Review, claimed for them that they did not go sentimentally in for plot. They were camera studies, he said, of the contemporary world—studies made in certain cases from a definite social point of view, but above all studies rather than stories. "Borinage" and "New Earth," the first having to do with a coal strike in Belgium and the second with the draining of the Zuyder Zee in Holland, were especially interesting; but I could not see that Mr. Ivens had accomplished much by abandoning narrative. The great steam shovels dropping clay and stones to keep out the North Sea seemed finally to move with an almost human anxiety. Yet that was it, they were *almost* human. The art of narrative is absolutely human, and I cannot think that the art of gathering and photographing the accidents of existence will ever surpass it in interest. Meanwhile, needless to say, the documentary film will continue like the textbook and the newspaper to have its uses.

"It's Love Again" (Roxy) is a British imitation of the films in which Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire have done their irresistible dancing. The feminine part of the bill is more than filled by Jessie Matthews, who is both merry and toothsome, but Robert Young certainly does not correspond to Fred Astaire. A funny colonel, Robert Hale, helps however to make up for the lack; and in general it may be predicted that "It's Love Again" will last charmingly through the summer months.

MARK VAN DOREN

Joseph Wood Krutch says:

CALL IT A DAY. *Morosco Theater.* Gay and delightful comedy about what almost happened to an English family on the first dangerous day of spring.

IDIOT'S DELIGHT. *Shubert Theater.* Robert Sherwood manages somehow to make a smashing theatrical success out of an anti-war play. With the Lunts and many other entertaining trimmings.

DEAD END. *Belasco Theater.* A play about gangsters in the making on an East River waterfront. More a good show than a great drama, but a very good show indeed.

SAINT JOAN. *Martin Beck Theater.* Brilliant interpretation by Katharine Cornell of what may well be Shaw's most enduring play.

END OF SUMMER. *Guild Theater.* The wittiest of American playwrights sets a group of interesting people to talking about the world as we find it. Ina Claire and Osgood Perkins help make a very happy evening.

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN REPERTORY. *Majestic Theater.* The same company which usually appears about this time of year in pleasant revivals. A weekly change of program.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE. *Plymouth Theater.* Amazingly successful adaptation, brilliantly staged and acted. A thoroughly delightful evening in the theater.

VICTORIA REGINA. *Broadhurst Theater.* Delightful series of scenes from Laurence Housman's drama stunningly acted by Helen Hayes and others. Fairer to the matron queen than Strachey but funny nevertheless and charming besides.

Mark Van Doren says:

MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN. *Columbia.* Directed by Frank Capra, and even better than "It Happened One Night." Gary Cooper as the rustic and quixotic Mr. Deeds is not only charming but meaningful, and the whole film has human importance.

PEG OF OLD DRURY. *British and Dominion (Paramount).* An eighteenth-century costume piece with Sir Cedric Hardwicke as David Garrick and Anna Neagle as Peg Woffington. Delightfully unhistorical.

A NIGHT AT THE OPERA. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* The Marx Brothers in their best picture to date. Hilarious and brilliant.

MODERN TIMES. *Charles Chaplin.* Charlie Chaplin returns to the screen disguised as his old self and fulfils every expectation. Should be seen by everyone—and heard, for he has sound effects.

THE GHOST GOES WEST. *Gaumont British.* René Clair's first film in English, with scenes in Scotland and the United States. Clever, satirical, and fanciful, but without the master touch.

THE PRISONER OF SHARK ISLAND. *Fox.* Tells the story of Dr. Mudd, convicted in 1865 of having helped Booth to escape. Somber and powerful; does not spare the spectator.

DUBROVSKY. *Amkino.* As romantic as Pushkin, on whose unfinished novel it is based. Not wholly successful, but interesting as a variation on the orthodox Russian theme.

The Intelligent Traveler

BY JOHN ROTHSCCHILD

OUTSTANDING TOURS

EVERY year there are a few trips and cultural undertakings abroad which merit the thoughtful investigation of travelers. A selection of them follows. Addresses unless otherwise stated are New York City.

A *European Art Tour* under the direction of Ralph Fanning, Fine Arts Department, Ohio State University, will visit England, Belgium, France, Germany, Switzerland, Austria, Hungary, Czecho-Slovakia, Holland. The eight weeks' trip costs \$795, third class on the ocean, second-class rail. Address *Bureau of University Travel, Newton, Massachusetts*.

The *International School of Art* conducts summer courses in the arts in Poland, Rumania, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, and Hungary. Distinguished artists of each country give instruction, and wherever there is an interesting folk art, such as the glass painting of Czecho-Slovakia or the ceramics and weaving of Hungary, it is featured. There are many excursions into the peasant countryside and unplanned contacts with native life. Rates vary for each country, the lowest quoted being \$350 for the seven weeks' trip of the Czecho-Slovakia group, third class on the ocean. Address *International School of Art, 4 East Twenty-eighth Street*.

The School of Speech, Northwestern University, offers a *Theater Study Tour* in England, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, and France. It will be conducted by Garrett H. Leverton, professor of dramatic production at Northwestern; credit for six semester hours is given. The rate, including tuition, is \$624 for eight weeks, third class on the ocean. Address *Drama League Travel Bureau, Essex House*.

For the ninth year the Drama League of America sponsors an *English Study Tour*, this year under the leadership of Dean Pearle Aiken-Smith, professor of speech at the University of Southern California. Six weeks at the summer session of the Central School of Speech and Drama in London, and attendance at the Malvern and Shakespeare festivals are the features of the tour. The eight weeks' trip costs \$597, tourist class. Address the *Drama League Travel Bureau*.

The People's College, Oetz-in-Tyrol,

Austria, is the focus of a number of tours of social inquiry, which travel through Europe and settle down for a week or ten days of lecture-discussions and rest in the middle of the journey. This year's tours include:

Adult Education and Social Progress, under the leadership of Dr. Hubert Phillips of Fresno State College, visiting France, Switzerland, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Germany, the Scandinavian countries, and England. The eight weeks' trip costs \$458, third class.

Social and Cultural Developments Abroad, under the leadership of Betty Youngstrand, of the Midwest branch of the League of Nations Association. The group visits England, the Scandinavian countries, Germany, Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania, Austria, and France. The rate is \$458, third class, for eight weeks.

A similar plan will be followed for a group under the leadership of Hertha Zwerger, which will visit England, Scotland, Holland, Luxemburg, Austria, Switzerland, Spain, and France. The eight weeks' trip costs \$573, tourist class. Address *Pocono Study Tours, 545 Fifth Avenue*.

A *Trip to Cooperative Europe* under the auspices of the Cooperative League of the United States will be conducted by Meyer Parodneck, president of the Sunnyside Consumers' Cooperative. It will visit Scotland, England, the Scandinavian countries, and the U. S. S. R. The seven weeks' trip costs \$465, tourist class on the ocean, third class in the Soviet Union, second-class rail in Europe. Address *Pocono Study Tours*.

Public Housing in Europe and the Soviet Union, under the leadership of Helen Alfred, director of the National Public Housing Conference, includes France, Holland, Germany, the Soviet Union, the Scandinavian countries, and England. Seven weeks, tourist class on the ocean, second-class rail in Europe, third class in the U. S. S. R., \$661. Address *The Open Road, 8 West Fortieth Street*.

A tour featuring *Modern Architecture* will be conducted by Kenneth J. Conant, professor of architecture at Harvard University, and Marian Hayes of the Department of Art at Mount Holyoke College. The itinerary includes England, Denmark, Sweden, Russia, Poland, Ger-

many, Holland, Belgium, and France. The seven weeks' trip costs \$550, third class on the ocean, third-class rail in Europe, tourist class in the U. S. S. R. Address the *Bureau of University Travel*.

The *International Institute of Teachers College, Columbia University*, offers a series of field courses in foreign education, carrying credit in the college. They are as follows:

Residence Study Group in Berlin, Thomas Alexander, John W. Taylor, and Nellie S. Buckey instructing. *Foreign Study Course in the Psychology of Social Reconstruction*, Goodwin Watson instructing. *Field Course in the Teaching of Literature in England*, Professor Ida A. Jewett conducting. *Field Course in Social Work in England*, under the direction of Elsa Butler Grove. *Physical Education Field Course in Sweden, Denmark, and Germany*, under the direction of Professor J. F. Williams and Dr. Norma Schwendener. *Field Course in Nursery School, Kindergarten, and Early Elementary Education in Holland, Belgium, France, and England*, conducted by Agnes Burke. *Fine Arts Field Course in Europe*, Elise E. Ruffini, instructor. *Fine Arts Field Course in Mexico*, under Professor Charles J. Martin.

Social Inquiry and International Friendship are the pivotal interests of a group conducted by Carolyn Dudley. The countries visited in a leisurely itinerary include England, the Scandinavian countries, Germany, and France. The two months' trip costs \$478, third class. Address *The Open Road*.

A tour of Europe's northern countries will be led by Adolph Hodge, a teacher in the New York schools. The trip is for Negroes and is the eighth European party conducted by Mr. Hodge. The itinerary includes the Soviet Union, Norway, Sweden, England, France, Germany, Holland, Belgium, Denmark, Finland, and Lapland. The eight weeks' trip costs \$642, third class on the ocean, second-class rail in Russia, Belgium, and France, third class elsewhere. Address *Adolph Hodge, 1949 Seventy-fourth Street, Brooklyn, New York*.

Compared to the other countries in which tours are so well organized, Spain is *terra incognita*. Recent events there have heightened the intelligent traveler's

interest in the country; a tour under expert leadership presents fascinating possibilities. R. Selden Rose, professor of Spanish at Yale University, and Mrs. Rose will conduct a group through Spain and France, traveling by private motor. The entire trip takes a little over six weeks and costs \$840, tourist class on the ocean. Address *Europe on Wheels*, 366 Madison Avenue.

In the Wake of History is the name of a tour to be led by Will Durant. The tour follows the path of man's progress in Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Lebanon, Constantinople, Greece, the Isles of the Aegean, and Italy. The nine weeks' trip costs \$890, third class on the ocean, and second class-intermediate for Mediterranean services. Members may leave the tour at Athens on July 25, the price of this shorter tour, including return passage, being \$590, same services as above. Address *William M. Barber, Babson Park, Massachusetts*.

Motoring. Europe on Wheels has developed to a high point the pleasures of European motor travel. A typical trip is titled "Unknown France," under the leadership of Alphons Vorenkamp and Cyrus Stimson, both of the Art Department of Smith College. The trip lasts seven weeks, all of the time abroad being spent in France; the cost is \$636, third class on the ocean. The organization arranges for brief motor trips which may be a part of any European holiday; one may rent a car and choose one's own itinerary; services extend through England and the Continent. Address *Europe on Wheels*.

Mexico. The committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America will hold its annual seminar in Mexico City and

Cuernavaca from July 9 to July 29. This year the outstanding events are the section on Inter-American Relations, which will have representatives from Mexico, Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the United States, and the section on Mexican painting, headed by Daniel Cotton Rich of the Art Institute of Chicago, to which outstanding Mexican painters will contribute. The rate for the seminar, without extensions, is \$398 by cabin steamer from New York; \$355 by rail from Chicago, Pullman berth included. These prices include meals during the one week spent in Cuernavaca but do not include meals in Mexico City. Hotels are included. Seminar members may spend a week in Yucatan with Dr. Herbert J. Spinden, archaeologist, before the program begins, the extra cost being \$100. They may spend one or two weeks following the program in Oaxaca and Michoacan, the cost being \$50 a week. Address *Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America*, 287 Fourth Avenue.

Dr. C. W. Weiant, who has lived in Mexico and pursued scientific investigations there, will conduct a small party over a far-flung route this summer. Most of the travel will be by automobile. The six weeks' trip costs \$425, cabin-class steamer. Address *Dr. C. W. Weiant*, 55 West Forty-second Street.

J. G. Lippincott, an instructor in art and architecture at Pratt Institute, will take a group to Mexico with a week's stay in Yucatan en route. Some horseback and canoe trips are included in the plans although most travel is by motor. The seven weeks' trip costs \$596. Address *Europe on Wheels*.

Enrique C. Aguirre and his wife conduct a service for the independent trav-

eler which offers many of the advantages of organized travel without its limitations. The Aguirres arrange accommodations in homes for those who would like to get away from hotel life, arrange interviews with personages, and smooth the road for travelers whose time is limited. Their services may be engaged through a travel agent on an all-expense plan, or one may write them direct for help in planning a trip. Address *Aguirres Guest Tours*, Av. Madero 25, Mexico City.

The Orient. The *Eighth Cultural Expedition to the Orient*, under the leadership of Upton Close, will sail along the coast of Pacific Asia, visit the Philippine Islands, Hawaii, and Japan, and make a long inland excursion into China and Korea. Shipboard lectures and round-table discussions are designed to give the visitor the fundamentals of Asiatic history, culture, and politics. The ten weeks' trip (from Vancouver or Victoria, Canada) costs \$995, tourist class. Address *William M. Barber*.

A tour of Japan and China, with emphasis on Japan, is planned under the leadership of Frank Alanson Lombard of the Bureau of University Travel. The party will travel on Japanese steamers. The ten weeks' trip from Seattle costs \$835, tourist class on the ocean. Address *Bureau of University Travel*.

A *Round-the-World Tour* under the direction of G. Sidney Phelps, who has lived in the Far East, places emphasis on the Orient. It makes inland excursions in Japan, China, Siam, India, Palestine, and Egypt, with a brief European stop-over. Of several rates quoted the lowest is \$2,570. The dates are October 1 from San Francisco to February 23, New York. Address *Bureau of University Travel*.

Letters to the Editors

OUR SOCIAL INSECURITY

Dear Sirs: I have just been reading the current issue of *The Nation* and cannot resist commenting on the so-called security act. I sat in a meeting the other day and listened to the provisions for the act in my state—with burning indignation. In the first place, where in the United States can \$30 a month purchase food, room, clothes, medicine—to say nothing of recreation—for a person? Please let me know. I think it is the greatest insult ever offered to any old person, to call that small amount "security." Surely \$50 a

month for one, \$75 for husband and wife, can be given easily, and then we can talk about security, but not until then. The thing that upset me most, in the proposed security bill for one state, was the investigating. At least three investigations were to be made before the vast sum of \$15 a month would be paid by the state. One such investigation was to be made upon the complaint of any individual that the recipient did not need the money. I was on the board of a Family Welfare Society for seventeen years before I came to this state and I well know what neighbors can do in quarrels. I can

visualize the plight of the defenseless poor, being investigated and reinvestigated for that small pittance.

In my opinion the old-age pension should be run like the money-order department of our Post Office. State funds should be paid to the government and government funds should supplement state funds in order that old people should be paid \$50 for one and \$75 for a couple. Every person reaching sixty-five years should go before a notary, get his old-age certificate, and then and there be free from espionage of federal, state, and county to spend the money as he pleases.

Also, any state should honor at once the certificate of any other state on the applicant's age.

So let's work for an adequate pension for all people sixty-five years old, and let's do away with the bugbear of investigations. I was giving free service on an unemployment job once, and found families had been investigated as many as seven times by incompetent persons. We can spare old people this. If our own government offered adequate Social Security, Congress would not need to try to besmirch a plan as fantastic as Dr. Townsend's. This is from the pen of

AN INSECURE OLD WOMAN

Tulsa, Okla., May 8

"MODERN PARIAHS"

Dear Sirs: I read in your edition of April 8 a letter under the above heading by Hugo Mock; unfortunately I missed seeing Mr. Villard's article to which he refers, though I can gather its trend from Mr. Mock's remarks. May I, an English reader of your journal, say a few words on the cruel anachronism known as anti-Semitism? I am not going to lay special stress on the duty of every civilized man whether Gentile or Jew to fight this atavistic savagery on grounds of altruism and common decency, for that appears to me to be axiomatic; my present plea, or rather my present purpose, is to give a warning that unless we fight to protect the Jews now we'll fight in vain later to save civilization itself. Anti-Semitism is a malignant cancer that tends to eat out the heart of our Western civilization, a civilization which owes so much of its greatness and beauty to Jewish conceptions of God as well as to Christianity. The Jews are bearing the brunt of this brutal assault now, but if we stand by indifferent to their miseries and humiliations it will be our turn next.

I am a Lancastrian and my name is well known in my native town, Liverpool; I have no Jewish connections.

CLIFFORD MUSPRATT

Lausanne, Switzerland, April 24

NEGRO LIBRARIANS AND SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY

Dear Sirs: The American Library Association meets this year in Richmond, Virginia. Two years ago it met in New Orleans. These towns are full of romantic and historic charm. Librarians flock from all over the country to discuss problems of their profession and enjoy the charming hospitality that the South so well provides. But among the librarians are some who are again subjected to the hu-

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21	1.50	1.37	43	2.92	2.67
22	1.53	1.40	44	3.04	2.78
23	1.57	1.44	45	3.16	2.89
24	1.60	1.47	46	3.29	3.01
25	1.64	1.50	47	3.42	3.13
26	1.68	1.54	48	3.57	3.27
27	1.72	1.58	49	3.73	3.41
28	1.77	1.62	50	3.90	3.57
29	1.82	1.67	51	4.08	3.73
30	1.86	1.70	52	4.28	3.92
31	1.91	1.75	53	4.49	4.11
32	1.97	1.80	54	4.73	4.33
33	2.03	1.86	55	4.98	4.55
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miliation that is also conspicuous in the South. The colored members of the profession are not able to join the dining and social sessions and are even shunted into a special section during the business meetings.

For the A.L.A. to subject its members to such indignity is truckling to Southern prejudice to an extent that seems unbelievable when one considers the type of person who is attracted to library work. Protests are already being sent in by staff associations of libraries. Another year perhaps the A.L.A. will not meet in the South to demean itself in the tradition of the provincial and reactionary states below the Mason and Dixon Line.

Though I have never joined the A.L.A. I am a librarian of many years' experience in both the Newark and New York libraries, and a descendant on my mother's side of the Stringfellow and Adams families of Virginia. My grandfather, Benjamin Franklin Stringfellow, was educated at the University of Virginia and in his time highly respected as Attorney General of Missouri. My great uncles were

Episcopalian ministers, and several fought in the Civil War. On these grounds, I think I am justified in criticizing my ancestors' state.

DOROTHY MANLEY DUFF
New York, May 8

CONTRIBUTORS

M. W. FODOR is *The Nation's* Central European correspondent. His article, written a few days before Prince Starhemberg's dramatic dismissal from the government, provides a necessary background for an understanding of the present Austrian crisis. Mr. Fodor's letter which accompanied his piece said he hoped it would reach us "before Austria ceases to be."

JAMES WECHSLER is the young gadfly who, as editor of the *Columbia Spectator*, made life pretty miserable for the university powers that were while he was an undergraduate. After getting his degree last June, Mr. Wechsler became an offi-

cial in the American Student Union. He is the author of "Revolt on the Campus."

MARIANNE MOORE is one of the most distinguished of contemporary poets. Her "Selected Poems," which appeared a few months ago, was prefaced by a critique by T. S. Eliot.

CLIFTON FADIMAN is the *New Yorker's* book critic. He was singled out by the Misses Marshall and McCarthy in their articles last fall criticizing the critics as one of the half dozen possessing taste, judgment, and sound literary standards.

HORACE GREGORY'S last volume of poems was "Chorus for Survival." He is now at work on a study of English and American literary rebels to be called "Firebrands of Literature."

HEYWOOD BROWN'S radio column which appears in this week's *Nation* is the first of a series which Mr. Brown will contribute from time to time on the merits and demerits of various radio programs.

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CONTENTS

THE SHAPE OF THINGS

693

EDITORIALS:

AMEND THE CONSTITUTION!

696

MUSSOLINI'S CONQUEST MUST NOT
BE RECOGNIZED

698

FROM GENESIS TO FREUD

699

WASHINGTON WEEKLY by Paul W. Ward

700

TVA: THE NEW DEAL'S GREATEST ASSET
by Stuart Chase

702

THE FRENCH SOCIALISTS IN POWER
by M. E. Ravage

706

WHY ARABS KILL JEWS by Albert Viton

708

ISSUES AND MEN by Oswald Garrison Villard

710

BROUN'S PAGE

711

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

ALL FOR LOVE by Joseph Wood Krutch

713

DER FUHRER by Walter Duranty

714

WOUNDS FROM NOWHERE by Mark Van Doren

715

CORPORATIVE STATE MYTH by Oscar Jaszi

716

THE PERFECT GENTLEMAN
by Louis Kronenberger

717

BORAH, THE GREAT MYSTERY MAN
by Oswald Garrison Villard

718

SHORTER NOTICES

720

RECORDS by Henry Simon

720

DRAWINGS by Georges Schreiber and
William Gropper

The Shape of Things

*

GOVERNOR LEHMAN'S ANNOUNCEMENT that he will not again be a candidate for Chief Executive of New York State was undoubtedly made in perfect good faith. Nor is it any denial of his sincerity to believe that, in spite of strong personal inclinations to the contrary, he may yield to the tremendous pressure that will be put upon him to run once more. But if he does not, the contest will be thrown open to a free-for-all in which the powers of Washington, Tammany Hall, and upstate New York to dictate the nomination will be exerted to their utmost. And the Democratic Party will be hard put to it to keep for the President a state which it has held, in spite of all the business pressure against Mr. Roosevelt, by virtue of Governor Lehman's incomparable vote-getting propensities. In such a dog fight political bargaining will loom large. Tammany is being challenged by Postmaster General Farley for control not only of the state but of New York City, where the pickings are larger. It is altogether possible that the Hall might fortify its declining prestige by a deal which would make the city safe for Tammany even though the state were lost. In that case Mr. Farley would name Governor Lehman's successor, providing the upstate counties did not throw a monkey wrench into the machinery. Robert H. Jackson, a Roosevelt appointee to the Bureau of Internal Revenue, has been suggested as one who enjoys the Farley-Roosevelt approval; incidentally he would make a good candidate and an admirable governor. Attorney General Bennett has his champions. Senator Wagner has been mentioned, and except that he could hardly be spared from Washington, where he has been of the greatest service to labor and to progressives generally, would make an excellent choice. But the field is still wide open.

*

THE SPLIT IN THE SOCIALIST PARTY COULD not be avoided, and no time should be wasted regretting it. When differences concerning fundamental policy grow as large as those between the Old Guard and the left majority, it is better to call quits than to expend energy on intra-party struggle. We cannot believe that the decision of the Old Guard to form a separate party is of any moment from the point of view of realistic politics; it can be little more than a gesture of defiance from those about to die. On the other hand, we do see realism in the majority decision to avoid commitments either to the

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New Deal or to the Communists. To support Roosevelt's reelection would be a fatal betrayal of Socialist purposes and a strategy of suicide; while the Communist proposal of united action, whatever might be its fate under conditions of greater urgency, has at present too great a gulf to bridge of past bitterness and diversity of purpose. Until the John L. Lewis labor groups and the more radical farm groups decide to abandon their old-party allegiances, the official role of the Socialist Party must continue to be one of watchful independence. We foresee in the years immediately ahead an increasingly important function for a well-led Socialist Party in this country—a function of mediation as well as leadership in an emerging political labor movement. The decisions of the present convention indicate that the party leaders recognize the elements in the situation and are prepared to face the exigencies of rejuvenation. A large Socialist vote is less important this year than a policy of clarification in the interests of a much larger labor-party vote when the time is ripe.

*

THE PRIVATE WAR WHICH THE ARABS ARE waging against the Jews in Palestine has not ceased since Mr. Viton mailed the article which appears on another page of this issue. On April 20, when he wrote, sixteen Jews had been killed; by May 20 ten had been added to that number, sixteen Arabs had been killed in fracasés with police or British troops hastily summoned to quell the disturbances, and the wounded on both sides numbered several hundred. In addition to assault and murder the Arab attacks are taking the form of looting, incendiarism, house-breaking, stoning buses, and strewing nails on the highways. On April 27 the damage to Jewish property by fire alone was estimated at \$150,000. The Arabs continue to demand cessation of Jewish immigration and of the sale of land to Jews. Arab leaders are instigating a campaign of civil disobedience and non-payment of taxes. The British answer is another royal commission to investigate Palestinian disorders, although commissions in 1921, 1930, and 1931 brought small results. But at the same time announcement of further increases in the number of Jewish immigrants is also made by the British. The crux of the matter lies here: Jewish immigration to Palestine is increasing at a steadily accelerating rate. Anti-Semitism in Europe is increasing as steadily. It seems imperative that the rise in immigration should be maintained; but if it is, the British use of force to subdue the Arab protest seems equally inescapable.

*

AS THE SUPREME COURT TERM DRAWS TO A close, the destructive mood of the court majority keeps pace with its dispatch. The Monday following the Guffey decision was marked by a clearing away of seven cases from the court calendar, among them three of considerable importance. By a vote of five to four, Chief Justice Hughes voting with the liberal minority, the court invalidated another New Deal law—the Municipal Bankruptcy Act of 1934, which had sought to make the federal bankruptcy

laws accessible to local governmental units in financial straits. This extends the impact of the court veto to another field—that of local public finance, but in its essential pattern the case follows the previous ukases of the court. The grounds of the majority decision were again the states'-rights doctrine, despite the fact that the operation of the act depended upon the willingness of the state to allow the local governmental units to come under it. It may be ventured that the real force behind the decision was an insistence on freezing the economic status in the interests of the owning and creditor class. The economic intent emerges even more clearly in the case of the Elgin, Joliet, and Eastern Railway Company, which was accused of violating the commodities clause of the Interstate Commerce Act, forbidding a carrier to transport anything in which it has a direct interest. The railroad is a subsidiary of the United States Steel Corporation, and it was not surprising that six of the nine judges should have upheld the type of vertical monopoly integration which the tie-up presented. This shows the economic bias of the judges. Their political bias is shown in the Kansas City Livestock case, where an attempt by Secretary Wallace to delegate power to Under Secretary Tugwell was voted down. The whole country will breathe with relief when the justices finally enter on their well-deserved vacation.

*

IN IMPOSING A 42 PER CENT INCREASE IN THE tariff on Japanese cotton textiles, the President has succeeded in neatly straddling one of the most important issues before the country. When appealing to farmers, consumers, and low-tariff groups in general, Mr. Roosevelt can point to his reciprocal-tariff program, which has appreciably reduced some of the most indefensible of American customs rates. At the same time he can call the attention of the industrialists, nationalists, and neo-planners to the recent boost in the tariff on Japanese imports as an example of the Administration's solicitude for domestic industry. The two are not inconsistent, the President assures us, since the idea behind the reciprocal agreements "is to lower tariffs without hurting domestic interests." Politically this may make sense, but from the standpoint of economics it is nonsense. If a reduction in tariffs is to mean anything, it is bound to affect marginal American producers. Nevertheless, there remains only one way to increase trade and create new outlets for American exports—that is by reducing import barriers. It is true that the recent sharp rise in the importation of Japanese piece goods constitutes a substantial threat to the piece-goods industry in this country. But with respect to cotton goods as a whole the United States is an exporting rather than an importing nation, and foreigners supply less than 1 per cent of the country's total consumption. Moreover, Japan is our third best customer, and we sell it about 25 per cent more than we buy in return. Japan is also notoriously sensitive regarding fancied or real discrimination against its citizens. To risk the loss of a substantial part of this export trade, endangering the very existence of our Southern cotton farmers, would seem an exorbitantly high price for a few votes.

ITALIAN-BRITISH FRICTION DURING THE PAST few months has left a mark which will not be easy to erase. Il Duce's references to the coming war are invariably interpreted in Italy as applying to an inevitable struggle between England and Italy for the mastery of the Mediterranean. The *Giornale D'Italia* (Rome) refers to this war as one of "irrepressible exasperation justified by the vital needs of a nation of 45,000,000 inhabitants . . . which will be the most terrifying and bloody conflict that humanity has ever known." In anticipation of this struggle war propaganda is already flourishing in both countries. Mussolini's subjects are being told that the British supplied the Ethiopians with dum-dum bullets, while the Britishers are being regaled with stories of poison gas and Italy's responsibility for the recent disturbances in Palestine. With British public opinion running high against Italy, both the Cabinet and the Foreign Office are divided on fundamental questions of foreign policy. Sir Austen Chamberlain and the right-wing Tories are anxious to restore the Stresa front as a protection against an imminent German thrust in Central Europe. Eden and his friends are for a new type of Stresa front with the Balkan powers substituted for Italy. Baldwin would favor Italy to the extent of lifting economic sanctions, but stands committed to the largest peace-time armament budget in British history. Confused and divided, the final direction of British foreign policy will probably depend very largely on the program of the new French government. If we are to judge by M. Blum's early statements, this will involve a coalition of democratic-socialist countries against the fascist powers. Obviously this is no iron-clad guaranty against war, but failing a revival of the League what other hope exists?

*

LABOR'S NOTABLE VICTORY IN THE FIVE-month struggle for fair treatment of the men thrown out of work in the consolidation of the railroads has turned out to be only a paper triumph. The President has instructed Joseph B. Eastman, federal Coordinator of Transportation, to refrain from forcing consolidation on the unwilling roads until after the election campaign, knowing well that Mr. Eastman's authority expires on June 16 and that it will not be extended. It is apparent that the agreement to pay "coordination allowances" to the displaced men was signed by the railway executives for the purpose of defeating the Wheeler-Crosser bill, which would have made dismissal allowances mandatory for railway workers. While the railroads have been successful in blocking compulsory coordination and have saved themselves from further severe regulation of their labor policy, the agreement between the railroads and the Brotherhoods nevertheless stands out as an epoch-making document. For the first time in our history a large group of employers have recognized, in theory, their responsibility for the men thrown out of work by technological improvements. The dismissal allowances are too small to provide real security, but are much more liberal than was expected. Employees who are deprived of their jobs as the result of consolidations are either to receive 60 per cent of their wages for a period

of six months to five years or, at their option, a "separation allowance" of from three to twelve months' pay. In addition, workers who are compelled to change their place of residence are to be reimbursed for all their expenses. That provisions of this type should be unusual is a reflection on the rugged individualism of a day that is gone. They should be mandatory not only for railway employees but for all workers whose jobs are threatened by technological advance.

*

THE BLACK LEGION AND ITS MURDERS MORE than wipe out the welcome news of the convictions in the infamous Tampa flogging case. Tampa has a tradition of whitewash in such matters, and therefore the verdict against its five defendants is distinctly heartening. But the Michigan Black Legion, coming hard on Tampa's heels, is the gravest example of mass terrorism since the Ku Klux Klan. It is something infinitely more sinister than an isolated flogging. It is a movement. Accidentally uncovered while police were investigating the murder of a WPA worker in Detroit, the legion has been found to go back several years, to be well organized on military lines, to have a membership of over 100,000 in Michigan and uncounted others in neighboring states, and to be pledged to a program of terrorism aiming at a dictatorship of the country. In the twenties a wave of unskilled factory workers emigrated from Klan regions to the north, and it is these men who make up the bulk of the legion's membership. Like the Klan the legion is rooted in hatred; it is anti-Catholic, anti-Jew, anti-Negro, anti-Communist, and in pursuance of these various enmities its members are sworn to take up arms. Already in rural districts it has begun to exert political pressure, and the police forces and municipal employees in many towns are cankered with its members. In just this way the Klan built itself up to an estimated membership of six million and to a position of national power. Just as the Klan of the twenties sprang from the backwash of war hysteria and the economic insecurity consequent on demobilization and a panic year, and as Nazism had its source in similar conditions in post-war Germany, so the Black Legion has been produced by the depression. The terrorism of the night riders is but a reflection of the terror born of social insecurity.

*

WE ARE IN RECEIPT OF A GENEROUS OFFER BY the newly formed Six Star Service to furnish us with business editorials wholly without charge. The Six Star Service is written by a group of well-known educators—including such men as President James S. Thomas of Clarkson College of Technology; Dr. Walter E. Spahr, chairman of the Department of Economics, New York University; Dr. Harley L. Lutz, professor of public finance, Princeton University; and Dr. Ernest Minor Patterson, president of the American Academy of Political and Social Sciences. A press service which makes the comments of such educators available free of charge for all the newspapers in the country should be a valuable instrument in the shaping of American thought. In a world beset with propaganda of

all types, it is good to know that our universities at least may be counted on to furnish us with objective information on current problems. In the first issue we find an authoritative article by President Thomas, entitled *Our American Plan Works*, in which we are told that while "the European plan may be alright [sic] for Europe," we should not forget that under the "American Plan" our people "had created and owned more than half of the wealth of the world." There are two brief articles by Dr. Spahr rebuking President Roosevelt for advocating a wider distribution of wealth and a restriction of the years of industrial labor. Two other articles deal with the plague of taxation. All of this, you understand, is not propaganda—it is part of the "American Plan." At first we were somewhat disturbed to discover that the expense of the service is being met by the American Manufacturers' Association, but we were relieved to note that "the association has nothing whatever to do with the preparation and editing of the material." One cannot be too careful about such things.

Amend the Constitution!

THERE has been a good deal of talk among liberals about enacting an amendment to the Constitution in order to give Congress adequate powers for dealing with its immense national economic tasks. Thus far it has been chiefly talk. It was a desire to help crystallize progressive thought and pave the way to action that led the editors of *The Nation* to address a telegram to five leaders of liberal, farm, and labor opinion. The telegram and the four answers we received are printed at the end of this editorial discussion. No clear picture of strategy or policy emerges from them. But they offer a starting-point for what is undoubtedly—whether or not it is featured in the campaign—the paramount issue before the country today.

This week is being dubiously celebrated as the anniversary of the Schechter decision. Next week the Supreme Court will hand down the final opinions of the present term of court. Thus draws to a close one of the most fateful chapters in American constitutional history—what the Supreme Court majority has done to the attempts at federal economic control; and thus opens a new and even more fateful chapter—what we intend to do about it. As the curtain falls on the work of the Supreme Court, the stage resembles that of an Elizabethan tragedy at the end of Act V: the audience is left to survey a scene strewn with dead bodies in a senseless carnage. The latest to fall, the Guffey Coal Act, finds the onlookers a bit jaded. Yet in a sense this decision is the most important of all: it is the one most directly aimed at labor.

It needs no over-subtle constitutional sense to see the anti-labor direction of the Guffey decision. The court considered two aspects of the act—the price-fixing provisions and the labor provisions. Justice Sutherland's majority opinion refused to consider the price-fixing aspect, but held the attempt to establish collective bargaining by the power of the federal government unconstitutional. Justice Hughes felt the same about labor, but went on to

make clear that price-fixing was valid and that the two were separable. Even the minority opinion, perhaps for strategic reasons, refrained from considering (and supporting) the labor provisions, but upheld the price-fixing. All this is not very surprising. It is not surprising that when the rights of labor have locked horns with a rigid individualism, the Supreme Court should be wary of giving the victory to labor. What is surprising is that in the face of such a decision labor itself, with the honorable exception of Mr. Lewis and his union, should be unwilling to press for a changed constitutional framework which would make adequate labor legislation possible by enlarging the powers of Congress. And what is also surprising is that the progressives who are labor's allies, and who know that there can be no solution for America except one based on an organized labor movement and a genuine control of business, confess themselves for the moment helpless. Even when they believe in the necessity for a constitutional amendment, they qualify their belief by adding that this is not the time to press it.

Why the paralysis? We can understand why Mr. Roosevelt does not want the constitutional issue pressed. The closer the actual elections, the more wary have he and his advisers grown about any commitment on the matter. They have evidently become convinced that the issue is packed with the most deadly dynamite, and that the Hearst-Liberty League fuse can set it off and blow up the whole universe of the Democratic Party. They tremble at every mention of the Constitution. They have surrounded it with what is almost a conspiracy of silence. It is well known that Mr. Roosevelt is acting on the principle that the election is clinched—if he will only stay put and let the Republicans make all the mistakes.

While we understand Mr. Roosevelt's point of view, we cannot agree that it has either courage or a long-run wisdom. It is true that a sense of the sanctity of the Constitution and the divine right of the judges to act as guardians of it is deeply rooted in the American mind. It is true that it will not succumb to a quick or casual attack. But that is exactly why the issue cannot be ignored at this time, and why it should be geared to the great personal prestige and popularity of Mr. Roosevelt and the undoubted acceptance of the New Deal by the greater number of the common people. These are all parts of an integral pattern. Mr. Roosevelt will win the election, one way or the other. He has a safe margin of victory now, with enough to spare even for the accidents of the intervening months. But if he looks only to the main chance of his personal election, it will be a hollow victory. For Mr. Roosevelt—and this applies also to men much greater than he—cannot move worlds in a vacuum. Except as leaders of social movements that have meaning, they are in their temporary success pitiable figures caught in the grip of personal opportunism. If Mr. Roosevelt's Presidency has had any meaning at all it is because the New Deal program of federal control of industry has seemed to the common man a departure from the individualism of the jungle. Whatever achievement the New Deal thus represents should be recognized in the election and embodied in a mandate from the people to proceed farther.

Even with that mandate the struggle for constitutional change will be a difficult one. Without it, it will be hopeless.

This is no longer the private affair of Mr. Roosevelt and the Democratic Party. Large sections of organized American labor, under some of its most progressive leaders such as Lewis, Hillman, and Dubinsky, have aligned themselves with Mr. Roosevelt in Labor's Non-Partisan League. They have made common cause with him less because they had a common aim than because they were fighting a common enemy—social reaction. The labor and liberal strength that they bring to Mr. Roosevelt represents all the difference between his fortunes and those of the Republicans, for between the Farleys and the Fletchers or Hamiltons there is no essential difference other than the difference between the possessors and the pursuers of booty. Labor has staked out a claim, then, to know and be consulted about Mr. Roosevelt's position on the most vital issue affecting labor's future and the future of the common man in America—how an adequate program for controlling business and passing the necessary social legislation can be assured. Thus far Mr. Roosevelt has made no commitment on this issue. Increasingly he avoids it. Undoubtedly this avoidance proceeds, as we have seen, from deep sources of campaign strategy. But labor and the progressives should ponder whether a party and a candidate capable of being deflected from their purpose by high considerations of pre-election strategy may not be equally deflected afterward by high considerations of post-election business pressures.

Labor's function at the present time is clear. It must act as a pressure within the Roosevelt camp for a clearer meeting of the problem of Congressional power to deal with national tasks. It must bring into the open the Democratic strategy for dealing with the obstacle which the judicial oligarchy places on the road that leads away from chaos. And if Mr. Roosevelt still feels too insecure to venture any greater explicitness on the matter, the brunt of making the fight must for the time being rest on the workers and farmers. It will not be the first time that they have built up support for a new reform, only to have one of the major parties step in finally and cash in on it. But they must take the risk. And they must begin now.

Several questions still remain. One is, what kind of amendment can we write and support? Those who have been troubled by that question will find Dean Garrison's telegram, in its specific and concrete character, a convincing answer to their doubts. Another question is, will not the whole problem be solved by Mr. Roosevelt's new appointments to the court? The answer to that is clear. It will not do to base so crucial a policy upon an act of God or calculations of life expectancy. Besides, all our waiting may result only in the appointment of a Joe Robinson. We might as well face the fact that we shall have to amend the Constitution eventually in order to give Congress adequate power. The statesman-like and open course for the labor and progressive groups would be to make the adoption of that amendment part of the mandate the people will give Mr. Roosevelt in November.

The Question of an Amendment: Four Opinions

The editors of The Nation would like your answer to the following two questions. Will you wire collect for publication?

One, do you think it is necessary to amend the Constitution in order to make possible adequate control of industry and adequate labor, farm, and social legislation? Two, do you think the passage of such an amendment would be facilitated by an early conference of representatives of progressive and labor groups, and would you be willing to participate in such a conference?

Delegates from the United Mine Workers of America to the Atlantic City convention of the American Federation of Labor sponsored action in instructing Executive Council to prepare amendment to Constitution. The January convention of the United Mine Workers of America adopted strong declarations in favor of amendment to Constitution. Our organization is unequivocal in its attitude on this question. We feel that the American Federation of Labor should assume the initiative in this matter and are keenly disappointed by its procrastination. In answer to your second question, our organization would be willing to send a representative to any substantial conference looking toward the crystallization of sentiment and early action on this question.

John L. Lewis, *President of the United Mine Workers of America*

Because of constant denunciation of president and other officers of American Federation of Labor as reactionary published in almost every issue of *The Nation*, there does not appear to be any justification for making any answer to any inquiry you may submit.

William Green, *President of the American Federation of Labor*

I have just read your telegram, requesting my opinion as to whether a constitutional amendment is necessary to make possible adequate control of industry and adequate labor, farm, and social legislation, and also whether I would participate in a conference called for the purpose of furthering such an amendment. I cannot answer these questions properly within the limits of a telegram, although I have wired you I believe such an amendment is necessary.

Personally, I believe the Constitution is broad enough to permit Congress to legislate properly on the subjects mentioned. However, by a divided opinion the Supreme Court has held otherwise. I have to accept the opinion of the Supreme Court, and I do so, of course, without any hesitancy. Nevertheless, I do not believe it is right. I am firmly of the conviction that the Constitution is a living thing, that it grows as we grow, that it keeps pace with civilization, and that it should be construed in accordance with the enlightenment of the present age, and not in accordance with conditions as they existed 150 years ago.

When the Supreme Court rendered its decision in the Triple-A case, I was of the decided opinion that

this question should be made an issue in the coming Presidential campaign. I believe we should go before the people, frankly present this question, and fight it out during the coming campaign. As I see it, this question is fundamental. If the Constitution must be construed in the light of conditions which existed at the time of its adoption, it will be a stumbling-block in the way of advancement instead of a protection to a more enlightened and more highly developed civilization. As the majority of the Supreme Court construes and expounds it, it becomes an impediment, not an aid, to human freedom and liberty, and an instrument of oppression.

My point of view did not prevail. I was in a minority in my belief that the question should be argued out at this time. Those whom I consulted, and I consulted a great many, agreed with me entirely in my construction of the Constitution, but they did not agree with me that this was a proper time to present the question to the people. An approaching Presidential election has a tendency to make men timid and backward in taking a stand which they fear might be construed as radical. . . .

The foregoing is in substance also an answer to your second question. As I see it, it would be impracticable to attempt to make this an issue in the coming campaign, because our forces would be divided. The issue is only postponed, however; it will be renewed when the general election is over. For my part, if I participate in the coming campaign, I do not intend to avoid this issue. . . .

G. W. Norris,
Senator from Nebraska

I would favor amending the Constitution so as to give Congress general power to legislate in the economic field with the right to delegate such power in whole or in part to the states. This power of delegation would make it possible for national economic legislation to take the form of a general framework with the details to be filled in by state legislation and the administration to be by state authorities subject to the standards enacted by Congress and subject further to the right of Congress to provide the details and the administration in those states which did not act within a prescribed period of time. In some matters detailed national legislation and direct national administration would probably be necessary, but in other matters a combination of declared national policy with supplementary state legislation thereunder and state administration subject to national standards would undoubtedly be practical and would work better than centralized control from Washington. An amendment permitting both methods and leaving the choice of means to Congress would give us adequate powers of self-government with as much decentralization as possible. As a matter of plain prudence it seems to me essential that we as a people give ourselves the same power to control our economic life as all other civilized nations possess. This power can be given only by constitutional amendment which should preserve as far as possible the functions of the states along some such lines as suggested above. I doubt whether any organized movement looking toward an amendment

would make any headway now in the face of an impending Presidential campaign, and that it would be wiser to wait until the campaign is over and we have taken a little more stock of where we are at and where we are going.

Lloyd K. Garrison, *Dean of the University of Wisconsin Law School*

Mussolini's Conquest Must Not Be Recognized

MORE than three weeks have elapsed since the fall of Addis Ababa, and no word has as yet come from Washington regarding the application of the Stimson non-recognition doctrine to ill-fated Ethiopia. That there should have been some delay is understandable. Governmental machinery, particularly in the realm of foreign affairs, moves slowly. For a few days there was a disposition to see whether Mussolini might not enter into a last-minute agreement with the League which would absolve this country from the necessity of taking formal action. Now, however, there can be no longer any reason for delay. The League has condemned Italy, and Il Duce has ordered the withdrawal of his representatives from Geneva. Both from a legal and a moral standpoint our duty is every whit as clear-cut as it was in the case of Japan's illegal invasion of Manchuria.

The most fundamental principles of American foreign policy are at stake. The United States has consistently refused to associate itself with the League in joint action for the prevention of war. Instead, we have sought to build up, through the Kellogg-Briand Pact and the Stimson doctrine of non-recognition, a distinctly American peace program. Weak and unrealistic as this program may seem to those who believe that war can only be abolished by a change in the economic order or by the creation of a strong international agency, it nevertheless represents significant progress toward destroying the intellectual and moral foundations of the war system.

As a principle the Stimson doctrine is inescapable as long as we hold that no nation has the right to further its national ambitions by force of arms. But like any principle it must be uniformly and universally applied if it is to have meaning. It has been argued that since the Italian-Ethiopian conflict is of particular interest to Europe, the United States should carefully refrain from taking any action which might be construed as interference in European affairs. For those who believe in American isolation, this argument will carry weight. But except on the basis of crass imperialism it would be difficult to show why America should have one set of principles for Africa and Europe and another for Asia and South America. The very fact that Europe's policy toward Italian aggression is complicated by a thousand and one problems of a distinctly European character makes it particularly important for the United States to take the initiative in refusing to recognize territorial gains obtained in violation of the Pact of Paris.

The weakness of the non-recognition policy lies in the fact that it is essentially negative in character. Refusal to recognize illegal conquest does not directly affect any of the basic forces which make for war. Indeed, the primary if not the only reason for appealing to a moral principle as a means of preserving peace is the hope that men will be inspired thereby to a more ruthless exploration of the basic causes of international conflict. And the educational and inspirational value of the non-recognition policy depends entirely on its frequent and forceful enunciation. If the Stimson policy is to be applied at all in the present crisis, it ought to be invoked in as dramatic and vigorous a manner as possible.

Failure to take immediate and positive action with respect to Ethiopia is bound, moreover, to have unfortunate repercussions in the two spheres where America's interests are the greatest. It is obvious, for example, that any hesitancy in applying the Stimson doctrine in the present crisis will be a justifiable cause of irritation in Japan, and that it must lead inevitably to a collapse of our moral opposition to Japanese aggression in the Far East. Equally distressing would be the effect of any equivocation on our relations with Latin America. The Argentine anti-war pact, signed at Montevideo in 1933, specifically commits the United States as well as the other American republics not to "recognize any territorial arrangement which is not obtained by pacific means, nor the validity of the occupation or acquisition of territories that may be brought about by force of arms." This pact was thrown open to adherence by all nations and was formally accepted by Italy on March 14, 1934. Failure of the United States to carry out its obligations under this agreement would seriously undermine our prestige at the coming pan-American peace conference in Buenos Aires, if it did not render that conference futile.

Even more disturbing than the question of recognition is the possibility that American bankers may extend loans and credits to Italy for the exploitation of its ill-gotten empire. Recent estimates place the cost of the conquest of Ethiopia at approximately \$1,000,000,000. More money must be poured in before there can be any hope of financial return from the new colony. Harassed by sanctions, and with its gold reserves practically exhausted, Italy must have capital before it can reap advantage from its conquest. The only two important sources of international capital today are London and New York. Needless to say, the chances of obtaining British aid for the development of an Italian empire in Africa are slight. Consequently a number of hints have already been thrown out regarding the desirability of obtaining American financial assistance. The Johnson act prohibits American investors from advancing new loans or credits to Italy, but it can doubtless be evaded by the establishment of dummy corporations in Ethiopia for the purpose of obtaining American money. In the past, however, the State Department has been able to exercise an effective veto on international loans by private bankers when these loans were held to be contrary to public policy. A positive non-recognition policy should carry with it application of this veto to prevent our financial interests from sharing in Mussolini's plunder.

From Genesis to Freud

SENSATIONAL journalists have many sins to answer for, and some of them know it. But they must have been surprised to read, in reports of the recent convention of the American Medical Association, that they invented the pains of childbirth. A good many American mothers were also surprised, and disagreeably if one may judge by the irate letters which have since been appearing in the press. The occasion of this surprise and this indignation was an attack on painless childbirth which followed reports, by nine doctors from three different cities, of some 7,400 successful deliveries under twilight sleep.

To make matters worse for potential mothers and better for the men who participated in the attack, it was led by a woman, Dr. Gertrude Nielson of Oklahoma City, who is herself the mother of three children and happens, apparently, to like giving birth without the aid of anaesthesia. But her arguments were not based on personal preference, or even wholly on the ground of such danger to life as twilight sleep may involve. She wandered into the boggy fields of opinion, conjecture, and sheer fantasy. The mothers, she said, who are deprived of the conscious experience of giving birth "in some cases" pay for this "escape from reality" with nervous disorders. Psychoanalysis had proved that many of the nervous troubles of women could be traced to the psychic injuries of unnatural childbirth. The obstetricians, in her opinion, could allay the prospective mother's fears by explaining to her that the pain existed largely in the minds of magazine writers.

It seems a little late for the researchers in painless childbirth to turn their attention to the writers. For it is several thousand years since a writer first put this quaint notion into the minds of women—the writer who recorded the sentence passed upon Eve for her unauthorized researches into the meaning of life: "In sorrow shalt thou bring forth children." It became morally wrong to alleviate the pain invented by this divinely inspired writer because he voiced the celestial will that the sins of Eve should be visited upon her daughters.

Times change. And the authority of Holy Writ being no longer regarded as wholly scientific, the basis of the argument has had to be shifted. It is no longer God but Dr. Freud who may be outraged if the pains of childbirth are allayed. This position is more easily assailable than the earlier one. God cannot be consulted, but Dr. Freud can. We have not consulted the great man himself, but we did lay the matter before a pupil of his who is one of the leading psychoanalysts in this country, and his answer was about what we expected. There is nothing, he declared, in the whole of psychoanalytic literature to support the contention that painless childbirth does harm to a woman's psyche. Such talk is "vicious and sadistic nonsense." He remarked further that since the complex and nerve-racking life of civilization (not the magazine writers) has interfered with the automatic nature of the child-bearing process, the least civilization can do for the woman in childbirth is to find means to alleviate the agony for which it is largely responsible.

WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

Scared by Townsend

Washington, May 24

TOWNSEND and the Supreme Court defy Congress; Congress defies the commonweal; the Senate Finance Committee repudiates Mr. Roosevelt. There, in eighteen words, you have the high lights of the last few days in the nation's capital. And if good taste were the sole criterion, none of it would be news fit to print in a family journal.

Take, for example, Dr. Townsend's defiance of the House committee that is supposed to be investigating the methods and machinery he has used to promote his old-age-pension scheme. It is a circus that ought to be staged on the backstairs of a bawdy house. The committee, headed by one of Tom Pendergast's stooges, Jasper Bell, a man of little talent and dull wit, is composed from end to end of men of like caliber and has for its counsel another Pendergast protege, Sullivan, who behaves as though he were playing the prosecutor's role in a river-boat production of *Madame X*. In refusing to submit to further interrogation by this aggregation, Dr. Townsend plainly is in contempt of the committee and, therefore, of Congress; yet the committee hesitates to prosecute him. It is doubtful that any jury would find his contempt unjustified, for the committee day after day has made it abundantly clear that what horrifies it about the Townsend organization is not its plan or its methods but the much more disturbing fact that it threatens to deprive certain Congressmen of their seats.

Fear of what a jury would decide, however, is not what deters the committee, for the case belongs by rights not to a jury but to the House, where the contempt proceeding normally would be tried. Having bungled its job and failed thus far to make a better case against Dr. Townsend and his henchmen than they already had made against themselves, the committee is afraid to drag the doctor before the bar of the House lest the House repudiate the committee and turn him free. More specifically, it is afraid that a majority of the House members would be afraid to vote against Townsend in an election year, and it has reason for being afraid, for members of the House privately are assailing the committee from all sides with demands that the case be taken elsewhere and they be spared having to vote. That is the reason why the committee is considering the unusual proceeding of trying Dr. Townsend in one of the federal courts here. And the only reason it has hesitated to follow that course is its fear that the Townsends, if they failed to get the case thrown out of court on jurisdictional grounds, would at least manage to stall off a decision until after the November elections, with resulting advantage to their cause in the interim. It was with

full knowledge that such terrors would beset the committee that Townsend's advisers prevailed upon him to stalk out of the hearing room, with the Reverend Gerald L. K. Smith, former chaplain in Huey Long's Share-the-Wealth army, clearing a path for him. It was his intuitive realization that the Townsend investigation probably would boomerang in this fashion that caused O'Connor of New York, chairman of the House Rules Committee, to try to head it off before it ever got started.

Labor and the Court

TAKE, next, the Supreme Court's action of last Monday in the Guffey case. Enough has been said about the majority opinion and too much, it seems to me, about the minority opinion of Cardozo, Stone, and Brandeis, for they too adopt a dry-rot logic that leads essentially to the same final goal as the majority's. In fact in all their dissents they seem to be saying to the majority on the bench, "There's a better, smoother way of doing what you're doing, and it's less likely to cost the court its power." However, that is not the point here.

The point is that although it reduced "the stream of commerce" to a trickle and served notice that a death warrant awaits the Wagner Labor Relations Act if it reaches the Supreme Court while that body still has its present membership, the decision invalidating the Guffey Coal Control Act was received meekly at both ends of Pennsylvania Avenue. The President remarked that it had great educational value and muttered something about achieving the Guffey act's objectives by some other route. He curtly silenced those who asked when and how. The answer to their question came a few days later when, after a series of hasty conferences, the Guffey act was reintroduced in Congress minus all its labor provisions but retaining its price-fixing sections and the punitive tax for its enforcement to which the Supreme Court had objected.

Talk of amending the Constitution was almost totally lacking. Roosevelt long since has abandoned that idea, and John L. Lewis, United Mine Workers chieftain, who might have revived it and who did tersely blaspheme the Supreme Court in his reaction to its decision, was too busy. Lewis was busy putting together a machine to drive new legislation through Congress at this session in the hope of keeping the price structure of the bituminous industry bolstered up; he is trying to prevent a period of price-slashing that would lead inevitably to costly and devitalizing strikes this fall in the southern West Virginia and related fields. When the Supreme Court struck down the Guffey act's labor provisions, Lewis lost nothing material, for those provisions did little more than direct that the

fixing of wages, hours, and other working conditions in the bituminous industry should be done through collective bargaining. Lewis can hold his organization together if the bituminous industry itself can hold together. He faced a far tougher problem in union leadership when he entered the recent negotiations for a new agreement in the anthracite industry, which is far sicker than the bituminous industry, and he emerged with a pact that under the circumstances is almost miraculous in its terms.

Something comparable will have to happen if he is to get the new Guffey act through this session, and it is hardly worth the effort. He will have to fight against the Administration's fear of seeming to buck the Supreme Court and its respect for the powerful financial interests, including the Mellons, which are opposing the legislation as mine owners and large industrial consumers. He will have to fight, too, against the zeal of Congress to drop everything and mount the campaign hustings by June 6, and he will get no support from organized labor in general, as his foes in the A. F. of L.'s executive council have indicated by seizing on the Supreme Court's decision as a base for "I told you so" statements aimed at Lewis. The council, in fact, washed its hands of the constitutional-amendment issue this week and fled straight back to pure Gompersism. It was amusing to hear Dan Tobin of the teamsters and Bill Hutcheson of the carpenters making statements about "nothing to gain from the government, we must use our own strength," as if they had not always used the courts, state legislatures, city councils, and the cops for their unions' purposes and, more often, their own.

Lewis already is engaged in a bitter battle with them and their fellow petty Borgias in the executive council over the campaign to organize the nation's steel workers on an industrial-union basis. Having smashed their claims to leadership of organized labor by outmaneuvering them for the backing of the rank and file in the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers, he finds the battle only just begun; though the rank and file voted for

Lewis and his C. I. O. plan, they left responsibility for its execution in the hands of Amalgamated's veteran officers, who promptly double-crossed the C. I. O., renewed their pledges of fealty to the A. F. of L.'s executive council, and then holed up a little to the right of that body in positions from which Lewis at the moment is trying to dislodge them with a barrage of publicity appealing to the rank and file. They intend of course to remain in their rat-holes for the duration of the war and thus to thwart the C. I. O.'s steel-organization program, which in the end would surely cost them—and their bosses—their jobs.

The Tax Battle

LITTLE need be said about the Senate Finance Committee's repudiation of that New Deal will-o'-the-wisp called "the Administration's tax program." Months ago somebody in the Treasury got the idea of using the tax instrument to break up vast accumulation of financial power by prying apart corporate surpluses. As has happened with so many other attractive ideas, Mr. Roosevelt seized upon it before it had been examined and before means of putting it into operation had been devised. He passed it on to Congress in a message that deftly struck a "soak-the-rich" note and thus was a good vote-getting manuscript. Having passed it on, he turned to other matters and let the Treasury's experts worry about devising a bill to fit the idea. They soon discovered the task was an enormous one, and it grew in enormity under the clumsy handling of the House committee in charge of the bill. By the time the bill reached the Senate, the idea was past saving. To be sure, a majority of the members of the Senate Finance Committee had no taste for saving it in any event, for they are the same gentlemen who have written the tax bills of former years, placing a premium on great wealth and corporate adiposities that aid tax-dodging. It is probable, however, that in committee these men of tawdry faith would have contrived a bill that retained a resemblance to "the Administration's tax program" but for the presence of one member, Jim Couzens, of Michigan. What would have emerged then would have been a bill delighting the hearts of tax-dodgers and falling far short of its revenue objectives while seeming to fulfil Roosevelt's suggestions. But Couzens, in addition to being the Senate's wealthiest member, is an honest man, a zealous foe of tax-dodgers, and a person thoroughly conversant with accounting methods and corporate practices. He will not knowingly vote for a fraud. Moreover, he consistently refuses to be bound by committee rules of secrecy and thus makes it difficult for his colleagues to enter into committee deals to report out bills which pretend to do one thing and do another. These various attributes combined in this instance to make of Couzens a catalyst. His resolute resistance to the Administration's bill finally forced the committee to get down to business and write a new measure in which Roosevelt's proposals for repeal of the excess-profits and capital-stocks taxes were scrapped. The new bill is little more than a measure increasing certain of the old corporation taxes, and it probably will be enacted in about that form.



Couzens of Michigan

TVA: the New Deal's Greatest Asset

BY STUART CHASE

I. Landscape and Background

IN WASHINGTON you find acres of office work set in a stately, remote city. The nation is being saved by a hurricane of inter-office memoranda, going round and round. The saviors wear a slightly confused air. One supposes that the spiral whirls upward, but one is not always sure. So many Corinthian columns, so many filing cases, so many sheets of paper, with twice as many carbons.

You climb in a car and drive west from Washington, over the red fields of Virginia, up the Blue Ridge Mountains, down the Shenandoah Valley, with billboards screaming of limestone caves, up the Appalachians again, with the Great Smokies looming to the south, and down into Tennessee and the Valley of the Tennessee, running yellow with silt. You come to Knoxville, and hard by it the town of Norris and the Norris Dam. Here are filing cases and inter-office memoranda, too, but towering above them is the dam itself, solid and eternal as the temples of Karnak. Its lofty, lovely concrete face is the reality of achievement behind the paper work. Those who strive to help the Valley are not confused. They do not seem to move in circles and spirals; they move, like the profile of their dam, in straight lines. One feels their excitement. It is a very revealing experience to go from Washington to Knoxville. It might be a good idea for Mr. Ickes to build a thundering big dam on the Potomac.

The story runs that one of the TVA staff went north to Ontario to see how the Hydro was functioning. He stopped a farmer on the road and asked him what, after twenty years of experience, he thought of the Hydro.

"I think it's a fine thing."

"Why?"

"Well, stranger, there are a lot of reasons, but the biggest reason is that it keeps the young folks at home. The smartest ones used to go off to the cities, and now most of them stay on the farms. There is so much right here to interest them."

As we shall see, cheap electric power is not the only function of the TVA, is probably not even the most important function in the long run. The Ontario farmer, however, stated the ultimate goal as well as it can be stated in a phrase. The TVA is an attempt to keep a region viable, healthy, and interesting, and to hold the oncoming generations on their homeland.

One day, with Benton MacKaye and the foresters, I climbed far up on the shoulder of Le Conte, one of the giants of the Great Smokies. Looking west, we saw the great valley unroll before us until it was lost in the mists of the horizon—fields, wood lots, meadow lands, villages, the sparkle of rivers, and the mountain wall around. Fields

run high on the mountain slopes. Years ago farmers used to supplement their income by day labor in mines and forests. Such work has largely disappeared. Only the land remains. The cornfields grow steeper, increasing the erosion rate, promoting floods, silting the streams and rivers. More than seven million acres in the Valley are subject to serious erosion.

The peak on which we stood, the splendid forest of hemlock, beech, poplar, and rhododendron through which we had climbed, the tumbled crags to the north, east, and south, were the property of the United States government. A good part of the mountain wall from which the little waters fall to make the tributaries which in turn make the Tennessee is national forest or national park. Nearly five million acres, more than a quarter of all the forest land in the Valley, is government owned. The TVA is thus not an isolated experiment, but yoked with large projects in silviculture and recreation, which preceded it and which serve to protect the Valley's headwaters.

These waters come down from Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, and eastern Tennessee in a series of rivers which meet not far from Knoxville to form the main river. This region is tumultuous at the height of land, rugged below with steep cornfields and little farms tucked into the mountain "coves," then rolling land with broader farms, and finally, in the cotton fields of Alabama, almost flat. The elevation descends from 6,000 to 250 feet, giving a climate which ranges from that of the Great Lakes to subtropical. The rainfall is heavy, varying from fifty to eighty inches. The Valley can grow anything which now grows between Canada and the Gulf. It is the perfect laboratory for an experiment in regional planning.

The watershed is shaped like a butterfly with the narrow waist at Chattanooga. The east wing is larger and more rugged, swelling over the eastern part of Tennessee and clipping off segments of Virginia, North Carolina, and Georgia. Here is where the water comes from; here the region of heaviest rainfall. The Powell and Clinch rivers join at Norris Dam, to pour into the Tennessee some eighty miles below. The Holston and the French Broad rivers join at Knoxville to form the Tennessee. The little Tennessee comes in from North Carolina below Knoxville, and the Hiawassee River still farther down.

The west wing is the course of these united waters from Chattanooga down into Alabama, over Muscle Shoals—where the Wilson Dam was built during the war, and which formed the nucleus of the TVA—across the corner of Mississippi, and then due north through western Tennessee into Kentucky, and finally into the Ohio River at Paducah, not far from where the Ohio pours into the Mississippi at Cairo.

The Tennessee contributes about 20 per cent of the

flood waters of the Mississippi. The commingled waters of the Ohio, the Cumberland, and the Tennessee make the spot where they enter the Mississippi one of transcendent importance for flood control. The Valley is a watershed entity, true, but at its mouth it locks into the water economy of the whole Mississippi Basin.

The Valley cuts across seven states—God unfortunately did not consult the Supreme Court—and contains some 40,000 square miles of territory, about four-fifths the area of England. It has a population of nearly two and one-half million people, only a quarter of whom live in cities. More than half the area is forested, but hardly virgin. Nearly all has been cut over, and much of it burned, slashed, and butchered in accordance with sound American practice. There are coal, iron, copper, phosphate, and other minerals in the Valley, and millions of horse-power in the rush of the rivers. There are a number of factories, but the region as a whole is not industrial. It has lived, or tried to live, primarily on its raw resources—forest, pasture, soil, minerals.

If there be such a thing as "native stock," the Valley is peopled with it. This particular strain, however, has a relatively high birth-rate. The youngsters sprawl at the cabin doors, and in Alabama the native stock is often black.

The Valley has tried to live on its natural resources. Yet the average annual cash income of the 4,000 families moved from the Norris reservoir site was under \$100. This failed signally to provide the relatively simple wants

of the group. Wants have been studied with some care, and include:

20 acres of crop land	Plenty of children
A tight five-room house	Some old-fashioned religion
1 horse	1 radio
1 cow	1 automobile
1 hog	1 washing machine
Chickens	Access to the movies
A reasonable chance for a little neighborly litigation	

This you will admit is not an exorbitant budget—save possibly on the score of children—but \$100 per family, plus the self-subsistence labor of the family, falls far short of it. The people of the upper Valley are hospitable, proud, salty, independent, illiterate by modern standards, and desperately poor. They are poor because many of their ancient crafts have lapsed, and because in the highly specialized economy of today the exchange value of these crafts is low. They do not have enough to exchange with the outside world for the things they need and want. When they do have enough by weight, the price may run so heavily against their raw agricultural products that the exchange ratio remains pitiful.

Here for instance is Grainger County, part of which will be under water when the Norris reservoir fills. Arthur L. Pollard has made a county loss-and-gain account, the first to my knowledge to be prepared in America. Here in a few cold figures is the basic problem of America reduced to negotiable proportions.

Grainger County is exclusively agricultural, and nearly



everything imported from outside its borders must be exchanged for soil or forest products within. There are no factories to be taxed or to provide employment, no railroads or power lines traversing the area; the people of the county possess no invested wealth in stocks or bonds. Their land and labor form their only wealth. Nor do they own all their land, for many are farm tenants and must pay to outside owners. The county consumes one-third of what it produces, and sells two-thirds to the world beyond. The total cash proceeds of these sales in 1932 amounted to \$425,000. The county receives some alien revenue from one large resort hotel, two inns, and two gas stations. There are 1,150 boys and girls from eighteen to twenty-three years of age, of whom seven are in college. There are 900 passenger automobiles and 100 trucks. Residents who have no cars have gone back to carts, and those who have no carts to sledges—for the trade of wheelwright has disappeared. The average farm consists of seventy acres—twenty plowed, twenty-two in pasture, the rest in wood lot or waste. Such a farm can provide only bare subsistence when worked by the owner under current methods.

The average family is 20 per cent larger than the average for the nation as a whole. At the age of twelve, children begin leaving Grainger County for the world outside. At age twenty-two the proportion of population is less than that of the United States and goes down steadily until a peak deficiency is reached at age thirty-three. Then it begins to climb again, until at age fifty-three it levels the national average. A whole world of tragic maladjustment lies in these figures. The city which has absorbed the youngsters begins to kick them out as middle age approaches. They come drifting back, their youth and vigor gone; sacrificed to no end, except the steady depreciation of their homeland.

Here is Mr. Pollard's balance sheet, somewhat condensed and rearranged:

Grainger County

Annual Loss and Gain Account, 1932

Income—Sales of crops.....	\$425,000
Outside labor	20,000
Tourist income.....	20,000

Total operating income.....\$465,000

Outgo—Food purchased	\$155,000
Clothing purchased	140,000
Automobile expense	120,000
Machinery, tools, fertilizer.	40,000
Education	10,000
Miscellaneous expense...	70,000

Total operating outgo.....\$535,000

Interest paid	85,000
Taxes—outside	20,000
Miscellaneous losses	25,000
Depreciation—buildings	80,000
Depreciation—machinery	20,000
Depletion—soil	55,000

Total outgo.....\$820,000

Deficit of county.....\$355,000

How is this deficit met? It is not met, but is reduced in part by:

State aid for roads and schools.....	\$ 60,000
Federal aid	51,000
Insurance receipts net.....	32,000

Total.....\$143,000

Leaving a net deficit of \$212,000.

The county thus keeps going by virtue of state and federal aid, by sinking more deeply into debt, by cumulative depreciation of its agricultural plant, and by cumulative depletion of its natural resources. Commenting on this study, David Cushman Coyle says: "When income is too small to include repairs, replacements, and fertilizer, civilization is in full retreat." The end of the story cannot be long postponed. Grainger County can give up its motor cars, store clothes, and farm machinery if it must, and live as its forefathers lived—with sledges, tallow candles, and homespun. It can get along without the world beyond if worst comes to worst. But two questions are in order: Can Detroit and International Harvester get along without Grainger County? Why did the native stock leave England and Scotland in 1700 in order to achieve a standard of living in America in 1940 appreciably worse than that of the old country at the time they left?

Grainger County warrants a philosophical digression. I must ask the reader's indulgence, for I cannot discuss the TVA intelligently until it is placed in wider perspective than a series of dams, a net of transmission lines, and a sensible labor policy. The TVA has been called an experiment in regional planning. What does regional planning mean, in the light of Grainger County?

A given community to function must either (1) supply its own essentials, as in handicraft communities, or (2) have something to exchange for its essentials. Otherwise the community has no economic underpinning, and must either die or go on the dole. Grainger County, it appears, supplies less than a third of its essentials at home, and has a very serious shortage of goods and services to exchange for the remaining two-thirds. It is already on the state and federal dole, and is depleting its natural resources at the same time—that is, taking more out of the soil each year than it returns.

In modern times the choice of commodities to exchange offers considerable scope. New York City, in addition to its manufacturing activities, offers banking, brokerage, and gambling services as well as night life and other sophistications in return for the very hearty support in tangible goods shipped in by the rest of the country. Atlantic City exchanges sea air and bathing beauties. Florida exchanges sunshine and dog races; the county seat exchanges trading facilities; Washington exchanges administration and the opinions of nine dignified gentlemen; Reno exchanges divorces; New England, which once exchanged textile manufacturing, turns to recreation; California exchanges vegetables, films, and starry-eyed movements for the regeneration of mankind. All these "services," however, are based on tangible goods in the last analysis. The goods come first in any culture. Only when the stomach is as-

suaged can one turn to playing the market, astrology, or the fine arts. The tangible goods in turn are all based on natural resources—soil, water, and minerals—lodged in that thin crust of the planet between the air belt and the lava belt. The whole economic pyramid, the existence of man on the earth, rests on resources, and without resources collapses.

Meanwhile it is true that in an abundance economy resources are liquid and readily transferable. Nitrogen may be had from the air, with the aid of large infusions of power, as well as from the deposits of Chilean sea fowl. Food may be grown in water baths indoors, as well as from the soil. Houses may be built of glass as well as of wood or brick. For many standard resources substitutes are now available in whole or in part, and more may be expected as technology advances.

It is also true that relatively few communities, strategically located, equipped with plenty of inanimate energy and a variety of automatic or semi-automatic factories and mechanized farms, could theoretically provide the bulk of all essentials for a much wider area. At a guess, under strict engineering control one-fifth of American communities, employing one-fifth of available labor, could furnish the necessities of life for the whole nation. This is the dream of the technocrats, and it is logical if not practicable.

For nearly two hundred years American communities functioned on the basis of self-support with exchange at a minimum. As the machine age developed after 1800, communities increasingly specialized, and the exchange ratio grew, aided by new inventions in transportation. They specialized in raw materials, in fabrication of materials, and later in services. This interdependence made for a larger per capita output and on the whole for higher living standards. Even Grainger County obtained its automobiles. But in due time community after community worked through its resources, and the exchange balance went into the red. The lumber barons swept from Maine to Oregon, leaving behind expensive mills, charred and tangled desolation, and town after town with no visible means of support. Mining camps and oil fields grew into towns and cities and became home to hundreds of thousands of Americans. The vein failed or water seeped into the petroleum pool; the resource died. Fishermen's villages, supported by marine life for generations, suddenly found the catch diminishing, because of silt, pollution, slaughtered forests, or plain over-exploitation with the help of mechanical equipment. And now huge sections of farm land—of which Grainger County is an example—have lost, or are losing, the soil itself owing to erosion, leaching, dust storms, and inability, in a scramble to make ends meet, to put back into the land what the cash crop took out. The city has robbed the farmer by the progressive failure of price parity, and the farmer has robbed the soil. The soil runs thin and gullied.

Many communities, too, have lost their exchange balance by virtue of technological change, population shifts, transportation shifts, shifts in public demand. Consider the stranded coal towns, the shoe workers of Haverhill who have watched the industry drift west, the mill hands of Manchester and Lowell, the hay and oats farmers when

gasoline displaced some millions of horses and mules.

It is needless to labor the point. No American communities are today self-sufficient. Community A, which once had exchange values, has them no longer. Community B may have new values, but the people of A have come to call A home. They live on in their ghostly areas, loath to be torn up by the roots. After three centuries of systematic exploitation nature's bins are empty over great areas—while the cumulative speed of technological change has rendered other communities barren of the means of livelihood. If the Liberty League is to have its way and economic planning is to be taboo, we may confidently expect the situation to worsen at something like a compound-interest rate, until America explodes. Look again at Grainger County. If some degree of conscious foresight is to be the order of the day, three alternatives present themselves:

1. Move people out of submarginal and blighted areas and replant them in communities which have a resource base or other exchange medium. This demands a drastic and a psychologically dangerous experiment in planned migration on a vast scale.

2. Let the people stay and maintain them on the dole, their only function that of consumers. This is technologically possible—indeed, is being carried on to the tune of some millions of individual cases at the present time—but is fantastic from the human point of view. It means maintaining a quarter of the nation, more or less, as a huge charitable asylum.

3. Reconstruct the resource base of those communities where reconstruction is possible. Where it is flatly impossible, planned migration will have to be resorted to. The Resettlement Administration is now trying to work out a technique for the latter. Reconstruction means building up the soil, restoring the forest and grass cover, checking erosion, reconditioning the fisheries, taming the rivers, encouraging wild life and recreation areas, supplying cheap energy, especially from water power, establishing a certain number of new local industries—but not enough to result in wasteful duplication—maintaining a large program of public works, particularly in the field of conservation, to provide local cash income. On these conditions, and only on these conditions, can the people of hundreds of American communities continue to call the homeland, home.

Oust them, feed them, or recondition them—so that they may presently feed themselves. The last makes more sense, politically and psychologically, than the first two. The second makes more engineering sense as efficiency is at a maximum, but psychologically and politically it is valueless.

This is what America faces today, and increasingly tomorrow. The New Deal as a whole is fumbling around with all three policies. The Tennessee Valley Authority is planted solidly on the last: let the Valley people stay in their homes and recondition the resource base. That is what makes it so important and so human. That is what helps it to move in straight lines rather than spirals. In the next article we shall examine how this policy squares with the Constitution and is being given tangible effect.

[Mr. Chase's second article will appear next week.]

The French Socialists in Power

BY M. E. RAVAGE

Paris, May 15

IT WILL be two weeks Sunday since the French people, deaf to threats and warnings, went red. They were told—oh, what weren't they told?—that if they voted for the *Front Populaire* they would step off a precipice into the abyss. M. Maurice Prax of the *Petit Parisien* had an interview with Bela Kun in Madrid—on the same day that another correspondent of the same "non-partisan" newspaper reported the Bolshevik agitator ill in Moscow—where he was directing the Spanish revolution and only waiting for May 3 to cross the Pyrenees and take charge of things in Paris. The *Front Populaire* meant all the calamities in the calendar. It meant war, civil and international. It meant the collapse of the franc—the Communists' slogan "No devaluation" was shameless demagoguery—and the collectivization of the vineyards, the nationalization of women and the destruction of the family, the raping of nuns and the burning of churches, death and disorder, with a German invasion and a fascist dictatorship to redress the balance. Well, it is nearly two weeks since these assorted disasters were predicted. Yet somehow Notre Dame and the Sacré Cœur are still standing.

I have seen three general elections in France and a large number of partial, senatorial, and municipal ones. I recall none like this for confounding all the wiseacres and all the calculations, left as well as right. It was said that the National-Union Radicals would carry their districts at the first poll, and thus escape giving the pledge to the *Front Populaire*. The vast majority of them were eliminated on April 26. The Communists expected to triple, and claimed they would quadruple, their present number of deputies; they got more than seven times as many. Their gains, we were assured, would be at the expense of their allies; two-thirds of them came from the moderates and the reactionaries. The losses of the Radicals, it was predicted, would about balance the gains of the Marxists; so that the *Front Populaire* majority would be little if any greater than that of the combined left in the present Chamber. In reality, the defeated Radicals are in the main those upon whom the right counted to betray the left bloc. The Croix de Feu had been ordered to swell the Communist vote at the first poll and then swing over to the right on May 3, thus at the start eliminating the Radicals, whose faithful would presumably refuse to play the game with the Marxists. The results show that if the Colonel's followers obeyed the first part of the command, they forgot the second. As for the left voters, they had asked for fusion candidates from the outset; therefore on May 3, when there were neither Radicals nor Marxists but simply "candidates of the *Front Populaire*," they went to the polling booths with a solidarity and a discipline beyond anything recorded in the annals of French political history.

The greatest surprise of all was of course the magnificent showing of the Socialists. When I tell you that on the morning of April 27 the *Populaire*, thumbing over the results of the first ballot and estimating its prospects at the second, announced rather soberly that the party would come back as strong as in 1932 and make good the defections of the 1934 Neo-Socialist split-off, you will realize how far from the truth was even the official organ of the S. F. I. O. On May 5 Paul Faure's leader on the victory had the accents of a man who had drawn the big prize in a national lottery.

The victims experienced as many surprises as the winners. I am not thinking in saying this of de la Rocque. His attempt to "arbitrate" between the parties of the right—to set himself up as a one-man front of the reaction against the left—was for months the big political joke throughout France. He has no complaint to make of the final results. He asked for a new team, for a united and clean France. He has got them, though not quite according to plan. His February 6 was more than any other one thing responsible for May 3. And the wags of the left are well inspired in proposing that he be given a statue with the inscription, "To Count Colonel Casimir de la Rocque—in gratitude from the *Front Populaire*." Nor do I particularly have in mind the Radicals. They lost fifty seats, but an analysis of the figures shows that they saved at least as many by their affiliation with the extreme left, and that where they were beaten, it was generally because of the fierce attacks of the right, not of the drift to the left. My sympathies go out in the first place to Déat and his colleagues among the Neo-Socialists. They broke away from the Marxists because Blum by his resolute refusal to share the government with the Radicals kept them out of Cabinet seats. And at the very moment when the Socialist Party is going to have portfolios to offer they are left out in the cold, and their party, though fused with the Socialist Union of Paul-Boncour, is reduced to fourth place in the *Front Populaire*, trailing miles in the rear of the Communists!

The miracle which no one so much as envisaged has come to pass. The S. F. I. O. is going to form and head the next government of France. For a day or two everyone was walking as in a dream. All the plans were made, all the precautions were taken, on the theory that the Radicals would remain the biggest party in the country and among the left. The only one who was not bowled over was Léon Blum, the man whom the vast majority of Frenchmen have designated to be the first Socialist Premier of France. Within a few hours after the results were known he issued his ringing proclamation: "The Socialist Party is ready to assume the role which belongs to it—to constitute and direct the government of the *Front Populaire*."

Difficulties in plenty await not only him, not only the Socialists, but the whole new majority. No one who knows the legacy which they are inheriting from Doumergue and Laval can envy them their task. But I think the strains within the *Front Populaire* are not going to be, as the defeated right anticipates, the chief problem which the men at the helm will have to contend with. There is a fervid resolve in all quarters to live up to the oath of July 14, 1935, to cooperate, to play the game, to keep the faith of the masses, to avoid at all costs a return to the nationalists. As this is being written, the Radicals have signified their readiness to participate in the Cabinet without conditions. I think Daladier and the left wing of his party can be trusted implicitly to bring the utmost good-will to the common task, and Herriot will certainly do nothing to complicate matters.

As for the Communists, they are showing the same zeal, enthusiasm, and moderation that they brought to the formation of the *Front Populaire*, to the campaign, and to the victory. If they refuse to enter the government, they do so in keeping with their pre-election pledges and reservations. They feel that they have a specific task to perform just now—to keep the masses who voted for the *Front Populaire* united and alert. They wish to dedicate themselves to the work of organizing—in the factories and offices, in the city blocks and the villages—local councils of the united left, ready to assist and second the government, ready above all to defend it by all the means at hand against any attempt to hamper its fulfilment of the *Front Populaire* program of reforms. A proclamation of the National Committee of the *Front Populaire* published in this morning's papers indicates that the entire left is fully in accord with them in this enterprise. Moreover, the Communists feel, rightly in my opinion, that at this stage their presence in the ministry, far from being an asset, would be a liability to their friends and allies. Every error of the government would be attributed to Bolshevik pressure, and the Cabinet would be eternally leaning backward to avoid this charge. Best of all, the Trade Union Confederation has in the last day or two signified its desire to collaborate, not by accepting portfolios for its leaders, but by lending its experts to every department of the state where their services could be useful in ushering in the new day, and to start with by organizing the State Reinsurance Fund—a scheme recently proposed by Labor which would at once, it is hoped, pour much-needed cash into the treasury, and furnish the wherewithal for the public-works program planned as a fighting measure against unemployment.

The real difficulties are of another nature and are an inheritance from previous governments. They fall under three main heads: financial-economic, administrative, and diplomatic. The right always sees to it that the treasury should be at rock bottom when the time comes for them to hand the reins of office over to their rivals. It was thus that Tardieu contrived to get rid of the eleven-billion surplus left in the cash box by Henri Chéron; so that Herriot would have to be "good" when he stepped in. Doumergue and Laval have gone him one better. They have not merely

left an enormous floating debt and an undermined credit, so that an attempt to raise a loan within the country some months ago ended in total failure and the state was obliged to borrow from the Bank of England; by their precious decree-laws they have so diked in the state's revenues that for two years the Ministry of Finance has been living from hand to mouth without knowing where the next month's pay roll would come from. With all this not a dent has been made either in unemployment or in the misery of the countryside. May 3 was a protest not merely against the fascist assault of February 6 but also against the oppressive, deflationist, do-nothing Tardieu-Laval regime that emerged from the abortive putsch.

In international relations the legacy left behind by these two sinister men is if possible worse. In an article in the *Oeuvre* on May 10 Herriot inventoried the diplomatic position of France at the end of their rule. I sum it up here briefly, with additions of my own: a breach of the peace in Africa which may not impossibly prove to be, like the Balkan wars of 1912-13, the prelude to something graver; a moribund League of Nations, agonizing from the blows it has received from Hitler, Mussolini, and their accomplice, Laval; Poland alienated and, as it seems at this writing, thrown into the arms of Germany, thanks to Foreign Minister Laval's coddling of the Francophobe Colonel Beck; the Little Entente gasping for breath, thanks to the intrigues of the Nazis in Rumania and Yugoslavia; last, but most important, a state of irritation in Anglo-French relations which, unless it is remedied at once, will give Hitler the chance he has outlined in "Mein Kampf" and has been working toward ever since he came to power. In a word, the isolation of France is greater than has been known since the days of the two Bonapartes.

Blum and his colleagues will have to work fast and adroitly to undo this mischief before it is too late. But their more immediate chores will face them in the departments of the various ministries at home, in the administrative bureaus, in the judiciary, as well as in diplomacy. It is a proverb in France that whether governments are of the right or of the left the "inspectors of finance" are always master and always right. These sons of the upper bourgeoisie and disciples of the Jesuit colleges are the real government of France where money is concerned. The army, the police, the council of state, every important branch of the public service are, thanks to the efforts of men like Poincaré, Tardieu, Doumergue, and Laval, honeycombed with enemies of the republic, ambushed to boycott any and every attempted reform. In the judiciary it is only necessary to mention such a name as Lescouvé, virtually chief justice of France. In diplomacy the nobility still reigns as if there had never been a 1789. Fancy a man like François-Poncet, a member of the Comité des Forges, being French ambassador in Berlin!

Léon Blum uttered some years ago a memorable phrase. "A holiday from legality," he said, "may become necessary if human progress and human liberty are not to perish." It is well to remind him now that if Hitler is master in Germany today the responsibility is largely that of the Weimar Republic for failing to rid the new regime of its enemies.

Why Arabs Kill Jews

BY ALBERT VITON

Jerusalem, April 20

ALL the Hebrew papers came out today with wide black margins. "Tel Aviv Mourns Its Dead" is the headline of one. "Bloody Day in Jaffa" reads the large black streamer of another. The *Palestine Post*, the moderate, unofficial English organ of the Zionist Executive, carries a double head, "Nine Jews Dead, Scores Hurt in Arab Attacks," and goes on to say:

... Loosed passions of Jaffa's underworld. ... In two or three hours nine defenseless Jews were done to death and at least two score injured, some very seriously. ... Jaffa's main roads ... were turned ... into lanes running with blood and strewn with glass of smashed windshields from motor cars. Blood-covered stones were about everywhere. ... Every half-hour vehicles from Jaffa turned up ... with their load of dead and wounded. ...

An Arab was seen raising a bleeding hand. ... From this point on, the life of every Jewish man or woman in Jaffa was in danger. ... All Jewish traffic in the Jerusalem direction was suspended. ... Roads became unsafe as crowds of villagers had collected menacingly. ... Meetings were held in Nablus last night at which ... boycott of the Jews was demanded and the proposal made to call a general strike throughout Palestine.

And so on. But this is a news report, and as everybody knows, news is not always synonymous with information. To understand what happened yesterday, to evaluate this incident correctly, reading a news story, however true, is not sufficient. We must study the forces which led to yesterday's bloody massacre.

Revolutionary changes are taking place in the whole Arab world. A movement which gripped most of Europe during the last century has arrived in Arabia and is bringing no less momentous changes. The old adage, "There is no nationality in Islam," is no longer true. Here, too, the old social force, religion, is beginning to give way to the new social force, nationalism. Not that religion is not still a powerful force in Arabia, but it is on the defensive and daily losing ground to the encroaching nationalism. This change has gone farther in Palestine than in Hejaz, farther in Syria than in Palestine, and farther in Egypt than in any other Arab state. But one can see it even in Trans-Jordan, where Emir Abdullah's car was pelted with onions when the news spread that he had sold land to the Jews. One can see it plainly in Jerusalem, where a general strike against the British recently took place although the Grand Mufti, Haj Amin al-Husseini, was strongly opposed to it, and where the number of Moslem religious pilgrims is perceptibly falling off while the membership of nationalistic clubs and societies is rapidly increasing. Many Arabs have warned me not to explain the widespread anti-Jewish feeling on religious or racial

grounds. Racially, they point out, they belong to the same stock as the Jews, and their preoccupation with religion is far too mild to make them hate anybody because of it. Their bitter animosity is purely nationalistic—they see in the Jews the agents of British imperialism coming to take away their country.

The standard bearers of the nationalist crusade are young men between fifteen and twenty-five. This, the revolt of Arab youth, is the most important phenomenon in the Near East. It is true that there was a nationalist movement even before the World War, but it was nationalist chiefly in the sense that the Arab effendis (landlords) were opposed to the foreign exploiters because they wished to do the exploiting themselves. Suspicious of this sort of nationalism, the young men are opposed to all exploiters whether foreign or native. The riots in Cairo were carried on entirely by young men, and though it is easy to ridicule these youths making defiant gestures at John Bull, it was these same young men who prevented—with stones and fire, when they were needed—the old, unscrupulous leaders from selling out, and who in the end forced Britain to yield to their demands. In Damascus, too, it was the young men who forced the leaders to take the boldest steps. When the leaders issued a declaration calling off the strike on the seventeenth day, the students took matters into their own hands, overruled their elders, kept the strike going for another forty-odd days, and in the end forced concessions from the French government such as had never been given before.

The Arab youth movement cannot be trifled with, and the sooner the West learns to respect it, the better. In Palestine nearly every village now boasts a patriotic youth society; the Scout movement, in the vanguard of the new nationalism, was unheard of before 1920, but now it has a membership of about 4,000; so great is the demand for education that some 60 per cent of the applicants have to be turned away every year for lack of accommodation, though the British have been opening about seventy new schools each year. The rising generation represents a complete break with the Arab past.

Opposed to them stand the Zionists. There is of course no comparison between the Zionists and the imperialists of the West. Driven out of the countries of their birth, the Jews come to their historic home willing to pay their way—paying ten times the real value for every inch of land. Nor has the coming of the Jews worked to the economic disadvantage of the original inhabitants. Not only has Palestinian Arabia been enriched by Jewish immigration, but Palestine has become the center of attraction for the whole Near East. Tens of thousands of Arabs enter illegally every year in search of work. According to one Jewish economist, the Jews have paid to the Arabs about

\$100,000,000 for land, and the total Jewish investment in the country certainly exceeds \$300,000,000. The Arab nationalists point out, however, that they are losing their country. The Jewish population has increased by about 600 per cent since 1919, and has more than doubled during the last four years, jumping from 174,000 in 1931 to an estimated 375,000 at the end of 1935. The Jewish proportion of the population as a whole has increased from 9.5 per cent in 1919 to about 40 per cent at the end of 1935. In 1922 the Jews owned 600,000 dunams of land (a dunam is approximately a quarter of an acre); in 1933 the Jews owned 1,260,000 dunams. Probably they own a million and a half today.

The Zionist leaders do not, of course, underestimate the threat of a growing Arab nationalism. Ben Guryon, leader of the Federation of Jewish Labor and one of the most important men at the Jewish agency, said frankly: "Zionists should know the dangers of Palestine, dangers which we have not seen yet, dangers from the East, far greater than the danger from the West. Palestine is no picnic [he used this good American word]." Again and again he spoke of the "permanent war" to be waged here.

Ben Guryon was right. A permanent war is being waged; usually on the economic and political planes, sometimes—in April, 1929, May, 1921, August, 1929, October, 1933, and now—it becomes a real war. The tourist is introduced to the permanent war at the port, where Jewish taxi-drivers pull Jewish tourists away from Arab taxis. Palestine is surely the only country in the world where Jews smoke only Jewish-made cigarettes, which in turn are boycotted by Arabs. Arabs do not buy in Jewish stores if they can avoid it; Jews do not buy from Arabs, although the latter sell somewhat more cheaply.

Nowhere is the struggle more bitter than in giving work. Arabs try to employ only Arabs. The Federation of Jewish Labor makes keeping work from Arabs one of its chief aims. I recently asked a prominent Histadruth leader, in whose office hung the picture of Karl Marx, how he reconciled such a policy with the class struggle. "The

struggle for pure Jewish labor is the class struggle," he cried. Even Ben Guryon told the Palestine Jewish Congress: "Just as it is unthinkable for a Jew to open a house of prostitution in one of the Jewish villages, so unthinkable must it be for a Jew to employ Arabs."

The political struggle against the Balfour Declaration began as soon as the Arabs were told of it. As early as 1920 a Moslem-Christian committee went first to London, then to Geneva, and back to London to protest the "flagrant breach of promise" on the part of the British. No incident, however insignificant, occurs in Palestine without the Arabs exploiting it as an occasion for repeating what they think of the Balfour Declaration. In 1925, for example, the Arabs brought two cases to court against the government. One was to restrain the government from using springs belonging to the Arab village Urtas to supply Jerusalem with water; the other was to remove the hated initials "E. I.," Eretz Israel, Land of the Jews, from the postage stamps. The Arabs lost both cases, but great excitement was engendered while they were being tried. The possibility of reconciling the two points of view is almost nil. An Arab nationalist sees in a Zionist his mortal enemy who comes to rob him of his fatherland, although he pays for it. Every good Zionist sees the Arab as an unnecessary obstacle to his homeland dream. There are certain exceptions, liberals like Dr. Judah Magnus of the Hebrew University, who want peace and generous cooperation. Ragheb bey Nassashibi, ex-mayor of the Holy City and president of the National Defense Party, had an answer to this: "Why shouldn't they want peace? Peace will enable them to build their national home and then they will confront us with a *de facto*. It is we who cannot afford peace. To expect that of us is like expecting a man whose throat is being cut to smile pleasantly." The Revisionist slogan, "With Blood and Fire Will Judea Rise," is closer to the truth. Palestine is not a picnic. Two powerful forces are colliding. Blood is inevitable. It has flowed in the past; it is flowing today; it will flow in the future until one side emerges victorious.



Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

I READ with peculiar satisfaction that the American Unitarian Association at its annual convention at Boston on May 19 voted "overwhelmingly" to seek for the Unitarian faith the same privileges accorded to Quakers for their conscientious objection to war, and that it had at last passed a "resolution of repentance" for its acts against its ministers who, when the World War came, refused to subordinate their allegiance to the Prince of Peace to loyalty to the war policy of their government. It was especially gratifying to note the ovation given to the Reverend Henry W. Pinkham, a minister who was driven from his pulpit at Melrose, Massachusetts, with all possible contumely, because he would not yield to the public clamor and was afraid neither of that clamor nor of governmental authority. If ever a man bore himself as a moral hero in those days it was Henry W. Pinkham. I can still recall the shock it was to me to think that the enlightened body of clergymen and laymen who constituted the Unitarian church could have been so recreant to the teachings of Christ and to decent recognition of intellectual and moral consistency as to join in the hue and cry against men who would not bargain away their souls at the behest of the mob at the foot of the new Calvary.

An equally significant happening is the adoption by the Methodist Episcopal General Conference in Cincinnati of a similar appeal to the government, reading: "We therefore petition the government of the United States to grant to members of the Methodist Episcopal church who may be conscientious objectors to war the same exemption from military service as has long been granted to members of the Society of Friends and similar religious organizations." More than that, the conference adopted a report which asked the Federal Council of Churches to seek to find a method by which "the spiritual ministry of the churches to the armed forces of the United States may be performed by ministers appointed and supported by and amenable to the churches." This, in my judgment, is the beginning of an effort to take chaplains out of uniform and put an end to that ghastly anachronism which only brings the churches and all their servants into contempt. In any event, it is most gratifying proof that the cause of peace is at the forefront of every important church gathering today. This is precisely where it should be, for even Lloyd George has said that if the churches of America and Great Britain allow another great war to come they might just as well close their doors for good and all.

Meanwhile, the Emergency Peace Campaign, initiated last fall, is rapidly going ahead. No less than three hundred meetings have been held, or will be held in the immediate future, eighteen of which have been addressed by George Lansbury. More than two hundred able young men

and women have been selected to carry the campaign into the rural areas of this country, into which the organized peace movement of the United States has hardly penetrated heretofore. These young people are serving without pay, indeed, in many cases are actually paying for the privilege of enlisting in the movement. Wherever they go they will call the attention of people to the imminence of the danger of war and to the rapid militarization of the United States under the Administration of Franklin Roosevelt. It is planned to raise and spend \$1,000,000 in this campaign during the next twelve months, and the churches are counted upon to do everything in their power for it. This and the action of the two conferences I have cited above are the answer of the religious bodies of the country to the recent outrageous attack upon them by the Assistant Secretary of War, Harry E. Woodring, who in an address to the American Legion in Texas undertook to question the patriotism and loyalty of the seven thousand ministers who have declared that they will under no circumstances take part in a war or have anything to do with it. I know the cynics say that many of them will recant when the bands begin to play and prison doors open, but the vote of the Unitarians in Boston gives me the faith to believe that several thousand will stand fast where there was only a handful of such as Henry W. Pinkham and John Haynes Holmes in 1917, and that all who stand fast will have the sympathy and the moral support of their churches.

The proposal just made by Rabbi Sidney E. Goldstein to the Federation of Jewish Women's Organizations of this city that a peace committee composed of from fifteen to twenty-five persons be formed in every Congressional district in the United States is additional evidence of an increasing realization of the need of organizing for peace. Never before was there such an encouraging situation. One has only to compare the number of people aroused to the cause of peace and the multitudes who have an informed and intelligent opinion on international questions with the lack of such information and the weakness of the peace organizations in 1917 to see that when the threat of war comes again, the forces that will refuse to accept it or compromise with it will be vastly more powerful and intelligent than they were twenty years ago. Americans are not going to be so easily deceived by war propaganda and by hoary platitudes about standing by the flag while saying goodbye to reason, common sense, conscience, morality, and humanity, at least as long as there are so many people aware of how the country was humbugged in 1917-18. The total failure of the Italian effort to impress the world with atrocity stories out of Ethiopia is proof that it isn't going to be so easy to fool all the people even for a short time.

BROUN'S PAGE

Procurator

A Chapter from a Possible Biography of Pontius Pilate

OF COURSE I remember Jesus Christ. I crucified him. Several have come to me to ask about that strange man whom I met once in Jerusalem. Lately there seems to be a cult in Rome and a new interest in his personality. Although his teachings died with him, it is not altogether strange that his memory should linger a little while even though he and I fought the great battle in an obscure corner of the world. Indeed, as I sit now to write the story of a long and varied life, the figure of Jesus looms so large that everything else is blotted out. We exchanged no more than a dozen words. I was finished with him in less than an hour, but that morning tested everything that I was or had ever hoped to be. Judgment was passed on me as well as on Jesus in that short span.

I knew then as I know now that it was my hour of trial. And I triumphed over great temptation and danger because all my life had been a period of preparation for that crisis. I stood as lonely as a sentry. The man I sent to spy on Jesus had become his apostle. The city was ready to rise in tumult in defense of its hero. One of my most trusted soldiers, a centurion, had paid public homage to him. And last of all my wife, who had heard him talk to a multitude, pleaded for his life. It is easy to say that I represented the might and majesty of the Roman Empire while he was a disinherited fanatic, but he was of the stuff by which kingdoms fall. With words he could destroy that authority which legions protect precariously. He never called himself the King of the Jews. His mind went far beyond any such goal. He knew and I knew that the Eastern world of mystics and of dreamers was about to march on Rome. March, I say and I mean it, for an idea can cut through shields which a javelin would never pierce.

Civilization as we know it faced the threat of going down under the feet of the mob. The weak were to overthrow the strong through weight of numbers. The meek, of whom He spoke, would go marching through the streets where once the proud held up their heads, and in plain sight there was a world in which the meanest slave could pluck a Roman by the sleeve and call him brother. I was a provincial governor, but no Caesar was ever called upon to render so momentous a decision. With a wave of my hand I might have swept the surface of the known

world and left a clean tablet upon which to write a new one. The phrases of Jesus and the soldiers of Pilate were ample to create an empire.

I never liked the High Priest, nor did anybody else in Jerusalem, and for a fleeting second I thought how neat a stroke it would be to send him to crucifixion and turn the market-place loose to the eloquence of Jesus. And let no man think that my decision was in any way affected by the clamor of the High Priest, who was wholly without honor even in his own community. His servants were a scrubby crew who would have cheered if I had slashed his throat. He served me as a blind.

No more was the issue Jesus or Barabbas, as I suggested for the sake of strategy. My choice lay between Rome and the new kingdom to which Jesus had given the name of Heaven. I had to decide whether to save that tangible civilization built upon the exploits of our far-flung armies or make out of the mist a new city towering to the sky. I had to choose reality or a dream world. It is true I hesitated. I stood in the presence of a great man. We were alone, for I had drawn him into a room away from the noisy riffraff of the High Priest. Jesus was not afraid. And in the supreme moment of which I have written neither of us spoke. I stared intently into his eyes to catch even a glint of that fear which comes to men who are in the shadow of death. It was not there. He smiled. It was a friendly smile almost as if he were saying, "Make either choice. I will understand." And as I looked at him it seemed as if my spirit left my body and I was carried up to a high place from which I could see the kingdoms of the world. But though I looked to the far horizon Rome was not of them. Gone, blotted out was the Eternal City. An old wound in my left shoulder began to throb. I remembered how our thin ranks stood up against a charge in defense of our homes and firesides. It was an old campaign. For the moment I have forgotten in what distant land we fought it. But when we beat them off we raised out swords high in the air and cried out "Rome! Rome! Rome!" Once again our eagles had conquered.

And suddenly I found myself again in a room in Jerusalem staring into the eyes of Jesus Christ, and I knew I had come to my answer. In a voice so low that we could hardly hear it I said, "Crucify him," for I was still shaken. But then, lest there be any mistake, I threw back my head and I cried loud enough for the guard at the door to hear, "Crucify him." The incident was over. Rome had spoken.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

ALL FOR LOVE

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

ROSAMOND LEHMANN was the author of a first novel, "Dusty Answer," which turned out to be one of the publishing sensations of 1927. None of her several succeeding books achieved comparable success, but there is a new one called "The Weather in the Street" (Reynal and Hitchcock) which is destined, I feel sure, to make itself a place on most of the best-seller lists and to be alternately lauded and damned with more than usual enthusiasm by various reviewers. It is so admirable an example of one sort of thing that it may be profitably looked at with more than usual attention, and it is so much in the manner of the earlier book that one may well begin with something which was said nine years ago about "Dusty Answer."

Turning to the files of *The Nation*, I discover that the latter book was disposed of in rather short order by Clifton Fadiman, who was then a new beginner but already almost as shrewd a critic and almost as telling a writer as he has since become. To him "Dusty Answer" was merely an example of the kind of decadent emotionalism characteristic of dying societies, and among other things he wrote:

Here we have a group of young men and women in whom the subconscious acceptance of a failing national destiny is so strong as to make them wearily impervious to all experiences save one, and that the most devitalizing and hopeless of them all—romantic love. . . . Over-intelligent though they all are, they are never once sufficiently intelligent to question calmly the whole problem of romantic passion, to examine it historically as a traditional national weakness, to assign it its increasingly insignificant niche in an increasingly materialistic civilization.

Looking calmly at that statement, one may perhaps feel that the critic was expecting rather too much when he reproved the very young persons of the novel for not examining their passion "historically as a traditional national weakness." Only in the operas of Gilbert and Sullivan or the novels of a more than usually serious Marxian would lovers, especially young ones, be likely to look upon their love primarily as material for a historical analysis or even to regard it as obviously "a weakness." As one of the fairies in "Iolanthe" protests, "but this weakness is so strong." And even today it very frequently is. Probably what Mr. Fadiman meant was not so much a criticism of the lovers for not seeing romantic love "historically" as a criticism of their creator for not seeing as deeply as he into the significance of her creatures. The important fact is that the lines, written in 1927, two years Before the Flood, so perfectly anticipated a point of view which has since become very widespread as to

make it inevitable that most of the attempts to demolish "The Weather in the Street" will unconsciously paraphrase what Mr. Fadiman had to say about "Dusty Answer."

There can be no question that the new novel, though somewhat more mature as well as concerned with somewhat more mature persons, is as completely romantic as the earlier one. It is, that is to say, based upon the assumption that even for certain intelligent, sophisticated persons love can become the most important thing in the world, and upon the further assumption that the novelist may write about the passion of such persons in such a manner as to accept it at their own valuation. The whole story turns about a somewhat resigned and disillusioned young woman who, after separating from an unsatisfactory husband, accidentally meets a man whom she had known years before, begins a love affair with him, and presently finds herself absorbed and consumed by that love to an extent she had never dreamed possible.

Obviously this is one of the simplest as well as one of the oldest stories in the world, and its only novelty consists in the local habitation, temporal as well as spatial, which is given it; in the attempt to capture the special tones and overtones produced by the fact that it centers about a certain sort of person in a certain sort of civilization.

If one assumes that such an enterprise is necessarily trivial, that the serious novelist cannot possibly remain serious if he consents to treat love as an emotion whose value is absolute, then of course "The Weather in the Street" is so much trash. But the novel of sensibility has a tradition almost as respectable and at least as long as the novel of moral or social criticism, and unless the genre itself be rejected *in toto*, then I find it difficult to see how Miss Lehmann's work can fail to deserve real praise. I am not by any means maintaining that it is of absolutely first rank. There are passages which, on the surface at least, seem to constitute an almost too complete abandonment to emotionalism, and I dare say that the book will be admired by many who admire also the, to me, vile romances of Margaret Kennedy. But Miss Lehmann, unlike Miss Kennedy, maintains contact with reality. Her grasp on character is far firmer, and it is, indeed, this sense of character, plus her keen appreciation of the salient features of contemporary manners, which gives her book its real distinction.

Various other recent writers, Aldous Huxley for example, have dealt with the same milieu and with a similar situation: the sudden efflorescence of romantic love in persons who had assumed, rather too easily, that they were

beyond it. But Mr. Huxley is a satirist whose gift is for caricature. His portraits of such persons are parodies, and the world in which they move is a world everywhere dominated by the *reductio ad absurdum*. Miss Lehmann, on the other hand, writes with the sympathy of a participant, and in her pages a society which may be dominated by "the subconscious acceptance of a failing national destiny" is, at least, described in a fashion which both its members and its critics should find recognizable and more.

Technically the most remarkable feature of the book is the often brightly humorous dialogue which manages somehow to be extraordinarily expressive while seeming to be couched exclusively in the jargon natural to the characters. Few languages, I suppose, were ever more thoroughly debased than that of the upper-middle-class Englishman and Englishwoman of today. By comparison the slang of the American taxi driver is rich, varied, and flexible. "Simply darling" to indicate any degree or shade of approval, "perfectly putrid" to indicate the reverse, seem almost to exhaust the resources of the language. "Positively foul" must serve indiscriminately to express one's opinion of black treachery or an unbecoming hat. Indeed, the refusal to discriminate between opinions, the determination to make "quite" serve as a universally adequate response to any remark whatsoever, is a deliberate and modish affectation. But Miss Lehmann performs the miracle of making her characters communicate something while appearing to speak a language which makes communication impossible. Her triumph is the triumph of a dialect writer, but in this particular case it serves an artistic purpose which contributes to the artistic effect of the whole. Her people feel what, theoretically, they ought not to be able to feel. They also say what, theoretically, they ought not to be able to say. And the effect is one of extraordinary realism. "The Weather in the Street" is primarily a love story. It is also, if one insists, a document.

BOOKS

Der Führer

HITLER. By Conrad Heiden. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.

HITLER. By Rudolf Olden. Covici-Friede. \$3.

THESE are two unlucky books, although both of them are written with care and skill and both possess unusual interest. They are unlucky because they are twins, one might almost say identical twins, so close is the parallel between them. They came into the world at the same time with the same name. Each of them was written by a German newspaperman now in exile—Conrad Heiden was for many years one of the star writers on the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, while Rudolf Olden was long the political editor of the *Berliner Tageblatt*.

Both authors have pursued an identical method, that is to say, they have taken Hitler's own book, "Mein Kampf" (My Struggle), and have written a commentary on it from

material at their disposal. Naturally enough, they had almost all of this material in common, and the consequence has been that the books are really twins. From similar treatment and similar sources it was inevitable that a similar result should be produced. There is, however, a certain difference in style. Heiden is more vigorous and straightforward, Olden more reflective and analytical. Heiden's chapter on the "Blood Bath" of June, 1934, rises to lyric heights of description. His report of the coal cellar at Lichterfelde reminds one of the finale of Malraux's "Man's Fate." He writes:

About 150 candidates for death, all of them superior S.A. (Storm Troops) leaders waiting to be called out, in a dirty coal cellar. At short intervals there rang out four names. That meant: execution!

The prisoners didn't know that they were to be shot at Hitler's behest. They thought that their supreme leader was held in prison somewhere by the Reaction—or perhaps that he was already dead. Karl Ernst, group leader of Berlin and very probably the man who set fire to the Reichstag building, fell on that account with the cry, "Heil Hitler!"

The men in the coal cellar had a remarkable instinct for the imponderability of fate. They would make a guess as to who would go at the next call of names; in three or four cases the guess came true. Through a cellar window those who remained behind would follow their companions as they went across the court to the farther wall. Those who were going kept their eyes turned to the cellar window. . . .

Then the victims would stand in a row of four against the wall. An S.S. (Special Police) man would open their shirts over the chest and with charcoal would draw a circle around the left nipple: the target! Only about six or eight meters away stood the squad of S.S. men with their rifles. . . . Here too the command rang out, "The leader wills it. Heil Hitler! Fire." . . .

Almost all the victims met death courageously and calmly. . . . On the other hand the nerves of the S.S. who did the shooting could not long stand the strain, and in the later executions particularly many of the shots went wild, so that the victim would lie hit upon the ground, yet still alive. Then the S.S. leader in command would step forward and give the prostrate one the *coup de grâce* in the head.

All this was visible from the cellar window.

Either of these books is valuable as source material, as a lucid and detailed explanation of the extraordinary phenomenon that is Hitler's rise to power, but they resemble each other so closely that it is unnecessary to read both of them—one might flip a coin and choose. Both in my opinion suffer from the prevalent and characteristically Central European fad for psychoanalysis. For this, it is true, Hitler's strange personality offers a tempting field, of which both writers avail themselves with gusto. They describe his frustrated youth and reach the conclusion that he has a maladjusted, unbalanced, and "double" personality. Then with complete unanimity they go on to show that the war "made a man of him," that it gave him backbone and will and desire for leadership. Thereafter, it seems, he went forward with whole-hearted energy and perseverance, dodging and maneuvering when necessary but never losing sight of his goal nor the means by which he hoped to reach it. At moments these hostile critics accuse him of uncertainty and hesitation, but to an impartial reader it seems from their own account that he was weighing men in the balance of his mind and awaiting the psychological moment for action. In these passages the parallel between the two books is so close as to be fantastic. Their description of Hitler's service at the front and of a "severe lung disease" from which he declared he suffered from childhood are almost word for word. A little farther, on pages 73 and 74, Heiden writes, "To Hitler the program was only a ques-

tion of propaganda . . . but in this propaganda Hitler is really a creator." Olden says on page 81, "Always the chief factor of its [the program's] success was propaganda, an art at which Adolf Hitler was a master."

There is, however, one point of divergence between the two books. Rudolf Olden implies that the Reichswehr, the army, has been throughout and still is the real force in Germany, that in a sense it has "used" Hitler rather than submitted to him. Olden writes:

In one thing, however, Hitler failed; he could not make the army National Socialist. It continued to lead its own life. . . . The old military caste obeys the dictator; they support and tolerate him, but the army does not belong to him. It belongs to itself.

And in a later passage:

The question "Will Hitler stay?" stands in close relation to the question that Germany's friends ask themselves, "How did it ever come about?" Hitler himself produced the brief pregnant reply, "If the army had not stood on our side in the days of revolution, we should not be here today." The answer to both questions is this: If one day the armed forces should be no longer willing to tolerate Hitler and his crowd, he would quickly be removed.

Heiden, on the other hand, takes a more realistic and, in my opinion, more accurate view when he suggests that Hitler played the younger officers of the old army who were left jobless and dissatisfied by the restrictions of the Versailles treaty against the higher officers, the generals, who retained positions in the Reichswehr to a disproportionate degree. Heiden seems to feel that Hitler to no small extent maneuvered the Reichswehr, as he had maneuvered his friends and his opponents, that while perhaps he might not have achieved success without the army, he is necessary to the army, that he is the "Leader" without which no army can exist as a vital force.

Both of these books might, I think, have been written by the prophet Balaam, the one, you remember, who came to curse the Israelites and was forced, unwillingly, to bless them. The authors revile Hitler unceasingly; they never miss an opportunity of slurring him and sneering at him. Even when they absolve him of sexual irregularities they hint darkly at something foul, and the horrid word syphilis is introduced with calculated indirection by Heiden in a chapter on Hitler's relations with women, which all the information about the *Führer* at my disposal leads me to describe as "hitting below the belt" and yellow journalism of the meaner type. No, my reference to Balaam was deliberate. The effect of these two books, so painstakingly and bitterly written and so well documented, has been to give me a far higher opinion of Adolf Hitler than I had before. Here is no Pied Piper of Hamelin, no strange freak of nature, "hypnotizing" the German people by loud words and frothy rhetoric, but the Man whom the Occasion calls forth, as Marxists would say, the Leader, not unbalanced but balancing, not lightweight but weighing, shrewd, pertinacious, and patriotic, who saw clearly the agony of Germany, prostrate under the Versailles treaty, and capitalized that, and saw the ravages of depression and unemployment, and capitalized that, and gave a hopeless people hope and a leaderless people leadership. In a word, as Heiden puts it, he responded to the inner cry of the German heart, "Save us and rule us."

When one thinks of it, this is a more reasonable explanation than that of the "Pied Piper" or "hypnotizer." Because no man ever can thus rise from deeply low to vastly high unless there is power in him and quality far beyond his fellows.

WALTER DURANTY

Wounds from Nowhere

FROM A SURGEON'S JOURNAL: 1915-1918. By Harvey Cushing. Little, Brown and Company. \$5.

IN TWENTY years I have read no war book more horrible than this one, which is all the more horrible because its author gives no sign that he knows what he is publishing. Read with attention, the journal kept by Dr. Cushing during the various periods of his service as brain surgeon with the French, British, and American troops on the western front should raise the most unanswerable questions yet raised concerning the possible utility of any modern war. Dr. Cushing, as I have suggested, raises no such question himself. He seems at the time to have had no general doubts as to the supreme importance of what was going on; he wanted America to come in long before it did; during the suicidal offensive of the British in 1917 he could jot down the sentiment that "this is what men were intended for"; and on the day of the Armistice he could look back over the whole thing as if it had been an "intercollegiate football game." He had, to be sure, momentary and local doubts. He was not sure once about the wisdom of the British offensive; when Mr. Eliot back at Harvard spoke "on the good things that are showing up through the war" he remarked to himself that "they seemed somewhat microscopic"; and he could wonder in November, 1917, "what it's all about and what indeed we are all over here for." But for the most part the journal as it stands is noncommittal—and all the more horrible because it is.

Here without further ado are some of the cases which Dr. Cushing recorded on the backs of temperature charts and scraps of stray paper after exhausting days with streams of wounded men:

I was going over a man this afternoon with a facial paralysis from a bullet wound in the mastoid. He got hit during an engagement on September 7 . . . and with a field full of other wounded was left for dead. The enemy came over them a day or so later; a soldier poked at him and, finding him alive, swung at his head with the butt end of his musket, breaking his jaw. He was finally picked up during a counter-attack and, after a bad otitis media and erysipelas, is now ready—after seven months!—for a nerve anastomosis.

A cervical sympathetic paralysis in a man shot through the open mouth.

The ball, having passed through the right shoulder, had entered the mastoid process to emerge through the very center of the cornea, completely destroying the eye.

A young lieutenant . . . was looking through his field glasses when a Mauser bullet made a direct hit of the lens in front of his right eye, exploding the cylinder and producing an ugly wound not only of his hand but of his right orbital region and cheek. Some metal fragments could be seen by X-ray, driven back into the base of the skull.

He has been paralyzed for six months or more from the effects of a ball which had passed directly through the spinal canal.

Another group of injuries that were new to me were the transsections of the spinal cord in the lower neck, which show, in addition to the total paralysis, an extraordinary lowering of body temperature—sometimes as low as 93° F.—with suppression of urine and death in two or three days, consciousness being retained to the end.

A strip of his helmet about two inches long and half an inch wide had been cut out as though by a can opener. This metal sliver had curled in through the temporal bone over his ear,

passed through the brain, and its point emerged just behind the external angular process. Not a pleasant thing to dislodge, particularly as it had divided his meningeal artery.

A stretcher-bearer with a perforating wound from the right temple and out the left eye, cutting both optic nerves.

The casualness of the record is what counts—the minute, unemotional pursuit of the paths made by random pieces of metal coming from nowhere, or rather from everywhere, through nerve, tissue, organ, and bone. To read tables showing millions of deaths and many more millions of casualties is to read nothing like this. Or to read, say in Homer or Malory, stories of ancient battles in which helmets and brainpans were shattered with one mighty blow of an angry hero's hand—that is not the same thing either. That can be understood in a way, just as the statistics of the World War can somehow be taken in. But it is impossible to make any sense of this death which literally filled the air for four years, falling on men who could not see where it came from and shedding its wounds with an idiot's impartiality. Nor have I spoken of the things which happened to masses of men—men blinded from sand blown by bullets "right through the lids," men gassed, driven insane, and shell-shocked; of the first two cases of shell shock observed by Dr. Cushing one came "with pronounced general tremor, an anguished expression, and semi-conscious; the other still more stuporous and jerking about, every few minutes—as though falling in his sleep or having a strong electric current passed through him." They all were one mass of men, huddled for four years under a meaningless thunder storm, cowering in a nightmare of unmotivated murder. And ironically enough the hospitals of war had never been so good, or so efficiently informed as to what was expected of them. On the eve of the Argonne offensive, for instance, "our calculations for the eight divisions, with six in reserve, are 14,000 casualties—that is, 6 per cent of the total engaged if there is serious resistance, as there is almost certain to be; of these, 3,000 dead and 11,000 wounded, of which we may expect 10 per cent to have head wounds." And the dentists of Neuilly—"it is remarkable what they are able to do in aligning the jaws and teeth of an unfortunate with a large part of his face shot away."

"The marrow of the tragedy is concentrated in the hospitals." So wrote Walt Whitman in "Memoranda During the War," a book which Dr. Cushing read at Oxford early in 1919. What was true of the Civil War was doubly true of the World War, and Dr. Cushing, being a great surgeon instead of a great poet, has been content to let Whitman's sentence stand on the fly-leaf following his dedication.

MARK VAN DOREN

Corporative State Myth

UNDER THE AXE OF FASCISM. By Gaetano Salvemini. The Viking Press. \$3.

OF OLD, dictatorship was, first of all, a fact of violence, but for the new tyrants in the former capitalistic democracies the old violence is not enough. They must have also, it seems, an institutionalized terror and a myth, elaborated by continuous propaganda and internationalized through adequate channels.

The Italian tyrant has met the latter need by an ingenious discovery—the corporative state—a myth designed to demonstrate that the crushing of the proletariat was done in the interest of the proletariat itself. The corporative state promised to be a third way between capitalism and communism,

the reconciliation of the interests of capital and labor, the elimination of class conflict, the remolding of recalcitrant human nature into the glorious synthesis of the corporative man, who would combine in himself "an absolute liberalism with an absolute socialism"—in a word, the maintenance of free initiative with the most completely planned economy. The attraction of the idea of the corporative state was for many years almost irresistible. A few clear-sighted and honest observers (some of them Americans) remained aloof from the hysterical chorus and expressed the gravest doubts not only of the mortality but also of the efficiency of the corporative system, but lacking an intimate knowledge of the Italian language, temper, and tradition they were not in a position to justify their doubts by a thorough study of Italian events. This work has now been done by Professor Salvemini, who is prepared for it by the experience of a lifetime devoted to historic studies and to the improvement of his people.

In the four hundred pages of his book Professor Salvemini describes the nature of the corporative state and its social, economic, and moral consequences. Every single item among the innumerable ones he sets down is supported by unchallenged authorities, the great majority of them Fascist. This critical survey of facts, theories, and values affords the author an opportunity to criticize a great part of the Anglo-Saxon literature published on the corporative state. He gives a caustic rebuke to all those who, either consciously or under the influence of mass hysteria, have misrepresented this most tragic period of the Italian people. The reader will see that "scholars" and "independent" gentlemen glorified the corporative state for many years before a single item of its program was put into practice. It was really, as Salvemini puts it, "looking in a dark room for a black cat which was not there." Even now, after the codification of the corporative institutions in 1934, the whole conception is entirely on paper and without the smallest possibility of forwarding the aims which were so sonorously heralded by the dictator. Salvemini does not exaggerate when with biting satire he states as his final conclusion on the corporative state:

All the categories of the traditional economic system remain intact: profit, interest, and wages. But profit becomes the corporative salary of the employer; interest becomes the corporative salary of the capitalist; wages become the corporative profit and interest of the worker. The worker is no longer a worker, but has become "a civil servant in the broadest sense of the term." Don Quixote attacked windmills as if they were real monsters; Mussolini deals with real monsters as if they were windmills.

But Salvemini's book is more than the best sourcebook yet published concerning the so-called constructive work of Fascism; it is at the same time a noteworthy human document. Its author shows that one can defend a cause without neglecting or distorting the facts. He knows very well that under given world conditions Mussolini could not make a paradise of Italy. He acknowledges even that some forward steps have been taken, but he demonstrates that those modest accomplishments were achieved at an enormous cost in freedom, human dignity, and the standard of living of the masses. The perspectives which the author opens toward the future are not less important. The humbug of a planned economic system in an autocratic military state was never more forcefully unveiled, and it was never more clearly proved that there is more of the despised *laissez faire* in Italy for certain groups than in any other country. A careful analysis of the situation makes it clear that the Fascist dictatorship finds its supreme aim in itself, and that it can become a danger even for those who originally financed it. The reviewer would go

even farther than the author, believing that the Fascist dictatorship may ultimately destroy the capitalistic system itself, not, of course, to replace it by a popular socialism but by a type of Inca socialism whose traits are already plainly visible both in Italy and in Germany.

Salvemini makes the timely observation that the Ethiopian adventure of Mussolini had the same social function as the blood purge of Hitler in June, 1934. It gave to the Duce an excuse for sending to the front the extreme left elements of the party. This interpretation will be reinforced if there is verification of certain newspaper reports that Mussolini intends to leave in Ethiopia 400,000 men of the army as involuntary colonizers. This would be something new in the history of imperialism, something which only a Fascist state could accomplish—the use of the human herd not only as cannon-fodder but also as unwilling colonists in an exotic and abhorred country.

Limitation of space makes it impossible to review here the excellent chapters which analyze the various "battles" of Mussolini (almost every act of ordinary social policy becomes in this happy country a deed of war!), the ingenious mechanism of the *Dopolavoro*, and the appalling misery of a country where "there are no longer any beggars." But a last point may be emphasized which only another exile can sufficiently evaluate. It was surely a great sacrifice on the part of the author to write this book. Digging into petty lies and mystifications, reconstructing trivial and often disgusting facts with the expenditure of an enormous amount of energy and time, must have been torture for a man of Salvemini's universality, because all this must have reminded him of the tragic experiences of his life. He told me once that he had only one wish—to forget and to devote the remainder of his years to some thrilling chapter of history. Yet he felt that he could not afford to live in peace. The memory of his martyred country and blasphemed ideals compelled him to fight on.

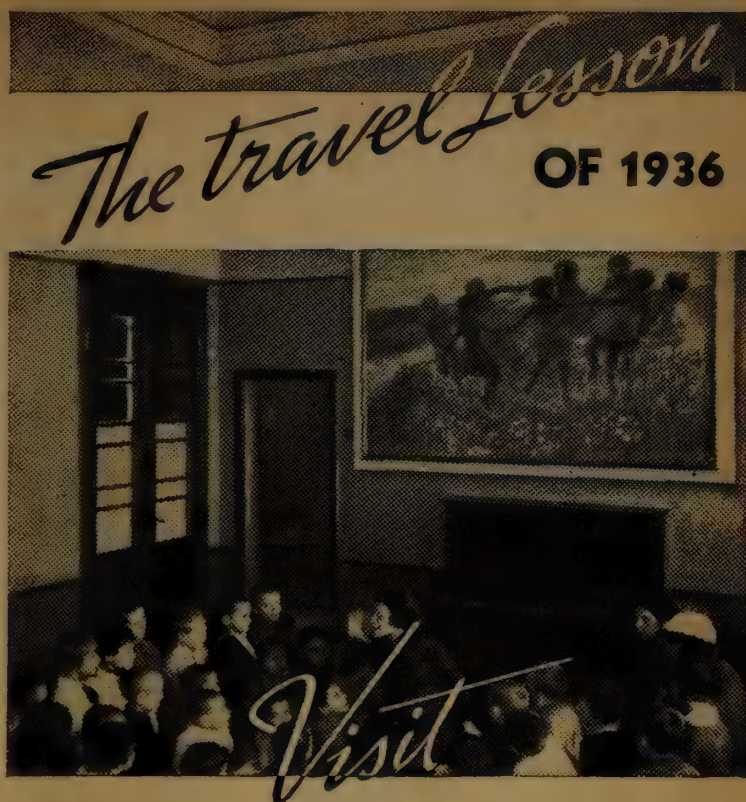
OSCAR JASZI

The Perfect Gentleman

PENNY FOOLISH. By Osbert Sitwell. The Macmillan Company. \$3.75.

WITH Osbert Sitwell it would sometimes seem that the chief reason for acquiring the good things in life is to belittle them. Thus the real advantage of being well bred is that it enables you to be magnificently rude, the real advantage of social success is that it enables you to turn blasé, the real advantage of being well educated is that it enables you to act as though you weren't. To put it more simply, Mr. Sitwell delights in having a superior manner. It is not something, as it is with so many people, that he has cultivated, but something he seems to have been born with; which means no doubt that he has also a superiority complex. He never seeks to coerce anyone into his way of thinking, he never protests hotly about anything, he never apologizes for his dislikes, he never gets rattled, he writes as he pleases; and it must be added that now and then he writes very well.

The present book of very many very short essays comes down in the end to penciling a portrait of Mr. Sitwell—his opinions, his prejudices, his interests, his tastes; and since in the course of it he roams round the field of modern life, we may appraise it as a criticism of the world he lives in. That he does not roam very far or live very fully is perhaps the most significant thing about him—certainly it gives us a clue to everything else. We can conclude without much trouble that



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Mr. Sitwell is a tory, that he is an aesthete, that he is a particular brand of Englishman—the brand that may criticize England exactly as a man may criticize his own family: but you may not. He is a tory, the deep not the narrow kind, the kind you sometimes suspect of being a liberal because you confuse his dislike of stodginess with a dislike of reaction, or his dislike of specific cruelty with a dislike of cosmic injustice. (He disapproves of Hitler but approves of fascism; deprecates war but defends the ruling classes.) As an aesthete he is yellow-ninetyish with better taste. His perceptions are cultivated, his impressions are individual, and his feeling for background is genuine and keen. It is more questionable, however, whether he actually has any great background—whether he has thought deeply, read widely, or observed things intently. There is rather a sense of slightly wilful orchidaceousness: for example, the only sort of dog he can tolerate is a Pekingese. Still, the aesthete has nosed out the Englishman to the extent of a strong dislike of horses, Eton, English cooking. Naturally he sniffs at the middle classes, which are the lowest breed not wearing livery he ever seems to have heard of.

One can most accurately describe Mr. Sitwell's interests by saying that they are similar to Max Beerbohm's: manners, whimsicalities, and questions of art treated in terms of a highly special personality. In both cases the personality has been conditioned by a social background which somehow seems the more formidable the more it is flouted. Neither man is in any sense a rebel against the upper-class tradition, as Shelley or even Byron may seem to have been; each is simply an *enfant terrible* inside the fold, and each is more concerned with pranks than with principles. But Max has always seemed at bottom a genuine, however frivolous, satirist of his own world, and has

steadily proved that if he lacks the impulse openly to break with it, he possesses the sense to mimic and make fun of it; whereas Mr. Sitwell's attitude strikes me as something between a sneer and a caress. He uses his birthright where it is handy, helps himself to something else where it is not. He has not, of course, so much talent as Max. He has no literary charm; has nothing like the same humor or the same engaging playfulness or the same finished temperament, and has only so much personality as his oddities can furnish, where Max has more personality than he will ever need. These many little essays are neither good nor bad. They are very readable, sometimes clever, here and there exhilarating for their style. But nothing beyond that; and when you have finished them you forget what they are about, and only remember that Mr. Sitwell from his rather rococo tower has flung some pebbles on to the ground from which he steadfastly averts his gaze.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

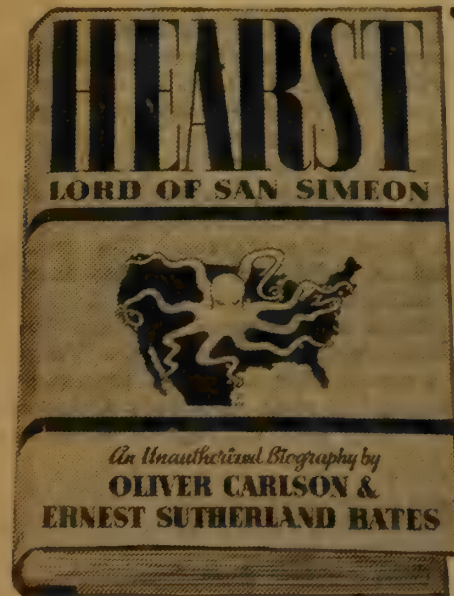
Borah, the Great Mystery Man

BORAH OF IDAHO. By Claudius O. Johnson. Longmans, Green and Company. \$3.

THIS is an extremely timely book, but it would have been warranted even if Senator Borah were not seeking the Republican Presidential nomination, for there has been no more baffling and contradictory figure in Washington these last thirty years, none to raise more continually the question why a man of such brilliant achievements, such profound legal knowledge, and such unquestioned ability has not gone farther and accomplished a great deal more in his political career. It was in Mr. Borah's power profoundly to influence the whole development of our national life, even to assure the existence of a great liberal-progressive party, with himself the head of it—if only he had been willing, like Theodore Roosevelt and Robert La Follette, to bolt his party and set up the standard of revolt. But when the crucial time came he was never ready to sunder party ties. He actually put off contending for the Presidential nomination until this year's campaign, when he is in his seventy-second year. Even then he started his quest too late to achieve his purpose of entering the Cleveland convention with a large number of delegates pledged to him. But far more important than any question of his personal advancement is the fact that his refusal to live up to his own teachings and expressed opinions and lead the American progressives has been a grave disservice to his country, since no one else has appeared to take the place of Robert La Follette, with the ability to build a liberal third party.

What does Mr. Johnson contribute to the elucidation of Borah's baffling, elusive, and self-contradictory character? He frankly admires him and is "tempted to say that history will place him by the side of Webster as an orator." Mr. Johnson rightly denies that his subject is the "Straddler Magnificent." But he admits that there is truth in the allegation that the Idaho Senator is the "Great Opposer." As to that he quotes Borah as saying, "Some of my best service has been in the things I have been able to prevent." Yes, the weakness of Senator Borah lies not in his persistent opposition but in his failure to oppose consistently and to keep up his fights to the end.

As for consistency, both the Senator and the biographer admit his inconsistency. Mr. Johnson quotes Borah as saying, "I do not know that consistency is a virtue of any particular worth." Mr. Johnson says that Mr. Borah "makes little effort



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to establish a record for consistency." Yet inconsistency may often gravely damage a statesman's reputation for honesty, truthfulness, and trustworthiness, and cast doubt upon the sincerity of his intellectual processes. For example, let us take the case of Mr. Borah's attitude toward Mr. Hoover—a matter quite inadequately treated by Mr. Johnson, who does not even explain fully what brought about the final break between the two men and left Mr. Borah bitterly antagonistic to the ex-President. In 1918 and 1919 the Senator charged Herbert Hoover with "under the cover of honesty" permitting "the gathering of unconscionable profits from a charity fund." He went farther. He said, "No man who has such perverted views of decency ought to be intrusted with unlimited power to deal with \$100,000,000." These charges related to Hoover's management of the Food Administration. And then in 1928 he recommended Mr. Hoover's election to the American people and declared that he was the man best fitted in all America to work out our national destiny! In other words, the man that he had charged with malfeasance in office, with permitting corruption, with assenting to the exploitation of the American people in war times by profiteers, had become a saint a decade later. When confronted with this inconsistency, Mr. Borah had nothing to say, no explanation to offer. Is it any wonder that his reputation as a reliable public guide suffered a great deal?

Indubitably the Senator has at times been rarely courageous, outspoken, ready to take up extremely unpopular causes which the ordinary politician dares not touch. But these things never happened when he was a candidate for reelection. Then he always forgot how he had denounced the Republican Party as unworthy of public trust and became once more its loyal and "regular" follower. It is painful to record (it is not recorded by Mr. Johnson) that in 1924, when Robert La Follette was running as a third-party candidate for the Presidency, Borah besought him for a letter indorsing his, Borah's, candidacy for reelection to the Senate, believing that such a letter was essential to his reelection. But when it came to standing by La Follette in return, Borah could do nothing beyond paying a tribute to La Follette's character. Finally, Mr. Johnson attributes "kindliness, frankness, unselfishness, truth, honesty, independence, courage, justice, reverence, righteousness, and common decency" to Senator Borah—but avoids any final judgment by saying, "but the man himself, his work, and his influence may be judged only by the relatively impartial tribunals of future generations."

All in all, while Mr. Johnson has made a notable contribution to our knowledge of the Senator, and has given us a valuable volume of reference, he has not advanced greatly the final solution of the Borah mystery. The book is extremely readable, is a genuine contribution to the history of American politics of recent years, and is certain to make friends for Mr. Borah. If it is incomplete in spots, allowance must, in justice, be made for the length of Mr. Borah's public career and the extraordinary number of issues for which he has fought, or which he has opposed. Especially valuable for future historians is the story of Borah's fight against the Treaty of Versailles. Mr. Johnson does not conceal the fact that after having for years opposed the soldiers' bonus in the Senate, Senator Borah finally yielded and voted for the bill to pay the veterans cash for their adjusted-pay certificates because the country needed, he thought, a larger volume of currency, because Congress had long since agreed to pay the veterans, and because many veterans were in great need in 1935. Thus did principle again yield to expediency.

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Shorter Notices

"SIR WALTER RALEGH: LAST OF THE ELIZABETHANS." By Edward Thompson. Yale University Press. \$4.

"My main reason for writing this book," declares Mr. Thompson in his preface, "is that for nearly forty years Raleigh has been a major interest of mine." This unexceptionable motive has produced a long book of little significance either as literature or scholarship. It certainly does not displace the standard biographies of Edwards (1868) and Stebbings (1891). Nor does it contain any new original material. Of late years Raleighan research has centered around the events which brought Raleigh to the scaffold: his last voyage to Guiana—that desperate, hopeless, tragic expedition undertaken at the age of sixty-five after thirteen years' imprisonment in the Tower—and the concomitant diplomatic intrigue by which Count Gondomar, the Spanish Ambassador in London, induced King James to sacrifice Raleigh's life for the sake of peace with Spain. This is the period dealt with most fully by Mr. Thompson, who devotes 120 out of 400 pages to it. The only claim he makes for his book in the way of new material is that he has incorporated in a general life of Raleigh for the first time Edward Harlow's recent findings of original documents bearing on the fatal and mysterious voyage to Guiana. But Mr. Harlow in 1932 published the new documents himself, in an excellent book entitled "Raleigh's Last Voyage." There seems little excuse for rehashing the whole business, especially since Mr. Thompson himself in 1932 published a play called "The Last Voyage," which was all too solidly based on Mr. Harlow's documents. The best features of the present book are its footnotes, its bibliography, and its appendix listing the seventy-seven different contemporary spellings of Raleigh's name. The style is choppy and undistinguished. The quotations with which the book bristles are for the most part badly mangled. The surgery of quotations, which must be tenderly cut out of their context if they are not to bleed their flavor away, is an unknown art to Mr. Thompson, who just hacks out what he wants and uses it to patch his own stylistic nakedness. With all the facts at his command he fails to regiment them into any intelligible pattern, achieving the almost impossible task of making a dull narrative out of Raleigh's career.

ENGLISH COSTUME OF THE LATER MIDDLE AGES: THE FOURTEENTH AND FIFTEENTH CENTURIES. Drawn and Described by Iris Brooke. The Macmillan Company. \$2.

Working from Chaucer, the Paston letters, effigies on tombs, figures in illuminated manuscripts, and many lesser sources, Miss Brooke adds here the sixth volume to a charming series which now covers the principal changes in English costume from 1300 to 1900; and another volume, dealing with the early Middle Ages, is said to be in progress. Those who cannot afford the costly works familiar in this field will be grateful to Miss Brooke for the fund of information which she has supplied so expertly and at so reasonable a rate. Every right-hand page is filled with illustrations, some of them in color; and the opposite text is amazing for the ease with which it accomplishes the twofold aim of description and criticism. The series should be considered indispensable to students not only of English dress but of English literature and morals.

RECORDS

ANNOUNCEMENTS of the International Records Agency of Richmond Hill, New York, make American companies appear comparatively unadventurous. Listings are included not only from Western Europe, but from Japan, Australia, and Brazil. Consult Grove for the sixteenth- and seventeenth-century Zielenski, Szamotulski, Gomolka, and Gorczycki, whose motets and psalms appear on the April list of the Polish Syrena Company. The French branch of Columbia lists a group of castanet solos by the Spaniard Roca, some with guitar accompaniments. There is also plenty of Handel, Mozart, and Brahms. Unfortunately, most of the prices are not available and one must buy sight unseen—or rather sound unheard; but A. J. Franck, who edits the announcements, makes intelligent and illuminating remarks on some of the releases.

The English branch of Victor, known as "His Master's Voice" or H. M. V., goes in for series of albums by one composer. Recent additions include the fifth volume of the Haydn Quartet Society, the fourth of the Sibelius Society, the second of the Mozart Opera Society, an album of Handel harpsichord suites played by Wanda Landowska, an album of Moussorgsky songs, and the fifth volume of the Wolff Lieder Society, reviewed some weeks ago in these columns. These may be heard and bought in the various shops that specialize in importations.

The most courageous, as it is the most expensive, of the H. M. V. "society" releases is the virtually complete recording of Mozart's "Cosi Fan Tutte" by the Glyndebourne Festival Company under Fritz Busch (twenty records in three volumes, \$50). Parts of the recitatives are cut—and wisely for phonographic purposes—but all the rest of the brilliantly ironic music is there, performed with spirit and humor. The cast is not well known in America, and not all of the singing is up to the best Metropolitan standards. But that fact is not of prime importance, for Mr. Busch has obviously aimed at—and achieved—a beautifully balanced performance rather than a sample of star-system opera. The comparatively minor roles of Don Alfonso and Despina are done as well as or better than the quartet of lovers—which does not preclude brilliant singing by Miss Souez in the difficult "Come scoglio" aria. The recording is superb, and Walter Legge's annotated libretto is enlightening and unobtrusive.

A more reasonably priced set of importations worth looking into is a group recorded by Pathé from seven Lully operas. Particularly recommended are the Menuet from "Amadis" and an air from "Atys" coupled on a ten-inch record with a Menuet from "Proserpine" (\$1.50) and arias from "Persée" and "Roland" sung by Solange Renaux (one record, \$2).

Recent local Victor releases include a recording of the tone poem "Mihara Yama" by Claude Lapham, the talented director of the Victor Symphony Orchestra (one record, \$1.50). This is a piece of program music, but we are not supplied with the story it has to tell. There are also the two intermezzi from Wolf-Ferrari's "Jewels of the Madonna" brilliantly performed by the Minneapolis Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy, heir apparent of Philadelphia, with a fourth side devoted to the Coppelia Valse and Entr'acte (two records, \$3). And if you have a fondness for waltzes played *con amore*, you can do much worse than look up the various recordings by Marek Weber and his orchestra, the latest of which is a "Waldteufel" potpourri (one record, \$1.25).

HENRY SIMON

Joseph Wood Krutch says:

CALL IT A DAY. *Morosco Theater.* Gay and delightful comedy about what almost happened to an English family on the first dangerous day of spring.

IDIOT'S DELIGHT. *Shubert Theater.* Robert Sherwood manages somehow to make a smashing theatrical success out of an anti-war play. With the Lunts and many other entertaining trimmings.

DEAD END. *Belasco Theater.* A play about gangsters in the making on an East River waterfront. More a good show than a great drama, but a very good show indeed.

END OF SUMMER. *Guild Theater.* The wittiest of American playwrights sets a group of interesting people to talking about the world as we find it. Ina Claire and Osgood Perkins help make a very happy evening.

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN REPERTORY. *Majestic Theater.* The same company which usually appears about this time of year in pleasant revivals. A weekly change of program.

VICTORIA REGINA. *Broadhurst Theater.* Delightful series of scenes from Laurence Housman's drama stunningly acted by Helen Hayes and others. Fairer to the matron queen than Strachey but funny nevertheless and charming besides.

BURY THE DEAD. *Ethel Barrymore Theater.* A play against war based on a conceit of originality and power. While uneven, it is incomparably the best of the left-wing dramas seen this year.

BOY MEETS GIRL. *Cort Theater.* Rough-and-ready satire on Hollywood, but probably the funniest thing of its kind since "Once in a Lifetime."

Mark Van Doren says:

WE ARE FROM KRONSTADT. *Amkino.* A film of the Potemkin school, dealing with the red marines of 1919. Intermittently very interesting.

IT'S LOVE AGAIN. *Gaumont British.* An English song-and-dance picture, remarkable for the silliness of its plot and the childish charm of its heroine, Jessie Matthews.

MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN. *Columbia.* Directed by Frank Capra, and even better than "It Happened One Night." Gary Cooper as the rustic and quixotic Mr. Deeds is not only charming but meaningful, and the whole film has human importance.

PEG OF OLD DRURY. *British and Dominion (Paramount).* An eighteenth-century costume piece with Sir Cedric Hardwicke as David Garrick and Anna Neagle as Peg Woffington. Delightfully unhistorical.

MODERN TIMES. *Charles Chaplin.* Charlie Chaplin returns to the screen disguised as his old self and fulfils every expectation. Should be seen by everyone—and heard, for he has sound effects.

THE GHOST GOES WEST. *Gaumont British.* René Clair's first film in English, with scenes in Scotland and the United States. Clever, satirical, and fanciful, but without the master touch.

DUBROVSKY. *Amkino.* As romantic as Pushkin, on whose unfinished novel it is based. Not wholly successful, but interesting as a variation on the orthodox Russian theme.

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Letters to the Editors

MILLIONS OF POETS

Dear Sirs: Thank you for calling my attention to Ben Belitt's unfortunate essay in the May 20 issue. I am happy that Mr. Belitt, who knows nothing about me, considers me "easily the most prosperous figure" among practicing anthology-makers today. (Creditors, please note!) I have striven for ten years to achieve this enviable monetary place, and to be recognized at last is success indeed. Will you kindly send a marked copy of Mr. Belitt's article to the Corn Exchange Bank, Sheridan Square branch, that they likewise may be convinced?

"Mr. Harrison . . . further outdoes himself by issuing . . . first volumes by such figures as Ruby Archer Gray, Vivian Yeiser Laramore, Mary Edgar Comstock, Edith L. Fraser, and Katharine Carasso," writes Mr. Belitt. Point of fact: the volumes by Mrs. Laramore and Miss Comstock were not first books. Surely, Mr. Belitt did not deliberately overlook mentioning that I have published the first books of Lucia Trent, Ralph Cheyney, Carl John Bostelmann, Samuel Heller, Royall Snow, Boris Todrin, Clyde Robertson, and a host of others whose work has been recognized by slightly more eminent critics than Mr. Belitt.

Since Mr. Belitt demands the privilege of his own opinion, he will be eager to grant me a like one. His approach to "Contemporary American Women Poets" proves that he wanted to find the poor things in the anthology rather than the good ones. And the book contains both. I was its publisher, not its critic. "The more redoubtable names, like Edna Millay, Louise Bogan, Marianne Moore, and others whose presence in such a volume is equally unaccountable are to be found only after the most exhausting scrutiny," writes Mr. Belitt, who wants us to believe that a book containing the work of Anna Hempstead Branch, Frances Frost, Harriet Monroe, Laura Benét, Martha Dickinson Bianchi, Helen Hoyt, Lizette Woodworth Reese, Katherine Garrison Chapin, Sarah N. Cleghorn, Elizabeth Coatsworth, Miriam Allen deFord, Babette Deutsch, Ethel Romig Fuller, Abbie Huston Evans, Helene Mullins, Sara Bard Field, Muriel Rukeyser, Hortense Flexner, Florence Kiper Frank, Amanda Benjamin Hall, Amory Hare, Gwendolen Haste, Josephine Johnson, Ruth Lech-

litner, Agnes Lee, Marie Luhrs, Margery Mansfield, Marjorie Meeker, Susanna Valentine Mitchell, Grace Fallow Norton, Martha Ostenso, Marjorie Allen Seiffert, Constance Lindsay Skinner, Roberta Teale Swartz, Eunice Tietjens (would you like me to list more?) is an anthology to be dismissed because it likewise contains the work of poets unknown but good, and sometimes regrettably not so good.

As for "Contemporary American Men Poets," being edited by Thomas Del Vecchio, may I say that with the cooperation of poets and publishers (and I don't mean financial) this anthology will be the most significant yet published. Mr. Belitt is invited to contribute.

"Having dispensed with the men and women severally, he will move on to the infants." Too late, Mr. Belitt, a Southern publisher has just brought out an anthology of verse by children.

HENRY HARRISON

New York, May 20

Dear Sirs: Mr. Harrison is inclined to underestimate his peculiar status in the publishing world today when he declares he is unknown to myself; nor is he entirely unknown to certain of the "slightly more eminent critics" of whom he makes mention. I must confess that I was not deeply moved by the sad chronicle of Mr. Harrison's bank account, nor does the picture of Mr. Harrison grinding out volume after volume like pork sausage, with staggering losses to his income and nothing to sustain him but his disinterested devotion to the muse, affect me as anything but a pure whimsicality.

In the same way, I am unimpressed by the roster of poets whose volumes, issued under his imprint, I appear to have overlooked: Mr. Harrison is correct in his agreeable supposition that I did not "deliberately" overlook them. They are all cut from the same general cloth, and it was certainly at no time my sober intention to fill the pages of *The Nation* with a complete catalogue of his mid-winter publications. On one other score only is Mr. Harrison correct: it is indeed my wish—and I thought I had made it plain enough—to have Mr. Harrison and all interested parties "believe that a book containing the work of [all the poets

named and all the others who might have been named at Mr. Harrison's neighborly invitation] is an anthology to be dismissed," deplored, and publicly exhibited as conclusive proof of why "Contemporary American Men Poets," now in preparation, should prove to be the least significant omnibus of its kind yet published. It needs hardly to be said that the essential point of my article has been curiously overlooked by Mr. Harrison in his unfortunate reply to my unfortunate essay. This, too, is unfortunate; but Mr. Harrison is the first to admit that he is a publisher, not a critic.

New York, May 20

BEN BELITT

THE VANITY PRESS RACKET

Dear Sirs: For a number of years I have been warning students and such members of the College Poetry Society as happened to question me against the whole of the "vanity" press. I was delighted, therefore, with Mr. Belitt's article and glad to see him name the worst of the profiteers of this industry. I have never known Mr. Harrison to publish in separate volumes any but third-rate poets. I have checked his anthologies and observed that when he includes better-known names, he usually reprints from books and must, therefore, be paying some copyright on the poems. Those unknown poets who contribute do so, doubtless, because, in their ignorance they believe themselves recognized by some critic or editor. The result is such padded, cheaply printed volumes as "Contemporary Women Poets," edited by someone else but obviously one of Mr. Harrison's projects. It is high time someone attacked the whole vanity-press racket.

EDA LOU WALTON

New York, May 20

TAKE OFF YOUR GLOVES!

Dear Sirs: I liked the spirit of Mr. Belitt's article and its presentation of the issue. But I wish it were a little more savage, a little more unreserved. Mr. Belitt seems to have on not only a kid glove, but a couple of well-lined gauntlets. (I grant, of course, that one of the gauntlets is thrown down, but I wish it had been with more force and less flourish.) After all, Harrison is Poetry's Public Enemy

No. 1, and should be met with machine-gun malice, not with gentility. I particularly liked the ridicule with which Mr. Belitt begins devastation after he gets going, and only regret that he pulled his punch until almost the middle of the article. Otherwise, I am happy that there is at least one sharpshooter sniping along in a Good Cause!

The inclusion of Millay, Bogan, and Marianne Moore is, I think, explained by the Acknowledgments. It seems obvious that Harrison, in spite of his announcement that "no payment can be made for accepted manuscripts," paid a fee to the publishers for a few "names" to give tone to the collection and to buy a bait to attract the suckers. He will probably buy a poem of Frost's, one of MacLeish's, and so on, until he has some six or seven names to dangle before his prospective men customers.

LOUIS UNTERMAYER

Ausable Forks, N. Y., May 14

POETS ARE NOT FOOLS

Dear Sirs: I want to congratulate *The Nation* for its publication of Ben Belitt's 127,000,000 Poets. For years my mail box has been stuffed with circulars from "vanity" publishers, and I believe that Mr. Belitt's article will do its share toward cutting down the more obvious of those appeals which are merely forms of exploitation in the name of poetry. Indirectly the practices of the vanity publishers have their economic consequences on the rates paid for poetry by legitimate publishers and magazine editors; the vanity publishers perpetuate the mistaken tradition in America that the poet is a fool, someone who is easily duped, someone who is so eager to see his name in print that he will pay a price for it. All this, of course, is false: the great majority of people who are anthologized by the publishers mentioned in Mr. Belitt's article are beneath serious criticism; they are, for the most part, I believe unfortunate people who have failed to receive adequate ego compensation in the occupation they have chosen, whether housewives or clubwomen, business men, lawyers, doctors, or journalists.

HORACE GREGORY

Bronxville, N. Y., May 15

FROM A VICTIM

Dear Sirs: I enjoyed reading 127,000,000 Poets because I am one of the fall guys. In 1930 I became foolish and sent poetic material to Richard G. Badger, 100 Charles Street, Boston, Massa-

chusetts (you probably know all about him); I signed a contract and sunk \$300. The Paeber Publishing Company of New York tried to hook me with flattery but I investigated them. Then the noble Dorrance and Company, of Philadelphia, tried to talk contract. I talked about money. No go.

Regarding anthologies, the Galleon Press of New York tried the flattery game again. So did Henry Harrison with his Poetry World—I asked for sample copies and got them.

This year I contributed verse to "Contemporary American Men Poets," which Mr. Belitt spoke of in his article, and refused to submit until I had an understanding that I did not have to purchase, but as you say, the whole business is so timed that you almost hate to refuse to subscribe. I did not subscribe.

I wonder if you know where I can get Laura Riding's and Robert Graves's 1928 "Pamphlet Against Anthologies."

V. T.

Morristown, N. J., May 15

FROM A LADY POET

Dear Sirs: Ben Belitt's splendidly written article concerning laboratory animals is at hand. I also happen to have a copy of "Contemporary Women Poets," and though I have had well over 800 verses (some call them poems) published in the last fourteen years I am not represented in that publication.

My experience with anthologies has been most happy . . . either from inclusion or merely from reading for happy moments or more serious references. . . . What if a dozen other publishing houses have put out inferior anthologies? Has Mr. Belitt ever shown constructive comprehensiveness in a concrete way like this? If so, I want some of it on my shelves. "Contemporary Women Poets," move over for a new neighbor. What if some names are unknown? Is Mr. Belitt, chaperoned and incubated by the most pessimistic *Nation*, the mentor of the 400 in poetry publications? Does he pay Mr. Harrison's gas bill, his light bill, his laundry bill? Does he pay his own laundry bill—or does he use a laundry? It seems his article, after the first glow of cleverness has passed, contains many unwashed turns of word and phrase. Does Mr. Belitt yearn for the job of advising Miss Millay where she shall see her verses in print? And if an extra Mrs. Smith out West or up North wants to hatch an extra nest of eggs to spring chicks to buy a book where her dream is in print, is Mr. Belitt tending to the nest-

ing and pin-feather stage to young frying sale?

Mr. Belitt has really written a fine article for exhibitionism and space filling. If we had not already acquired a copy of Mr. Harrison's splendid anthology, we should acquire one at once and insist on an autograph too. The fact that *The Nation* is agin' it would make us, from previous experience, be assured it was good.

FRANCES M. LIPP, Director,

Brooklyn Writers' Group

Brooklyn, N. Y., May 15

OUR HUMBLE APOLOGIES!

Dear Sirs: Why don't you ladies and gentlemen look in the *Daily News* once in a while? I quote parts of our editorial of April 23, which are certainly pertinent to your criticism of the New York press for its attack on the parole system after the Titterton murder:

Several of our esteemed contemporaries are complaining that this case gives the parole system a black eye. We can't see that. Fiorenza had a police and jail and court record, true; and he was out on parole when he murdered Mrs. Titterton. But he had never been convicted of a sex offense. He was an auto thief primarily. . . . The worst the psychiatrists ever found about him was that he was a creature whose impulses sometimes got the better of him. Was that a reason for keeping Fiorenza in jail for life? And if not for life, when would it be certainly safe to let him out? . . . Even if it were wise, it would be economically impossible to keep every petty-larceny thief in jail for the rest of his life.

REUBEN MAURY, Editorial

Writer, the *Daily News*

New York, May 8

THANKS FROM LABOR

Dear Sirs: I am a subscriber to *The Nation* and a delegate to the Central Labor Council here. It is with pleasure and gratitude that we welcome Louis Adamic's splendid study of Harry Bridges and his factual delineation of our situation. The Labor Council will listen to the article in full at its next meeting. Also, Heywood Broun's page helps us to secure funds for the guild strike in Milwaukee. E. M. S. Oakland, Cal., May 6

INFORMATION FOR SUBSCRIBERS

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CONTRIBUTORS

STUART CHASE made a trip to the Tennessee Valley partly for pleasure and partly to get material for a forthcoming book on natural resources. Mr. Chase's last book was "Government in Business."

ALBERT VITON is the pseudonym of a journalist traveling in the Near East who had the good fortune from the standpoint of news to arrive in Damascus at the time of the general strike in February and March—his article General Strike in Damascus appeared in *The Nation* for April 8—and to reach Jerusalem in the midst of the Arab riots which he describes this week. From the standpoint of personal safety Mr. Viton is perhaps less

fortunate. He writes under date of April 20: "I hope that I will not be killed before hearing from you—though one can never tell in this country. Not counting yesterday's Jaffa toll, some sixteen Jews have been removed to the nether world during the last four months."

M. E. RAVAGE is *The Nation's* Paris correspondent. He has been living abroad, principally in France, for the last eight years, with sojourns of varying length in Austria, the Balkans, Turkey, England, Spain, and Italy. He is the author of "The Malady of Europe," "An American in the Making," and other books, and has contributed to many American and European periodicals.

WALTER DURANTY, in his able dispatches to the *New York Times*, did much to make the Soviet revolution seem human and credible to American readers. Many of his news stories are incorporated in his latest book, "I Write as I Please."

OSCAR JASZI is professor of political science at Oberlin College. His informative articles on Central Europe have long been familiar to *Nation* readers.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER is the editor of "An Eighteenth Century Miscellany."

DAN RICO made the drawings in the article Vermont—State of Anarchy, in the issue of May 27. By an error the artist's name was given as Dan Reed.

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THE *Nation*

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CONTENTS

THE SHAPE OF THINGS

EDITORIALS:

THE MASK IS TORN AWAY	727
CALIBAN IN AMERICA	728
1940 IS JUST AROUND THE CORNER	729
THE UNFINISHED BUSINESS OF CONGRESS	730
WASHINGTON WEEKLY by Paul W. Ward	731
HARVARD HERETICS AND REBELS by Roger N. Baldwin and Corliss Lamont	733
MILITARIZING THE PHILIPPINES by Harold E. Fey	736
TVA: THE NEW DEAL'S BEST ASSET by Stuart Chase	738
THE METHODISTS RETREAT by Paul Hutchinson	742
ISSUES AND MEN by Oswald Garrison Villard	744
BROUN'S PAGE	745
BOOKS AND THE ARTS:	
JUSTICE HOLMES: FLOWERING AND DEFEAT by Max Lerner	746
TRADITION FOR TRADITION'S SAKE by William Troy	747
THE RANGE OF ENGELS by Harold J. Laski	748
"DREAM'S ENTERPRISE" by Eda Lou Walton	749
FALLACIES OF LIFE INSURANCE by L. Seth Schnitman	750
DISSENTING OPINION by Dorothy Van Doren	751
MR. PRALL'S AESTHETIC by Eliseo Vivas	752
RADIO by Heywood Broun	752
FILMS: FURTHER DOCUMENTS by Mark Van Doren	753
DRAWINGS by Georges Schreiber, William Steig, and William Gropper	

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The Shape of Things

*

THE CORPORATE-SURPLUS TAX BILL HAS BEEN altered by the Senate Finance Committee beyond all recognition. Instead of a measure directed at the elimination of one of the gravest weaknesses of our economic system—the failure of the big corporations to distribute their earnings—it has presented us with a revenue measure with social trimmings. Certain features of it are excellent. We welcome the increase of the corporation tax to a maximum of 18 per cent, the 7 per cent surtax on undistributed corporate profits, and the increased surtax on individual incomes. But there is a basic weakness in the measure. At least nine-tenths of the stock in large corporations is held by individuals possessing incomes of over \$10,000 annually. Under the Senate bill all dividends paid to such individuals will be subject to a normal tax of 4 per cent and a surtax of at least 6 per cent. This will place a premium on the retention of corporate profits unless some stronger dynamite than a straight 7 per cent tax can be found to blast it out. We welcome the President's determined stand for the retention of a graduated tax on surpluses in the face of a tory opposition. But as we suggested in a previous issue, there should also be a re-examination of the possibilities of a real enforcement of Section 102 of the present revenue law, with a heavy penalty tax for corporate surpluses above a reasonable level. Without these provisions the proposed measure will achieve nothing in reforming the corporate structure, whatever may be its efficacy in getting revenue.

*

THE SEAMEN'S STRIKE IN NEW YORK WHICH has just ended served to make the public more conscious of safety at sea than it had been before; it also served as a warning to the conservative officials of the International Seamen's Union that the same thing can happen on the East Coast that happened on the West. There the Maritime Federation organized by Harry Bridges provided a means by which rank-and-file locals could band together to fight their battles directly with the employers instead of having their strength sapped and their demands ignored by job-holding officials who get on much better with the shipping companies than with their own membership. The result of the settlement is that the New York strikers have at least won a hearing for their grievances before the executive board of the I. S. U. They have gained valuable experience in organized action, and have made a start toward the house-cleaning that has been long over-

due in the maritime unions. The public is coming off much worse in the matter of safety at sea. The publicity given to specific charges made by the striking seamen when they visited Secretary Roper some weeks ago forced him to promise an investigation. It was to be conducted by a committee representing the Treasury, Commerce, and Justice departments—but not the Labor Department. Now, however, Mr. Roper has called off his proposed investigation. It would overlap, he says, another investigation planned by a committee appointed by Senator Copeland, which contains, among others, some of the worst of the officials of the seamen's union. Perhaps that is true. Perhaps any investigation supervised by Mr. Roper would be just as ineffective as any investigation supervised by Senator Copeland, whose attitude toward the shipping owners is well known.

*

THE EARL OF DUDLEY'S INVITATION TO THE American steel industry to affiliate with the International Steel Cartel dramatizes the dilemma which confronts capitalism in all highly industrialized countries. Faced by intensified competition at home and abroad, industry is impelled to reach across national boundaries to form agreements for price regulation and a division of markets. At the same time there is a powerful tendency for domestic producers to seek higher tariff rates, thus destroying the very fabric of international organization. Both forces are playing upon the steel industry at the present moment. The drive for adherence to the international cartel may prove irresistible. Yet W. A. Irvin, president of the United States Steel Corporation, recently complained in an address before the American Iron and Steel Institute that dumping of foreign steel was becoming increasingly prevalent and asked for a tariff that would protect American industry against "the pauper labor rates of foreign countries." From an economic standpoint there can be little doubt that international agreement is preferable to open tariff warfare, but either tendency may be anti-social in practice. Cartels are merely trusts projected into the international sphere. They are most likely to be efficient where domestic industry is highly centralized. But like domestic monopolies their fundamental purpose is to raise prices, restrict production, and thereby eliminate the consumers' last safeguard under what is still euphemistically known as the "competitive system."

*

SINCE THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN SEEM TO BE increasingly under attack these days, we are especially sympathetic toward the proposed equal-rights amendment to the Constitution, which has just been favorably reported upon by the subcommittee of the House Judiciary Committee. If democracy were more a matter of justice and less a matter of group pressures, the right of women to equal status with men would have been recognized long ago; for there is no ground either of justice or expediency on which legal discrimination against them can be logically defended. It is a striking commentary on the rapacity of our economic system that part of the opposition to the

amendment is based on the argument that it endangers legal discriminations in favor of women. A group of women headed by that veteran exponent of women's rights, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, has announced that the amendment is "prejudicial to the economic interests of women" because it will deprive women workers of such safeguards against greedy and irresponsible employers as are provided by laws prescribing minimum wages, maximum hours of work, standards of safety—laws which, they contend, have also indirectly benefited men wage-earners. Leaving aside the fact that the researches of the Women's Bureau have found these safeguards to be of rather doubtful benefit to women workers, there seems to be no good reason why men workers should be left to secure indirectly and fortuitously such benefits as social legislation may guarantee. The proposed amendment, if it becomes law, will add fuel to the movement for legal safeguards that shall apply to men and women workers equally. And we can see no cause for lamentation in that.

*

THE OUTCRY FROM PUERTO RICO AGAINST the terms of the Tydings independence bill has apparently killed that measure for the present session of Congress. American residents of the island declare that the bill aroused a wave of hysteria, bitterness, and anti-Americanism such as had never previously been experienced. Conservative leaders of the coalition government have always opposed independence, and have resented the Tydings bill as an attempt to undermine their rule. The Liberal Party has had an independence plank in its platform for some time, but many of its leaders look upon the present bill as an attempt to discredit independence by coupling it with economic suicide. While favoring independence on any terms, the Nationalists have also refused to credit the good faith of the Tydings plan. If the purpose behind the proposal was to restore American prestige in Latin America preparatory to the pan-American peace conference, that objective has been defeated by the obvious injustice of the bill's economic provisions. Although the injury to our prestige is deep-seated, the damage is by no means irreparable. We welcome the creation of a Senate committee to study the issue, and trust that it will utilize the time between now and the next session of Congress to draft a program which recognizes American responsibility for the present economic status of the island and provides for a far more gradual assumption by Puerto Ricans of the economic responsibilities of independence.

*

GERMANY'S VICIOUS LUNGE AT THE ROMAN church in the mass trial at Coblenz of 276 monks affords new evidence of the ruthless disregard of justice which characterizes the totalitarian state. Based on evidence which, as the outside world has known for some time, the Nazis have been busy faking and fabricating, wholesale charges of sexual perversion are being brought against the accused. Two have already been sentenced to four and eight years' penal servitude, respectively, and in view of

the fact that some witnesses for the prosecution are feeble-minded charity wards of the monasteries, there is not much hope for the others. That the particular stick of immorality should be chosen by the authorities to beat the Catholics with bears testimony to their determination not only to break the power of the Roman church but also to discredit it in the eyes of the people. As the court proceedings are secret and the only reports which reach the public are official, the attack will be partially successful. This is the more true because the Catholic church has no weapon at hand but the courage of its leaders. In the days of the first *Kulturkampf* it could fight back through the powerful Center Party, but since the dissolution of that party in 1933 and the suppression of the Catholic press the church is in no position to defeat Hitler as it did Bismarck.

*

HARVARD HAS CHOSEN AN IMPRESSIVE AND deserving list of scholars on whom to bestow academic knighthood at the Tercentenary, and they are to be congratulated on receiving the accolade of America's oldest and most honorable institution of learning. From all corners of the world the scholars will be coming to Cambridge—from all corners but one. No one has been invited from the Soviet Union. Because of its tradition of cultural independence Harvard has produced many men of progressive thought. It is regrettable that the university should now belie that tradition.

*

THE EDITORS OF *THE NATION* WISH TO thank the public-utility companies for giving additional point and news value to the series of articles on the TVA by Stuart Chase, the second of which appears in this issue. The series was planned because we felt that the TVA was of continuing importance and ought to be reckoned with in the campaign as the most impressive achievement of the Roosevelt Administration. By what must have seemed almost a matter of collusion, nineteen public-utility companies banded together—in the very week in which the first Chase article appeared—to file suits attacking the TVA. It will be remembered that the Supreme Court's decision in the *Ashwander* case on February 17 reached only to the Wilson Dam, and held that the federal government had built it legally (using the defense power and the power to aid navigation) and could therefore dispose of the electric energy generated by it, even to the extent of purchasing transmission lines in order to bring the electric power to market. But the decision was deliberately a restricted one. What is now sought is a determination of the constitutionality of the entire TVA. It will undoubtedly be attacked on the ground that the government is aiming not at limited objectives but at the social welfare of the Tennessee Valley. Absurdly enough, the government will have to deny that it has at heart anything as outlawed and cowering as social welfare. And even more absurdly, it is not beyond possibility that the court may hold in its next term that the TVA is unconstitutional, that the federal government must restrict itself to national defense and leave all matters of social welfare—to whom?

The Mask Is Torn Away

ONE thing the Supreme Court majority may be credited with is a sense of climax. Any other tribunal might have been hard put to discover a fitting end for a term of court which has included the decisions in the AAA case, the rice millers' processing-tax case, the Jones SEC case, the St. Joseph's stockyards case, the Guffey coal case, the Vermont income-tax case, the Mayflower Farms case, the municipal-bankruptcy case, and the commodity-clause case. But the judges have triumphantly rounded out their term of court just ended by invalidating the New York minimum-wage law in the *Tipaldo* case. And as if to give us that thrill of recognition that may be the essence of great art, they have—with a nostalgia for the past cases—again made the decision a 5-to-4 affair. The court majority must be thanked at least for the consistency with which it has held to its reactionary stand.

The decision in the *Tipaldo* case had been awaited with a good deal of tension. Upon it depended not only minimum-wage laws for women in New York and other states, but any kind of genuine attempt to enforce adequate labor and social legislation by the states. We commented on the case in an earlier issue, when it was declared unconstitutional in a narrow and mechanical 4-to-3 decision by the New York Court of Appeals, basing itself upon a previous Supreme Court decision in the *Adkins* case, which involved a federal law for the District of Columbia. It was sheer pressing social necessity which had led the New York legislature to frame the law, and in framing it they had sought deliberately to meet the objections raised by Justice Sutherland in the *Adkins* decision. They had provided, in an attempt to meet the taboo of the due-process clause of the Fourteenth Amendment, that the minimum wage rates were to be based not only on the cost of subsistence living but also on the fair value of the services.

In the majority decision Justice Butler, who developed his sense of humanity and justice as a railway lawyer in Minnesota, repeats in various laborious ways that there is no difference between this case and that involved in the *Adkins* decision. What New York was trying to do, he says in effect, was to take away from the women laundry workers without due process of law their "liberty of contract"—their right to work for less than a subsistence wage if they saw fit. Chief Justice Hughes, in a belated transfer to the group of dissenters, tries just as laboriously to show all the differences between this case and the *Adkins* case. But it is left for Justice Stone, in a second minority opinion, to brush aside the technicalities of both Butler and Hughes. In a memorable dissent that deserves to be quoted in full, he refers to "the grim irony in speaking of freedom of contract" in the case of women who have to "give their services for less than is needful to keep body and soul together."

But to no avail. While eloquence, sense, logic, humanity, and sheer economic sanity go with the dissenters, the decision goes with the majority. Three things have now become clear, if they were not clear before. First, the court

majority is determined to stop at nothing in its savage destruction of every attempt to enact social legislation or control business. Second, the real issue is not between federal power and states' rights. A state act and not a federal act is involved here. The mask of judicial rhetoric has been torn again from the face of the Supreme Court majority. Third, the aim of the Supreme Court majority is not to defend states' rights, but to freeze the movement of economic change. Its bias is for the dominant economic class in a jungle laissez faire economy. It will go to any lengths to distort the plain and obvious meaning of constitutional phrases, or to ignore the economic facts that are patent to a schoolboy, if by doing so it can maintain undisturbed the halcyon serenity of profits-as-usual.

An amendment to the Constitution granting clear powers to Congress would not, on the face of it, deal directly with the power of the New York legislature to enact social legislation. Yet indirectly it would prove completely effective. If Congress were clearly given by the Constitution a power which the Supreme Court denied to New York, there would no longer be any incentive for the court to don its mask of states'-rights rhetoric. It could no longer protect the vested interests in this fashion. And we should no longer have to content ourselves with minimum-wage laws for women alone. Social legislation and labor legislation should meet the needs of the working class as a whole. For that purpose, we must repeat with wearisome iteration, a constitutional amendment is necessary.

Caliban in America

PAUL WARD'S article elsewhere in this issue on the forces behind the Black Legion gives rise to some extremely disturbing reflections. If it is true that this monstrous organization is not just a grim excrescence on American life but something that has been built into the structure of American business and politics, the Black Legion is worth serious analysis.

"Remember that our purpose is to tear down, lay waste, despoil, and kill our enemies." These are the words read by the "Chaplain" of the Black Legion to those about to be initiated into the order. Standing "under the black arch of Heaven's avenging symbol," encircled by grim, black-hooded figures, staring half-hypnotized at the guns pointed at them, the neophytes are inducted with the Black Oath, by which they swear "in the name of God and the Devil . . . to devote my life to the obedience of my superiors . . . and to exert every means in my power for the extermination of the anarchist, communist, Roman hierarchy, and their abettors." Each prospective member must swear he is a native-born, white, Protestant, Gentile, American citizen; he must state his attitude on lynch law; he must agree to arm himself immediately and to take arms, when called upon, against his "enemies." He must do all in his power to place only white Protestants in office; he must forget party and vote only according to the orders of his superior officer; he must accept the punishment of death for failure to keep his oath. When he has promised to do all this he is ready to sign in his own blood his willingness, if re-

quired, "to perform some service on a higher plane than ordinary routine night riding." What this "service" is, a body found lying in a ditch next day could testify.

Fire, flogging, and death are the methods favored by the legionnaires in their program of terrorism, although they have not neglected the subtler but none the less powerful weapon of propaganda. Police raids on their headquarters have uncovered leaflets for distribution replete with horror tales about Negroes attacking white children in the schools and advocating segregation of the races. But in general their preference is for the brutal rather than the subtle, for the direct attack rather than the indirect. There is reason to suspect that the burning of Father Coughlin's shrine at Royal Oak may have been their doing, and their fierce anti-radicalism has led the police to reinvestigate the shooting of one automobile-union organizer in 1933 and the murder of another in 1934.

Just how large the membership of the legion is may never be determined. The claim of six million members seems nearer to wish fulfilment than to fact. But the activities of the legion, although concentrated in Michigan, Indiana, and Ohio, extend to a dozen or more other states, with repercussions as far east as Boston and New York. The Department of Justice, however, has so far declined to cooperate in the investigation because no evidence has yet been found of violation of a federal statute. To proceed against the individuals involved in the "execution" of Poole on a direct murder charge leaves untouched the structure of the organization as a whole. The federal kidnaping law cannot be invoked unless victims are transported across state lines. Prosecution on the ground of illegally carrying firearms is prohibitive in this case as it would involve apprehending each of the legion members in the actual possession of a gun. And though there is a law in Michigan against wearing masks in public, it makes this no more than a misdemeanor. There is, however, one statute under which a statewide indictment could be issued that might effectively shatter the legion as far as Michigan is concerned. It is the Michigan criminal-syndicalism law. There is the spice of poetic justice in the fact that the Black Legion may be demolished under the very law which their kind put on the statute books to confound their enemies.

What is the meaning of the Black Legion? To dismiss it as a local and passing matter would be fantastic; to call it American fascism would be too easy. Race hatred, religious bigotry, sadism, red-baiting, union-smashing, the vigilante technique—whenever these are found together in a pattern they point to a festering condition in the social organism. We cannot be so naive as to think that seven years of depression could have failed to take toll of us. We live in a world where the individual is at the mercy of the blind forces of the market-place. Formerly when he thought himself ruled solely by nature's forces and changes, he could fashion religions and mythologies to appeal to the natural forces, and science to control them. Today the individual sees himself as even more helpless in a man-made industrial world, in which nature has been conquered but depressions still come unpredictably, where jobs are suddenly lost and life-long savings are wiped out

overnight, where the small man is stunted by all sorts of privations. And, still seeking some specific explanation for his defeat and some personal devils to wreak his wrath upon, he resorts to the mumbo-jumbo of secret societies and the releasing effects of violence and terrorism.

He is not necessarily a monster. Look at the newspapers or newsreels and see the faces of those indicted for the murder of Poole. They are the ordinary run of Americans. Under other conditions they might have been honest farmers, or young leaders of the rank-and-file workers. But under the impact of all the corroding forces of the depression, their energy has been turned to a deadly destructiveness. It is easy to put such men as these to the uses of the unscrupulous holders of economic power, who see in the trade-union movement and in minority groups a threat to their dominance. A desire to wreak cruelty and terror always goes hand in hand with a slavish obedience to authority. The very men whose animal lusts are turned against their fellows get a sense of security from taking an undying oath to perform all the commands of some leader. In their despair they follow the first leaders that appeal to them. In their ignorance they make bigotry and race hatred and anti-radicalism seem the solution for their own dilemmas. In their blindness they fall a prey to the purposes of the very men who exploit them economically.

This is the Black Legion—a reincarnated Caliban. It sprawls across the American scene, twisted, spiteful, stupid, and malevolent. And yet there is much in it to pity, and much to understand. We must fight all Black Legions wherever they appear, and disband them by law. But we shall not be rid of them until we have rid America of insecurity and despair.

1940 Is Just Around the Corner

THE Socialist convention has met and split. Norman Thomas and his left-wing supporters have set up a national ticket with a general Socialist platform and specific recommendations to meet immediate problems. If the vote this will muster is bound to be small, it will at least keep the Socialist light burning; and if it serves to fool the Tories into believing that radicalism is waning in this country it will contribute to the benevolence of a growing season that promises to be much more favorable for a political labor movement than might be expected in a world blighted by fascist droughts.

While the left wing and a membership majority of the Socialist Party follow Thomas into splendid isolation on the left, the right wing, controlling Socialist institutions and a good share of the Socialist trade-union vote, will join official labor in supporting Roosevelt. Meanwhile, the Farmer-Labor conference in Chicago has abandoned the idea of the immediate formation of a third national political party.

The decision of the left not to draw away support from Roosevelt by pressing for a national Farmer-Labor

ticket this year grows out of the preoccupation with the danger of fascism; the Socialist Party platform is deeply concerned with the same question. Meanwhile it becomes clearer week by week that the decision of John L. Lewis and the Non-Partisan League to throw labor's support to Roosevelt this year was made not from a generalized fear of reaction but with the hope of a very specific advantage. It aims to keep Republican weeds from choking the first sprouts of an industrial labor movement.

From the organizational point of view this is sound strategy. If labor were still nursing the illusion that collective bargaining could be legislated into effect, there would be reason for regarding its support of Roosevelt as disastrous. But it has been thoroughly demonstrated in Roosevelt's first term that his well-intentioned laws do not enforce themselves. At the same time Section 7-a whetted labor's appetite for organization. And even if the New Deal labor laws cannot be more than partly effective, it is infinitely better to have Lloyd Garrison and Warren J. Madden and other genuinely conscientious men repeatedly calling public attention to the existence of these laws and to their flagrant violation by the big employers than to have a Republican President's appointees burying collective bargaining under six feet of silence. In the matter of civil liberties, the Roosevelt Administration has paid much less attention than it should have to shocking local violations. But there is no denying that the national air of the New Deal is expansive rather than suppressive—which will be of immense help in a national campaign to organize labor. Especially if the present relative recovery persists, a second Roosevelt term pretty well insures a political climate in which John L. Lewis and his industrial-union associates can get on with organization in the mass-production industries. By 1940 labor may be able to nominate not a "protest" candidate but a serious contender for national power.

The time is short, however, and numerous obstacles must be overcome. The first enemy line is the executive council of the American Federation of Labor. The automobile workers have succeeded in throwing off its narrow control. The organization of steel is being delayed temporarily by the tactics of its officers. Despite a clear mandate from the membership for immediate action the officers have so far succeeded in keeping the lid closed tight. Rank-and-file pressure is increasing, however, and that old mine worker, J. Lewis, is doing his best to help the members dislodge their officials. The latest threat of the executive council—to suspend the charters of the unions in the Committee for Industrial Organization if the committee is not immediately dissolved—is the most ominous so far. It remains to be seen whether the die-hards will actually break up the federation in order to hang on to their craft power. The council is said to be bearing down hard on its only member from the C. I. O., David Dubinsky of the I. L. G. W. U., and upon other progressives who value A. F. of L. affiliation. But there is at least a strong chance that the council's innate inertia will keep it from being as vindictive as it would like to be. It is to be hoped that the final showdown will come

quickly, so that labor can consolidate its fighting strength against employers.

The function of the left progressive groups in these next crucial years is above all one of clarification and education. No radical party has had sufficient success in this country to assume that its approach or its method is infallible or that its knowledge of the most complicated and the most puzzling country in social history is either dependable or complete. Never before was there such need for that humility, that absolute honesty, which opens the eyes and sharpens the wits of the scientist. We must have general principles, tested always by pragmatic action. A socialized future is the only adequate political solution for a mass-production world. To chart the specific American path to that future is our primary task.

The Unfinished Business of Congress

ALTHOUGH agreement on the tax bill appears as remote as ever, Congressional leaders are still talking in terms of a June 6 adjournment. No one really expects the entire legislative slate to be wiped clean by that date, but it is obvious that the members of Congress intend to bolt for home as soon as they have a pretext for doing so. This is election year, and by a curious quirk in our electoral system the average Congressman's chances for reelection seem to be in inverse ratio to his attention to duty in Washington.

Some of the bills endangered by an early adjournment are presumably favored by the Administration and would have a good chance of passage if they could be called up for a vote. Perhaps the most important of these is the Wagner-Ellenbogen housing bill, which, though a feeble substitute for a real housing measure such as was promised by the Administration, has the indorsement of organized labor and of all the leading housing authorities. With a fifth of our urban housing classified as "unfit for use" by the Real Property Inventory of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, it is obvious that a year's delay on this measure would be little short of criminal. Yet the bill will be sidetracked unless public pressure forces a last-minute change of heart on the part of the Administration. The same may be said of the various anti-lynching bills now before Congress. Year after year bills are introduced for dealing with this crime in the only way that is possible—by federal action—only to be brushed aside in the rush of eleventh-hour business. The Bankhead farm-tenant bill, to which the President stands committed, is likewise in great danger of being overlooked in the scramble.

Administration spokesmen have indicated that the omnibus flood-control bill and the proposals for regulating the commodity exchanges will probably be passed before adjournment, although there is no certainty that this will be the case. The new Guffey bill, which contains the dubious price-fixing regulations of the former law without any of its admirable labor provisions, is also likely to go through. The ship-subsidy bills, on the other hand, appear

to be doomed despite the President's anxiety to have this particular form of graft put on an "honest" basis. Although there is little likelihood that Congress would turn away the importunate shipowners if the proposals came to a vote, the inability of the shipping ring to agree on details of the handout has prevented action at this session.

A few weeks ago proponents of stricter regulation of the food, drug, and cosmetics industries were fighting desperately to get the food-and-drug bill enacted. Now that the Copeland bill has been reported out by the House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee, they are more than willing to forgo action at this time. For the committee's revisions of the pending bill have made it worse than existing legislation in several important respects. That the Frazier-Lundeen social-insurance bill has not come up for debate in either house is scarcely surprising. Despite the brief and on the whole very favorable hearings held by the Senate Committee on Education and Labor, Administration tactics have been designed to prevent as far as possible the discussion of a proposal which would reveal the shortcomings of its own unfortunate Social Security Act. Much the same fate appears to have befallen the Ellenbogen bill for the regulation of wages and hours of textile workers and the bill to repeal the law forbidding the teaching of communism in the District of Columbia.

Merely to list the other bills which would be "must" legislation for a really socially minded Administration would take more space than we have at our disposal. There is, for example, the Neely-Pettengill bill, which would make it illegal for moving-picture producers to force their inferior films on the local theaters by means of "block booking"; the Van Nuys bill to prevent employers from influencing the votes of their employees; the Copeland bill, liberalizing existing legislation against the dissemination of birth-control information; the Wheeler-Crosser bill, requiring railroads to pay dismissal allowances to workers who are displaced by consolidations; and the Marcantonio bill for unemployment relief. There are also many bills which should be passed after revision. On such a list would appear the Kerr-Coolidge alien bill. This bill, which has the backing of the Department of Labor, is designed to alleviate the severity and injustice of the regulations which have operated to separate husbands and wives, and would deal more leniently with non-criminal aliens in general. It stands in need, however, of modification which would permit the Secretary of Labor to exercise discretion in cases of political deportees.

Perhaps it is too much to ask any Congress to enact such an amount of legislation in one session. In the past five months just two important measures have been passed: the soldiers' bonus and the substitute farm plan to replace the invalidated AAA. Yet only three years ago a Congress of much the same composition as the present one distinguished itself by the enactment of at least a dozen laws more far-reaching and more controversial than any measure debated by the present Congress. The failure of the present Congress may be attributed partly to the improvement in economic conditions, partly to the fact that this is an election year, but primarily to the lack of effective leadership from the President.

WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

Who's Behind the Black Legion?

Washington, May 31

THE constant trumpeting of the New Deal's campaign slogan, Roosevelt or Reaction, with its nuances of fascism as the price of a Republican victory in November, has produced a fortuitous and unforeseen result. It has given the Black Legion obscenities at Detroit a place in the forefront of the national consciousness which they deserve but otherwise would not have enjoyed. Even here in the nation's capital the latest outbreak of kluxery has overshadowed all other questions in those anterooms and subcellars where politicians let down their hair and the truth is spoken.

I predict, however, that it will not long continue as a conversational dominant either here or elsewhere. From this distance it looks distinctly as if the Black Legion were about to be treated to a coat of whitewash, lavishly applied by the bourbons who rule Detroit and the rest of Michigan. It would not suit the purposes of the state's industrial barons to have the public shown the extent to which their agents were involved in the Black Legion's formation and the extent to which they have used it in their fight against unionization of their employees. It would not do to have it disclosed that the Michigan judges, prosecutors, militiamen, cops, mayors, and councilmen who are their bondservants also were platoon commanders of the Black Legion, that their own secret police were its color-bearers and file-closers, and that they used its bloody oath chiefly to bind to themselves in servility the hill-billy labor they have recruited from the South as their best surety against finding themselves faced with workers able and determined to demand their rights.

If I seem to impute unearthly alliances to the overlords of Michigan, remember that they were shown to have the same sort of alliances when the records of the Ku Klux Klan in that state were pried open ten years ago. Remember, too, that the biggest of them is General Motors, that General Motors is du Pont, and that the du Ponts were among the financial backers of the grass-roots convention run a few months ago by Gene Talmadge, the Georgia Hitler. Then note that already the dispatches coming out of Detroit are minimizing the earlier reports as to the size and importance of the Black Legion and are picturing the organization as smashed by the disclosures; they suggest that with the legionnaires in flight further investigation will be unnecessary and that all that remains to be done is to prosecute some sixteen men for the murder of a WPA worker. Note also that the loudest singer of that tune is McCrea, the Wayne County prosecutor, who confessedly was a member of the Black Legion along with his chief investigator and at least one other member of his staff.

Next I call your attention to the fact that the man who is most active in investigating the Black Legion *per se* is the state's attorney general, Crowley, a corporation lawyer serving under Governor Fitzgerald, who holds his post by the sufferance of the employers' association and who has appointed as chairman of the state's Social Security Board one Dr. Philip A. Callahan, who was the Klan's grand cyclops in Michigan. And what sort of investigation have Crowley's efforts given rise to at Detroit? One of Michigan's unique one-man grand-jury investigations in which a single judge hears and weighs the evidence, unaided by a jury. The act which makes this sort of proceeding possible was put over by the employers' association a number of years ago as an "economy" measure. It has served their purpose admirably, as, for example, in the case of the one-man grand-jury investigation of the Detroit bank failures in 1933. The chief purpose of that investigation was to let the responsible bankers blame their ills on Washington without undergoing cross-examination or the peril of rebuttal; to assure them a wide audience the "grand-jury" investigation in this instance was public instead of secret. More than thirty of those bankers have since been indicted by a federal grand jury, and three have been convicted. The one-man grand jury returned no indictments against the bankers.

And who is to be the one-man grand jury in the Black Legion case? The Wayne County circuit judges have got together and picked one of their colleagues, Judge James A. Chenot. A Republican, he was known as Ford's candidate when he ran for office. Before mounting the bench Chenot was county prosecutor. It was while he held that office that six men were slain in a march on the Ford plant. Chenot investigated. No indictments were returned. Chenot at that time worked hand in glove with Harry Bennett, chief of Ford's secret police. Their intimacy, according to reports, has not been impaired by his assumption of judicial robes. There is little likelihood that Judge Chenot will find an inquiry into the Black Legion's industrial ramifications relevant to his task. There is even less likelihood that the Justice Department, to which McCrea has appealed, will respond in bona fide fashion, for the Black Legion affair raises racial and religious issues and those are leprous to politicians in an election year.

The State of Civil Liberties

THE situation in Michigan and the attitude of the Department of Justice makes it doubly important that the La Follette resolution to investigate violations of civil liberties be passed by the Senate before Congress adjourns. Under the terms of that resolution the committee it would set up would have authority not only to investigate labor



Senator Vandenberg

espionage but also to probe deeply into the Black Legion and all similar organizations. Unfortunately the prospects for its adoption do not seem very bright, although Senator La Follette retains his optimism. The resolution is snagged in the reactionary Audit and Control Committee, made up of Senator Byrnes, from darkest South Carolina; Senator Tydings of Maryland, who twice guided Bethlehem Steel Company union stooges when they appeared to testify against the Wagner bill; Senator Bachman of Tennessee and Senator Townsend from the domain of du Pont. If Senator La Follette's hopes are fulfilled, the committee will pass the bill on to the Senate tomorrow or Tuesday. To lessen the committee's resistance to the measure, the appropriation which the resolution carries has been cut down to \$15,000 from \$30,000. Its backers are counting on getting additional funds from the next Congress. To do that, they will have to uncork some dramatic evidence with the aid of the initial \$15,000. Their ability to do so with such a meager fund is highly questionable.

How difficult the investigation would be even if amply financed is suggested in the NLRB's summation of its testimony relating to the labor-espionage phase of the investigation. "Even a simple investigation, mere exposure, damages none so much as the spy," it says. "There is some question, however, whether an unethical secret system can be adequately investigated by ethical means. . . . The personnel of spy and strike-breaking agencies is often the same as of political gangsterism." The difficulties of the proposed investigation are further enhanced by evidence that the labor-espionage agencies already are preparing to combat it by submerging. From unimpeachable sources comes the information that three weeks ago Steel Corporation spies in Pittsburgh were told: "This thing is getting too hot; we are going to fold up for ninety days. Here is your money and a bonus; we shall want you back in three months." From the same sources there also comes word that the files of certain detective agencies are being

destroyed on orders from headquarters, that on May 18 the headquarters of the Railway Audit and Inspection Company and its Central Industrial Service in the Commonwealth Building, Pittsburgh, were closed, and that the chief operatives have disappeared from their hotels. This is not demobilization; it's reorganization—underground.

On to Cleveland!

THERE'LL be a black legion at Cleveland next week when the G. O. P. convention opens there, but it will be one quite different from that which has just come to light in the home state of Senator Vandenberg, who stands second only to Landon as a potential winner of the Republican nomination. This legion will be made up of the blackamoors who always appear from the South, ready to sell their votes as convention delegates to the highest bidder. They have no other significance than as purchasable blocks of votes, yet they are capable of making trouble, as Hoover and his majordomo, Walter Brown, found out in 1932. Hoover had spent a good part of his energies after his 1928 victory in trying to create a "respectable" Republican machine in the South, and to that end he tried to supplant the Negro leaders there with whites by taking away their patronage. He got rid of Ben Davis, G. O. P. committeeman from Georgia, in this fashion, and he also unseated "Tieless Joe" Talbot of South Carolina. But he miscued when he got around to Perry Howard and Mary Booze, of Mississippi. Talbot, a white, showed up at the 1932 convention with a white delegation and sought to regain his seat. Perry and Mary showed up with their usual Negro delegation. Talbot played white and lost. Perry raised the race issue, scared hell out of the party leaders, and got back his committee seat. Now "Tieless Joe" is all set to take a leaf from Perry's book, show up at Cleveland with a Negro delegation, and threaten to turn the Negroes of the nation against Lincoln's party if it denies him and his'n seats.

He will have Vandenberg on his side, for they let the Negroes vote in Detroit, where there are a lot of them. They also are beginning to let them vote in parts of the darker South, chiefly because the Democratic bosses there have discovered that a majority of them can be persuaded to vote Democratic. Some Southern journalists whose admitted prejudice makes their testimony on this point weighty assure me the trend is growing rapidly. As they explain it, economic interest is playing an increasingly larger and more conscious part in Southern politics, as the combination of misery and growing industrialization widens class divisions. They see the small farmer welcoming the supporting votes of Negroes against those of the large landowners, bankers, industrialists, and their retainers. They report the former as ardently pro-New Deal and the latter as pro-Liberty League. And they point to the fact that in Louisville, Memphis, Raleigh, and Decatur voting rights have been accorded in the last few years to Negroes in the primaries, which are the decisive contests in the South. They also point out that delegates to a county Democratic convention at Raleigh a few weeks ago elected a Negro delegate to the state convention.

Harvard Heretics and Rebels

BY ROGER N. BALDWIN AND CORLISS LAMONT

[This article was originally intended for the particular interest of Harvard graduates. The Harvard Alumni Bulletin, however, sole and official organ of the alumni, declined to print it on the ground that it might offend Harvard conservatives, who would then refuse to contribute to the Harvard Tercentenary Fund, now being solicited. The article finally appeared in the Harvard Advocate, an undergraduate monthly. As it appears below it has been completely revised by the authors, both of whom are Harvard graduates, and is believed by the editors of The Nation to be of interest not only to Harvard men but to dissenters in general.]

IT WOULD be an affront to most Harvard men to suggest that the university's crimson banner has any relation to the red flag of international revolution. Yet red flags, whatever they symbolize, can easily be confused, as was dramatically illustrated when the Massachusetts anti-red-flag law of 1920 was found to be so written as to make the Harvard crimson illegal in public display. The law was changed. But the taint of heresy associated with Harvard from its earliest days still remains strong enough to identify a sizable minority of Harvard men with 'loyalties, or at least leanings, in the direction of two red flags.

Harvard grew out of religious dissent. It was rooted in the soil of heresy. Its first president was removed by the authorities for questioning infant baptism. Boston from its earliest days has been the home of dissenters, nourished by the Puritan tradition. It has been one of the few communities in the United States where a man may be a rebel or heretic without loss of caste. In it or around it all the great movements of reform and revolt long centered—in religion, in politics, in the colonial revolution, in the struggle against slavery, in the campaign for women's rights. For generations it held the intellectual leadership of America. If it does not now, yet the impress of independent and challenging thinking permanently remains upon it. And Harvard is Boston's offspring. The stamp of the New England Puritan aristocracy is all over it—its economic conservatism along with its tolerance of dissent.

Harvard dissenters today are of all types and attitudes. Commonest are those whose dissent is not so sharp as to take them out of their privileged class associations. They do not depart from the ethics and economics of capitalism. They are the champions of liberty and free speech under democratic capitalism, not as tools for a new working-class power to replace it, but as inherent processes of democracy. In this liberal school of Harvard men, outstanding was the late Oliver Wendell Holmes, '61, whose philosophy of law and of social change went the limit of experimentation. Not committed to any new economic order, he nevertheless conceded the right of those aiming at an

entirely new system to propound their views, even if such freedom of opinion should involve the possibility of the temporary destruction of democracy by a dictatorship of the proletariat. Few liberals go so far. Walter Lippmann, '10, pre-war Socialist and now spokesman of a spurious liberal point of view, is in effect a defender of the present class divisions and set-up. The status quo with trimmings is all that he desires. Genuine in his liberalism but still essentially capitalistic is the militant pacifist crusader Oswald Garrison Villard, '93, for seventeen years editor of *The Nation*.

A number of Harvard alumni who have been associated with the present Democratic Administration can be put into a class by themselves as New Deal liberals. First and foremost, of course, is the President himself, Franklin D. Roosevelt, '04, who like President Theodore Roosevelt, '80, has expressed active hostility to the "malefactors of great wealth." The economic situation rather than personal predilection has forced Franklin D. to advance considerably beyond the policies of Theodore. But in spite of the present Chief Executive's many innovations and experiments, his reforms are aimed only at making the profit system work better. Close to President Roosevelt as advisers and members of the "brain trust" are or have been Professor Felix Frankfurter, LL.B., '06, of the Harvard Law School faculty, and A. A. Berle, Jr., '13, Chamberlain in New York City's Fusion administration.

While these New Deal liberals can be regarded as rebels against the status quo only in the relative sense that they are pushing forward toward change, their influence tends to support the interests of producers and consumers against property-owners. Washington is full of them, with a sprinkling of Harvard men all along the line from the top down. To mention only a few, we cite Lloyd K. Garrison, '19, dean of the University of Wisconsin Law School and first chairman of the National Labor Relations Board; Ernest H. Gruening, '07, chief of the Bureau of Insular Possessions in the Department of the Interior; Laurence H. Duggan, '27, chief of the Latin American section of the State Department; A. L. Wirin, '22, of the legal staff of the National Labor Relations Board; L. R. Brown, '26, of the staff of the Senate munitions investigation; Charles E. Wyzanski, Jr., '27, solicitor of the Department of Labor; and Thomas Hopkinson Eliot, '28, grandson of Harvard's former president and chief counsel of the Social Security Commission. There are also Harvard New Dealers in state affairs, such as Charles Poletti, '24, the able counsel of Governor Lehman of New York; and Ernest Angell, '11, New York regional director of the Securities Exchange Commission.

These men are typical of scores of Harvard liberals long associated with political or social reform, among whom

may be further noted: Fiske Warren, '84, single-taxer; Dr. Richard C. Cabot, '89, pioneering physician and teacher of social ethics; John S. Codman, '90, libertarian and single-taxer; Dr. Haven Emerson, '96, public-health crusader and champion of Indian rights; Robert Hallowell, '10, formerly of the *New Republic*; Robert Littell, '16, one-time dramatic critic of the old *New York World*; Samuel H. Ordway, Jr., '21, Civil Service Commissioner in New York City; George D. Pratt, '21, member of the Emergency Committee for Strikers' Relief and in earlier years a leading stimulator of student thought and protest; Maurice Wertheim, '06, banker, supporter of liberal enterprises, and present owner of *The Nation*; Graham R. Taylor, '03, social worker and interpreter of Soviet Russia; William P. Hapgood, '94, experimenter in workers' cooperative control of industry; Frederick Lewis Allen, '12, author of "Only Yesterday" and "The Lords of Creation"; Gilbert Seldes, '14, journalist, author, and playwright; Walter H. Pollak, '07, who successfully argued the Scottsboro case before the United States Supreme Court; and John F. Moors, '83, member of the Harvard Corporation, a banker by profession but distinguished rather as a liberal and political reformer.

Somewhat farther to the left and sometimes approaching a thoroughgoing economic radicalism in their attitudes or activities are Dr. Horace M. Kallen, '03, author and teacher at the New School for Social Research; Osmond K. Fraenkel, '08, active in legal work on behalf of civil liberties and associate counsel in the successful Scottsboro appeal to the Supreme Court; Newton Arvin, '21,

professor of English at Smith College; Merle E. Curti, '20, professor of history at Smith; Quincy Howe, '21, chief editor of Simon and Schuster, member of the board of directors of the American Civil Liberties Union, and former editor of the *Living Age*; and Eliot D. Pratt, '27, on the board of the Civil Liberties Union and a trustee of the German University in Exile.

To mention such men is merely to pick types of Harvard graduates who have struck off from the more trodden paths, but not into territories very remote from established economics and politics. While they do not hesitate to expose the evils of the capitalist system, they on the whole support the existing social order and rarely champion measures aimed at its fundamental institutions and incentives as do the radicals.

Some few Harvard men have voluntarily unclassed themselves, earned their livelihood as manual workers, and accepted a working-class standard of living and way of life. Conspicuous for a time in the public press was Charles Garland, '19, a disciple of Tolstoy who handed over a fortune to the radical movement in the form of the American Fund for Public Service, living himself on a worker's standard. This fund eventually distributed more than \$2,000,000 among a large variety of enterprises. Garland for a time lived on the land as a farmer, and is now doing left-wing organization work among farmers. In the days of the I. W. W. a considerable number of Harvard men were attracted to its revolutionary program, joined it, and became speakers and writers for it. John Reed, '10, in his first class life reported membership in two clubs—



"Harvard and I. W. W." Hutchins Hapgood, '92, philosophical anarchist, lecturer, and writer, championed the I. W. W., though not himself a member.

The Socialist movement before the war enlisted many Harvard men. Prominent among them were the Reverend John Haynes Holmes, '02, better known as a religious radical and pacifist than as a Socialist; Stuart Chase, '10, economist and writer, whose earlier activities included organizing Socialist groups among intellectuals; William P. Montague, '96, professor of philosophy at Barnard, one-time Socialist leader among intellectuals; and Horace A. Eaton, '92, professor of English at Syracuse, pacifist and Socialist sympathizer. Since the Socialist Party was officially against the World War, most of its members were pacifists as well as economic radicals. But many outside the party took the pacifist stand. Harvard men among them were outstanding: Professor Robert Morss Lovett, '92, for example, of the University of Chicago, now president of the League for Industrial Democracy and a leading figure in united-front movements; and Professor Walter Nelles, '05, of the Yale Law School, counsel during the war to the National Civil Liberties Bureau. Among the few hundred men imprisoned for refusal of military service on conscientious grounds, two of the non-Socialists were Harvard men—Harold S. Gray, '18, and Brent D. Allinson, '17.

The Socialist movement, since the war, besides holding the loyalty of most of these older men, has attracted a number of the younger graduates as speakers, writers, or organizers. Well known among them are Powers Hapgood, '21, of the National Executive Committee of the Socialist Party, who has been since his graduation a coal miner and labor organizer, at present for the United Mine Workers; John Herling, '27, aide and associate of Norman Thomas, long active in strike situations, and executive secretary of the Emergency Committee for Strikers' Relief; Albert Sprague Coolidge, '15, a Harvard faculty member, who is on the National Executive Committee of the party; and the Reverend Bradford Young, '23, speaker and candidate for office on the party ticket. One of the conspicuous recruits to socialism after the war was Heywood Broun, '10, columnist and journalist, president of the Newspaper Guild, now out of the Socialist Party but a leading figure in united-front movements of the left.

But the most extreme of Harvard radicals are those who were aroused by the Russian Revolution and the international Communist movement to championship of revolutionary measures. By far the best-known American intellectual so inspired was John Reed, '10, mentioned above, who threw himself into the proletarian cause at the very moment of the Bolshevik seizure of power, dramatized in his book "Ten Days That Shook the World." Reed lies buried near Lenin's tomb in the Red Square at Moscow. A portrait of him, painted by his classmate Robert Hallowell, now hangs in Adams House at Harvard.

Publicly identified with the Communist movement as party members or as sympathizers are or have been John Dos Passos, '16, author of "Manhattan Transfer" and "The 42nd Parallel"; Edwin Seaver, '22, novelist and an editor of the *Sunday Worker*; Granville Hicks, '23,

teacher and critic, contributing editor of the *New Masses*, author of "The Great Tradition"—a Marxist interpretation of American literature—and of the recently published biography of John Reed; Malcolm Cowley, '20, long an editor of the *New Republic* and author of "Exile's Return"; Ivan Black, '24, executive secretary of the left-wing Writers' Union; Lement Harris, '26, executive secretary of the Farmers' National Committee for Action; Merle Colby, '24, contributor to the *New Masses* and a member of the national committee of the radical League of American Writers; H. W. L. Dana, '03, teacher, lecturer and specialist on left-wing drama; Alfred H. Hirsch, '29, of the National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners; and Paul Crosbie, '05, business man and American Legion member, recently a convert to communism.

Other Harvard radicals, with no party affiliation but well known for their opposition to capitalism or their sympathy for Soviet Russia, are Horace Davis, '21, teacher and economist; Charles Angoff, '23, fearless and able editor of the *American Spectator*; James Waterman Wise, '24, lecturer, writer, and an editor of the new labor tabloid, the *People's Press*; Lee Simonson, '09, stage designer and drama expert, long associated with the Theater Guild; Benjamin Stolberg, '18, co-author of "The Economic Consequences of the New Deal"; Frederick V. Field, '27, secretary of the American Council of the Institute of Pacific Relations; W. Osgood Field, '26, chairman of the American Russian Institute; Lewis Gannett, '13, columnist on the New York *Herald Tribune*; Lincoln Kirstein, '30, former editor of the *Hound and Horn*; Joseph F. Barnes, '27, editor of the symposium "Empire in the East," and on the staff of the New York *Herald Tribune*; Tredwell Smith, '15, teacher and leader of student tours to the U.S.S.R.; and Professor John H. Gray, '87, former president of the American Economic Association and present treasurer of the People's Lobby. Among these may also fairly be included the Episcopal Bishop of Missouri, the Right Reverend William Scarlett, '05, whose pro-labor and pro-Soviet utterances mark him as no supporter of capitalism.

Few defenders of the status quo would dispute our classification of the Harvard men we have mentioned. They would tend to lump them all together as subversive influences. We have, however, covered a wide range of thought and action, little unified by a common philosophy, and representative only of a tendency.

Precisely how far Harvard heretics and rebels were ready-made by their homes and early environment and how far Harvard contributed to their dissent only the most painstaking inquiry would show. But it is obvious from the very atmosphere of the university that its practices and traditions favor, in comparison with other educational institutions, the critical and dissenting mind. If Harvard has been careful in selecting teachers with not too unconventional views, it has also adhered to high standards of academic freedom. To our knowledge not a single teacher in modern times has been let out for his views; and pressure has often been heavy. President

Lowell stood out against it during the war in the case of Professor Münsterberg and later in the attacks on the Law School faculty by reactionaries.

The Corporation and Overseers, representing the most conservative of influences on the university, have been on occasion minded to interfere, but both Eliot and Lowell stoutly resisted infringements on freedom of teaching or on the public activities of professors. It should be noted, however, that while President Lowell defended Professor Harold Laski against those who wished to see him ousted for his support of the Boston police strike, he made it clear to Laski that he could hope for no academic promotion. President Conant has already indicated his thorough agreement with the tradition of academic freedom and has applied it strikingly to incidents not ordinarily conceived as closely related to it. He rejected the offer of a scholarship from Hitler's associate, Ernst Hanfstaengl, '09. He refused to prosecute two Communist girls arrested in the Yard on Commencement Day, 1934, for interrupting his own address with protests against the presence of Hanfstaengl. And he strongly and publicly opposed the teachers' oath bill when it was before the Massachusetts legislature. These are acts of a courageous liberalism.

To analyze the extent of unorthodoxy among the members of the Harvard faculty would make an interesting and worth-while study. We shall not here take up that question, but two recent circumstances strike us as highly significant. First there has been the opposition to the teachers'

oath bill led by such Harvard faculty members as Kirtley F. Mather, professor of geology, and Samuel Eliot Morison, '08, professor of history. Second there was the formation at Harvard last fall of the Cambridge Union of University Teachers, affiliated with the American Federation of Teachers, which in turn is affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. This indicates that a considerable number of Harvard teachers see the need and advantage of both unionization and close association with the labor movement in the United States as a means toward their own protection and toward economic reform.

Boston and Harvard long ago learned that the rebels and heretics of today are the leaders accepted by tomorrow. Monuments to the men scorned or bitterly fought in their day testify to it. Theodore Parker, Henry D. Thoreau, Ralph Waldo Emerson, James Russell Lowell, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Wendell Phillips—abolitionists, religious heretics, champions of women's rights—were all pioneers in a hostile land, though sons of New England and of Harvard.

Perhaps the fairest measure of a university's merit lies in its production of non-conformists. Yet most American universities turn out all but a tiny minority of graduates with wholly uncritical outlooks on the basic issues of politics, economics, and culture. That Harvard produces a larger, more conspicuous, and more constant minority of dissenters should be accepted as a notable contribution to the country and to the university itself.

Militarizing the Philippines

BY HAROLD E. FEY

A YEAR ago, when Congress was suffering from alternating attacks of spring fever and "must" legislation, a bill was slipped through under which Major General Douglas A. MacArthur was assigned to serve as military adviser to the Philippine Commonwealth. According to the adjutant general of the War Department, Brigadier General E. T. Conley, the bill became law on May 14. He seems to be the only person in Washington who remembers this event, which had the appearance of a kindly gesture intended to give a favored general a pleasant vacation. Possibly the amiable gentlemen on Capitol Hill were embarrassed by the fact that the General had been graduated from the army's highest post long before the age of retirement. At any rate, they generously permitted General MacArthur to go on his way, retaining his regular salary and emoluments in addition to whatever the Philippine government might decide to pay him.

Acting on the advice of General MacArthur, the Philippine Commonwealth, on December 15, 1935, passed its first major piece of legislation—a National Defense Act. This law, which presumably reflects General MacArthur's best thinking on national defense, founds that defense

upon a system of universal compulsory military training. In addition to providing a basic professional army of 16,000 men it compels every male Filipino over ten years of age to undergo a course of military training and thenceforth to give some time during each year of his active life to military service. By this means it is planned to develop within the ten years that the Philippines are still under the American flag an army of 500,000 men. At the end of this period the Filipino nation of 13,000,000 people will have one of the largest armies in proportion to its size in the world.

It is hardly likely that Congress foresaw that the loan of General MacArthur would have this result. Already certain complications have become evident. The warlike Moros have refused to register for the military draft. They have taken to the hills of Mindanao and are rebuilding their old fortresses. To express their opinion of MacArthur's militarism, they murdered a Filipino propaganda officer who had been sent among them, slitting his mouth from ear to ear, and then sent word to Manila: "We need none of your military training. Give us rifles and we will show you how to fight." In Palawan 500 young men have refused to register for the draft because they believe this

program of military training is preparation for a war between the United States and Japan. On March 31 there was a pitched battle in the province of Lanao in which ten Moros were killed by Philippine constabulary. The Moro princess Oliama Malawani charged that the clash resulted from persistent threats by army officers to jail Moros if they continued to resist universal registration.

More serious is the probable effect of the defense act upon our relations with Japan. That nation can hardly be indifferent to the fact that the American army's leading Japanophobe has quietly begun the organization of a force of half a million men which will not have to be transported thousands of miles in case of trouble in Asia. Neither can the American people afford to be indifferent to this unauthorized addition to the armed forces under the American flag. The new Philippine constitution specifically recognizes the right of the United States to call into its service all the military forces organized by the commonwealth government.

A minor reason for the prompt repeal of the measure is that MacArthur's appointment was directly contrary to the intent of the act of Congress under which the Philippines are in process of getting their freedom. The independence act provided for a civil representative of the United States with the Philippine government. General MacArthur is a military representative not subordinate in rank to the High Commissioner, and actually possessing, because of his friendly personal relations with President Manuel Quezon, more power than any other representative of the United States. More important is the fact that the military program effected by General MacArthur will make impossible the attainment of Filipino freedom. The Philippine government cannot finance its present burdens. The additional cost of this huge army can only be carried by borrowing. It is hardly likely that the United States will permit the Philippine government to get funds for

this purpose from any government other than our own. The result will be that at the end of ten years such economic dependence will have been created as to take all meaning out of political independence.

The policy which General MacArthur has recommended negates the work of thirty-five years, during which America has been attempting to teach democratic ideals and techniques to this Asiatic nation. We are not serving those ideals when we permit an official representative of the United States to saddle upon a young Asiatic democracy a conscript army of such proportions. Such action has increased significance in connection with the present social unrest in the islands, whose depressed *taos* must find justice either through peaceful parliamentary processes or through bloody revolution. The temptation to the Filipino ruling clique to maintain by force their present dominant position will be irresistible with an army of this size. Such action will not only be the end of democracy, but will endanger the relations of the United States with other countries whose nationals may suffer in the turmoil.

The American public has had a number of plain warnings in recent months that the military and naval machine we are pampering with unprecedented appropriations is prepared to do what is necessary to circumvent civilian control in the interest of what they believe to be a sufficiently aggressive foreign policy. Last year Admiral J. M. Reeves chose the day on which Japan abrogated the Washington Naval Treaty to announce naval maneuvers of a staggering magnitude in the Pacific. General MacArthur now makes his contribution to our foreign relations by this unauthorized move to militarize the Filipino people. It is high time for this nation to reassert in unmistakable terms that the responsibility for policy-making on matters of vital national concern belongs, under our Constitution, to the civilian arm of the government. The recall of General MacArthur would serve that purpose.



TVA: The New Deal's Best Asset

BY STUART CHASE

II. Broadening the Exchange Base

THE preceding article on the TVA described the Valley, and argued that the primary function of regional planning, under the conditions which face America today, is to drive an exchange base under local communities, so that each area may have goods or services to exchange with the world beyond its borders, and thus share in the abundant output of modern technology. Failing such a base, it must lapse into the primitive self-sufficiency of the pre-machine age. The Tennessee Valley has little in the way of manufacturing and less in the way of services to offer the world beyond its hills. Its exchange base must be primarily natural resources—foodstuffs, raw materials, water-power. What is the TVA doing specifically to increase these resources?

The Constitution of the United States knows nothing of regional planning, for the conception would have been fantastic in 1787, when a specialized exchange economy was still in the womb of time. The Supreme Court knows nothing of regional planning except in the negative sense that a watershed comprising portions of seven states is suspect in the light of the commerce clause, and probably unlawful. Congress has never heard of regional planning officially, and would be seriously confused as to the patronage involved, if it had. The President first had a definite idea as to the functions and scope of the TVA. He saw the watershed as a geographic and hydrologic unit; he wanted to make the people in that watershed more comfortable, and he wanted to set up a series of yardsticks to measure power facilities, rural electrification, flood control, erosion control, progressive agriculture; yardsticks hopefully to be applied in other regions and to make people more comfortable there. Many members of Congress undoubtedly shared these desires with the President, especially Senator Norris.

But under the American system one cannot go straight to one's desire. One must adopt a crab-like course which defers to established taboos and symbols. To control the watershed of the Tennessee in the interests of the people living within that watershed is legally an outrageous procedure, as Professor Arnold of the Yale Law School ironically suggests, and not to be tolerated by right-thinking citizens. But both navigation and flood control have sidled past the taboos in times gone by, and are now admitted as right and necessary functions even by the lawyers of the American Liberty League. Federal production and sale of power, however, was on the fence—until the United States Supreme Court settled it in the affirmative by eight votes to one.

The TVA act was framed with these taboos in mind. It provides for:

1. A maximum development of the Tennessee River for navigation.
2. A maximum amount of flood control.
3. A maximum generation of electric power consistent with flood and navigation control.
4. The investigation of a proper use of marginal lands.
5. Studies on a proper method of reforestation.
6. Recommendations for "the economic and social well-being of the people living in said river basin."

This last provision was perhaps too frank. It may yet prove the undoing of the whole experiment. It comes perilously close to stating what the act was really designed for. It is bad form and bad law to consider the social well-being of two million people scattered over seven states. Such frankness was not really necessary. All that needed to be stipulated in the act was navigation, and nature would do the rest, even including the welfare clause. Why? Because you cannot tinker with nine-foot channels from Paducah to Knoxville without tinkering with the whole flow of water down the basin, which involves the hydrologic cycle, which dominates and controls the ecology of the region, and thus lets in the whole program—animal, vegetable, human, and divine, if you please. Of course, you can dig a nine-foot channel at fabulous expense without considering any of the related factors, but the first spring flood will damage it, and silt rushing down from the eroded fields will complete the ruin. Various "navigable" channels have been so constructed in the past, but they have fallen under the general title of the Congressional pork barrel. There is no pork to be had in the TVA, as any member of Congress will sadly tell you, but instead rather a strict interpretation of a permanent nine-foot channel.

You may or may not respect men and their taboos, but you must respect the laws of nature. You put a nine-foot channel up to nature, and ask that it be made permanent. What does she stipulate? She first makes it very clear that what goes up must come down. Water is drawn to the clouds from the Atlantic and the Gulf and precipitated in rain and snow over the Valley, especially on the Eastern mountains. This water feeds plants and is transpired by them, runs into lakes and underground reservoirs for slow seepage seaward, and runs off on the surface through rivulets, creeks, and rivers. Ultimately it finds the sea, and the cycle repeats itself—so long as this planet endures. *The water will come down.* The people of Hartford, the people of Pittsburgh, the people of Johnstown have no illusions on this score.

Dependable navigation calls for flood control; flood control calls for dams and reservoirs; reservoirs must not fill with silt or their function vanishes; Hales Bar Dam in the big river is 33 per cent silted in twenty-three years.

Silt can be prevented only by the control of erosion on agricultural lands and little waters. Erosion control calls for cover crops, both forest and grass, and scientific methods in tillage and crop rotation; cover crops call for cheap fertilizer, otherwise they will not take root on the exhausted soils; cheap fertilizer, especially phosphate, which is the major requirement in the Valley, can best be made with the help of electric furnaces and cheap power. So the cycle returns on itself, a house-that-Jack-built. If you really mean navigation, all these things will be added unto you. Similarly if the national taboos frowned on navigation and smiled on fertilizer, let us say, the cycle would be almost identical. Nor does it stop here. Large reservoirs demand the removal of many houses, which calls for an intelligent resettlement program. Large reservoirs demand an extensive replanning of railways, highways, schools, and recreation areas. The forest cover which is to check erosion calls for permanent management and many jobs for fire patrollers and forest workers. Large reservoirs often produce trillions of mosquitoes—probably in these latitudes mosquitoes which spread malaria; malaria calls for a medical-engineering control as rigorous as the methods of Colonel Gorgas when the Panama Canal was built. Malaria is less lethal than yellow fever, but it is at least as hard to eradicate. Water control ties in with fish and wild-life preservation, with purification of streams polluted by city sewers and industrial wastes.

Such are nature's demands. In writing them down, I have automatically listed the functions of the TVA. To

the list may be added certain collateral functions which appear to fit the cycle logically enough: a labor program for the very extensive engineering operations involved, primarily dams and reservoirs; the conservation of the Valley's mineral resources, especially phosphate rock; the development of the hydroelectric power resources of the Valley as one integrated, low-cost system, and the discovery of ways and means, such as rural electrification, to put the power to useful employment. There are other functions which are somewhat more indirect, such as land classification, including aerial mapping, a program for the use of marginal lands, and the development of domestic industries to supplement agriculture and provide employment.

We start with navigation and end with a pretty comprehensive program of regional planning. We could start with flood control or with power and arrive at substantially the same program. As a matter of fact—and I trust the Supreme Court is safely asleep as I whisper it—navigation is probably the least important aspect of the cycle, from the point of view of the well-being of the people of the Valley. Army engineers anticipate a very substantial traffic by 1950—some eighteen million tons in fact—but it is safe to say that they have not anticipated all the technological developments which may occur in transport within the next fifteen years.

As one drives down the Valley, its appearance is probably not very much changed from ten years ago—with a



few exceptions shortly to be noted. This experiment which so agitates the nation is rather hard to find, unless one knows where to look. Ten years ago there was a great dam at Muscle Shoals, now called the Wilson Dam. It was equipped with generators for producing power and with two nitrate plants. These assets the TVA, a corporation outside any government department, took over. The generators were put to work and power was sold to various private companies and to a few towns. One of the nitrate plants was converted into a laboratory for experiments on a cheap phosphate fertilizer. Headquarters were established in Knoxville, three hundred miles from the original assets, and work begun on a dam in the Clinch River, a tributary of the Tennessee, twenty-five miles from Knoxville. To house the dam workers and part of the headquarters' staff, the town of Norris was built. The Norris Dam is now completed, generators are being installed and power will flow early in the summer. As the reservoir fills behind the dam, it will back upstream at least forty miles, and then the TVA will begin to make a very tangible impression on the landscape.

As skilled workers finish at Norris, they go down to work on the Wheeler Dam, some twenty miles above the Wilson Dam. Wheeler is almost finished, and presently its reservoir will fill. A dam at Pickwick Landing is well under way. Dams have been surveyed at Guntersville and Chickamauga. When their reservoirs are full, the Valley will have taken on a very different appearance indeed. Nor is this all. Dams are recommended for construction at Gilbertsville, Watts Bar, and Coulter Shoals on the main river, and two more tributary storage dams, like Norris, at Fontana and Fowler Bend.

Nine dams in the main river, including Hales Bar, built and leased by a private power company, and three in tributary rivers. With these twelve dams in place, the nine-foot channel running 650 miles from Knoxville to Paducah is assured and protected; no conceivable flood can seriously damage the Valley, for the plans are based on a flow of water 50 per cent greater than the historic flood of 1867. The power load will be integrated from dam to dam, so that the resources of those where the water is low will be supplemented by those where the water is high. Any power engineer can tell you what this means in dependability and low cost. Great transmission lines will link generator to generator. To take a specific instance: Wilson Dam is a run-of-the-river plant. Its reservoir does not provide much storage, and in the summer and fall, when the river is normally low, its power output is at a minimum. Norris Dam, on the other hand, is designed primarily for storing flood waters, and has a huge capacity. While Wilson is well supplied by the high river in the spring, the Norris gates will be closed; flood waters will fill the great reservoir. As Wilson declines, Norris comes in. The gates are opened. Power is generated once at the Norris turbines, and as the released water goes down the river, generated again at Wilson. Norris and Wilson together can generate three or four times as much dependable power as either could produce alone.

With nine run-of-the-river dams, it is conceivable that

every bucket of water released from Norris, or other tributary reservoirs, will be used ten times. Within a year from today every bucketful will be used three times, once at Norris, once at Wheeler, once at Wilson. This is the engineering ideal of balancing the load, and makes for cheap power. No private company can hope to rival such watershed control.

By the end of 1936 about \$85,000,000 will have been spent on six dams—Wheeler, Norris, Pickwick Landing, Guntersville, Chickamauga, and Fowler Bend. By the end of 1940 all six will be completed—Congress permitting—at a total cost of about \$185,000,000. By 1944 another \$144,000,000 can be expended to advantage in constructing four more dams to make the system complete—Gilbertsville, Watts Bar, Coulter Shoals, and Fontana. The total outlay is thus estimated at about a third of a billion—say the cost of half a dozen battleships. The work has been planned, furthermore, to keep the skilled labor force steadily employed for the next eight years, thus preserving the human balance as well as the hydrologic. Labor costs under such a long-swing program will of course be at a minimum, as any personnel manager can tell you.

All the dams will have locks for navigation where necessary. All will be wired for power, as it were, but generators will not be installed until demand warrants it. Wilson, Wheeler, and Norris are about to produce 205,000 kilowatts of continuous power. If and when the whole group comes in, the total will be raised to 660,000 kilowatts of continuous, dependable, year-round power.

So much for dams, the bony skeleton of the TVA. Now for the flesh and blood. Looking around the Valley, if your eyes are sharp, you will find the face of nature on the farms being slowly changed. Twenty enterprising farmers in each county are allowing experiments in the control of erosion to be made on their farms. Steep slopes are going out of corn and cotton and back to grass or forest. Tilled slopes are being terraced or contour-plowed. CCC boys are helping to plug gullies with little dams and thickets of black locust. Dr. H. A. Morgan's phosphates are bringing up green new grasses, presently to be grazed by livestock. A scientific plan of crop rotation is being followed.

Neighbors come and lean over the fences—first to scoff, then to be interested, finally to consider seriously a similar plan on their own farms. Already the farmers of the whole Valley are interested. (The wise methods by which their interest has been aroused will be discussed in the next article.) Thus in encouraging methods of agriculture primarily designed to keep reservoirs from filling with silt, one-crop farming is giving way to diversified farming—a bitter need of the South; farm diet is being improved and balanced with milk and vegetables; a way is being prepared to replace King Cotton, who is toppling from his throne. Twenty experimental farms in a county are not many. But the leaven spreads.

This brings us to the subject of fertilizer, which for all I know may prove more important than power in the long run—especially in its reverberations throughout the na-

tion. Dr. H. A. Morgan is the prophet of phosphates and his voice is that of Moses. One morning he seized me by the arm and pushed me into a car. We drove out to the University of Tennessee in the suburbs of Knoxville, and thence to a sloping field beyond, part of the great experimental farm of the university. It was raining softly and spring was in the air. Here in neat squares, perhaps twenty feet to a side, were twenty-seven green plots of winter wheat pushing through the red earth. Nine were control plots, fed with nitrate and potash but no phosphate. Nine had been fed with standard commercial phosphate; nine with the new low-cost phosphate developed in the electric furnaces at Muscle Shoals. The control plots were easy to recognize because they looked so thin and poor beside the bright green of the other eighteen. Could we distinguish standard phosphate plots from the new phosphate plots? We could not. Sometimes we guessed one, and sometimes the other.

This meant that the new phosphate nourished wheat as well as the old, although it could be produced by the government at a third or a quarter the cost. It is called calcium metaphosphate and runs some 63 per cent pure element. The old type of "superphosphate" runs only 16 per cent pure element. The great point was whether nature under actual field conditions would accept the new phosphate. In glass beakers in the laboratory the case appeared doubtful. But here was a conclusive answer in the springing wheat. Dr. Morgan was ablaze with excitement. He saw the land not only of the Valley but of the whole country drinking in this new material, coming back to health after generations of progressive leaching and starvation. Dr. Morgan can hardly speak of the soil of America without passion and tenderness. Its exploitation and waste have hurt him as if he watched a friend slowly bleeding. Today he saw his therapy beginning to staunch the wound. I looked over the curve of the hill where these plots lay to the Valley beyond, and up to the mountain on the horizon, and wondered if I were witness to one of the most important days in American history.

"Dams, yes," says Dr. H. A. (like all good American executives, the Big Shots are known by their initials), "dams are good. But if we could raise the underground water table of the Valley only six inches that would mean 26,000,000 acre-feet of water—four times as much as the Norris reservoir will hold. Nature would do the storing. One hundred pounds of sand holds 25 pounds of water; 100 pounds of clay holds 50 pounds; but 100 pounds of humus holds 200 pounds of water!"

Storage of this kind must be done by cover crops of forest and grass—especially grass; and cover crops require fertilizer—especially phosphates. Again the cycle swings round.

In the course of mining our soils, nitrogen and phosphorous have been heavily drained. Potash, the third major plant food, is still to be found in the so-called B horizon under the top soil. Its deficiency is less urgent than that of the other two. Nitrogen may always be had from the air—either by means of synthetic fertilizer made by the electric fixation process or by the more natural method of plowing into the soil crops like peas, beans,

and vetches, which fix nitrogen by their own root bacteria. From the long-range view there is no shortage here. Phosphorus, however, one of the elements contained in our bones, presents an alarming problem. Generation after generation of men and animals have eaten the phosphorus out of the soil, and the bones lie segregated in ten thousand graveyards. The packing houses return a small amount. The main source of supply is the deposit of fossilized bones and shells of prehistoric animals lying in the rocks. Such deposits occur in Tennessee, Florida, and the Rocky Mountains—most of them in the Rockies. According to Dr. Morgan, we need every pound to bring back our soils to par. Meanwhile phosphate rock is being mined and exported in large quantities, especially to Japan. This, in his opinion, is a national crime—like shipping foodstuffs for profit out of a hungry country. To get this phosphorus back into the soil of the United States involves a heavy transportation cost. That is why his process for making calcium metaphosphate is so important. In this form it can be shipped 63 per cent pure phosphorus and mixed later on the farm with the proper inert ingredients. The meta promises to cut 2,000 shipping pounds of plant food to 730 pounds, for an equivalent amount of nourishment.

I have before me as I write a piece of metaphosphate given me by Dr. Morgan. It is about the size of a marble, amber colored and translucent. One can only guess at what this crystal is some day to mean to American agriculture, the food supply, the preservation of the American homeland. Had there been no TVA I should never have held this crystal in my hand. The patents are held by the government, and the development will be non-profit government business—unless the Liberty League lawyers contrive to get hold of it and lock it up in their economy of judicial scarcity. Dams, yes. But perhaps here is something even more important.

I think I have said enough to show that the TVA is well on the way to drive a resource base under the people of the Valley. If its present activities are carried to their logical conclusion, the Valley will be free of floods, provided with cheap navigation, overflowing with cheap electric power. Its soils will be rebuilt, its forests and tree crops brought back and put on a permanent yield basis. Its agricultural pattern will be revolutionized—passing from a one-crop basis to a diversified basis, with vast areas of pasture lands to replace the deepening red gullies between the rows of corn and cotton. The new pattern is taking shape, with the cooperation and consent of the people of the Valley. The strategy of planning is based on that consent. A few more years of the same kind of progress, and the roots will have been driven so deep that not even the Republicans will dare to thrust this Valley back into progressive depletion and despair.

In the next and final article we shall examine the matter of planning by democratic consent, the specific techniques involved, and the kind of people who are carrying it forward.

[Mr. Chase's third article on the TVA will appear next week.]

The Methodists Retreat

BY PAUL HUTCHINSON

THE Methodists have wound up their quadrennial General Conference in a burst of self-congratulation. Heralded as a church gathering in which social reactionaries and liberals would collide head on, the six hundred delegates stayed in session for three weeks without allowing more than a few faint murmurs of disagreement to disturb the placid calm. "What was to have been a battle has proved to be a peace pact!" one delegate proclaimed in triumph. The big news in the Methodist church, its leaders insist, is that a session of this governing body has proved that no reasons exist within its ranks for conflict on social issues.

Such an interpretation of what happened at the Methodist conference is simply another illustration of the readiness of American Protestantism to fool itself concerning its relation to the gathering social crisis. The Methodists did, to be sure, dodge a fight on social issues. But they did so by the simple device of failing to propose any affirmative social measures and by leaving the social conservatives in virtual control of the denominational machinery. Such social liberals as the church contains were left free to agitate as they may desire in unofficial organizations outside the official stockade. But at those spots in the church's regular machinery where—according to certain groups of alarmed laymen—subversive social ideas have been fostered, dependable champions of the status quo were placed on guard. This is the basis on which in this period of social tension and economic insecurity the Methodists have found peace.

Because the Methodists have so often proved the bellwethers of the Protestant flock and have been on the whole the most responsive of the large denominations to progressive social ideas, the developments revealed by their recent conference must be granted a significance extending beyond the bounds of the denomination. Four years ago their awakening social concern led their General Conference to adopt a declaration that "the present social order is unchristian, unethical, and anti-social, because it is based largely on the profit motive, which is a direct appeal to selfishness. Selfishness is never morally right, never Christian, and eventually never benefits anybody." Faced by a social order under such condemnation, the Methodists declared it to be the business of the church to "stir the consciences of mankind to create a social way of life in which all men shall have opportunity to develop their capacities to the fullest possible extent," and they specified further that in fulfilling this duty the church "must clearly teach the fullest possible cooperative control and ownership of industry and of the natural resources upon which industry rests."

So spoke the Methodists in 1932. It was a year, it will be remembered when the bankers and the railway mag-

nates were trampling one another in their eagerness to secure handouts from Washington, and when there were few apologists who dared lift even a feeble voice for good old laissez faire. But this is 1936. Roosevelt is still ruining the country in the front pages of the metropolitan press, but back in the financial section things don't look so bad. In fact, they look pretty juicy. That magic word "boom" begins to be bandied about with increasing frequency. Even the *Saturday Evening Post* thought it necessary recently to deal with the puzzling question why business men don't quit courting apoplexy by cursing Roosevelt and take to dancing in the streets.

With this sort of thing going on, a considerable number of Methodist laymen have awakened to the socially subversive character of the resolution adopted by the Methodists during the depths of the depression condemning a profit-motivated society. A first sign of the change in attitude induced by a changing business climate came early last autumn when a small group of Midwestern laymen met in the Union League Club of Chicago and organized a "Conference of Methodist Laymen" with the object of getting their church back to its proper business of preaching the gospel. Later a similar group with a similar purpose was organized in Southern California, and later still in the New York metropolitan area, with Newark as its headquarters. From these groups came demands, given ample publicity in the Hearst and other reactionary newspapers, that Methodism clean its house of socialistic ideas and socialistically inclined denominational officers and ministers.

The principal targets against which these conservative laymen directed their fire were two. There has existed for years an unofficial organization of Methodist clergy and laity called the Methodist Federation for Social Service. Its president is the liberal Bishop Francis J. McConnell; its executive secretary the radical Professor Harry F. Ward, who, in addition to being a professor in Union Theological Seminary, New York, and titular head of the American Civil Liberties Union and the American League Against War and Fascism, is an ordained Methodist minister. As an unofficial organization, supported by the dues and contributions of individual members, the federation has confined its efforts largely to the dissemination of factual information bearing on social issues. Though it operates in this highly controversial field, the statements contained in its bulletins have seldom been questioned. The laymen, knowing that the denomination possessed no authority to suppress this voluntary and unofficial body, contented themselves with proposing that it be denied the use of the name "Methodist" in its title—this despite the fact that they had named their own voluntary and unofficial body the Conference of Methodist Laymen.

The other target was the young people's department of the denomination's Board of Education. Here was something official—a department which through thousands of Epworth Leagues and hundreds of summer camps and conferences was sending out a constant stream of educational material for use in discussion groups. All this material was frankly written to fit a program entitled "Christian Youth Building a New World." Its diagnosis of the present ills of society was drastic. Its proposals envisaged a planned society in which production should be for use and not for profit. Moreover, the particular staff secretaries responsible for indoctrinating young Methodists with social ideas of this sort made no attempt to disavow their own position as Socialists. The laymen wanted an end put to this poisoning of the minds of the young.

When the Methodists met in their General Conference—at Columbus, Ohio, on May 1—they discovered that the actual number of votes the conservative laymen could command was not large. However, the denominational leaders were disturbed by the thought of the damage which might be done by laymen refusing to furnish financial support. It takes money to run a denominational machine as ponderous as that of the Methodists. The list of colleges, secondary schools, hospitals, orphanages, and similar enterprises that look to the Methodists for endowment and current support occupies pages and pages in the denominational yearbook. Every missionary represents an investment of \$2,500 and the Methodists are proud that they have so many missionaries. During the Coolidge era large Methodist churches were built in many American cities; today in most cities one or more Methodist congregations are staggering under a fantastic debt load. It all comes to money—and the money has to come out of the layman's pocket!

The thing that happened at the Methodist General Conference, therefore, represented an attempt to keep from repudiating openly the advanced social positions which the denomination had taken in the past while making it clear to the conservative laymen that they need not worry about the future. Unofficial groups were assured the right to use the name of the denomination in their titles, but were warned against letting the impression get out that they spoke for the church. The usual resolutions on peace were adopted, but the denomination's peace commission was left without an appropriation, so that its efforts will not assume large proportions. When it came to the critical report on social and economic questions, a pronouncement was brought in which was avowedly so neutral, so much "on-the-one-hand-and-on-the-other," that its total meaning added up to zero. The denomination which in 1932 adopted the report I have already quoted managed this year to run away from the whole social issue by declaring, as the mover of the report succinctly put it, that "there is a wide divergence of opinion among us as to the meaning of a Christian society as well as to the means of its realization."

Then, to make the triumph of the conservative laymen complete, the Methodist bishops, who have the power of nominating the members of the boards of the denomina-

tion, dropped their own colleague, the liberal Bishop Edgar Blake of Detroit, from the presidency of the Board of Education and put in his place the arch-reactionary of their number, Bishop Adna Wright Leonard of Pittsburgh. With Bishop Leonard in the president's seat, the membership of the board was then made up to include a group of ministers and laymen who are expected to put a sudden end to the liberal teaching which has been going out from this board to young people's groups. Already the board secretaries tagged with the Socialist label have been asked to resign "quietly." By this act the bishops have not only assured the laymen that the denomination's attitude on social issues will be kept regular in the future, but they have clearly identified themselves as a final stronghold of the forces of social reaction within the denomination.

This, in the main, is what has happened to social liberalism in the Methodist church. Much the same thing seems likely to happen in other churches, depending, of course, on the radicalism of the pronouncements on social issues which those churches may have made during the days when their laymen were prostrate and inarticulate. A revealing, if minor, incident at the Methodist conference was the ovation given to the moderator of the Presbyterian church, Dr. Joseph A. Vance of Detroit, when he spoke of capitalism and warned against "killing the goose that has laid the golden eggs." The reason for the present wave of reaction is not hard to discover. Protestant churches are essentially middle-class clubs. As the middle class feels the effect of business recovery it becomes increasingly indifferent to and even opposed to proposals for change in the social order. For capitalism, when it works, is acceptable to the middle class. If the Roosevelt recovery continues, the Protestant layman of the middle class will again find himself fairly well off. As soon as he does, he will tell his pastor to let social questions alone.

The other side of this picture is of course the fact that the Roman Catholic church, which is essentially not a middle-class club, is becoming socially aroused as the Protestant churches become socially silent. The use which the National Catholic Welfare Conference is making of the two papal social encyclicals is in striking contrast to the readiness of the Methodists to admit that nobody knows what a Christian society would be or how to get it. If the Catholic church could escape from the influence of one or two reactionary cardinals—especially with reference to the child-labor issue—it would be well set to make a new and unprecedentedly successful appeal to the mass of the laboring population. For that part of our population has already discovered that capitalism has no recovery to offer which will carry its benefits down to the common worker. Wall Street and the business index may tell the middle class member that happy days are (almost) here again. But there are still twenty million Americans on relief, with slight prospect of getting off; the number of unemployed has apparently become stabilized at eleven million; and the basic economic rivalries which make for war are everywhere being accentuated. If the Protestant church has a contribution to make toward the Christianizing of our social order, it must act quickly.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

UNDOUBTEDLY the downfall of J. H. Thomas and his forced resignation from the British Cabinet will be hailed by many of his former associates in the Labor government and Labor Party as a piece of retributive justice. Like Ramsay MacDonald, Thomas was ready to enter the bogus National government and to break with almost all the associations of a long and active life in order to stay in the Cabinet. Not that that was their sole motive. MacDonald and Thomas and the other National Laborites doubtless convinced themselves that they were patriotic in the highest degree in striking hands with their life-time enemies, the Conservatives, in order to keep England on the gold standard and prevent other financial disorders. They were not abashed by the country's prompt departure from that monetary standard and have since continued to act as if the present government were something other than an ordinary Conservative undertaking. For certain temperaments retirement to private life after a long public service becomes so unthinkable as subconsciously to warrant any new political orientation.

As I have repeatedly pointed out, there is nothing which so quickly disintegrates certain types of character as office-holding and the wielding of great political and social power. The record of the MacDonald administration was a sad one even before the Great Apostasy. One minister after another yielded to the seductions of high office, to the lure of "society," to the blandishments, the flattery, of those naturally on the other side of the political fence. Snowden's acceptance of a title—attributed to his wife's social ambitions—the profound influence exerted by certain titled persons upon MacDonald himself, and the swollen self-esteem of some of the other ministers—these are known of all men. But Thomas seems to have yielded to the get-rich-quick madness as if he were a member of the Miami Rotary Club or one of our leading bank presidents in the pre-Roosevelt era. Whether he let the budget secret out or not, it is quite sufficient that he had accepted an advance of \$75,500—to buy his wife a house—on his unwritten memoirs, from a publisher who had never published anything but a racing sheet. He was either money mad or in financial distress—he followed the horses and bet steadily on all sorts of things. More than sufficient to drive him out of public life is the fact that he bet upon the chances of a fall election when he sat where he would have inside information. It would also seem a quite adequate reason for his resignation that he, a Cabinet minister, was a constant race-track gambler and that one of his close associates, who used his own son under a false name to place his bet at Lloyds on the coming of tax increases, was obviously not the type of man who

should have had the free run of Mr. Thomas's office. With such a pal sooner or later leakage of an important state secret was inevitable.

So the damage is final and complete and cannot be explained away. It is a triple tragedy. Thomas has not only betrayed himself; he has betrayed the Labor Party even though no longer a part of it. Finally, he has dealt a dreadful blow to the high repute of British ministers and official life in general. That has been something that England has had a right to be proud of. Its Cabinet members might be short-sighted and stupid and wholly class-conscious, but it has been felt, with reason as the records show, that they were above speculation or what could be termed conduct unbecoming a minister of the Crown. The cables are probably correct in reporting a universal sense of shame, and universal relief that the offender resigned so promptly. The Labor people feel especially aggrieved. For here is a man who rose from the ranks, who became a great figure within the party, who was bound to set an example not only for his party's sake but for that of his class—and now he winds up in disgrace.

It does not mitigate the shock to say that he was anything but a success as Minister for the Colonies. He was from the beginning a misfit there. The *Manchester Guardian* as usual tells the exact truth when it says that "he has no achievement to his credit except the exacerbation of feeling within the empire." His part in the recent Irish dispute was unworthy of the government he represented. Hence, for all his one-time popularity both here and in England, there can be no real grief over his retirement. The pity of it is that no Labor government hereafter can take office without the questions being asked whether it contains one or more J. H. Thomases to betray the cause and how many others in it will be taken in by Milady This and the Countess That and flattered to their destruction by the undersecretaries and permanent officials. The pitfalls are many, and they are carefully prepared for those who have come up to the top after lives of hard labor, privation, and penury. The new office-holders are carefully studied, like organisms under the microscope, with a view to finding out their weaknesses and exploiting them. Is it human nature to yield? Inevitable that among many a few may stumble? Yes, but when the cause of the masses is at stake, when a tremendous popular movement has just reached its fruition and has seized the opportunity to govern where there has been misgovernment before, then its chosen representatives are in duty and in honor sacredly bound not to yield to their weaknesses or to indulge their desires for sudden wealth and \$75,000 houses. For the evil that they do will live after them and the good be interréd with their bones.

BROUN'S PAGE

THE American Newspaper Guild took an important and an inevitable step at its third annual convention in New York when by a vote of eighty-four to five it decided to apply for membership in the A. F. of L. as an international union. At the beginning of the guild movement the members were pretty generally opposed to asking for affiliation. There were always some who favored such a move, but they soon learned that it would be quite impossible to sweep the membership along by even the most eloquent and vigorous campaign of propaganda. I am aware that quite a different theory has been spread on the record. Marlen Pew of *Editor and Publisher* and several newspaper owners have paid me the distinct compliment of charging that I personally kidnapped and dragooned some four or five thousand newspapermen and left them on the doorstep of the organized labor movement. I honestly wish it were true, because any such achievement on my part would be enormously good for my inferiority complex.

Unfortunately it has no basis in truth. I don't need to be too humble. I am proud of the fact that when organized newspapermen made their first articulate demands I did make a short speech in which I said that if we could not get those things we needed through the NRA and through a guild type of organization, we would seek them through the power of trade unionism. But at that time it was no more than a good guess. I based my prophecy on the distinct feeling that the newspaper publishers would not meet us halfway, one-third of the way, or even one-hundredth of the way. If any decorations are to be conferred upon the individuals who brought reporters into a consciousness of their part in the labor movement, those decorations must all go to the publishers.

The first contact between organized newspapermen and newspaper owners took the form of a cocktail party which the guild gave at the Hotel Astor for the publishers of New York. I was on an assignment in Washington and missed most of the party, but I am told that, between rounds, it was a sort of round-table discussion of the rights and privileges of reporters. Somebody mentioned the fact that newspapermen are grossly underpaid. All the publishers nodded a grave assent. Another guildsman mentioned the fact that jobs are insecure and argued that American reporters ought to have severance notices approaching those which obtain in Europe. Again there was complete agreement in principle.

Much encouraged, we set about to get from the newspaper publishers of New York an agreement which would include a few mild concessions. But the response to our first letter was neither friendly nor hostile. There just wasn't any response. After an interval of more than three years I timidly offered another olive branch only a few weeks ago. The American Newspaper Publishers' Association was meeting in New York, and as the president of the

guild I sent a polite telegram to its executive (if memory serves me right a man from Syracuse named Barnum) in which I suggested that a good many misapprehensions as to guild policies and guild objectives might be cleared up if I could get permission to appear before the convention to give frank answers to any questions which they cared to ask. I said that I knew their time was limited and I had no desire to make a speech. Mr. Baumgart of Utica made no answer. When the guild convention met in New York recently a public invitation was extended to any publisher to appear and answer questions about the policies of his organization in order to clear up any misapprehensions among guild members as to the policies and objectives of the publishers' union. But again there was no answer.

Mr. Hearst's attitude of complete isolation from contacts with organized newspapermen has certainly helped the growth of the trade-union movement. Roy Howard's decision to break off negotiations with the *World-Telegram* unit and post his concessions on the bulletin board rather than through any sort of agreement speeded up the drift toward the A. F. of L. So did the lockouts carried on by various publishers in Staten Island, Newark, Jamaica, Harlem, and Lorain. But the man who most of all deserves to be decorated for bringing the American Newspaper Guild to the doorstep of the A. F. of L. is Marlen Pew of *Editor and Publisher*. The bitterness and unfairness of his editorial comment made converts every day.

In the beginning Mr. Pew professed to be very much in favor of newspaper organization, but when the Associated Press fired Morris Watson, *Editor and Publisher* commended the wire service for its action and said boldly and bluntly that every editor should fire every reporter who joined any sort of organization for collective bargaining. Mr. Pew has professed to be the bitter foe of Hearst, but his editorials have all been passionately against the guild strike in Milwaukee. The overwhelming vote for A. F. of L. affiliation at the last guild convention was the result of no leader's propaganda. No speech or article had anything to do with it. As a matter of fact the *Guild Reporter* was under instructions for a considerable period to carry no editorials in favor of affiliation. The decision of the membership was made in the manner in which all important decisions should be made. The members in units throughout the country decided that they wanted to get into the American Federation of Labor because there was no other way. The publishers had convinced them of the necessity and not by words but by deeds. When a man gets fired from a job for guild activity he does not need to hear a speech or read an editorial. He realizes that what he needs is a larger and a more powerful organization. He has learned out of experience. The publishers have furnished the experience, and we will furnish them the militant union. Van Bibber regrets that he will be unable to lunch today.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

JUSTICE HOLMES: FLOWERING AND DEFEAT

BY MAX LERNER

THIS is a sad essay, for much of my reading recently has been in the opinions of the Supreme Court, and their narrow unyielding quality has sent my mind back to the towering figure by the side of whom Chief Justice Hughes seems merely a politician and Justice Sutherland a school-marm. The triumph of the present Supreme Court majority is in a real sense a triumph over Justice Holmes and the memory of Justice Holmes. In the same sense it is a triumph of legalism and business enterprise over literature and the philosophic mind. As I have watched the Supreme Court majority during the past fifteen months riding roughshod over every principle of humanism and tolerance that Holmes ever stood for, my mind has turned back with increasing frequency to Holmes himself—to his decisions and his speeches and his letters, all fit to stand with the great writing of America and its noblest thinking. I have turned back in quest of the roots of his flowering and defeat.

What emerges most clearly as one reads Holmes and reads about him is that here was a whole man. His genius—and it *was* genius—did not proceed from eccentricity, nor did it proceed from revolt. It was not the schizoid genius of a Poe, nor the tight austerity turned into flame of an Emerson, nor the truncated genius of a Melville. There was a wholeness about Holmes which could come only from the flowering of the sole aristocracy America has ever had—the New England intellectual aristocracy.

The picture that we have of Holmes as he grew into maturity is the picture of a young New England intellectual aristocrat, with literary and philosophical tastes, careening to success in his chosen profession of the law. He had chosen the law deliberately as a pathway to expression and not because some inner need or some cruel urge and pressure of the time dictated that career and that alone. He had a hunger for greatness or distinction of some sort and a hunger for adventure. He got his chance at the second during the Civil War, in which he was wounded three times and distinguished himself for bravery. When he came back from war he was ready to plunge just as intensely into the battles of peace, if only he could get an adversary formidable enough. That may be, indeed, why he chose law: simply because to fashion something great and enduring out of such barren and unyielding material one would need to have a firm sculptor's hand, and ample heat of the brain with which to govern the chisel. "In our youths," he afterwards said, "our hearts were touched with fire. It was given to us to learn at the outset that life is a profound and passionate thing." It was this conviction that enabled him to master the technicalities of legal study, read his fill of the English Yearbooks, get out his edition

of Kent's "Commentaries" and his book on the "Common Law." But even as a young lawyer he was still absorbingly interested in philosophy. In an office on Beacon Street, with the shades drawn, the gas-light flaring, a whiskey bottle on the table, and Holmes's tall frame leaning against the mantel, he and William James would spend the evening in talk, "twisting the tail of the cosmos."

He seemed to have all the gifts the gods could offer: family, wit, elegance, grace, a profound belief in life, a quiet self-assurance, a deep sense of security. He was of the leisure class, he lived and talked in the grand manner, with just enough hint of the casual, the profane, and the shocking to make it clear that the grand manner was something he adopted deliberately while he viewed it objectively. His success was like an irresistible force. He taught at Harvard College; got the first professorship of law for which there was an opening; and, barely launched on legal teaching, was elevated to the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. No wonder that later he was able to touch the hearts of all young men with fire. For what he did for them was to take a profession that was rapidly becoming too commercialized and sordid even for the strong stomachs of American youth and invest it with nobility, grandeur, daring.

Holmes came to the bench already equipped with a philosophy which he had compounded somehow out of Plato, Emerson, and William James and out of his own already fabulous experience. It was not a self-contained philosophic system in which the ends always met. More often than not he brought to the writing of one of his opinions merely a series of sharp insights and sharper phrases, which he would proceed to lick into shape and give an organic structure mainly by his unflagging vitality. His thought flowed from an insistence that any fact had to validate itself before it could disturb his desire to let past experience stand. "All that I mean by truth is what I can't help thinking. . . . But I have learned to surmise that my *can't helps* are not necessarily cosmic."

But he had not rid himself of the influence of Plato, or of Plato in Emerson. Try as he would to wash his thought in the cynical acid of pragmatism, he still lived considerably in the realm of essences. There was always a straining for the universal, a restlessness until he had shown "the relation of his fact to the framework of the universe." Although he was called a sociological jurist, the values and experience he cared most about were of invariance rather than change. He had his eye peeled always for the curious uniformity with which the human animal behaves, whatever the century: he sought identities, whereas his colleague Brandeis always sought mutations.

His equipment in the lore of human uniformity was profound; his equipment in the sciences of social change was negligible. He gave lip-service to economics, and said that the man of the future in law was not the black-letter man but the economist; yet his own economics was fragmentary and almost archaic.

But beyond philosophy or economics, Holmes was ridden by two myths: that of the soldier and that of the gambler. Life was a campaign, requiring heroic and disciplined individual qualities. Life was a throw of the dice, but the stakes were worth the risks. Both myths, it will be seen, are of the leisure class. His memory of the war made his approach to life that of the good soldier; his philosophy was an aleatory philosophy—the gods playing at dice with human destinies; his theory of law was that it was merely “the rules of the game.” With this framework it was amazing how successful Holmes was in handling the problems of a complicated industrial world. On the Massachusetts bench his tough and skeptical conservatism allowed the existing legal rule—embodying all the changes and chances of the past—to stand unless the new doctrine forced its way in. On the United States Supreme Court he turned his skepticism toward the process of judicial interpretation itself, and would allow the action of the legislature—embodying men’s experience and the risks they were willing to take in learning how to govern themselves—to stand unless it seemed entirely unreasonable. What had seemed conservatism at first now seemed radicalism.

But Holmes was no radical. He was against any “tinkering with the institution of property.” “The notion that with socialized property we should have women free and a piano for everybody seems to me an empty humbug.” After rendering an opinion favorable to some strikers he went on very sedulously to disclaim having any illusions that strikes were economically valid. He saw them merely as “a lawful instrument in the universal struggle for life.” In fact, his whole conception seems at times an aristocratic refinement on Darwinism. He believed in the law of the economic jungle, but he wanted to see the beasts behave like gentlemen and observe the rules of the game. He was able to come out in protection of trade unionism on the ground that it gave the employees “equality of bargaining power”—that is, a good gambling chance. But to apply an individualistic approach or a philosophy of risk and gamble to American business was a thankless task. Business was more adept at that than was anything dreamed of in Holmes’s philosophy: it had Holmes licked even before the word go. Given monopoly conditions, law could not be regarded with Olympian calm. To view thus the position of the worker as against the large corporation, or the small business man as against the holding company, was at best a bitter sort of irony.

Like Henry Adams, Holmes was the flowering of an aristocracy that felt itself bewildered under the impact of the new industrialism. But while Adams analyzed with a poignant awareness the sources of his defeat, Holmes gallantly and robustly proclaimed that one could still live in a world like this. Even aristocrats could. The function of the aristocrat was to maintain the great traditions while the forces loose in an industrial world battled it out to a

conclusion. But Holmes is dead, and his influence lingers only with a few dissenters, protesting in a diminuendo. The prevailing tone of style and thought in the Supreme Court decisions is now set by Justice McReynolds and Justice Sutherland. But while Holmes’s defeat shows that the preindustrial aristocratic tradition cannot grapple with the problems of finance capitalism, he will always be proof that the tradition could generate a superb personality and a great style.

BOOKS

Tradition for Tradition’s Sake

REACTIONARY ESSAYS ON POETRY AND IDEAS. By Allen Tate. Charles Scribner’s Sons. \$2.50.

EVEN in his title Mr. Tate is the hard-pressing dialectician; for reaction, it is explained later, is actually the most radical of programs, since “it aims at cutting away the overgrowth and getting back to the roots.” What we are accustomed to call radicalism is simply a modified version of a heresy that has been with us for a long time, a mere “rearranging of the foliage.” Such boldness of paradox is characteristic of Mr. Tate’s method throughout, a method of unrelenting definition and redefinition which makes for criticism that is at once stimulating and exhausting. For it is one of the tacit assumptions of this criticism that the critic must never permit himself to become emotional, even when he is dealing with emotional subjects, and the reader must respond by pretending to remove any such suspicion from his mind. He must meet the critic on his own plane of dialectic logic, however difficult that may be, and in Mr. Tate’s case it is very difficult indeed. To some readers the effort may seem greater than the rewards; but for those who feel that no effort is too great, no mass of intellectual overgrowth too tangled to break through, in the search for some light on our problems, Mr. Tate’s book will offer plenty of rewards of every kind.

The largest single idea to be extracted from it is the conviction—which Mr. Tate rightly admits is not, beyond a certain point, demonstrable—that experience is something which must be grasped as a whole. Apparently Mr. Tate has been led to this conclusion through his study of literature, for the volume opens with a half-dozen papers on specific literary figures and topics, each devoted to one or another aspect of the general view, and pointing toward the long theoretical essay entitled *Three Types of Poetry*. For Mr. Tate, poetry, the right sort of poetry, is neither propaganda, which he calls allegory, nor romantic self-expression, which he calls “the poetry of the will,” but a vision of the whole—a creation of “the totality of experience in its quality.” Its ultimate function is to provide “a focus of repose for the will-driven intellect that constantly shakes the equilibrium of persons and societies with its unrelieved imposition of partial formulas upon the world.” From literature as something complex and imponderable, and therefore only to be apprehended in its entirety, Mr. Tate is naturally led to an inspection of that other important vehicle of qualitative experience, religion. In Humanism and Religion dialectic is reduced to its barest in an attack on what is described as the anti-naturalistic naturalism of Paul Elmer More and his school: Mr. Tate defends the “whole view” of religion

against the partial formula of the humanists in the name not of any particular religion but of an undefined religious point of view.

The important long essay *Religion and the Old South* is a deeper and more elaborate statement of the same point of view. In this essay we are presented with the not too happy analogy of the horse—the whole horse of religion in contradistinction to both the half-horse of science and the half-horse of romantic mysticism. We are made aware of the futility of pure Quantity and of the vacuity of pure Quality by an illustration of the manner in which both are compounded in actual reality. Also in this essay Mr. Tate presses on to the more direct and immediate application of his doctrine. If literature led him to religion, religion now leads him to politics, or at least geography. For we are asked to examine the present status and future possibilities of religion in one particular area of the earth's surface. On the whole, Mr. Tate is discouraging about the state of religious health in the South, and skeptical about its future; the trouble with the South is that it has always been without an adequate system of religious dogma. But while it has had a weak religion it has had a very strong tradition. And for Mr. Tate, at least in this essay, tradition comes to be pretty nearly as good a thing as religion. Like religion, from which it becomes separated in his analysis, it offers a concrete way of dealing with concrete things. The only question is whether there is enough of it left to enlist support for its restoration. This, Mr. Tate decides in a passage that will be seized on by certain of his opponents, would lead to action, that is, to politics.

No such résumé as this can possibly do justice to the whole of Mr. Tate's book—which is perhaps another way of saying that criticism, when it is on as high a plane as this, is of the same qualitative essence as literature: it is incapable of being abstracted into anything but itself. No summary can indicate the quality of intensity, for example, which animates every line of its prose. Emotion in this critic is not a superficial property of style, betrayed in rhythm and language, but something inherent in the mental process itself, as it should be in good criticism. Nor is it possible to point out the many special insights and observations, especially those having to do with the poetic art, which are the incidental by-products of the argument. The total value of this criticism is not measurable by the extent of one's agreement with its assumptions and implications.

For it will be necessary to note briefly what seems to be a contradiction between the idea of tradition, which must be "automatically operative" in order to be valid, and the main implication of the book, that tradition can and must be defended through political action. Does this not require that tradition itself be reduced to one of those hateful abstractions by which "the qualitative view of experience" is robbed of its true value and function? Does not the defense tradition become another mischievous expression of "the will-driven intellect"? The final objection to Mr. Tate's position turns out to be the very one that he raised against the humanists: "Mr. More's doctrine is morality for morality's sake, and if art for art's sake has always been an outrage upon reason, his position is no less so." By divorcing tradition from religion or any other body of objective values, as he seems to be doing, Mr. Tate is actually perpetrating the same sort of outrage upon reason. He is asking us to believe that tradition is capable of lifting itself by its own boot-straps, which is tradition for tradition's sake. And this doctrine, like any other sufficiently indifferent to the historical relationship between values and experience, can become, in the wrong hands, a very mischievous doctrine indeed.

WILLIAM TROY

The Range of Engels

FRIEDRICH ENGELS. By Gustav Mayer. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.50.

THIS is the first full biography to be devoted to Engels, and it is by the foremost living authority upon its subject. For over a generation Professor Mayer has devoted his energies to the history of socialism, and the two-volume work he devoted to Engels last year will long remain the essential discussion of its theme. In the present book he has aimed, above all, at a portrait of Engels the man, and the result is wholly admirable. Engels emerges from the shadow of Marx as a full and significant human being. Learned, creative, generous, warm-hearted, even gay, it is not difficult to feel in him the qualities of a great man. Even without Marx, he would have been a thinker of distinctive importance. The union of their dual insight led to the most distinguished partnership in the history of social thought.

In the portrait painted by Professor Mayer, what is above all arresting is the range of Engels's mind. Philosophy, natural science, history—he is aware of the central movement of ideas in all of these. He can write brilliantly upon military questions. He is, as his articles in half a score of journals make evident, able to comment with pungency and insight upon the passing affairs of the day. His vision extends from California to Russia; he is able to see the significance of the gold discoveries in the one as he penetrates the significance of the abolition of serfdom in the other. No doubt he has some of Marx's own defects. He suffered from excessive optimism; though he saw the large shape of the revolution he helped to make, he was always premature in predicting its advent. He was harsh to those who differed from him, and, like Marx, he was never really just to Lassalle. Like Marx, also, he did not suffer fools over-gladly, and where he disagreed he did not avoid the temptation to condemn. Unlike Marx, he seems wholly free from vanity, though it is not improbable that this difference is partly to be explained by his own more comfortable circumstances. Those who attack Marx on this score must ceaselessly remember the tragedy of a man of genius almost the whole of whose life is passed in a bitter struggle with a gnawing poverty which results from his own supreme integrity.

The attractiveness of Engels as a man is evident on every page of Professor Mayer's book. His loyalty and devotion have rightly become proverbial. His courage is only less remarkable; and his own integrity has never been called into question. In the forty years of his friendship with Marx there is only one clouded moment, and this due to no lack of faith in Engels himself. Again and again his insight into the major events of his time is amazing—on America, Ireland, Russia, on British trade unionism he saw horizons the significance of which we are only just beginning to discern. Forty years after his death the quality of his written work—not least his letters—seems even more enduring than in his own lifetime. And when it is remembered that for practically a generation he was a slave to a business he hated from a sense of obligation to the movement he served, it is impossible not to salute as noble a man as there has been in the history of the socialist movement.

Professor Mayer has done his work with exactly the balance the ordinary reader requires. The scholar, perhaps, would like a little more detail on minor points. Was, for instance, his "Conditions of the Working Class" inspired by Buret? Or was it independently conceived? Did he ever fully understand the trade unionism with which he was so impatient? What is the meaning of the preface he wrote to the final edition of the

Communist Manifesto? These, and other questions like them, would perhaps have justified a discussion Professor Mayer does not undertake. But what is here is, clearly enough, as lifelike and accurate a portrait as we are likely to have. No living scholar other than Professor Mayer could have written it with the same easy mastery of the complicated materials. It is an indispensable book to anyone who wishes to know the detailed history of Marxian socialism. HAROLD J. LASKI

"Dream's Enterprise"

POEMS, 1919-1934. Walter de la Mare. Henry Holt and Company. \$2.50.

WALTER DE LA MARE in his introduction to Rupert Brooke's poems took occasion to remark that "visionaries are those whose eyes are fixed on the distance, on the beginning and the end rather than on the incidental excitement of life's journey." He went on to declare that "such poets have to learn to substantiate their imaginings, to base their fantastic palaces on terra firma." It was De la Mare's misfortune, however, to become a poet at a time when the world discouraged a visionary. Yeats alone of this period had built, out of Irish mythology, a realm of the imagination into which he could retreat and with which he could compare the world of reality. De la Mare's has been the world of childhood rather than the world of heroic myth, a realm both ephemeral and intangible, the world of childhood as it is remembered by the adult. This poet, born evidently a very dreamy and sensitive child, became in later years a statistician, and passed eighteen years of his life in the Anglo-American Oil Company. In consequence, his work, like Lamb's, whose career so greatly resembles his own, reflects a characteristic escape into whimsicality and nostalgia for the lost, even while it lacks Lamb's bitterness and wit. There is a continuous longing for childhood's remembered intensity together with an adult's recognition that these early experiences can be recaptured only briefly, and then projected as through a glass, darkly.

De la Mare is, to be sure, concerned only with beginnings and with ends, and not with the incidental excitement of life's journey. His earlier poetry reflects most often the child's quick sensitivity, while his later poetry dwells continuously on the end of life, on the release, the peace of death—of death in no conventional guise, but as a return to a childhood awareness. Nor does De la Mare forget that the visionary must base his "palaces on terra firma." But his terra firma is most likely to be the child's picture of reality. Note the beginning of his very fine poem describing the escape from life—The Last Coachload:

Crashed through the woods that lumbering Coach. The dust
Of flinted roads bepowdering fellow and hood,
Its gay paint cracked, its axles red with rust,
It lunged, lurched, toppled through a solitude

Of whispering boughs, and feathery, nid-nod grass.
Plodded the fetlocked horses. Glum and mum
Its ancient Coachman reeked not where he was
Nor into what strange haunt his wheels were come.

The poem continues then, from an account of the actual journey to a description of the escape into the infinite release.

All Journeying done. Rest now from lash and spur—
Laughing and weeping, shoulder and elbow—'t would seem
The Coach capacious all Infinity were.
And these the fabulous figments of dream

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Mad for escape; frenzied each breathless mote,
Lest rouse the Old Enemy from his death-still swoon,
Lest crack that whip again—they fly, they float,
Scamper, breathe—"Paradise!" abscond, are gone . . .

There have, of course, been other visionary poets, other poets who dreamed toward escape. Poe, for example, courted the weird through images intellectually contrived to enhance the strangeness of his verse music. Shelley, because often the world was too much for him, disembodied in imagery all he pictured, made reality into spirit, himself into spirit. Blake, a visionary of the Old Testament variety, born of wrath, threw against the reality which he abhorred his own early Christian conceptions of right and wrong. Coleridge escaped into the supernatural, drawing his imagery mostly from curious books and embodying these concepts in dream images.

Indeed, every visionary poet projects in his poetry the realm most akin to his spirit. Old mythologies, old or new philosophies have sometimes given a poet his symbols of truth. But De la Mare was born into a scientific world. For him, certainly, childhood held the only beauty, and this was an intangible thing, an awareness, an exploration only. When he had to recognize adulthood, he knew it as a kind of purgatory through which one must pass in order to escape again into newness, into a new sense of eternal freshness—for so he pictures death. All his symbols and his images are really those which give an abrupt, brief, growing awareness, such as the child fathoms. Adult life for him is a "wild banishment." But he never presents in poetry a dull anguish or a heavy despair, only a groping, evanescent hunger. His images are delicate, silvery, and fluttering; his music is variable and flute-like. In a world of dawns, dusks, and moonlights, of small sounds, feathery touches, light whispers, he affirms the hope that one "may pierce through all earthly memory" and rediscover the shadowy, marvelous impressions of life's inner growing, of the beginning, or understand the mystery of its end, of the final release.

EDA LOU WALTON

Fallacies of Life Insurance

LIFE INSURANCE—A LEGALIZED RACKET. By Mort Gilbert and E. Albert Gilbert. Marlowe Publishing Company. \$2.50.

LIFE INSURANCE—A CRITICAL EXAMINATION. By Edward Berman. Harper and Brothers. \$2.

ABOUT the time the first American policy was written, Barry Cornwall had already defined life insurance as "the greatest humbug in Christendom." Only last winter in one of his humorous radio skits Fred Allen described it as "a contract a man signs agreeing to go through life poor so he can die rich." Today some 65,000,000 policy holders in America are invited backstage to see the players, the props, and the sets of this greatest financial drama of all times. Two provocative volumes now bid you to view that side of life insurance most of us seldom if ever see. Neither volume challenges the basic principle of insurance; indeed, no one can—successfully.

Both books, however, rightly and justifiably attack the administration of life insurance, and this on the most vulnerable flanks. The inordinately high premium rates, the misadmixture of insurance and savings in the hybrid endowment and limited-pay contracts, the industrial-insurance disgrace, the policy-loan racket, the agency system, the net-cost fable, the dividend humbug, come in for fair and proper criticism at the hands of challengers who do not pull their punches. Mort and E. Albert

Gilbert have captioned their book on life insurance "a legalized racket." Professor Edward Berman has described his volume as "a critical examination" of the subject. In the distinctions between these two captions lie all the differences in the manner, style, and vigor of their respective criticisms and their proposed remedies.

The Gilberts have defined their subject, to use their own words, as "a detailed exposition of the workings of life insurance, an analysis of the more popular kinds of policies, and a documented exposé of America's most respectable confidence game." What is more, they show just what the policy holder can do to get from under the heavy burdens of high-cost insurance. For this alone their volume deserves wide attention. They show how to retrieve the cash values in the insurance contract without reduction of the insurance estate; how to make the insurance company carry the entire load of protection for which it is being adequately compensated; how to cancel the policy loans with profit to the estate. In their advice they make out a strong case for switching to the so-called renewable term contract, which "at age thirty-five costs less than half as much as ordinary life, one-third as much as twenty-payment life, and one-fifth as much as twenty-year endowment." Now many policy holders, because of impaired health, cannot effect a switch or a "twist," to use the term employed by the companies for the practice that is usually good for the policy holder but not so happy for the company. This class of insured also may find sound counsel between the covers of the Gilbert manual.

For those who are not impaired the renewable term policy is an inexpensive way of providing protection. The Gilberts remind the insured that whether he pays \$10 per thousand or \$50, upon death the beneficiary receives only \$1,000. What is worse, they show that in the latter case the beneficiary gets nothing from the cash accumulations within the policy, in spite of the many misleading claims of the companies that insurance is an investment or that insurance is "better than a government bond"—as was once extravagantly claimed by the venerable William Alexander, the present \$40,000-a-year secretary of the Equitable Life Assurance Society. When they arraign insurance on charges of high net costs the Gilberts are on firm ground too, but experience seems to justify Mr. Epstein's cynicism when he says of the authors in his introduction to the Gilbert volume: "Their advice to policy holders to organize, it seems to me, will prove least fruitful of results."

Professor Berman's book makes out a strong case for savings-bank life insurance, which has been in successful operation in Massachusetts for a generation, thanks to the pioneering labors of the Honorable Louis D. Brandeis, associate justice of the Supreme Court, and the earlier foresight of Elizur Wright. This form of insurance operates under state supervision, but is privately run by the mutual savings banks of the state. The system is not, as is sometimes supposed, operated by the commonwealth with the taxpayers' money.

In examining the fifteen largest life companies, this volume shows how much cheaper savings-bank life-insurance rates are; how much more favorable is the expense ratio of the savings-bank system; how much better their investment experience than that of the insurance companies; how much better the lapse and surrender ratios of the system; in short, why all other states in the union should establish similar systems which do not employ agents or any of the other high-cost selling and administrative instrumentalities that are the insurance world of today. Professor Berman stands his ground best when he discusses our great national disgrace, which shackles the lives of some 40,000,000 individuals. "We believe," he says, "that the wage-earning class itself would be greatly benefited if no

company were permitted to sell insurance policies of the kind sold to wage-earners today by the industrial-insurance companies operating in the United States." An unfortunate use of figures on page 151, however, makes Professor Berman's critical volume vulnerable at the hands of insurance companies, who are prone to seize every typographical error as evidence to prove the incompetency of criticism justly leveled.

It is to be regretted that both the Gilberts and Professor Berman failed to show how the federal government, with its new series of United States savings bonds, issued in small denominations, now makes it possible for the insured to save with virtual safety alongside his term-insurance policy. The individual policy holder will probably benefit more from reading the Gilbert treatise than from the Berman book, but both are worthy additions to the literature on that side of life insurance which demands a square deal for the policy holder.

L. SETH SCHNITMAN

Dissenting Opinion

THE BEAUTIES AND FURIES. By Christina Stead. D. Appleton-Century Company. \$2.50.

MISS STEAD'S latest book has been widely praised. This in itself need not be a recommendation to an honest critic, but when a reviewer with the acumen and taste of Mr. Fadiman of the *New Yorker* writes that a book has "such streaming imagination, such tireless wit, such intellectual virtuosity" that its author is not only "the most extraordinary woman novelist produced by the English-speaking race since Virginia Woolf" but "a simon-pure genius," even the most cold-blooded reader must sit up and take notice. I started the book with eagerness, prejudiced in its favor in advance.

And having read it, I must sadly dissent. To me, Miss Stead is not a genius, nor is her book extraordinary or fine. It seems to be simply the story of a cold, leech-like, mindless middle-class wife, involved in an amour with a young student in Paris and returning at last to her incredibly long-forgiving husband, leaving the young man happily starting another affair. This little domestic triangle is adumbrated by literally hundreds of pages of gaseous conversation pretending to wit and erudition by the use of classical allusion and such words and phrases as "she calcined," "zentrum," "calentures," "infundibular prison," "quincunial gardens," "your heart . . . like a redolent ham in your breast."

If these are harsh words, here is a sample of Miss Stead's style:

She was in love. Only by imagining hyperbolic and hyperborean scenes of license, folly, and luxury, throngs of splendid women, sybaritic men, courts, staircases, frescoes, tapestries, plate, porcelain, jewels, wild-hued cheeks, eyes flashing with zodiacal light, spilled wines, lips smeared with sherbets, serpented arms, agate-nailed hands, small snowy feet, like doves, Medusan locks, and angelican skies and the scattered roses of blood and the ascending spirals of mystic purple, and the wild, white-browed, dark-locked faunish youth, and old age paunched or shriveled with white body-hair, lazily leering with dead-fish eyes, like almonds slit through their green and pasty rinds, and purple mouths ending in folds and ranges of lofty noses, whiter and snottier than the jutting Tyrol, and love, bestial and divine, to excess—only by these dreams could she forget her love, fever, and the insufficiency of men.

The like of this passage could be duplicated on fifty pages of Miss Stead's book. I confess that to me it is merely dull—not even, as perhaps she intended it to be, salacious.

Her characters are, with the single exception of the long-

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suffering husband mentioned above, without frankness, honor, loyalty, or passion. Her young lover is a chestnut-haired Don Juan with a "small, dark-red mouth"; her erring wife is slumbrous, dark-browed, but needs to "build up her bosom." Coromandel, daughter of an old antique dealer and a mad mother, "resembled closely a China pompadour bust, upon a small stele"—"no Dresden shepherdess ever bore a whiter, deeper, or more noble bosom, or a smaller head." But the *pièce de résistance* of the novel is the frustrated genius Marpurgo, who does most of the talking. Marpurgo is by birth an Italian, by law an Englishman, by temperament Parisian; he buys lace for a living, runs up extravagant expense accounts, interferes maliciously in the affairs of his neighbors, lies about everything, and talks. Curiously enough a sample of Marpurgo's conversation would sound a good deal like the passage about love quoted above. Miss Stead has diffuseness but no great variety.

Not her garrulous pretentiousness, not the lush commonplaceness of her images counts most heavily against Miss Stead. These merely make her tiresome. But her book has another more serious defect, which I believe definitely precludes its being considered a fine novel. It is without virtue, seriousness, morality, if you like. These talkers are lost souls, with no anchor, no port to put into, no course by which to steer. They pay allegiance to no idea, no person, no tradition. Nor is there, as in the case of Proust or Aldous Huxley, a seeming awareness of their futility in a world that is also lost. They are little over-dressed marionettes whirling around in a meaningless sea of words. As far as Miss Stead is concerned, Virginia Woolf is still without a peer.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

Mr. Prall's Aesthetic

AESTHETIC ANALYSIS. By D. W. Prall. Thomas Y. Crowell Company. \$2.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Prall's new book does not seem to record radical shifts in theoretical position or to explore essentially new ground, its appearance is an event for students of aesthetics. For no other book of the importance of his earlier "Aesthetic Judgment" has been written in this country, with the exception of Mr. Dewey's, since the publication in 1896 of "The Sense of Beauty." The contribution which this book makes consists in its deeper analysis of some aspects of the earlier theory. Restricting the term "aesthetic," as he did before, to the surfaces of experience, Mr. Prall first seeks to define more exhaustively and precisely the elements which make up these surfaces and the orders of which they are intrinsically capable, and then to explain how, through these, the artist expresses the feelings of those sections of his experience which interest him.

Searching as Mr. Prall's analysis is, it is not altogether free of difficulties, and of these, two seem of fundamental importance. The first springs from Mr. Prall's shifting use of the pivotal words "emotion" and "feeling," and from his assertion, sanctioned partly by his terminology, that art expresses feelings or emotions. It is only fair to state that Mr. Prall's presentation of this thesis is one of the very few with which the reviewer is acquainted which makes a serious effort to show exactly how art expresses emotion. But the very thoroughness of the analysis reveals the weakness of the thesis, and makes it clear to the careful reader that what can be meant is that objects on which aesthetic attention is focused consist of determinate objective characters, which language sometimes denotes by words used to denote emotions.

No one of course wishes to deny that objects give rise to bodily processes, and that these processes, if we become aware of them, are the emotions, which are defined not only by the character of the processes but also by the objects which arouse them. Nor is it denied that they always help partly to determine the character of the objects on which we are attending. What is denied is that the aesthetic object expresses emotions. It arouses emotion, but in inverse proportion to the degree of rapt attention we pay it. And only loyalty to a terminology convenient perhaps for criticism but radically inadequate for precise analysis will insist that this is what is meant by the expression of emotion. Though seemingly verbal to the superficial glance, the point is of extreme importance, since the thesis that art expresses emotions fails to point out that the emotion an aesthetic object arouses is a variable over which the artist has little or no control, and that what he does control is the objective characters he is interested in expressing.

The second difficulty consists of Mr. Prall's account of "aesthetic" apprehension. For him it consists of the apprehension of "the surface" of our world, but it excludes the apprehension of conceptual schemes, and hence it is not an intellectual activity. It includes, however, the apprehension of meanings present on the aesthetic surface attended to, since he holds, and rightly, that the apprehension of mere surface is never possible. This seems to involve a contradiction. And the manner in which Mr. Prall gradually and insensibly passes from his restricted use of the term aesthetic in the first and second chapters to the common, more extended use in the fifth confirms the reader's suspicion. And it suggests that what marks aesthetic quality is not that, being mere surface, it is immediately present to attention, but that it is capable of holding attention exclusively and centripetally, thus constituting a self-sufficient and autonomous universe, and the only one that exists during the aesthetic experience.

These observations are not at all meant to disparage the signal achievement of Mr. Prall's work. The high esteem in which he is held by all serious students of aesthetics is fully merited. For, however the aesthetic response may be defined and whatever the content of the aesthetic object may be considered to be, the task of isolating the elements of aesthetic surfaces and of defining the orders of which they are intrinsically capable is of primary importance, not only for theory, but for a sound criticism and an adequate enjoyment.

ELISEO VIVAS

RADIO

I LIKED Dr. John Erskine on the Kraft cheese hour, particularly when he played. Bing Crosby was a little less happy on the same program, or perhaps it would be more precise to say that he was too happy. Mr. Crosby was interviewing Dr. Erskine on the classics, and the dialogue seemed to be built upon the notion that here was a meeting of a crooner and a pedant, and that the guest star must be supported by Crosby's quips. Now as a matter of fact Dr. Erskine is an old hand at radio and possesses a dry and ready wit. He really stands in no need of such interruptions as "Now you're in my kitchen."

It is difficult for anybody to talk when he has to wait for the other fellow's laughs, and this is a common fault in radio. Too often the interviewer is strutting his own stuff and using the subject of the questions merely as a foil. Values have a curious

way of becoming mixed upon the air. John Erskine should not be used as a stooge for Bing Crosby.

In somewhat similar vein it seems to me that the Major Bowes hour would be far more interesting if it were not for Major Bowes. Of course I give the Major every credit as a sagacious entrepreneur. I just don't think he's much of an entertainer. As an organizer he ranks with the real industrial geniuses of America. Whether or not the amateur idea originated with him, it is still true that he grasped its manifold financial possibilities more completely than any rival. The set-up, in so far as it concerns Major Bowes, is one which would have aroused the envy of the elder Rockefeller. Never before has amateurism been made to yield such dividends.

To be sure, the word "amateur" is construed loosely, in the manner of our more successful college football teams, but these singers, dancers, and accordion players are recruited from the limbo of small time or the unknown. Few are very good, but none are terrible. Still, it is a surprisingly interesting program in spite of the over-lengthy introductions of the Major. In the beginning he proceeded on two sound psychological assumptions. The program was based upon the theory that the great American public is cruel and that it is sentimental. Apparently the Major, an extremely intuitive fellow, has decided that we are more sentimental than directly cruel. The gong which was a ration for our sadism has disappeared. The hour is now based on the familiar success story, "Local boy makes good."

"The wheel goes round and round," the Major exclaims every once and too often. He is correct in assuming that his entertainment caters to the gambling instinct in us all. The last soprano was not so very good, but the baritone who is about to sing—his name is Joe Doaks and he drove a taxi in Akron—may prove to be one of the sensational singers of all time. It doesn't happen but there is always that chance, and so we wait and listen to the bootblack from Lynn. Of the making of Miltons there is no end, and a benevolent gentleman who undertakes to bring out the mute and inglorious finds to his great surprise that he himself is the one to reach the rainbow and win the pot of gold.

HEYWOOD BROWN

FILMS

Further Documents

IN an unquiet corner of the Grand Central Palace last week could be seen and heard twice daily a documentary film produced by the Resettlement Administration. The occasion was the fourteenth annual Women's Exposition of Arts and Industries—an indoor fair which all but smothered this little work of art with vast, irrelevant waves of light and sound. In spite of everything, however, it was a work of art. Written and directed by Pare Lorentz, accompanied by music from the hand of Virgil Thomson, and declaring its practical purpose at every moment of its flight across the screen, "The Plow That Broke the Plains" was in some very pure fashion effective.

Its intention was to make as clear as possible the disaster which has overtaken the Great Plains from Dakota to Texas; what the government has been saying about dust storms in the newspapers was said here in thirty minutes of unforgettable pictures—first of the plains when grass grew on them and cowboys followed their herds beneath the sun, then of the first

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Speakers and Discussion Leaders include: Norman Thomas, Devere Allen, Upton Close, John T. Flynn, Lewis Corey, Jessie W. Hughan, Harry W. Laidler, Ludwig Lore, Scott Nearing, Joseph Schlossberg, Rose M. Stein, Robert Woolbert, Murray Baron, David P. Berenberg, Mary Fox, Evelyn Hughan, Joseph P. Lash, Siegfried Lipschitz, Benjamin C. Marsh and others.

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MASS MEETING

THE PRESENT SITUATION IN PALESTINE THE JEWS, THE ARABS, THE COMMUNISTS

Speakers: Rabbi Edward L. Israel; Goldie Meyerson, delegate Palestine Labor Federation; Hayim Greenberg, editor Jewish Frontier; Joseph Schlossberg, sec'y-treas., Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America.

THURSDAY EVENING—JUNE 11th

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plows that turned the grass roots under, then of the great machines that came in 1917 to win the war with wheat, then of the drought years when the soil began to blow, then of the years when it piled up in the manner of Sahara, and at last of the resettlement projects which may or may not succeed in undoing the human damage done. The natural damage to at least forty million acres can never be undone; the film shows that, whatever else it shows, and thus succeeds within its limits at the effect of tragedy which must have been the original aim. Those limits, as I tried to say two weeks ago, are inexorable, history being different from poetry, fact from fable. Yet "The Plow That Broke the Plains," even more simply than Mr. Ivens's "New Earth," proves what can be done with facts. Obviously the camera can give them all but perfect life. The degree to which it does this depends of course upon the initial curiosity which the spectator brings with him. If the spectator is not curious he will not be interested in the news with which he is presented, and he will prefer "The Plow" to "New Earth" only if he happens to care more about the new American desert than he does about the Zuyder Zee.

Another documentary film now showing in America may be assured of a wide and eager audience, since it offers for the first time in human history a glimpse into the lives of nuns, and it may be supposed that no one is indifferent to that. "Cloistered" (Fifty-fifth Street Playhouse) is a series of photographs taken by permission within the walls of the Convent of the Good Shepherd near Angers in France. It is entirely serious and terribly impressive. The inhabitants of the convent never look up as they go about their business of praying, walking in slow file, laboring with stone and leather, taking vows, and prostrating themselves sometimes with an absolute abandon before the image of their bridegroom. From the Mother Superior down to the newest novice, from the planters of trees and the breakers of coal down to those who sit in their robes at typewriters, they are oblivious to any conceivable intrusion, to any audience which may be staring at them as audiences stare in theaters. The effect is both stern and beautiful, and nowhere more so than in the numerous scenes which reveal lines or groups of sisters in their ghost-white hoods and robes. The attention of the audience is called on one occasion to the striking resemblance between five or six such figures and the stone effigies with which we are familiar on the friezes of cathedrals. The one picture faded into the other while an accompanying voice proclaimed the resemblance. Perhaps the voice was not necessary, and in a work of fiction it would of course be shocking. But this is merely another reminder that "Cloistered" is not fiction. It is fact, a stranger thing; though not a truer.

It is an absurd leap from here to "Show Boat" (Music Hall), but it is a merry one. Irene Dunne (to me, I must confess, quite irresistible), Charles Winninger, Helen Morgan, and Helen Westley (to me, I fear, too much of a stereotype after all these years of her growling and grimacing in character parts) carry the classic off with proper style; and Paul Robeson sings "Old Man River" even a little better than he ever sang it before. The setting is frankly artificial, and I am not sure that this is right. But neither am I sure that a genuine Mississippi River would have consorted with what we have to look at and listen to. The document might very well have dampened what otherwise remains after several years as crisp and bright as ever. Of "One Rainy Afternoon" (Rivoli) less can be expected, since it certainly is not a classic. But Hugh Herbert and Roland Young furnish enough first-rate comedy to make up for a great deal of pretty silliness by Francis Lederer and Ida Lupino.

MARK VAN DOREN

Joseph Wood Krutch says:

CALL IT A DAY. *Morosco Theater.* Gay and delightful comedy about what almost happened to an English family on the first dangerous day of spring.

IDIOT'S DELIGHT. *Shubert Theater.* Robert Sherwood manages somehow to make a smashing theatrical success out of an anti-war play. With the Lunts and many other entertaining trimmings.

DEAD END. *Belasco Theater.* A play about gangsters in the making on an East River waterfront. More a good show than a great drama, but a very good show indeed.

END OF SUMMER. *Guild Theater.* The wittiest of American playwrights sets a group of interesting people to talking about the world as we find it. Ina Claire and Osgood Perkins help make a very happy evening.

WINTERSET. *Martin Beck Theater.* Two weeks' summer run of Maxwell Anderson's critics' prize-winner. Bold, original, and engrossing.

VICTORIA REGINA. *Broadhurst Theater.* Delightful series of scenes from Laurence Housman's drama stunningly acted by Helen Hayes and others. Fairer to the matron queen than Strachey but funny nevertheless and charming besides.

BURY THE DEAD. *Ethel Barrymore Theater.* A play against war based on a conceit of originality and power. While uneven, it is incomparably the best of the left-wing dramas seen this year.

BOY MEETS GIRL. *Cort Theater.* Rough-and-ready satire on Hollywood, but probably the funniest thing of its kind since "Once in a Lifetime."

Mark Van Doren says:

WE ARE FROM KRONSTADT. *Amkino.* A film of the Potemkin school, dealing with the red marines of 1919. Intermittently very interesting.

IT'S LOVE AGAIN. *Gaumont British.* An English song-and-dance picture, remarkable for the silliness of its plot and the childish charm of its heroine, Jessie Matthews.

MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN. *Columbia.* Directed by Frank Capra, and even better than "It Happened One Night." Gary Cooper as the rustic and quixotic Mr. Deeds is not only charming but meaningful, and the whole film has human importance.

PEG OF OLD DRURY. *British and Dominion (Paramount).* An eighteenth-century costume piece with Sir Cedric Hardwicke as David Garrick and Anna Neagle as Peg Woffington. Delightfully unhistorical.

MODERN TIMES. *Charles Chaplin.* Charlie Chaplin returns to the screen disguised as his old self and fulfils every expectation. Should be seen by everyone—and heard, for he has sound effects.

THE GHOST GOES WEST. *Gaumont British.* René Clair's first film in English, with scenes in Scotland and the United States. Clever, satirical, and fanciful, but without the master touch.

DUBROVSKY. *Amkino.* As romantic as Pushkin, on whose unfinished novel it is based. Not wholly successful, but interesting as a variation on the orthodox Russian theme.

Letters to the Editors

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS AND THE CLOSED SHOP

[When The Nation asked Roy W. Howard to verify the authenticity of his telegrams to Rupert Hughes which were printed in our issue of May 27, Mr. Howard forwarded copies of a further exchange of telegrams between himself and Dudley Nichols. They appear below.]

Roy W. Howard
World-Telegram
New York, N. Y.

Note correspondence with Rupert Hughes today's *Variety* regarding amalgamation Screen Writers' Guild with Authors' League. If your principle of avowed fairness means anything believe you should invite comment on other side from Marc Connelly or Ernest Pascal. Your attitude against Newspaper Guild duplicates attitude here of producers' association against Screen Guild. Statements that employee organization would stifle free expression are as preposterous as statement that present employer organization encourages free expression among writers. Since when have Hollywood pictures as dominated utterly by employers made any free or bold or honest artistic comment on American life, which is their foremost duty? Since when have Hollywood producers made any vigorous fight against throttling censorship, which is the first enemy of free expression by writers? The Screen Writers' Guild stands for the fundamental principle of freer expression and better motion pictures, and the fact that it has been betrayed by a minority group, some of them honestly misguided and some treacherously inclined for their own advantage, should not prevent the Scripps-Howard papers from publicizing both sides of this controversy. I know you want to be fair.

DUDLEY NICHOLS

Los Angeles, Cal., May 12

Dudley Nichols
Los Angeles, Cal.

Thanks for your wire. *World-Telegram* today using story from *Variety* quoting Pascal that guild not seeking closed shop, etc. Have requested both Associated and United Press cover both sides controversy adequately, also glad have Connelly wire five hundred words collect

presenting anything vital uncovered by *Variety*. Meantime for your private information you in error regarding Scripps-Howard attitude toward Newspaper Guild. We completely sympathetic to principle of collective bargaining but oppose as unfair to public, writers, and publishers application of closed-shop trade-union tactics to journalism where no yardstick of competence exists as in mechanical departments and also because idea is incompatible with real freedom of editorial expression and reportorial objectivity. We are equally opposed to closed shop of owners or publishers.

ROY W. HOWARD

New York, May 13

AND FREEDOM FOR WRITERS, TOO

Dear Sirs: In all the years I've been reading *The Nation*, this is the first time it ever blew right up in my face—and just as I got to town.

In all the years I've been reading Heywood Broun, this is the first time he ever held me up to scorn and ridicule. And for a whole page in *The Nation*!

It was nice of him to get it all so wrong. His ignorance of the civil war among screen writers is apparently complete. This releases his humor from any shackles of fact. Rarely has the great liberal been so liberal with misstatements. He is probably only being whimsical when he says that I have set myself "to save the downtrodden film magnates of Hollywood," and "single-handed save Warner Brothers." But he appears to be serious when he calls me "the leader of the white-mouse faction," speaking from my "cubicle on the lot," and describes me as trying to curry favor with the picture producers—a "man running for his life."

But I was not running for my life or even my livelihood. Producers have never controlled my life or livelihood, and have never even tried to. I have never occupied a "cubicle on the lot." In all my life I have worked for the studios on a salary for only one period of four weeks two years ago, and another of six this year. In both cases I did all my work at home on my own hours. I have not worked at all on a lot for over ten years, and then only as a director of my own stories on a profit-sharing basis.

I am not technically a screen writer at all, though I have sold to the studios outright many published novels and short stories, and produced plays, also a few plots in "treatment" form. These have been handled by their own large staffs of screen writers on salary.

I was in no sense a "leader" of the recent revolt of certain screen writers against certain other screen writers. It was as a member of the council of the Authors' League, of which I am one of the six honorary vice-presidents, that I made my first personal revolt as soon as I understood what was contemplated in the amalgamation of all the guilds under a gigantic plan to organize and combine all writers in every field into one vast closed shop. I raised a small personal riot at a meeting of the League Council and said that I was horrified by the prospect of a life controlled by a soviet of writers controlled by a few Stalins. Also I predicted a civil war among writers. Quite independently in the Screen Writers' Guild a number of the leading screen writers had been opposing the amalgamation because it gave the Hollywood writers no autonomy and no control over their special local and technical conditions. The officers of the Screen Writers' Guild made concessions to these complaints, but these were not and have not been authorized by the other guilds, and so no bad faith can be charged against the screen writers who walked out in self-defense.

In fact, it was suddenly and astoundingly discovered that the Screen Writers' Guild had been all the while only a California corporation sailing under false colors. The officers themselves have decided since the secession to let that guild die, and they have urged the deluded members to join a new organization called the Screen Writers' Guild of the Authors' League—the very name the old guild wore and the very thing it had been supposed to be. It is all very complicated, and Mr. Broun hasn't an inkling of it for all his ink-slinging at it.

Thoroughly understanding the situation and thoroughly distrusting a certain dominating and domineering element in the Screen Writers' Guild, sixty or more of the most successful and independent screen writers had decided to pull out. The claim that they were intimidated or coerced by the producers could only be

made by one who knows neither these writers nor the other facts.

To call such independent men and women by Mr. Broun's term, "white mice," is sillier than it is vicious. To say that I "led" them completes the burlesque or Brounesque. I did join the group, but only after it was recruited and preliminarily organized. Were it not for the scenarios I wrote a dozen years ago for my own stories, I could not even qualify for admission. I honestly believe that what these people are doing is for the best interests of both the writers and the moving-picture industry.

I might mention that while I cannot compete with Mr. Broun in picketing or jail service, I have spent far more hours of hard toil for the organization and independence of writers than he ever has—not counting of course the time he has spent in writing and strutting his stuff in columns and pages at high prices. He does not mention the many years I spent in hard work as a founder of the Authors' League and the Dramatists' Guild and the Screen Writers' Guild, old and new. I spent many a long night as a member of the five-and-five committee of the NRA in open war with the producers. Incidentally, I was one of the committee of five dramatists which brought about the end of the Actors' Equity strike, in hot opposition to the managers.

I have never been afraid of managers, or producers, or publishers. I am not really frightened—much—when Mr. Broun goes Boo! and Grrrr! He does it so often—so always—and so well! I was not running for my life but for my freedom when I opposed the amalgamation of all authors. But I was completely terrified by the prospect of having my life run by other writers.

If the moving-picture producers—who are as jealous of one another as writers are—should have joined together against me and barred me from every studio, it would have made little difference in my income or activity. I should still have had the rest of the world of authorship open. But if that amalgamation had succeeded and I had offended the ruling writers, I could have been debarred from shooting off steam not only in the movies, but in magazines, newspapers, pamphlets, books, plays, the radio, television, everywhere. That was the grand plan. I could have been forced to earn my living by digging ditches or something. This might have been all for the good of literature and art; but oh, the difference to me!

And Mr. Broun ought not to bewail the collapse of the amalgamation, either.

He too has a way of getting in wrong with other writers. They do not all adore and follow him—if any do. They might have ganged up on him and forced him into—painting landscapes, for instance. That would have been all for the good of art; but oh, the difference to him!

He apparently believes what he seems to preach: that all employers are illiterate brutes and all employees chained philosophers and angels. He loves to ridicule and abuse his employers in the texts they pay him to write. It is a very picturesque trait of his that has always seemed to indicate more liberality in his employers than in the great liberal. I am not of his mind, and I would rather be ruled by any employer I've ever worked for than by any committee of writers I've ever heard of—even though they were all as great and good and generous, scrupulously just and accurate, and as sparing of unkind words as Heywood Broun. Imagine being managed by a committee composed exclusively of Heywood Brouns!

Yet, since he had to devote a page to me, I thank him for pirouetting on a prostrate form that is not mine, even though he gives it my name. You can't expect a dancing hippopotamus to watch his big feet. He can't even see them. And what does he care where they land? He has no reputation for accuracy to lose.

RUPERT HUGHES

New York, May 22

MR. HARRIS ON THE WEBBS

Dear Sir: On my return to Moscow I find a copy of *The Nation* with Abram Harris's most inadequate review of the Webbs' great book on Russia. He uses the review to air his own threadbare, shopworn, and uninteresting prejudices against the Soviet Union, which, I think, he has never seen. But many reviewers do similar things. What I miss is an evaluation of the service which the Webbs have performed in giving us a rich, comprehensive account of the workings of the Soviet system. No mention is even made of the very significant fact that here we see the Webbs, the parents of Fabianism, the originators of the theory of the "inevitability of gradualness," converted to revolution and accepting the doctrine of the end justifying the means. Where the Webbs fall down miserably—in their criticism of the Third International—Harris finds them "more realistic." The Webbs failed to differentiate between the Comintern as an institution and a certain Comintern policy. That policy has now

been scrapped, and Harris to the contrary notwithstanding, people in other countries are following the new Comintern line.

LOUIS FISCHER

Moscow, May 20

CONTRIBUTORS

ROGER N. BALDWIN is director of the American Civil Liberties Union.

CORLISS LAMONT, son of Thomas W. Lamont of J. P. Morgan and Company, is chairman of the national executive committee of the Friends of the Soviet Union and author of "The Illusion of Immortality."

HAROLD E. FEY is executive secretary of the Fellowship of Reconciliation.

STUART CHASE has lately returned from the Tennessee Valley, where he obtained material for three articles for *The Nation*, of which this is the second. He is now at work on a book on natural resources in the United States.

PAUL HUTCHINSON was at one time a Methodist missionary in China. For many years he has been managing editor of the *Christian Century*.

EDA LOU WALTON, associate professor of English at Washington Square College, New York University, is widely known as poet and critic. She is at work on a study of modern American poetry, dealing primarily with the relation of poetry to social development.

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INFORMATION FOR SUBSCRIBERS

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CONTENTS

THE SHAPE OF THINGS

757

EDITORIALS:

ADDRESS TO THE REPUBLICANS

759

SOVIET DEMOCRACY

761

PROGRESS IN THE SOUTH

762

WASHINGTON WEEKLY by Paul W. Ward

763

FRANCE ON STRIKE by M. E. Ravage

765

THE JEW AND THE WORLD

by Benjamin Stolberg

766

THE SOUTH IS RISING by Maury Maverick

770

THE NEW SOVIET CONSTITUTION

by Louis Fischer

772

TVA: THE NEW DEAL'S BEST ASSET

by Stuart Chase

775

ISSUES AND MEN by Oswald Garrison Villard

778

BROUN'S PAGE

779

BOOKS AND THE ARTS:

THE LESSON OF THE MASTER by William Troy

780

MR. FORSTER'S HARVEST by Louis Kronenberger

780

THE DIRECTOR AS TRANSLATOR

by Mark Van Doren

781

"THE BOY I WAS" by Eda Lou Walton

782

ART AND MR. BULLIET by Virginia Nirdlinger

782

FOUR CASE HISTORIES by James T. Farrell

783

AN ANALYSIS OF EGOTISM by Reinhold Niebuhr

784

SHORTER NOTICES

784

RECORDS by Henry Simon

785

DRAWINGS by Georges Schreiber, William

Gropper, and Howard Cook

The Shape of Things

*

IT LOOKS AS IF THE FRENCH STRIKES HAD proved as helpful to the Blum government as the banking crisis of 1933 was to the incoming Roosevelt Administration, and in much the same way. They not only afforded the new Premier an opportunity to act promptly and decisively, but gave the parties of the right a scare which may somewhat dampen their enthusiasm for the announced intention of Louis Marin "to fight to the last ditch if the revolutionary front strives to carry out its idiotic pre-election proposals." The strikes, therefore, have had an important political effect. They have pried M. Blum away from the over-cautious attitude of "moderation" which so pleased the right after the elections and have forced him to reaffirm his adherence to the program of the People's Front. They have also made it clear to the right that any attempt to sabotage the program will be resisted by the workers. M. Blum's Cabinet is facing tremendous difficulties. There is danger that his ambitious program for improving the condition of workers and farmers will bog down in contradictions like those which have paralyzed the New Deal. And he faces not only actual enemies on the right but potential enemies among the none too firmly united parties of the left. M. Blum is the most conservative man who could govern France in its present radical mood. But that very fact prompts the question, How long can he hold his leftist support? Other governments in other countries have tried to meet the demands of the left without disturbing the interests of the right, with disastrous results. M. Blum's government may prove to be an exception, but to act effectively it should have full power, not merely some power.

*

SENATOR NYE'S MUNITIONS COMMITTEE HAS within the week done two things for which the nation should be grateful. It has issued its report on commercial and financial relations with belligerents, which includes the recommendation that all loans and credits to belligerents be prohibited. In spite of the New York Times's wistful attempts to prove that the Nye committee whitewashed Morgan, this recommendation shows the committee's belief that the Morgan loans led us into war once and that somebody else's may lead us in again. But even more important was the committee's report denouncing the War Department's mobilization plan. Written by Senator Bennett Champ Clark, this is a document that should be read

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by everyone who thinks he will live to see us in another war. The War Department's plan gives to the President war-time powers to regulate wages, prices, production, and trade, to suspend laws, and to censor the press. But the real kernel of the plan is the provision calling for a draft of all males over eighteen, all to be subject to military or labor service and to court-martial for failure to report for duty. What this implies is an enforced draft of labor, the denial of the right of labor to refuse employment at unfair wages and hours, and the assumption by the military of the power to break strikes and shatter unions. Too close for comfort is the resemblance of this scheme to the regimentation of labor under military control by existing dictatorships. It mirrors, as Senator Clark says, the example of these dictatorships and "the constant temptation therewith presented to democracies such as ours to solve their own problems by the use of force." Unless this temptation is resisted and the War Department plan scrapped, we shall not have to wait for fascism until after a war; mobilization and fascism will come linked arm in arm.

*

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE'S RESOLUTION WHICH calls for an investigation into labor spying and violations of civil liberties has passed the Senate. Meanwhile in other fields, such as receivership abuses, railroad finances, and lobbying, both houses of Congress have arranged to continue in ensuing months the sound policy of conducting investigations in aid of legislation. All such inquiries will be facilitated if Congress now takes the next step, the passage of an amendment introduced by Senator Fletcher of Florida. Bearing in mind the difficulties encountered by his committee when it conducted the banking inquiry a few years ago, he proposes that persons who interfere with investigating committees at any stage of their work should be subject to the relatively mild punishment which, under the law as it stands at present, applies only to the later stages of such investigations. Senator Fletcher has made a sensible proposal which will save the government time and money and will tend to produce more of the information which Congress is entitled to have.

*

JOHN L. LEWIS HAS WON HIS BATTLE FOR THE privilege of organizing the steel workers along industrial lines. The Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers has joined the Committee for Industrial Organization (the C. I. O.), and Lewis, as the committee's chairman, is specifically vested with the power to name the members of the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee, which in turn "shall have power to handle all matters relative to the organizing campaign." Lewis achieved his objective by appealing directly to the rank and file. While he was serving notice on Louis Leonard and his fellow-officials of the Amalgamated that the C. I. O. would have nothing to do with a "policy of fluttering procrastination," a group of Amalgamated lodges sent delegates to Pittsburgh to put pressure on the officers, who will be up for reelection in a referendum vote in October. After an afternoon spent in communion with William Green

the executive committee of the steel union surrendered on every point. The Lewis coup makes it all the more likely that the executive council of the American Federation of Labor will suspend in July the group of unions comprising the C. I. O. At the same time Lewis's victory enormously increases his prestige, both with the public and the ranks of labor. If he can now put through a swift and successful organizing campaign among the 500,000 workers of the country's most important industry, it will serve to remove the sting from the loss of A. F. of L. affiliation just as it will win new adherents to the C. I. O. With the organization of steel we shall see the beginning of a major development in American labor which may well be the beginning also of a new day in American politics.

*

SOUTH CHINA'S ULTIMATUM TO NANKING threatening to invade Chiang Kai-shek's territory if he refuses to fight Japan is but one expression of a nationwide wave of resentment against Japan's most recent military activities in the Peiping-Tientsin area. Despite the drastic decrees recently promulgated against all anti-Japanese activity, students have staged demonstrations in all sections of the country. On May 30 a group of bankers, merchants, and writers from all sections of China met secretly in Shanghai and formed the National Salvation Association for the purpose of instigating war against Japan. In the North it is reported that Sun Cheh-yuan, head of the pro-Japanese puppet government, has kicked over the traces and joined the southern leaders in bringing pressure on Chiang. When Chinese militarists of this type unite on what appears to be a suicidal venture, it may be assumed that they are being driven by powerful forces from below. This makes Chiang's position extremely precarious. He must choose between a highly unpopular civil war against the South in which he is likely to be defeated by defections from within his ranks and a highly popular war against Japan in which the odds would be overwhelmingly against him. Previously he has always chosen to risk domestic discontent rather than almost certain defeat. But his long struggle with the Communists and the disastrous effect of Japanese smuggling on the customs revenues have so depleted his treasury that he may very well embrace the anti-Japanese campaign as the one way to regain popular support and save his rule from ignominious collapse.

*

THE VICIOUS CIRCLE OF TARIFF POLICY HAS never been better illustrated than in the recent imposition of countervailing duties ranging from 22 to 56 per cent on numerous German articles imported into this country. For this situation Washington rather than Berlin is chiefly responsible. Pre-Hitler Germany was a debtor country, dependent on its exports to meet reparations and other foreign obligations. Because the commercial policies of its creditors, particularly the United States, made it increasingly difficult for it to sell sufficient goods to meet these obligations, the Reich was compelled to declare a partial moratorium in the summer of 1931. When this failed to afford sufficient relief, the German government set up a

deliberate program of expanding exports by means of subsidies. At the same time it sought to promote trade by a series of exclusive bilateral agreements, the benefits of which were not extended to other nations. This policy, in turn, led the United States to suspend most-favored-nation treatment for German exports and, when this measure seemed ineffective, to invoke the anti-bounty clause in the Hawley-Smoot tariff. As opponents of the present German regime we cannot grieve over the fact that the Nazi's commercial policy has struck a snag. We have supported the anti-Nazi boycott in the hope that an aggravation of Germany's exchange difficulties might weaken Hitler's grip. Nevertheless we cannot but deplore the application of discriminatory tariffs for any reason, political or economic. The tariff is an exceedingly treacherous weapon which injures its user at least as much as it harms the intended victim. This is particularly true of the United States as a leading creditor nation, since each retaliatory act merely enhances our commercial isolation.

*

FIVE MEN HAVE BEEN SENTENCED TO DEATH or imprisonment during the month of June by the United States Labor Department. Their names are Otto Richter, Walter Saupe, Benno Martini, Adam Mueller, and Joseph Ganghofer. Their crime is their faith in America as a refuge from tyrants. All of them are fugitives from Hitler's justice; all of them will be thrown into prison the moment they touch German soil. The stories of Joseph Ganghofer and of Walter Saupe, who is only nineteen, were told by Louis Adamic in *The Nation* of March 25. Through all these cases runs the theme of resistance to intolerable suppression for which the right of asylum was designed. The right of asylum to dissenters, America's highest contribution to the cause of human freedom, is in danger. Help to preserve it by telegraphing to Secretary Perkins your protest against the deportation to Germany of five innocent men.

*

THE PLIGHT OF THE JEWS, AS POINTED OUT elsewhere in this issue by Benjamin Stolberg, is not new. It has been reemphasized by the recent Arab massacres. It is not unnatural, therefore, that plans are now being laid for the calling of a World Jewish Congress at Geneva which shall set up a permanent international executive body for the defense of Jewish rights. We trust the Jews in America and elsewhere will search their hearts and consider very critically the dangers of such an organization. One of the stock arguments used against the Jews by their enemies is that they already have a secret international organization which seeks to control world affairs in the interests of Judaism. While the intelligent know better, the unintelligent will tend to find this charge confirmed by the existence of an international executive body. Such a congress could scarcely fail to fall into the hands of the Jewish middle-class groups which do not represent the broad strata of Jewish labor organizations, and it could scarcely hope to take over the vigorous work that voluntary groups of Jews have already done all over the world in the interest of Jewish resettlement and the alleviation

of persecution. Moreover, the advantages of continuity and permanence which such an organization would achieve would be outweighed by the increased tension which would result both within the Jewish groups and among the enemies of the Jews. The best the new organization could become would be an effective sounding-board, but it might also become a new Wailing Wall.

*

THE UNLEASHED FURY OF A MOB IS NOT A lovely thing. Just how unlovely it can be is the theme of a recent film called "Fury," directed by Fritz Lang and produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Hollywood has done it, despite the doubts we had that business-dominated Hollywood would ever turn out a work of art which was at the same time a savage and biting social satire on American life. The film shows a man in a small Midwestern town, arrested and jailed for a kidnaping he did not commit. It shows business men, strike-breakers, loafers, women, lashed into fury by the emotional drive of vigilantism, sadism, and frustration until they merge into a lynching mob that burns down the jail; it shows finally the trial of twenty-two of the mob for murder. There has never been so direct and realistic a confronting on the screen of the structure of American society and the sources of our law-and-order lawlessness. This film must be regarded not only as a major cinematic achievement, but as one of the evidences, along with the conviction of the Tampa kidnapers and the victory of the forces of law in the verdict for damages in the New Orleans lynching case, that not all the battalions of American life are on the side of the Ku Klux Klan, the Black Legion, and the vigilantes. M-G-M's release of "Fury" is an honorable act. It goes a long way toward removing the stain of that company's refusal to produce "It Can't Happen Here."

Address to the Republicans

SONS and daughters of Lincoln, Mark Hanna, and Warren Harding: You may deem it somewhat extraordinary for the editors of the *The Nation* to address this plea to you. Our roads have not run together much since those early days when *The Nation* was young and the Republican Party still had a virginal freshness. You were the party of a vigorous young industrialism which was sweeping all before its path, and you swept slavery away because slavery was an obstacle to your onward march. Today you are the party of a class trying desperately to hold on to its power in a collapsing economic world, and willing to hold on to its power even at the expense of abundance, order, justice, welfare. Assembled in convention at Cleveland, you still put on a gallant show of salutes to your favorite sons, banners, speeches, thunderous cheering, and the pinning of interminable Kansas sunflowers on rows of blank lapels. There are, as of old, the huddles of master political minds, the lightning shifts of alignment, the conspiracies and coalitions. But it is mostly

a brave front. The heart has gone out of it. The path of your economic advantage as a class is no longer the path of social sanity. You are a dying party in a dying order.

As we write this address, you have not yet chosen your candidate. Who he will be is beyond our control—or your own. All the papers are saying now that the "Stop Landon" movement is hopeless. It was hopeless long ago, when Mr. Hearst first picked Mr. Landon as *his* candidate, and he thereby became yours as well. Formerly Mr. Hearst would not have been able to achieve such a feat single-handed. But the bitterness with which you set your face against the slightest movement away from the past has thrown you into his arms and made you blood-brothers. Although his leadership is not openly yours, his purposes and his hatreds have become yours.

It is inevitable that you will nominate Mr. Landon. Your thinker-laureate, Walter Lippmann, says that in his candidacy alone, among all your much-bruited names, are there the makings of a popular movement. He is right. This will not be the first popular movement that Mr. Hearst's newspapers have manufactured. It is surely no mere coincidence that the Republican masses discovered Mr. Landon at exactly the moment when Mr. Hearst did.

What your platform will be is quite another matter. The deadly blight which has stripped you barren of leadership, purposes, morale, has stripped you most barren of ideas. Your platform-framers will undoubtedly find plenty of phrases to employ. They will beat the living needs with the bones of dead issues. A tariff policy, a monetary policy, and a farm policy that have long been found useless and outworn will be dug up again and refurbished. The party that has built its power upon the monopolists—the party of holding companies, which has fought every measure for the control of corporations—will miraculously find itself standing on a tough-sounding anti-monopoly plank.

There is one problem, however, you will not be able to escape, any more than Mr. Roosevelt will be able to escape it. That is the problem of a constitutional amendment. *The Nation* two weeks ago printed some replies by leaders of liberal and labor opinion to its inquiries about the need for an amendment. We have now directed the same inquiries to the makers of public opinion—those who through their newspapers mold what people think. We are printing their replies at the end of this address. You will notice that Mr. Hearst, who found and made your candidate, sets his face stonily against any constitutional revision. His views are the views of the Landon supporters who came to Cleveland with their "Oh Susannah" song:

"Landon, oh Landon, will lead to victory

With the good old Constitution, and it's good enough for me."

Of course, the minimum-wage decision seems to have made a difference. Before that decision you were all willing to swallow everything that the reactionary Supreme Court majority did, and you cried for more. You put it on the grounds of the sanctity of the court and the Constitution, along with some talk of states' rights. But now that your Supreme Court majority has doomed even the state power to enact social legislation, everything is changed. Not only William Allen White but even Hamilton Fish

and Herbert Hoover have come out for a state-power amendment. Some of your most hardened constitution-mongers are shedding crocodile tears over the fate of the women laundry workers of New York.

Republican men and women, to what extent have you looked into this question of an amendment? We welcome your surprising interest in it, as we welcome any accession of strength to a movement we believe in. But are you genuinely concerned about gaining for the states the power of dealing with insecurity, poverty, low wages? Remember that the men sitting in this convention hall with you, the men who swell not only your applause but also your campaign funds, are the men who have fought social legislation of any kind tooth and nail—first in the state assemblies, and then by invoking "due process of law" and "liberty of contract" in the Supreme Court. They are the men who formerly fought every state law trying to establish decent hours of labor and who are now fighting the state unemployment-insurance laws and the state housing laws. In this very term of court they sat by without the slightest protest while the Supreme Court majority declared invalid, because of due process, a Vermont income-tax law and a tax assessment by a North Dakota state railway commission.

You will forgive us, therefore, if we question the integrity of your belief even in a states'-right amendment. States' rights as a doctrine is too recent an acquisition of yours, it is too alien to you, it runs too seriously athwart the tradition of your vested interests to give us any real confidence that you will push such an amendment vigorously. Besides, states' rights are not enough. What we are faced with is a condition of economic collapse which runs across states lines and which can only be controlled by federal aid and federal power. The Constitution as it stands is broad enough to allow for the exercise of such power, but the Constitution has been narrowed and distorted by a majority of the Supreme Court operating within the framework of Republican business thought. If you are genuinely concerned for the masses and their welfare, if you care about the standard of living of the people and the continuance of the American tradition, come out for a constitutional amendment that will put the federal power to deal with social legislation beyond the reach of interference by the Supreme Court majority.

Only thus will you give the common man any ground for belief that you are really turning to liberalism. Only thus will you rescue yourselves as a party from the dead hand of vested interests and vested ideas.

The Question of an Amendment More Opinions

Speaking entirely for myself the answer is triple yes.

William Allen White, *Publisher, Emporia Gazette*

I do not think it is necessary or desirable to amend the Constitution for any purpose at present. We amended the Constitution with the Eighteenth Amendment to allow governmental interference with personal liberty, and had to amend it back again to free ourselves from the intolerable conditions such interference created. . . .

Industry, labor, and farm conditions have had more than "adequate" government control already. They have had government control to their obvious injury and almost to their extinction. The industry which has had the most government control has been the railroads, and that industry has developed the most depressed condition of any—entirely through ignorant governmental interference. . . .

Government is not an abstraction. Government is composed of individuals in governmental positions. Control of industry by government means . . . taking the control of American industry out of the hands of the able, skilful, and experienced men who built it to worldwide superiority, and putting it under the incompetent management of men who are ignorant of the industry, inexperienced in business, extravagant in management, unfamiliar with anything practical except practical politics, and indifferent to everything except finding jobs for themselves and their political supporters regardless of fitness. . . . True Americans certainly do not want to change the Constitution . . . and furthermore, in my opinion, true Americans do not want to change the character of the Supreme Court, which has so ably and patriotically upheld the rights of the citizens.

American prosperity has begun to return since the Supreme Court rendered its American constitutional decisions, striking the shackles of government control from the industry, the labor, and the agricultural activities of the nation. Common-sense Americans do not want more regimentation. . . . They think that the Constitution should be preserved . . . and that the country should be saved from further reckless and ridiculous socialistic experimentation.

William Randolph Hearst

Sorry but have made it a rule not to answer questionnaires as to my views. I find it better to express them in columns of newspaper.

J. M. Patterson, *Publisher, New York Daily News*

Although I am not opposed to necessary changes in the Constitution to keep it a living, growing charter of our liberties, I am opposed to amendments hurriedly prepared to meet temporary maladjustments which can be righted by constitutional means. I am not convinced that such an amendment as you suggest is needed. I am opposed to present tendency toward government control and management of everything and everybody on field or in factory . . . and fear it a step toward dictatorship and toward conditions that prevail in Italy, Germany, and Russia. We need to end intolerable economic conditions. . . . Government management and control will not solve the problem of unemployment or of agriculture's lost income. Instead it will make matters worse. For that reason I am opposed to hasty tampering with the Constitution lest we open the door to greater evils instead of improving our economic situation, and so I do not think this should be a campaign issue. Holding this view, of course, I should be sorry to see appointed to the Supreme Court judges who would be in sympathy with bureaucratic control of agriculture and industry. . . .

Frank E. Gannett, *Publisher, the Gannett Newspapers*

The *New York Post* favors a constitutional amendment to clarify beyond possible doubt the power of Congress to legislate for human rights as well as property rights—an amendment which will protect the rights of labor, permit Congress to exact minimum-wage and maximum-hour laws, and give Congress an unfettered hand in curbing

exploitation and fraud in high places as well as low places. We recognize, however, that such an amendment may require months if not years for ratification. Meanwhile, Congress does have the right to exercise its power under Article III, Section 2, of the Constitution: "The Supreme Court shall have appellate jurisdiction both as to law and fact with such exceptions as the Congress shall make." Here is a check upon arbitrary abuse of the judicial power deliberately placed in the Constitution by the Founding Fathers. It is just as important that this check be used by Congress to preserve a balanced American government as it is that the President and the court use their powers to the same end. Congress can limit the appellate jurisdiction of the Supreme Court. It has done it in the past and the court has recognized its right to do so.

J. David Stern, *Publisher, New York Post*

Soviet Democracy

LOUIS FISCHER'S article on the new Soviet constitution, which appears elsewhere in this issue, is a journalistic scoop of the first order. While it has been known for some months that the new constitution would be more democratic than the old and that it would abolish the inequalities and discriminations which were necessary in a transitional period, no one expected changes as fundamental as those he describes. What we have, in effect, barring last-minute changes, is a liquidation of the dictatorship of the proletariat in the civil sphere and its replacement by constitutional democracy.

Of course the Soviet system has always contained far more genuine democracy than outsiders have realized. It is true that the open ballot and indirect election made popular control over the governmental apparatus somewhat remote. But the essential power in the Soviet Union has never rested entirely with the government. A considerable amount of influence has been wielded by organizations of producers—trade unions, collective farms, and the planning agencies—by cooperatives, and especially by the Communist Party. The village soviets have been largely autonomous and have exercised far more power than similar units in the United States. All these organizations, the Webbs point out in their monumental work, have been subject to a large degree of popular control, which leads them to conclude that the essential government of the U. S. S. R. "has been the very opposite of a dictatorship . . . a government by a whose series of committees."

In the past the active anti-Soviet elements—kulaks, priests, former bourgeoisie, and members of the old aristocracy—have been almost totally excluded from this arrangement. They had no vote; they were not members of trade unions, cooperatives, or collective farms; they were barred from the Communist Party. The important new fact is that the majority of individuals in these groups will now receive the full privileges of Soviet citizenship.

Some conservatives in this country have already hailed the new trend as evidence that the Soviet Union is at last moving toward sanity, while radicals have naturally been suspicious of changes which seemed to introduce some of the most unsatisfactory elements of our own system. Both

have overlooked the fact that the form of government is relatively immaterial; the real power in each case is to be found in the ownership and control of the economic organization. Much more information than Mr. Fischer gives us is necessary before we can pass final judgment on the changes which he outlines. He does not tell us, for example, how the administrative section of the government is to be set up or how the local governments are to be chosen. It is not clear, moreover, how election to the parliament will be a check on incompetent or bureaucratic officials. Does this mean that all administrative officers will be forced to stand for parliament? And why this sudden enthusiasm for geographic representation? Did not occupational representation constitute one of the most useful elements in the Soviet system, since it meant that a worker was certain to have as his representative a man whose economic interests were identical with his own? In one place Mr. Fischer declares that a dictatorship exists whenever there are several classes; in another he speaks of a bloc of democratic, anti-fascist states—which includes the U. S. S. R., England, France, and Czecho-Slovakia. Surely both statements are not to be taken literally. Finally, is he not guilty of a most un-Marxian statement when he declares that "the government cannot disappear . . . perhaps . . . the party will"? It would seem to us that the loosening of the bonds of dictatorship might equally well be interpreted as the first step in the "withering away of the state."

Progress in the South

IT is not wholly accidental that this week's issue of *The Nation* contains two articles dealing with the problems of the South. As Representative Maverick points out so graphically, the South is in ferment today as it has not been since the Civil War. The depression and the world-wide trend toward economic nationalism have threatened the foundations of its economic structure. The loss of the export market for cotton has perhaps permanently cut off its chief source of cash income. While the AAA and the Bankhead act staved off complete ruin for the landowners, hundreds of thousands of share-croppers have been deprived of their only means of earning a livelihood. In the old South the situation is particularly grave because of competition from the more efficient cotton producers of the Southwest.

Barring war or a miracle—such as a drastic cut in the American tariff—cotton will never again play the dominant role in the South that it has played in the past. A complete reconstruction of the economic life of the entire region is inescapable, although it will be greatly retarded by political and cultural backwardness. The decay and corruption resulting from the single-party system makes it unrealistic to expect progressive leadership through ordinary political channels. Denial of franchise to the underprivileged, both Negro and white, precludes any effective revolt through the ballot-box against the power of the land-owning aristocracy.

Programs such as the TVA—described on another page

by Stuart Chase—are bound to contribute to the removal of some of these barriers; but it goes almost without saying that the motivating impulse for a fundamental reshaping of the social pattern must come from within. There are numerous indications that this process is already under way. The existence of militant organizations of share-croppers in Alabama and Arkansas, the formation of the Modern Democrats in Florida, and the successful fight being waged by the progressive Democratic wing in Texas are illustrative of the ferment at work. The recent conference of the Southern Policy Committee at Chattanooga brought together many of the leaders in this movement. Composed of professors, editors, and business men, the group represented a fair cross-section of Southern progressive opinion. The moderate nature of their recommendations is a reflection, at least in part, of the magnitude of the problems which they faced. As immediate steps for improving the economic status of agriculture, the conference recommended passage of the Bankhead-Jones farm-homes bill, the organization of farmers in producers' cooperatives, the reduction of tariffs, the establishment of laws for the enforcement of minimum housing standards applicable to rural conditions, and the extension of the federal Social Security Act to cover agricultural unemployment. In the industrial field the conference went on record as favoring laws prohibiting the abuse of injunctions in labor disputes, guaranteeing the right of labor to organize and bargain collectively, restricting the work week, and establishing minimum wages. It also recommended ratification of the child-labor amendment, and the passage of legislation implementing the Social Security Act.

Mild as they are, these proposals are indicative of a definite social awakening on the part of certain "responsible" elements in the South. It is disheartening, however, to realize that even in a group as progressive as this there is so little disposition to come to grips with fundamental problems. It is almost incredible, for example, to find that apart from general recommendations regarding the extension of suffrage and educational facilities it offered no specific proposals for aiding the Negro. For though a Southerner may be right in arguing that Negroes will be aided by any measure that is designed to benefit the South as a whole, it can scarcely be denied that the colored population as a group is suffering from innumerable economic and social disabilities which must be removed before they can make their full contribution to the renaissance of the South. There was a similar disinclination to face the fact that the injustices of which the group complained are deeply ingrained in the profit system. Except for a mild indorsement of collective bargaining, the committee showed little disposition to choose weapons adequate for the task at hand. The conference apparently ruled out political action, either through the Democratic Party or by the formation of a new party, as impracticable under present conditions. This may or may not have been a wise decision. But if the ordinary avenues of popular expression are closed in the South, it would seem all the more imperative that attention be centered on the organization of rural and urban labor for direct economic struggle.

WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

Just Before the Battle

Washington, June 7

AN Administration spokesman on Friday confidentially warned members of the Congressional press gallery not to forecast further action at this session on the new Guffey coal act, the ship-subsidy bills, or the Wagner-Ellenbogen low-cost-housing bill. None of these he said, will be brought to a vote before adjournment. He might have added to his list the various anti-war measures put forward by the Nye committee, the Wheeler bill making a consumer-protection agency out of the Federal Trade Commission, the Kerr-Coolidge immigration measure, any one of half a dozen anti-lynching bills that have been pending in Congress for a year or more, the food-and-drug bill, the Sisson repealer of the loyalty oath imposed last year on District of Columbia school teachers and janitors, the Bankhead farm-tenant bill, or the Walsh-Healey bill for federal regulation of wages and hours in concerns enjoying government contract business.

Congress will find time, however, to complete action on the Robinson-Patman bill, which has been given an anti-chain-store label by its backers but is in reality a vicious piece of legislation against the consumer. All that can be said in its favor is that the measure—introduced by Robinson and Patman to curry favor with the wholesalers in the distributing centers in their home districts—is so grotesquely drawn as to defy enforcement. Disguised as an act to help the corner grocer and neighborhood druggist, it is purely a vote-snatching device, but that is precisely the kind of measure which enlists the vigorous interest of the people's representatives in Congress assembled in an election year, while measures in the public interest are being sidetracked with the Administration's aid. One cannot say, however, that the closing days of the Seventy-fourth Congress will be entirely wasted, for they promise to produce enactment of the Black bill requiring lobbyists to register themselves, their employers, and their expenditures. Black, backed by Norris and a few other Senators, has managed to frustrate the attempt of the Administration-controlled House to put over a fake anti-lobby bill; he made the Senate substitute his bill for the House bill, and force the House conferees to agree to the substitution. The conference report has yet to be adopted by the House and Senate, but there is little likelihood of a slip-up there.

It is also a pleasure to report that the Kramer and Tydings-McCormack anti-sedition bills are dead, and that yesterday without debate the Senate passed the La Follette resolution for a Congressional investigation of labor espionage and violations of civil liberties in the United States. Under the terms of the resolution, the investigation can be broad enough to cover the share-cropper situation

in Arkansas, the Black Legion, the various manifestations of incipient fascism in California and kindred states, and the whole kit and caboodle of red-baiting patriotic-society rackets. The Senate's action was a single-handed victory for La Follette and vindicated him in his adoption of the languorous technique for which he was criticized in this column two months ago. His apparent lack of enthusiasm served to divert from the resolution the attention of all those Senators who would have fought it had they been alert to its significance. The one flaw in his technique is that it produced an appropriation of only \$15,000 for the investigation, a sum so small as to make it virtually certain that the investigation will make no material headway until Congress meets again next year and votes additional funds. More important at the moment than the amount of money available is the personnel of the investigating committee. There are only a few men on the Senate Education and Labor Committee who can be trusted to do the job properly, and it is from that committee that the investigating group almost certainly will be picked. It would be possible to turn the investigation over to such gentry as Puddler Jim Davis, Jesse Metcalf, Dr. Copeland, Murphy of Iowa, or "Honest Vic" Donahey. Pious citizens will send up prayers for the nominations to fall upon such other committee members as La Follette, Black, Borah, or even Rush Holt of West Virginia, or Dave Walsh of Massachusetts.

Labor Against the N.A.M.

It should be noted that though the last A. F. of L. convention instructed Bill Green and his lieutenants to see to it that Congress at this session took action against labor-spy and strike-breaking agencies, they had no hand in the introduction of the La Follette resolution and expended no effort on seeing that it was adopted. The point is important at this time because Dan Hastings, the du Ponts' Senatorial stand-in, is bleating about the labor lobby as if it were a juggernaut. He demands that the Black committee investigate it, and he bases his demand upon Green's telegram a few days ago to members of the House Judiciary Committee relative to the Walsh-Healey bill, which is the No. 2 measure on the A. F. of L.'s legislative "must" list. Several weeks ago the House Judiciary Committee voted eleven to seven to table the bill. Green appealed to Roosevelt for aid. Roosevelt called in McIntyre, one of his secretaries, and through him instructed Chairman Sumners of the Judiciary Committee to see that the bill was reported out so that the House at least could vote it up or down. Labor lobbyists meanwhile went to work on committee members and were promised fifteen of the committee's twenty-five votes. The promises were not fulfilled. At last, spurred on by a man whose services as a lobbyist-

ist have earned him only the enmity of the senile creatures who are supposed to perform those services for the A. F. of L., Green a few days ago telegraphed the committee members a demand that they take up the Walsh-Healey bill. In his telegram he said that the A. F. of L. would have men watching the committee room and that any member absenting himself would be regarded as opposing the bill.

The threat worked. The committee immediately reported out the bill, but only after subjecting it to emasculating amendments. The reason for its resistance to the bill—and this resistance is admitted privately—is that the committee members are lawyers and most of them have as their clients back home manufacturers who are opposed to taking their employees out of the sweatshop class. The opposition is strongest from textile and garment manufacturers. The big organizations fighting the bill are the United States Chamber of Commerce, the National Association of Manufacturers, and, significantly, the Southern Economic Conference. There is almost no chance that the bill will advance beyond its present position, and as reshaped by the Judiciary Committee it is hardly worth fighting for. If by a miracle it should be transformed into law, it would stand as the only material accomplishment of the A. F. of L.'s legislative service at this session.

Stop-Light on Housing

Senator Wagner is still hopeful of getting his housing bill—the No. 1 measure on the A. F. of L.'s "must" list—passed before adjournment, but he's about the only person who is. He refuses to believe that Roosevelt has hung a red light on the bill, though the lantern is visible to everybody else for miles around. Yesterday the Senate rushed through a dozen or more bills, but when it reached the Wagner bill, Robinson, leader of the Administration's forces on the floor, blocked action by establishing the lack of a quorum. It had not mattered to the Administration forces that there was no quorum present while the other dozen bills were being put through. Robinson makes no secret of his determination to forestall action on housing legislation at this session. His stand may be personal and based upon his friendship with Jesse Jones, who has been fighting the Wagner bill. But there is no reason to believe that it does not accord with Roosevelt's own views. In the first place, Roosevelt assured the Jones mob two weeks ago that there would be no housing legislation of any kind at this session. In the second place, Robinson ascribes his position to the failure of the committee in charge of the bill to report it out until this week, and that delay has been almost wholly of Roosevelt's own making. Each time virtual agreement was reached in the committee on the bill's terms, Roosevelt ordered it held up for "minor" amendments. Jesse Jones has been the "minor."

The course Roosevelt has pursued with respect to the Wagner housing bill is almost precisely like his course relative to the Wagner Labor Relations Act, which delayed the passage of that act for more than a year. In the present instance the White House tactics are more portentous. Few will dissent from Representative Ellenbogen's dictum that the death of the housing bill at this session will leave



Jesse Jones Has Been the "Minor"

the housing movement with a prolonged attack of sleeping sickness. He bases that dictum on the all too reasonable expectation that "next year we shall have a more conservative Congress and a less powerful executive." It should be added that Ellenbogen, one of the few House members deserving reelection, believes that Roosevelt will still be President in 1937.

The death of the Wagner-Allenbogen bill will also place in double jeopardy the New Deal's most promising venture in public housing—the Resettlement Administration's program for suburban "green-belt" communities. I say in "double jeopardy" because that program already has been placed in jeopardy by a Justice Department boner. When injunction proceedings were instituted here against the RA's project in Bound Brook, New Jersey—ostensibly at the behest of Franklin Township but actually at the behest of the head of the Interwoven Hosiery Company, whose estate adjoins the project site and who objected to having low-income workers for neighbors—the Justice Department, horning into the case, insisted on erecting a purely legalistic defense instead of trying the case on its merits. As a result it reached the Appellate Court here without a hearing on the facts. Those facts would have demolished the plaintiff's right to sue, since it was the plaintiff's claim that the township would be put to great expense in providing schools and other public services for the project's occupants without receiving any taxes in return. The RA's system deeds the project to a non-profit corporation which immediately becomes taxable as to both real and personal property by the state and local taxing authorities.

The Justice Department's foolish strategy let the plaintiff get into the Appellate Court without having to show a right to be there and placed at issue before that tribunal of septuagenarians only the bare bones of the law itself. The court promptly held it unconstitutional by a vote of three to two and thus made it possible for objectors to any of the three other RA projects almost automatically to procure injunctions against them on application to the lower court here.

France on Strike

BY M. E. RAVAGE

Paris, June 8, by Cable

HERE has been no general strike in France; no Soviets; no sabotage; no disorder; no incipient revolution; no conflict with public authority. There has never been the slightest prospect of famine. The food supply has remained unimpaired, and arteries of transportation have functioned normally. Public opinion as reflected by the entire left press has been whole-heartedly with the strikers. In a long talk which I had with Léon Jouhaux, general secretary of the *Confédération Générale du Travail*, and other labor leaders on Saturday, Jouhaux said:

The situation could not be more satisfactory. In the beginning it was suspected that *agents-provocateurs* had a finger in the pie, but subsequent developments have shown the rumor to be false. The alarmist reports that Communists are responsible for the strikes are silly twaddle. The strike movement is purely economic. It is a spontaneous explosion of accumulated grievances of unorganized workers against unhygienic conditions, an oppressive spy system, the stubborn refusal of owners to bargain collectively, long hours, wage cuts, the emergency decrees and the rising cost of living. [The official Index of Cost of Living in Paris shows a 30 per cent increase in food prices.] The political triumph of May 3 gave these distressed workers hope that relief was in sight, but the month's interregnum strained their patience to the breaking-point. The first strike was in non-unionized metallurgical plants and took us completely by surprise. But from the start the workers have turned to us for guidance.

To show you that the C. G. T. controls the situation, when the Central Market truckmen and slaughter-house workers struck on Thursday night we convinced them that by threatening Paris with starvation they risked alienating public sympathy from a movement now whole-heartedly admired and universally approved, and they forthwith cheerfully resumed work. In one week the C. G. T. gained 100,000 members in the metallurgical industries alone. You may tell America, quoting me, that although the movement probably will spread until all exploited workers obtain satisfaction, we are victoriously settling hundreds of strikes daily, and neither public services nor utilities will strike. These last are the best-organized workers in France and the backbone of the C. G. T.

These strikes are unique in the history of the world. Although hundreds of thousands of workers are involved, in scores of industries ranging from airplanes to bill-posting, from department stores to five-and-ten's, there has been not one window broken, not one case of drunkenness, no disturbance requiring police intervention.

I dined with voluntary prisoners in the Thompson-Houston telephone plant. The confidence, comradeship, and discipline were splendid. From nothing the workers had created a self-contained community with commissary,

dormitories, self-government, and recreational facilities. Gifted leaders had sprung as it were from the earth. Two unemployed chefs cooked for 2,300 persons, even supplying warm meals to the smaller neighboring plants. Sympathetic bakers in the vicinity supplied bread at the cost of the flour. Slaughter houses offered meat without profit. Shopkeepers contributed every imaginable kind of merchandise, while the public furnished hay for beds and lent blankets, dishes, phonographs, and radios. Professional artists entertained the workers. Teams of strikers made hourly rounds, keeping order and preventing fire, sabotage, and immorality. Beer was admitted but no wine. Employers stayed away, communicating with the delegates by telephone and meeting them outside the plant. Buildings and machinery had never been so clean.

Meanwhile the *Comité des Forges* and other industrialists declared the strikers were driving the national economy into bankruptcy, and wavered between surrender and intransigence. On one day they would agree to meet the C. G. T. at the Labor Ministry, and on the morrow they would excuse themselves. They trusted to miracles, to the hope that the workers might resort to disorder, to the alarmist press, and to the hope that the fascist leagues might recover their vitality. The newspaper owners' association stopped publishing for two days out of solidarity with the employers, believing that the public would resent the deprivation and blame the workers. They also appeared to believe that the rumor-mongers would have a freer reign if no regular papers appeared. The gesture proved futile, and they resumed publication on Saturday. Then De la Rocque took a last stand for a lost cause. He ordered his striking adherents to organize *Croix de Feu* unions, and he sent wagonloads of food to the workers. The workers rejected both organizers and gifts. Thereupon De la Rocque turned revolutionary and urged his henchmen among the workers to adopt an uncompromising attitude, while he advised the employers to resist to the end. Pitiable maneuvers, pitiable results. The technicians and engineers abandoned both the *Croix de Feu* and its tactics, and went over to the C. G. T.

The Blum Cabinet has unquestionably been embarrassed by the strikes, but the Premier must be held partly responsible for them since his first utterances were over-cautious and the adulation they inspired in the conservative press tended to make the left-wing groups uneasy. For the long run the movement has eased Blum's task. It will induce employers to swallow far-reaching social legislation at which they would otherwise have gagged. Unwittingly the metallurgical workers have speeded up the tempo of the new government, which otherwise might have been too conscious of its dependence on the Radical Socialists, and excessively circumspect.

The Jew and the World

BY BENJAMIN STOLBERG

I

THE Jews, Dorothy Thompson once brightly remarked, are like everybody else; only more so. There is always some Jew who illustrates with exaggerated aptness every variety of man and every conceivable prejudice, including of course that against Jews. The Jews are in every class and of every race. Some Jews are even Chinamen. This Chinese puzzle may, indeed, by its very absurdity, help to illumine the problem. For a Chinese Jew is either an anthropological miracle if he is a Jew, or an optical illusion if he is a Chinaman. And since I, for one, believe neither in miracles nor in illusions I am bound to conclude that it's all a mistake. The Jewish question is not really, How can a Jew be a Chinaman? That is easily answered: he can't. The Jewish question is, Why in the world should any Chinaman think he is a Jew?

For that matter, why should anybody think he is a Jew unless he is an Arab in Palestine? The natives in the "Jewish" homeland are after all the most probable descendants of those twelve Bedouin tribes who created the god of *Rassenkultur* to make them the Chosen People. For the Diaspora was of course only a partial dispersion; and those Jews who left to wander the earth naturally became far more absorbed by other groups than those who stayed home to mix only with immigrant neighbors. These remained largely the Arabs they always have been. They merely became Mohammedanized.

Of course, those quarrelsome Siamese twins, Jewish separatism and anti-Semitism, have succeeded in keeping alive an illusion of Jewish endogamy and racial purity. But no matter how carefully we may weight Jewish vital statistics by all sorts of sociological factors, it still remains true that every Jew living has had an incalculable number of millions of ancestors since the last Fall of Jerusalem. Only historically sidetracked peoples such as Icelanders or African pigmies have remained hermetically sealed by their environment; and even there the seal no doubt has been broken many a time. But the racial purity of the Jews, the most diffused of all groups, is obviously only a myth.

Once at lunch William F. Ogburn, then professor at Columbia and president of the American Statistical Association, computed for my enlightenment the minimum number of illegitimacies, mixed marriages, and plain whores in our ancestral multitudes since the dawn of Christian civilization. All demographic factors were duly considered; the fanciest possible errors were carefully weighted. With great delicacy Dr. Ogburn allowed my forbears the benefit of every possible doubt. The statistics were avowedly more facetious than exact. But even so, when I acquired an ancestral *demi-monde* larger than greater New York I called a halt. And ever since it has seemed to me exceedingly dubious that millions of Jews

marched in strict racial formation for nineteen centuries all over the world just to conceive an immaculate Walter Lippmann or an undefiled Walter Winchell. It hardly seems worth all the restraint!

The truth is that the modern Jew, no matter how "pure" he may appear to pride and to prejudice, is Germanic or Slavic or North African Negro or Latin or Levantine. He is of the same mongrel race, with a similar dominant strain, as the peoples among whom he lives—if he has slept there long enough. And the degree to which he differs from them can be traced to some prior lengthy abode. American Jews who have been here for two centuries are as American as anybody else who has been here that long. And Jews more recently arrived are no more and no less alien than other recent arrivals. Yet the world insists that the Jew *cannot* be what he obviously is. It is as though the Jews are what they are, not by birth and climate and nurture, but by blood transfusion and protective coating and social trickery.

Of course you can always "tell a Jew"—always as often as not. But the anthropologists can't, for the closer they measure him the less Jewish he is. Nor is it, as is widely believed, such a remarkable feat to single out the members of a merely sociological race. Any child is more sensitive to a "problem" than to its causes. Through long practice I can "tell" Negroes who are white. But the fact remains, they *are* white. Indeed, one of the paradoxes of race prejudice is that a professional Negro is far more likely to succeed in his profession of black leadership if he *is* white; just as a professional Zionist is far more impressive on the bench of the United States Supreme Court than in the pulpit of a jingoist synagogue. The bourgeois world is always glad to show not only its tolerance but its respect for those members of a minority group who gain rather than suffer through its disabilities.

II

Yet there are Jews in the world. My good friend Dr. Wilhelm Cohnstaedt, former editor of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* and as *echt Deutsch* as Hans Sachs, actually feels himself an alien in his own land, which only recently admitted to citizenship its mongrel dictator. Jews exist, if only as a state of mind. And a state of mind cannot be dismissed without being deepened. The Jewish dilemma is real with all the force of great tragedy, whose nature it is to heighten reality. The Jewish problem has a historical cause; it has run a varied yet definite course; and it has a multiform, often contradictory, and unique symptomology. In short, it has a cultural background, and it functions as a social neurosis in time of social peace and as a social psychosis in time of social war.

When the Jewish clans were in the national making,

and especially when they were a nation, there obviously was such a thing as a Jewish culture. Even this original culture had neurotic beginnings, as have all pure theocracies. Jewish homogeneity was always cemented by the fear of a jealous God. Hence the exclusive and monolithic character of that culture, whose genius is attested by a profound literature. This literature had great poetry and great prophecy, that is, both inner wisdom and public direction. But its wisdom and its direction were cramped by the totalitarian, theocratic, juridical way of life out of which they grew. That is why, instead of broadening the culture, it narrowed and strengthened it; and finally paralyzed it. Ancient Judaism was really a highly sophisticated and gifted expression of tribal fascism.

The dispersion broke up the physical cohesion of this culture. It no longer had a geographical home. It no longer had a demographical base. A closed community became a universal diffusion. Not ten but all twelve tribes of Israel got lost, not only in the physical world but in the historical process. The modern Jew, removed by some ninety migratory generations from his Arabic source, has lost not only his anthropological but also his cultural continuity. He has nothing left of the original theocracy but its theological tradition, which he usually observes in the breach. A way of life became a memory of behavior. Judaism survived only as a sectarian fixation, ranging in intensity from the tantrums and taboos of primitive orthodoxy through the confused symbolism which motivates a Warburg on the Day of Atonement to that shadowy feeling of "being Jewish" which is more a vague sense of anxiety than a consciousness of culture.

However, the Christian revolution against the pharisaism of the Jewish theocracy infused new life into the Jewish culture-religion and thereby created the new myth of Judaeo-Christianity. This new myth shows all the traumatic characteristics of its origin. A "wrathful" and "jealous" God is killed, in the person of His own Son, by His own children. And the wages of this inexpressible sin is the permanent consciousness of guilt which is at the heart of the Judaeo-Christian tradition. Myth riding history!

This new myth received a tremendous impetus from the intolerable class-exploitation of the Roman world, for it satisfied the appalling need of that world to rationalize its own consciousness of guilt, its sense of sin, and its despair. And it is precisely because of the vitality of early Christianity that pure Judaism, having fulfilled its function of generating this new myth, survived only as a sectarian fixation. It became a cult parading as culture, to serve as a foil for the militant intolerance of Judaeo-Christianity. And this intolerance, which was an expression of social guilt, continued because the class struggle continued. Medieval society succeeded Roman society. Primitive capitalism succeeded feudalism. Finance capitalism is in power today. But social exploitation remains. And so the sense of guilt persists. Hence wherever class domination is at its strongest, there we are likely to find anti-Semitism at its darkest. What the world can never really forgive the Jew is that in his own image he has given it the Christ who disapproves of what it is doing between Monday and

Saturday and of its hypocrisy on Sundays and holidays.

Anti-Semitism then is the *relation* between the Jew and the world, in which both share, not unlike the relation in an unhappy marriage where neither husband nor wife is to blame but the bond between them is sick. The main difference is that an unhappily married couple can separate, while Jewry and world are inseparable. Hence the fantastic alternative of "segregation" or "assimilation," as though a psychosis could be either isolated or digested. It is as though one way to cure an asylum Napoleon were to marry him off to a lady who fancies herself to be Josephine; and the other way were to ship him off to St. Helena, which is precisely what the Zionists are trying to do.

III

And now let us look into the actual mechanism of this Jewish question.

The Jewish state of mind functions in a characteristic paradox. It shows itself partly in the very strenuousness of the resemblance of the Jews to the peoples among whom they live—and of whom they are indeed a part. And it shows itself also in the strange fact that this resemblance never quite achieves identity. It is this marginal failure which explains the high tension of the Jewish temperament, be it too reserved or too strident. It is this same marginal failure which is a source of both Jewish pride and shame. And it is this same marginal failure in every country which is the international bond of the Jews and which enables the more hare-brained anti-Semites to blame them for all international phenomena, from communism to finance capitalism. In common opinion the Jew is racially separate but psychologically assimilable. Exactly the opposite is true. The Jew is racially almost extinct, but because of the "racial" psychosis between Jewry and world he is psychologically unassimilable.

In a world of separatist cultures, of racial obsessions, of national jingoisms, of class wars, an international minority which everywhere just fails of regional assimilation is alien, irritating, and suspect to the average man. For the average man feels at home only in the civilization to which he is house-broken; and the slightly alien disturbs him far more than the totally alien. The flaw in the likeness of the Jews to the Joneses annoys the Joneses; which in turn gripes the Jews, for they practically are Joneses. This maladjustment between Jewry and world cannot be assimilated. This psychosis may be either disregarded, in which case the Jews become a nation within a nation, or it may be suppressed, or conceivably it may be cured.

In Poland, where for various reasons even partial assimilation was impossible, this psychosis has turned into permanent madness. Poland today is an anti-Semitic lunatic asylum where the Jewish Poles have become rigidly set in a primitive tribalism, of which the Dybbuk is a fitting symbol, while the other Poles are as rigidly fixated in a barbarous anti-Semitism, of which the permanent pogrom is a natural expression.

In Germany, on the other hand, where the Jew was almost completely "assimilated," what really happened

was that the psychosis was merely profoundly suppressed. And when Hitlerism tried to cure the social and economic havoc of a defeated capitalism with an exaggerated chauvinism, it became obvious that the German-Jewish psychosis never had been assimilated. It flared up into violent social insanity. And because of the criminal tendencies and sexual deformities of Nazi leadership, German anti-Semitism took the form of a mass *crime passionnel*.

IV

On the crazy affinity between Jewry and world whole philosophies and institutions of pride and of fear and of abysmal ignorance have been built. Professional Jews have made careers of the "culture" of Judaism. Professional Jew-baiters have made careers of anti-Semitism. And what is just as bad, a "liberal" attitude of mutual tolerance for this neurotic condition has laid claim to the world's admiration.

To the professional Jew all civilization is a Jewish monopoly. And he is forever digging through history and combing the globe to check up on the boys who made good, in the hope that a Jewish destiny may have shaped their ends. The professional Jew has nothing to learn about *Rassenkultur* from the Gobineaus and Houston Stewart Chamberlains or even the psychiatric ideals of Herr Hitler. He is the original aristocrat of race prejudice, who is outraged by these parvenus in racial obsession.

The professional Jew, more often than not an unconscious anti-Semite, is always faced by the professional Jew-hater, the morbid sadist who can't let Jewry alone. To the professional anti-Semite civilization is not merely a Jewish monopoly; it is a Jewish conspiracy. Nazi professors have conclusively shown that the Pope is a Jew whose "real name" is Finkelstein, that President Roosevelt's "real name" is Rosenfeld, and that J. P. Morgan and Company, that most notoriously Jewish of all notorious firms, subsidized Lenin and Trotzky, whose "real names" were Zederblum and Bronstein, in order to wreck Jewish capitalism with Jewish Marxism. They have also shown that Jesus and eleven of the Apostles were really "Aryans." For the professional Jew-hater differs from the professional Jew, whose mania it is to claim all public figures possible, in that he picks and chooses to suit his own insane convenience.

Such is history according to the Jewish-fascist lamentations of the professional Jew and the Aryan-fascist shrieks of the professional Nazi. Ordinary public opinion, that is, common middle-class ignorance, by and large accepts both of these contradictory lunacies. The average American agrees with the cracked notion of the professional Jew that the Jews as a whole are a lot brighter, abler, shrewder, and altogether superior fellows. Then he agrees with the equally cracked notion of the Jew-baiter that they are invariably greedier, greasier, louder, and more crooked than their fellow-citizens, and of course a much poorer fire risk. And just to show that he accepts both fantasies quite impartially, he smugly remarks that some of his best friends are Jews.

This confusion in the public mind leads to a chronic anti-Semitism as infectious as the common cold. For obvi-

ously a minority which is so much better than the rest of us must be put down. And equally obviously a minority which is so much worse than the rest of us must also be put down. In times of comparative social peace this chronic anti-Semitism confines itself to a phlegmatic neurosis. In times of social strain and struggle it flares up into the psychosis of violent hate. But at all times this discriminatory confusion is so pervasive that even philo-Semitic efforts are tinged by it, indeed part of it. For there can be no bourgeois defense of the Jews which is not a mere palliation of Jew hatred, which is not a mere effort to keep anti-Semitism well-bred and respectable. One of the historic pleas for toleration of the Jews consists, in fact, of the argument that since they are almost indistinguishable from the Joneses, since there are so few of them, and since these few labor under considerable disabilities, there is really no danger whatever of their domination. Every ten years or so some astute publicist, with liberal intention, will prove statistically that the Jews can't get us. Why pogroms if prejudice will do?

V

The magazine *Fortune** some time ago hit upon this brilliant if somewhat hoary idea of stemming a more ominous anti-Semitism by objectively proving that the present disabilities of the Jews are perfectly sufficient to keep them in their place. The editors shrewdly suspected that the Jews, being a minority group, probably lack even proportional representation in the power and wealth of the country. Guided by this sound suspicion, they decided to find out just how much of America the Jews really control; just how smart (or dumb) they actually are; and to just what degree they endanger this Christian commonwealth.

Accordingly *Fortune* organized one of its sociological Abercrombie and Fitch expeditions to gather an article. The head of this expedition was Archibald MacLeish, a sociological ingenue of great personal culture and with a real desire for social decency. Assisted by the usual number of beaters and boys and natives from Yale, the *Fortune* expedition took off and explored the whole of our racial wilderness to hunt for Jewish big game in the wistful hope of catching only small Jewish fry. It returned rich in facts, its hope fully justified. But practically all of its findings I could have discovered, at far less expense, in the main reading-room of the public library. The only really startling fact the *Fortune* expedition brought home is that Douglas Fairbanks, the former better half of America's sweetheart, is after all one of our boys.

The findings appeared in the February issue of *Fortune*. They immediately made a "sensation." Professional and even amateur Jews all over the country, who in fear of a growing anti-Semitism are at the moment anxious to show that the Jews by no means have it all over the Goyim, demanded that the study be republished in book form. So it was. And the blurb writer, with every evidence of being sold by his own sales talk, informs the reader that "the FACTS contained in 'Jews in America' will be

*"Jews in America." By the Editors of *Fortune*. Random House.

startling . . . will surprise . . . will be of profound interest to every American . . .," will bowl you over!

Now just what does "Jews in America" show? It shows that the Jews do *not* run this country. It proves that they exercise no greater power than their numbers warrant, in fact considerably less, as might be expected from a minority group under frequently open and permanently invidious discrimination. *Fortune* discovered, for instance, that of the 420 listed directors of the New York Clearing House in 1933, only 30 were Jews; and half of those were bunched in two minor trust companies. It found that in the investment field there are a few large Jewish houses, such as Kuhn, Loeb, and Company, the Speyers, the Seligmans, and the Lehmans. But all these houses have Gentile partners, and none of them begins to compare in power with the great non-Jewish firms.

In the basic industries—in coal, steel, oil, rubber, shipping, transportation—there are practically no Jews at all. Jewish ownership is really confined to light industry, to merchandising, and—ironically—to the manufacture and sale of amusement. Jews control the clothing industry because so many of them started as tailors. There are a good many Jewish department stores because so many Jews started as peddlers and small storekeepers. The Jews have had a great deal to do with the movies because so many of them started nickelodeons. Today, however, Jewish control of the great motion-picture companies is far from monopolistic. My own feeling is that with the advancing control by finance capital of all other forms of Big Ownership, Jewish control is likely to shrink. The Morgans and Rockefellers and Mellons are not in the habit of inviting Jews to their melon-slicing parties or for a swim in their private pools of watered stock. To sum up, *Fortune* found that of the 80,000 individuals listed in Poor's Register of Directors only "4.7 per cent seemed to be Jewish," just about the proportion of other Americans who seem to be Jewish; and these few are certainly not among the towering exploiters.

In the professions, in medicine and law, the proportion of Jews is no greater than the proportion of Jews to the rest of the country. And their power, in terms of hospital connections or membership in leading law firms, is infinitely less. In other learned professions, I feel certain, the Jews enjoy less than their quota. Owing to their background as well as to their difficulty in finding good jobs, Jews prefer the merchandising professions of law and medicine to the salaried professions of engineering or architecture. There are some Jewish university professors. But with very few and honorable exceptions they are not men of great distinction or intellectual integrity. Mostly they rise on the academic escalator, safe and sane and respectable proofs for the boast of our higher learning that it does not draw the anti-Semitic line. But in fact they are the exception which proves the line of academic anti-Semitism. And more often than not they are far more adept as expert lickspittles than as expert authorities. In short, conventionally successful Jews, like conventionally successful leaders in other handicapped minorities, get there less through their authentic ability than through their gift of conformity. And since they never achieve

real power, they are ominous mainly as dinner partners.

The expedition fully satisfied the editors of *Fortune* that the Jews are no danger. The Jews control no more than their share, and even that share, though somewhat more strident, is far less important. Obviously, there is no need for an artificial *numerus clausus*, because bourgeois Jewry has a congenital quota of ability which pretty much parallels Gentile capacities. The liberal conclusion is clear. If the Jews are so much like the rest of us but are only 4 per cent of us, and even these 4 per cent labor under various open and covert disabilities, *then why all the fuss?*

Unfortunately this fuss has been going on for thousands of years because the Jewish question has nothing to do with these things. The Jewish problem, as I have tried to show, is the sick relation between Jewry and world, a consciousness of social guilt which goes with social war. The mechanism of this Judaeo-Christian psychosis is a unique expression of man's brutality to man.

Mr. MacLeish did not allay my fear that the Jews may control America. I have no such fear, provided they are not professional Jews. It is not the Jew but the reactionary in Barney Baruch to whom I object, just as it is not the Anglo-Saxon but the reactionary in Mr. Lamont who must not be allowed power. What the editors of *Fortune* assume is that if all public figures were Jews there would be reason to worry. And since they can easily show that no dominant group is ever entirely or even largely composed of a suppressed minority, they feel that America is safe and anti-Semitism silly. To me anti-Semitism is evil for very different reasons. I wouldn't care if all bankers were Jews—or for that matter all university professors were Negroes or all Cabinet members American Indians—provided they were the men for the job as it needs to be done. Incidentally we know that the distribution of human ability makes it quite impossible for any minority to monopolize it. The only way a minority, be it of race or of class, can disable the majority is through the police powers of the state.

VI

Bourgeois society cannot solve the Jewish problem any more than could feudal or ancient society. It has nothing to offer but the hoary alternative of segregation or assimilation. Neither of these is a cure; both are myths. Segregation, as the American Negro shows in his very complexion, does not segregate. It merely acts as a morbid attraction. Every Ghetto in history, whether it was actually physical or sublimated into social discrimination, has acted as a maleficent magnet for the worst features of both groups. The earlocks of orthodox Jewry in Poland are far blonder than those in the Ghetto of Tunis. Segregation is a suppressed, secret, anti-social affinity. And the cultural intercourse between two groups under segregation, no matter what subtle forms it may take, invariably binds them with the neurotic ties which bind the split personality.

Bourgeois assimilation, as I have shown, is no less a chimera. Even though thousands of Jews may "pass," the Jewish problem remains. For bourgeois "assimilation" is not assimilation to social democracy but to bourgeois prejudice. The Jew who becomes assimilated to bourgeois

society, thereby becomes assimilated to bourgeois anti-Semitism. Some time ago a Jewish classmate of mine proudly informed me that he had "got into" the Harvard Club. "If you have made good, you have no trouble at all," he boasted. Here is your whole mechanism of bourgeois assimilation. Denial is not cure. To be Jewish is not a secret vice but a social absurdity. It may be convenient and clever and even advisable to change Schoenberg into Belmont. But it surely is no fundamental therapy. The only way to solve the Jewish problem is to solve the great problem of social and industrial democracy.

That is why I have found, to my amazement, that the little Jewish tailor who shouts in Yiddish in his Socialist or union local is far less race-conscious than the big German-Jewish banker whose family has been here for a century. Unlike the banker, he does not want to join a club in order to snub others. He wants a society which everyone can join in security and justice. He may not get such a society for a long time to come. And when he gets it, it will no doubt have its terrible faults. But at least he is on the way.

You've guessed it: the answer is Marxism!

The South Is Rising

BY MAURY MAVERICK

BURIED under the rapidly deteriorating soil and choked economically from the outside and inside since it lost the Civil War, somehow the South is rising. We have been robbed by cotton speculators, utilities, big-town and small-town money lenders. We have sent our "upper" classes off to Northern colleges and our poorer ones off to be burned up by machines in Eastern industrial cities, and we have thus been drained of our best energies. We have taken punishment long enough and we are sick of it.

There are signs of revolt. As yet it is only a vague rumbling restlessness, but it is growing and cannot be ignored. In this revolt look back to that figure that rose up in the eroded hills of Louisiana—Huey Long. In his bones and his blood was deep hatred born of the oppression, undernourishment, sorrow, misery, ignorance, and desperation of his people. Raging in his soul, he clattered on the scene and slashed and cut and cursed the gods of oil and sulphur—his first hates—and then all the other gods right across the national scene. He was like a violent Gargantua shouting his Rabelaisian song as he went. God rest his troubled soul in peace. There was much in him that was vicious but what he stirred up cannot be downed.

Drawn by this ferment but not part of it, except to get the little lickin's around the kettle of graft, have come lesser ones like Talmadge. Talmadge—little, mean, cheap, and common—with not a millionth of the brains and none of the endearing qualities of Huey—inheriting only what was dangerous in him. Others as well have rattlesnaked up and have for the time fooled and are fooling Southern people, who have been slugged so long that they are easy to deceive.

Against what are the Southerners rising? They are beginning to rise out of their slavish submission to an economy which has given them the sweet imaginary odor of the magnolia blossoms—and also poverty, hunger, hopelessness. They are rising against the economic consequences of Appomattox; against what Charles W. Pipkin calls "selfish interests that have been able to screen themselves behind . . . Southern ideals, . . . traditions

which they meant to exploit and degrade." They have had enough of that inferiority complex which takes the form of a reminiscent self-satisfaction born of the war gloriously lost. They are rising finally against political separatism which brings inequality and a system of business enterprise which has drained the South of its natural and human resources for three-quarters of a century.

An indication that the South is beginning to prepare for action is the recent formation in Washington of the Southern Policy Committee. Numbering among its members many Southern Congressmen and officials in the various administrative departments of the government, the committee represents a valid Southern movement of a genuinely progressive nature. The nation will be hearing from it before very long.

What are the facts and forces behind the present restlessness of the South? First of all King Cotton is dead, and the South knows he will never rise again. Cotton was king after the Civil War, but at no time was he a gentleman-George V. He was a blooming Hitler who ordered the Southerners to grow cotton and sell it for cash—or be purged by starvation. The results of cotton tyranny are inscribed on the death scroll of soil erosion. Mississippi has 63.7 per cent of its farm lands injured by sheet erosion and 47.1 per cent by gullying; Tennessee, where over half the land has been rendered valueless for farming, has the same proportion of sheet erosion and 80.7 per cent of gullying; Big-Mouthed Eugene's Georgia, 50 per cent washed out, is going fast. Sixty-one per cent of the nation's eroded land lies in the South. Five million more acres of fertile bottom land have been lost to cultivation through stream choking and floods, and twenty million tons a year of potash, nitrogen, and phosphates race to the ocean from the stark fields of the old cotton empire.

This relentless drainage creates a vicious circle in which the South is forced to grow cotton for sale in order to buy fertilizer (5,500,000 tons of it a year, compared with 2,500,000 tons for all the rest of the nation) with which to grow cotton for sale. Sacrificing all to cotton, the South has neglected its other agricultural opportunities and has

been compelled to buy produce it could grow more economically itself. Christmas trees from the West Coast are sold in the Carolinas, land of evergreens; spinach and carrots from distant California are sold in the Southeast; Southern farmers buy winter rutabagas from Canada and cabbage from everywhere; hay, corn, and feed are sold by the West to the Southeast, and those that can afford it live to a large extent on canned goods bought from nearly anywhere but from the South. For the South to import these things, a group of Southern economists have recently stated, "results in everyday scarcity of what could abound without limits." Furthermore the goods the South buys must jump the prices jacked up by a high tariff wall; but the goods it sells must grovel and beg miserably under the protectionist spite-fence and compete against the whole wide world. This would be enough to explain the unenviable records of the South in American agriculture: the lowest per capita farm income; the lowest income per farm worker; the lowest return per horse-power unit; the lowest ratio of income from livestock; the lowest per capita amount of pure-bred livestock; the lowest production of milk and butter.

Worse still is the human drain on the South. Since the turn of the century it has had a net loss of three and a half million people. In the single decade of 1920-30, 380,000 Negroes emigrated to Northern cities. The charts of population movements prepared by the government show the people fleeing from the South as from the invasion of a foreign army, black and white alike, flooding north, west, and even down into Florida, from the devastated provinces

of our dead king. Of those who are left behind, many live in areas where from half to nine-tenths of the children receive diets inadequate by any human standard, resulting in disease, feeble-mindedness, and social degeneration. A particularly bitter aspect of the emigration is that it empties the South of its best leaders and turns them into betrayers of their homeland. Education in the South may lag behind the national average but it has its high spots equal to any in the country. The University of North Carolina is outstanding as an intellectual center, Texas has perhaps the finest university library in America, while Rice, Duke, and others offer the same advantages to students as any of the old pre-revolutionary Eastern universities. Yet traditionally substantial numbers of the most intelligent—educated on the last resources of proud families—go North, there engaging in the exploitation of the land of their birth. By the contracts they learned to write in Eastern colleges, by ownership documents, mortgages, bonds, stocks, utilities, and rail franchises, they syphon out our salt, oil, sulphur, cattle, cotton, and natural resources, along with the brain and brawn that must inevitably follow.

This exodus has helped nobody. By draining off the population it has inflicted heavy loss on the South, and by flooding other parts of the country with millions of unorganized, uneducated, untrained day laborers it has lowered purchasing power and wage scales in those regions, thus causing economic loss to the nation as a whole.

It is easy for critics whose ignorance and prejudice are different only in kind from ours to say categorically just what is wrong with the South. The story, however, is deeper than they know. Some, with Abolitionist psychology, blame the planters. But planters and tenants are caught in the same trap. Landlordism is the curse of the South, but it is a stupid landlordism that denies profitable production and purchasing power to its serfs. It is the hateful landlordism of the anonymous—the banks, the insurance companies, the distant investors, the credit lines, the bankruptcy receiver-ships, all the dreary apparatus of financial exploitation by remote control. All this time most Southerners have thought, if they have taken time to think at all, that it was exploitation by the Northerners of which they were the victims. The same crowd of exploiters are doing in the North and West just what they are doing in the South. Exploitation knows no geographical divisions.

So the South has decided to muscle in at the national table. Southerners have come to real-



ize that helped by their climate they can, by conservation and coordination, change their record of the lowest per capita farm income to the highest.

Who but a couple of damned Yankees should be the ones to have led the South to this realization? Senator George W. Norris and President Roosevelt, by setting up the TVA, have given the South the first real hope of revival it has known since the Civil War. They marched in, pitched camp and set to work, but unlike General Sherman, they came with an army of construction. Covering 40,000 square miles, enriching the lives of over two million people, TVA has become the great central dynamo for seven states. TVA has brought light, heat, and power to the destitute South. Its enemies, the utilities, backed by their Eastern friends and by Southern gentlemen who have stolen carpet-bags, still fight it bitterly. They profess to see in TVA a deliberate slap in their faces from the hand of Roosevelt. They picture the President sitting off in Washington, like a Count of Monte Cristo, throwing gold into pet schemes like TVA merely to gratify a personal hate for the private power groups. But they have not seen the truth, for TVA is a great deal more than just a negative gesture of spite. It is a break for, and *in*, the South and it is also the most successful enterprise of the New Deal. The great majority of the Southern people realize that Roosevelt is the only President who has given the South full support, full encouragement, full recognition since the

Civil War. The allegiance and strict obedience of Southern Senators and Representatives is sincere and almost fanatical. Roosevelt, heart, liver, and lights, is our man.

Together he and Norris have set 16,000 men to work. They are unlocking the magic of electricity and farm technology in an area which was one of the most backward in the entire nation, releasing the energies of modern science with a dash and morale akin to that of war. A little army but a victorious one—victorious over local prejudice, victorious over utilities, partially victorious even over the Supreme Court.

What this peace army means for the South not even those who know the South can say. It means breaking with a past which took mournful pride in having been overpowered, not licked, by the Yankees, and which despised the only means by which the defeated Confederacy could convert defeat into victory. Yes, there is another Southern rebellion. But there is no nonsense or equivocation about the facts. There are no bugles, no faint smells of imaginary magnolias, no inferiority complexes. It is a rebellion in which Northerners—damned Yankees—lend assistance to the grandsons of the ragged troopers who starved and fought and died with Jackson and Lee. Both have found that they have a common enemy—and that enemy is to be seen not in terms of sectional cleavage but in terms of economic power.

The New Soviet Constitution

BY LOUIS FISCHER

Moscow, May
WHEN a truth about the Soviet Union is told too early to unprepared minds it is dismissed as "propaganda." Three years ago it was "propaganda" to say that the U. S. S. R. was successfully carrying out an unprecedentedly broad and rapid program of industrialization. Now for a few years it will be "propaganda" to say that Russia is scrapping the dictatorship and establishing a real democracy.

It is interesting that when I first wrote about the democratization of the U. S. S. R. in the middle of 1935, even those Soviet Communists with whom I discussed the trend were not aware of its existence. For there has been no popular demand for democracy. The dictatorship is not retreating under pressure. It is voluntarily abdicating.

Though I violently dislike the raucous paeans of praise for Stalin which are repeated in this country with benumbing frequency and monotony, I must add my voice to the chorus. Democratization is not a whim inspired by a moment or a bit of opportunism provoked by a temporary situation. Stalin apparently thought this out years ago. He has been preparing it ever since 1931. Forward-looking people abroad will hail the change toward democracy. Yet most of them swore at the costly and often cruel steps by which the U.S. S. R. approached the goal.

The Bolsheviks know from their own and from foreign experience that when several classes exist, one dominates the others. No matter what we call it, such a relationship is a dictatorship. In Stalin's view, therefore, the road to Soviet democracy lay through the annihilation of certain classes and the equalization of those which remained. This describes the painful social process through which the U. S. S. R. has passed in the last six years.

With the opening of the first Five-Year Plan in 1929 the city bourgeoisie—the Nepmen of dim memory—finally disappeared. Stalin's six-point speech of June 23, 1931, buried the policy of unfair discrimination against the intelligentsia and raised the professional groups to the political level of the proletariat. Materially, these engineers, physicians, and others were better off than workers. But the fate of the peasantry, more than anything else, would determine the future of socialism and of democracy. In 1929 agrarian collectivization commenced, and with it the persecution, expulsion, and economic destruction of the kulaks, the relatively more prosperous or at least more hopeful peasants whose vain belief in the preservation of Russian capitalism led them into stubborn resistance to the socialization of agriculture. The bulk of the peasantry joined the collectives. Here their political conversion made rapid strides. They ceased to be the competitors of the

socialist city. They became its collaborators in the erection of a new system of society. They were consequently entitled to equal rights. In February, 1935, Premier Molotov announced the new constitution which would grant equal suffrage to peasants. Today the vote of a Soviet workingman is worth five peasant votes. The Bolsheviks deliberately put this provision into their earlier constitution because they were afraid of being overwhelmed by a huge hostile rural electorate. Now, however, the collectivized peasant represents no danger to socialism. Culturally and materially the village is being lifted to urban levels. Political leveling follows. As a corollary of this political reform came the statutes of March, 1935, which instituted a new regime in the collectives whereby the general assembly of each *kolhoz* became its highest authority; the assembly can even overrule the village Communists, who had previously dominated. The village thus won a large measure of economic self-government.

Advancing technique and mounting culture make the Soviet workingman an embryonic intellectual. Through the mechanization of agriculture many peasants are at the same time workers. The difference between brain and brawn and between factory and farm grows narrower. The divisions still exist, but these classes are complementary to one another, instead of hostile as before. Under the new constitution they will enjoy the same rights and prerogatives. The class war, therefore, has practically ended in the U. S. S. R. A few anti-Soviet individuals there are, but no anti-Soviet classes or even fractions of classes. A homogeneous Soviet nation is being born, and the authorities are straining every muscle—with what success I do not yet know—to cultivate a new patriotism and a new consciousness of nationhood.

Internal peace, plenty, and progress conduce to democracy; their opposites, to dictatorship. The Soviet Union, therefore, can safely move away from dictatorship toward democracy. Abroad it will be said that democratization is an expedient to make the population more loyal in case of war. That will be its effect; it is not its cause. Soviet democracy is a logical, natural outgrowth of years of revolutionary history. The war menace, which the Bolsheviks are no longer exaggerating, slackens the speed of the advance toward democracy. It cannot interrupt it.

This summer the Bolshevik Party will definitely write the birth certificate of the new democracy. National elections on the old basis will then take place for an extraordinary Congress of Soviets, which alone has the formal right to annul the former constitution and adopt the new one. Immediately thereupon a second nation-wide poll will be announced to elect the Soviet Union's first parliament. The elections will be secret and direct. Citizens will cast their ballots for or against particular candidates, who, if successful, will become members of parliament. Hitherto national bodies have been chosen indirectly.

Parliament will consist of two houses. The lower chamber will count some 600 members elected by popular vote. The Senate will number approximately 300 members selected by the legislative assemblies or governments of the several constituent republics and autonomous territories which comprise the Soviet Union. The commission which

drafted the constitution considered the advisability of direct elections for this body, too, but decided in favor of an upper house which would represent the many Soviet nationalities. At present the Soviet Union is a federation of seven national republics: the Russian Federation, the Ukraine, White Russia, the Caucasus Federation, Uzbekistan, Turkmenistan, and Tadjikistan. Now the Caucasus Federation will be broken up into its three units—Georgia, Armenia, and Azerbaijan—each of which rises to the status of a national republic. Moreover, Kazakhstan and Kirghiz will be detached from the bulky Russian Federation and given independent existence. These eleven major republics will each select about ten senators; the smaller nationalities which the republics embrace will likewise send their senators to Moscow. Instead of seven presidents of the Soviet Union, one from each national republic, there will be one supreme president of the Union elected by parliament.

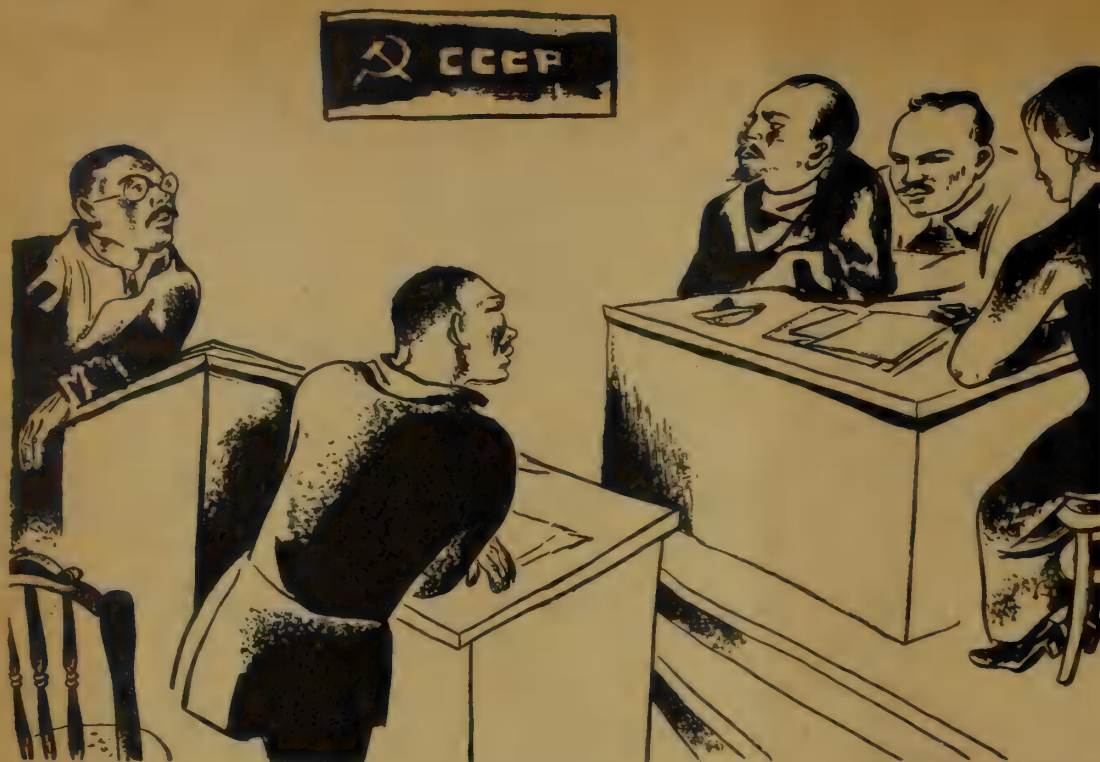
Both houses may initiate legislation, but the lower house will enjoy greater authority. It is assumed that parliament will sit twice a year for two-month sessions. During the remaining eight months commoners and senators will resume their ordinary tasks. One may go back to his lathe, the other to his plow, a third to the operating theater, a fourth to his job as governor of a province. The Bolsheviks definitely do not want to divorce the executive from the legislative branches of government. The local administrator or the director of a plant or the teacher has intimate contact with life and knows best what laws the country needs. Having passed the laws, he presumably will know best how to put them into effect. Between sessions the congressman comes to his constituency not as a visitor but as a participator.

Stalin has said in private that the parliamentary elections will serve as a sort of examination of officials. Should these officials displease the population, they will be rejected if they stand for parliament. And then, of course, they will be discharged from office too. The bureaucrat is exposed to popular disfavor. This is the most effective weapon against bureaucracy.

Any organized group of citizens can add names to the list of candidates for parliamentary seats. Such groups might be the party, the trade unions, cooperatives, academic societies, university student bodies, voluntary corporations like the Osoaviakhim (an organization for encouraging civil aviation and teaching the people protection against air bombing and gas attacks), and so on. Each candidate will engage in a pre-election campaign in which he will naturally extol his own virtues and reveal the shortcomings of his rivals. This will be a school of democracy such as Russia has never known. The vote will be cast by a mark opposite the favored person's name or by scratching out all the others.

Both houses of parliament will contain Communists and non-Communists. Here, in a sense, are two parties already. Indeed, the proportion of non-Communists may be quite large. The range of choice may not be very wide in the beginning, but the system affords scope for a reflection of public opinion.

Place of residence will determine where one votes.



Soviet Court

Drawing by Gropper

This is a crucial change. Members of municipal soviets are now elected by factories or offices voting as units. This is an essential characteristic of the Soviet system. Its replacement by parliamentary elections according to territorial divisions should herald the end of the Soviet system. Domicile is more or less accidental, and its use as a basis of voting stresses unifying aspects—a locksmith may live on the same street with a professor—whereas voting according to place of work emphasized the criteria which once distinguished one class from another. Fewer inhabitants, moreover, will be disfranchised. The promulgation of the new constitution granting suffrage to many persons now deprived of it—ex-kulaks, former political enemies, and others—will have the effect of an amnesty. Simultaneously Moscow will probably indicate that the Soviet Union is a refuge for all enemies of foreign dictatorship except those who advocate or practice individual terror.

The new constitution is a distinct advance toward democracy. The people of the Soviet Union, when they actually control their own affairs, will control all their affairs—political, economic, social and cultural—for no fields will be reserved to private interests. The forthcoming statutes, to be sure, declare that not only national property but also certain forms of private property are "holy," but this second category is small and includes such unimportant items as a single house or apartment, a summer bungalow, an automobile, a library, a cow. Personal wealth is "holy," not capital.

This concession to personal wealth is also a partial concession to the inviolability of one's person. In the final analysis the question of democracy in the U. S. S. R. is the question of the GPU, or the Internal Commissariat, as it was renamed after the recent restriction of its authority. Equality of political rights is a great deal but not enough. The essence of democracy lies in civil rights. The new constitution contains a long section about justice. The administration of justice through the public courts,

as distinguished from direct action by the Internal Commissariat, will be strengthened. Ultimately the judges in the people's or lower magistrates' courts will be elected by popular vote. This is the first of a large number of steps required for the creation of an independent judiciary.

There remains the question of the Communist Party, which is still the spearhead of dictatorship. But here also many changes have occurred in recent years. On May 2, 1935, Stalin said that there were "party and non-party Bolsheviks." That is, there were staunch, devoted Communists who could be trusted even though they possessed no party card. He might have added that there were

Communists who had the party card but did not merit it. Party membership no longer carries with it a monopoly of loyalty and authority. Moreover, as the years go by, the line of demarcation between party and government grows less distinct. The function and activities of the party now merge with those of the government. More than ever the government's newspaper *Izvestia* looks like a twin brother of the party organ *Pravda*. Where does the talented Lazar Kaganovich cease to be a member of the party's supreme Politbureau and become the government's Commissar of Railways? The government cannot disappear. Perhaps, by and by, the party will; the Komsomol, or League of Communist Youth, has already lost most of its political physiognomy. These developments do not impend today or the day after tomorrow. I am sketching a distant perspective which, nevertheless, is the frame for the concrete measures already being introduced to make a real democracy.

While the threat of attack lurks in the Far East and in Europe, the dictatorship must be within call. On the other hand, Soviet democracy may lessen the likelihood of world war. If the English "young Conservatives" were to realize that together with France and Russia they could afford to take a stand on principle and oppose both the Italian and German menaces to the British Empire, a bloc of democratic, anti-fascist states—the U. S. S. R., England, France, and Czecho-Slovakia—might stem aggression as well as reaction and turn Europe back toward sanity. A little spell of prosperity would facilitate this.

There are some slight indications that the tide of fascism in Europe is receding. The new Soviet constitution will be an important factor in this situation. Stalin is the chairman of the government commission which drafted the constitution, and the task, undertaken upon his initiative, had his minute guidance from start to finish. Collectivization, industrialization, and now the launching of democracy—with these remarkable achievements to his credit, Stalin's place in history is secure.

TVA: The New Deal's Best Asset

BY STUART CHASE

III. Planning by Consent

IN THE preceding articles I have tried to set the TVA upon the wider base of planned resources for human livelihood, and to enumerate the specific activities upon which the Authority is now engaged—activities which arise automatically when the control of a great watershed is undertaken. In this article let us inquire into the personnel, their point of view, their methods, and their success in overcoming opposition. How is the TVA progressing psychologically? What are the chances, from the human and the institutional points of view, of achieving its admittedly admirable objectives? Dams, locks, and generators can be built, and under such an engineer as Dr. A. E. Morgan superlatively well built, so long as Congress provides the money. This program, as we saw in the last article, is going briskly forward. What of human engineering; how are the people of the Valley going to live with their dams?

The total staff of the TVA now includes some 13,000 persons. About 5,000 are building engineering works. In their ranks are many highly skilled workers. About 4,000 are clearing reservoirs, most of them local farmers, unskilled in mechanical trades. Upward of 4,000 are salaried workers, technical or clerical. Here we find engineers, foresters, experts in the control of erosion, ecologists, geologists, physicists, chemists, agronomists, medical and sanitation experts, architects, statisticians, economists, sociologists, educational experts. We find a young woman whose duty it is to pacify the few rugged individualists who announce noisily that they would rather drown beneath the swelling reservoir than leave their cabins, and who will not sell at any price. The Liberty League should erect a monument to them, for they are as courageous as they are cracked. This young woman has a talent for absorbing their protestations and ultimately bringing them around.

The technical staff is not large considering the area involved—almost as large as England—and the mammoth task of reestablishing the economy of a whole region. This staff, however, is only the front line. Behind it is a much more numerous army made up of local organizations—county agents, Extension Service teachers from the land-grant colleges, school boards, farmers' cooperatives, the Red Cross, highway authorities, to name a few; and the staffs of other federal agencies—the Forest Service, the triple A, the triple C, the Resettlement Administration, the Bureau of Mines, the Reclamation Service (the greatest designers of dams in the world, with Boulder Dam as their outstanding achievement), Geological Survey, War Department, army engineers, and so on. The cooperation is genuine. There seems to be something about

the boldness and vigor of the whole enterprise which fires the imagination and enlists the support of all who come in contact with it.

Let me give you a concrete example of the kind of project with which the TVA has to cope. To protect the shores of the Norris reservoir from silting, pollution, mosquitoes, and real-estate operators, a quarter-mile strip surrounding the 775 miles of shore line has been purchased, to a total of 117,000 acres. It is to be known as Norris Forest. People who have their farms in this area must be provided for. This demands a Removal Section in cooperation with the Resettlement Administration and the Extension Service of the University of Tennessee. Its biggest job is to protect the migrants from the realtors. Then airplanes must go aloft and take mosaic photographs of the whole region for a basic land-use map, to be checked by field surveys. The 117,000 acres will be divided into ten functional areas, and for each area expert technical study and planning is required.

1. Settlement areas, where farms will be continued, the farmers to receive dependable cash income from forest work.
2. Crop lands, where agriculture is advisable under proper tillage methods.
3. Grazing lands, for lease under strict controls against overgrazing.
4. Permanent-yield forest (76,000 acres) for lumber production to perpetuity. Cutting is never to exceed annual growth. The lumber will produce revenue.
5. Tree-nursery area, including experimental work on erosion-control vegetation and forest crops which feed men and animals—black walnuts, Japanese chestnuts, persimmons, mulberries, pecans, and many others. Incidentally this is one of the most interesting experiments in the Valley, partly because of the exceptional competence of the scientist who has it in charge.
6. Game areas, for restricted hunting, for protected breeding of wild fowl, and for a sanctuary where no trespassing is permitted.
7. A wilderness area, for solitude. No improvements of any kind to be permitted. Thoreau would find peace here.
8. A primeval area, where the remnants of the virgin forest are to be protected.
9. A study area (6,000 acres), a laboratory for ecologists. No hunting permitted.
10. Recreation areas for campers, hikers, Boy Scouts, leased camp sites, and the rest. No hot-dog stands.

All this is but one part of one reservoir. When private airplanes are foolproof and cheap, I think I shall apply for a summer camp on the shores of Lake Norris. I know that its superb natural beauty can never be spoiled under this program but only enhanced.



Almost the first question which I asked upon arrival was the strength of the opposition. What vested interests are fighting the TVA? The answer was surprising. There is little organized opposition in the Valley. New York, pulling the strings to its puppets in Tennessee, registers the very considerable opposition of the power companies and of certain bankers and business men. But the mass of the people are for it—farmers, workers, mechanics. Main Street is for it, the small business men. Professional and middle-class people generally are for it. Some politicians are disgruntled because their wards find no jobs at the TVA without first undergoing an exhaustive test by the personnel division as to technical competence. Nothing is more discouraging to a politician's second cousin. The Chattanooga Chamber of Commerce blows hot and cold. At a recent meeting two resolutions were passed—one deploring the TVA on high moral grounds as a violator of sound American institutions, and the other demanding that all contracts for TVA supplies be let to Chattanooga business men. Thus the chamber roundly denounced the devil and in the same breath solicited his sulphur-and-brimstone business.

By and large, the Valley has been won over. When the Supreme Court's decision was handed down, people burst into spontaneous parades and celebrations. This is due in no small measure to the substantial cash disbursements which the construction of mighty engineering works entails. In greater part it is due to a friendly and diplomatic attitude. All three directors share this attitude, and all are responsible for it, but the initial credit probably goes to Dr. H. A. Morgan, who has lived in the Valley for forty years, studying its soil and learning to understand its people.

The TVA did not appear over the mountains, an alien swarm of bureaucrats, flourishing blueprints, prepared to tell the people of the Valley what to do, and like it. No. The temper of the Authority has been to ask the people: What do you want? How can we help you get it? This is your Valley; you live in it. Perhaps we can show you some ways of doing things whereby you can live better. We shall be glad to try. And the Valley, after the inevitable period of shock at anything new, was disarmed by this frankness and humility. Tentative cooperation turned into enthusiastic cooperation.

This basic assumption that the people of the Valley come first touched every member of the staff with whom I talked. All are interested in the men and women about them, especially in the hill people with their strong characters and original points of view. Stories run in relays from office to office and from mouth to mouth. For instance:

TVA CENSUS TAKER: Have you any children?

OLD FARMER: No, stranger, but I've got a dam fine hog.

TVA EROSION MAN: Perhaps we can show you a little something about scientific agriculture.

GEORGIA CRACKER: Well sir, I've run through three farms, and pretty well used up this one. You can't tell me nothing about farming.

ONE OLD-TIMER TO ANOTHER: I tell you this TVA juice is cleaner than private-company juice. It's made with running water and not with dirty coal.

Whenever possible, the TVA works through local groups which are already organized and functioning. If none exist, the TVA starts them. The technique has now reached almost Machiavellian proportions. To obtain rural electric-power lines, farmers must first form a local cooperative. When approached, a given county may be on the defensive. So the TVA agents call a meeting and simply tell the story of what rural electrification means, what it costs, and what its benefits are. Then they pack their charts and prepare to leave, remarking as they take their hats that this particular county is a difficult one to service. The meeting, they point out, was called to get the general news before the farmers. Some day, perhaps, if all goes well, a line might be arranged. But hardly now. No indeed, not now. From defensive the audience turns to offensive. Why not now? What's the matter with this county? Why can't we have what other counties have? Mister, where are those blanks? We'll have a full list of names for you tomorrow, no, tonight; and we'll sign up that 662 kilowatts per mile. What do you mean, we can't have TVA power now? And the cooperative is enthusiastically launched under its own steam, with full local responsibility.

The TVA act directs that surplus power shall be sold first to public groups—cities, towns, rural cooperatives—and if any remains, to private power companies and industries. In 1935 plenty did remain, and \$500,000 of current was sold to private companies. The outlet to municipalities has been slow, owing to the desperate legal battle being waged by the power interests. It takes from three to seven years, thousands of dollars, and an interregnum of thoroughly bad service for the citizens of any

community in this Republic to provide themselves with electric power. Mr. Lilienthal tells the typical story of Florence, Alabama. First, the citizens by almost unanimous ballot, in an election provided by state law, voted to set up their own distribution system and to buy current wholesale from the TVA. Second, the franchise with the Alabama Power Company expired. Third, the company refused to sell its distribution lines to the city except at an outrageous figure, and finally refused even to discuss the matter of sale. Fourth, the service was grossly unsatisfactory; the Florence hospital was unable to instal a sterilizer because the lines were so overloaded. Fifth, the profits of the company have been spectacular; the gross income in a single year exceeds the appraised value of the whole investment. Sixth, every effort of the citizens to move in the direction of the TVA has been blocked by litigation, injunctions, court decrees; and every penny of the cost of this litigation to the company is paid by the citizens in their electric bills.

When the way is at last opened, when the period of impudence, effrontery, and sabotage is over, the TVA proceeds to close cooperation with the local town or city. Uniform accounting systems are installed. Power profits are not commingled with tax receipts. A considerate policy is adopted toward the customer. The customer is always right; he is entitled to good service—a welcome change from the attitude still held by some municipal systems that the customer is a dog of a taxpayer. Equipment and facilities are modern. Incoming lines are installed in dupli-

cate, so that if one fails in a storm, the other can be switched in. In brief, the intention is to give the town all the benefits and services which a private company can give plus a few additional benefits, *without the holding-company milking-machine attachment*. Rates must fall, and a real yardstick appears. TVA charges are already beginning to rock the rate structure of the region. The power companies will charge that the cost accounting is unfair; that too much capital cost goes to flood control and navigation and not enough to power. This is a nice point; the row promises to be tremendous; but we must not forget that the dams are not being built primarily for power.

When Henry Ford dumped his cars on a nation, there were no roads to carry them, but presently paved highways appeared. Cheap power descends on the backwoods, and presently appear motors, pumps, refrigerators, radios, toasters, ranges, and washing machines. As energy is the basis of any civilization, this is not so magical as at first it seems. Certainly in the Valley lower rates have greatly stimulated power consumption; equipment sales have increased more rapidly than in any other region. One of the local private companies received the annual blue ribbon from the Edison Institute for the largest jump in business of any American utility. When the TVA current first came in, local companies complained bitterly that there already was a surplus of generating capacity. Now an actual shortage is on the horizon. The dams, we may rest assured, are going to be used.

[Mr. Chase's concluding article will appear next week.]



Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

A DISPATCH to the New York *Times* reports the proceedings at Liblar, Germany, of the Carl Schurz Society of Berlin on the tenth anniversary of its foundation. Liblar was Schurz's birthplace. A large group of government officials, representatives of the National Socialist Party, and members of the faculties of Cologne and Bonn universities, together with forty-five American exchange students, took part in the ceremony, which concluded with the singing of "Deutschland über Alles" and the Horst Wessel song. Of course a message from Dr. Joseph Goebbels, Minister of Propaganda, was not lacking, but so far as the dispatches report he did not pay any particular tribute to Schurz himself. That was the only decent thing about the proceedings. For the Carl Schurz Society of Berlin has been *gleichgeschaltet*, that is, coordinated to the National Socialist Party, and is nothing but a branch of the Goebbels ministry. The mere presence of Nazi officials at a celebration in honor of Schurz was an insult to one of the greatest republicans.

One has only to read Schurz's published writings to see how he abominated despotisms and absolutisms of every kind. Schurz was but nineteen when he inspired his fellow-students at Bonn University to rise against the constituted authorities because they were dictators and tyrants, because there was no free parliament in Prussia, because the will of the Prussian people could not express itself, because there was neither freedom of thought nor freedom of speech and press nor freedom of political assembly. If there is one thing certain in this world, it is that were Schurz living today he would be blistering the Nazi dictatorship of Germany with the same superb eloquence that first burst from him in the Aula of Bonn University and that he put at the service of his new fatherland from the time that he reached our shores. Much stress was laid in the Liblar ceremony upon Schurz's efforts to foster a good understanding between the two countries. That was obviously the only thing that those Nazi officials and the United States chargé d'affaires, Ferdinand L. Mayer, could safely talk about. Had anyone really eulogized Schurz as he was, the speaker would have been arrested.

Let us suppose that there had been a real Schurz celebration at Liblar. One of the Bonn students would, of course, have led off with a restatement of those burning words which Schurz uttered at Bonn, after which he donned the uniform of revolution and was shut up in the fortress of Rastatt, escaping after the surrender as by a miracle. Over the speakers' stand would have been emblazoned these words of Schurz's: "The German Empire will infallibly find the surest guaranty of its stability in the progressive development of free institutions. The Germans are like every other strong people—fidelity will

increase with freedom" (spoken at Chicago, June 15, 1893). The next speaker would have told of the price that was put upon Schurz's head as a traitor to that mild German despotism which never thought of ministers of propaganda or the tortures of concentration camps, or of a purge in which more than 1,250 persons were killed in a single night. True, the Prussian and other German autocrats did kill, and about this Schurz had something to say; so that another free speaker would have recalled Schurz's indignant reply to a German who wrote him in 1857 in protest against the murders in Kansas. He admitted their shocking character, but he repelled the statement of his correspondent that "the deeds of certain individuals in Kansas are, if possible, more barbarous than any atrocities of European despotisms," saying, "How can you think so? . . . Who would compare them with the long list of legally sanctioned murders committed in Baden . . . quite apart from the horrors that were perpetrated privately and praised publicly?" Can anyone doubt where Schurz would stand on the Hitler atrocities?

Finally, a real honoring of Carl Schurz would have terminated with the following from a letter written by him May 25, 1903, which sounds as if penned in 1936:

While those [Kishineff] outrages in Russia stand pre-eminent in their savage cruelty, it should not be forgotten that they only present one of the natural upshots of a widespread movement which in our days has put a peculiarly repulsive blot upon our vaunted civilization. The persecution and maltreatment of human beings on account of their race or their religious beliefs is always an offense, not only unjust to the victim, but also degrading to the offender. But the persecution and maltreatment of the Jews, as mankind has witnessed it and is now witnessing it in several countries, has been not only especially barbarous in the ferocity of its excesses, but in a singular degree self-debasing and cowardly in the invention of the reasons adduced for its justification. . . . And now . . . we hear apostles of anti-Semitism, even persons belonging to the so-called upper classes, insist with accents of profound alarm that if the Jews be permitted the same rights and privileges as other people, that despised race, forming so infinitesimal a part of the world's population, will surely outwit us all and rob us of our property, and possess themselves of all the controlling forces of society, and that therefore the Jews must be shackled hand and foot with all sorts of legal disabilities, if not exterminated. . . . Nothing could be more absurd and at the same time more cowardly than such reasoning and such appeals. But it is to agitation inflamed by just this spirit that we owe horrors like those of Kishineff, in beholding which humanity stands aghast.

By all means, honor Carl Schurz, you Jew-torturers, Joseph Goebbels and Adolf Hitler!

BROUN'S PAGE

THIS is written before the assembling of the Republican delegates at Cleveland, and so it must venture the risks of prophecy. It was held a few months ago that the sharpness of the protest against the New Deal would bring the Republican Party into complete unity. As I write I make the guess that Alfred Mossman Landon will be nominated on an early ballot. Nevertheless, such a quick agreement upon a candidate is far from indicating party unity. Surface harmony has been in too many cases nothing more than the calm which precedes the storm.

If a coalition ticket is agreed upon, the writer is a bad prophet. I venture to predict that it will be a Republican ticket and a Republican as usual. And unless this particular group of delegates double-crosses me, an attempt will be made to even up both geographically and along the economic front as well. A mild liberal, such as Landon of Kansas, will have as his running mate a rockribbed conservative like Wadsworth of New York. There is no true unity in the Republican Party any more than there is in the Democratic. The attempt to combine the agricultural West and Middle West into the sort of conservatism which the captains of the industrial East require can never be wholly successful. It would be just as logical for the Democrats to name a Republican of a liberal turn of mind as Roosevelt's running mate as for the Republicans to nominate a conservative Democrat to go along with Landon.

The convention in Cleveland (and on this prediction I risk all my reputation as even the second cousin of a prophet) failed to take the one step in coalition which would have been completely and wholly logical. It did not name William Randolph Hearst as the vice-presidential candidate of the Republican Party. This was an error in tactics as well as logic. Mr. Hearst discovered Landon and fostered him. His name would hardly have come before the convention at all but for the spade work performed by Hearst and his lieutenants. Alfred Mossman Landon won thousands of primary votes in communities where his name and his views were wholly unknown except through the active propaganda of the Hearst newspapers and the Hearst magazines. In spite of the slight setback which the California primary entailed, William Randolph Hearst did Landon far more good than harm in the pre-nomination campaign. This situation may be reversed after the nomination, but if a break was to be made Landon and his advisers were in honor bound to force it before the convention met. Woodrow Wilson did not wait so long in dealing with Colonel Harvey.

But the Republicans in Cleveland owe Hearst much more than a debt for the discovery of a candidate. For more than a year Hearst has set the pace and defined the issues for practically all the attacks made upon the Roosevelt Administration. Even such bitter newspaper rivals of Mr. Hearst as the *Chicago Tribune*, the *Los Angeles Times*, and the *New York Herald Tribune* have taken their

tone from San Simeon. In the general strike in San Francisco the local papers almost without exception went into a coalition under the leadership of Neylan, Hearst's lieutenant. In similar manner they have followed the counsel of Hearst in the pre-convention campaign against Roosevelt. Although Colonel McCormick has made more speeches about the freedom of the press than anybody else, the real leadership was gained by Hearst some two years ago when he induced the Publishers' Association to come to his support in the Jennings case.

So great has been his hold over his associates that J. David Stern was the only newspaper owner in the country who dared to criticize Mr. Hearst's newspaper practices in the matter of the Fiorenza fake. Every once and so often the Society of American Editors meets and lays down general principles about the ethics of journalism, but no practical application is ever made. Eager observers are still waiting for the society to cite Hearst for palpable violations of any of the standards set. It is true, of course, that William Randolph Hearst has far from a complete sway over the American press, but he has more control than any single individual has ever had since the beginning of American journalistic history. Even those publishers who do not like Hearst's methods or his politics very seldom express their disagreement in public. The Republican candidate in this campaign will have more than 75 per cent of the press on his side. Hearst has delivered a large part of this. He syndicates not only a news service, which has been highly colored to the extent of always calling the New Deal the Raw Deal, but also comic strips, columns, and various features. These have been handed over bodily to the Republican Party. I point out, for instance, that Arthur ("Bugs") Baer, Mr. Hearst's best paragrapher, has been assigned to almost unbroken partisan political comment for more than a year although his usual service has been merely to provide merriment without choosing sides.

It is a little late in the day for the Republican Party to talk of breaking with Hearst or disowning him. At this particular time not much would remain of the Landon organization if Hearst were left out. On several occasions the Lord of San Simeon has attempted to capture the Democratic organization, but in each case he has fallen short in spite of local victories. His tactics in regard to the Republican Party were extremely shrewd. He took the party over before the convention met. In the beginning most observers felt that Hearst was not serious in advancing the cause of Landon. "That's just for trading purposes," was the general comment. This time Hearst went through with it. Landon's lead was too long to be cut down. Having captured the candidate, Hearst has also captured the party. Now is the time for all good Republicans to make pilgrimage to San Simeon. They have no other place to go.

HEYWOOD BROWN

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Lesson of the Master

DRAMATIS PERSONAE. By W. B. Yeats. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

YEATS is never more the poet than when he attempts to write prose, and it will be a mistake to look in this book for the kind of logic that one can more easily find in a preface by Bernard Shaw or the most recent volume by Bertrand Russell. "To keep these notes natural and useful to me I must keep one note from leading on to another," begins one of his diaries, "that I may not surrender myself to literature." Obviously Yeats is warning himself against the too well-balanced sentence, the too well-developed paragraph, and the too well-organized formal structure that we associate with a certain type of "well-written" prose. He has always guarded against these things because they have been for him artifices of the logical mind which get in the way of the truth, the poet's truth. Incoherence, digression, and general irrelevance have been constant features of his prose; but it is not right to say that they are cultivated for their own sake. They are simply the logical results of using a logical medium for the expression of beliefs and insights which are essentially non-logical in character. Comparisons must be made with the Delphic epigrams of Blake or the journals of Baudelaire. The thought progresses, if it does progress, not according to any scheme of abstract reasoning, but according to an arrangement of metaphors. To follow the thought is really to perceive these metaphors, and this is not an affair for the reason alone. Ultimately the metaphors refer to a realm in which the reason is not yet altogether at home and in which it must proceed with a certain trepidation. Almost as much concentration is required as in reading the most difficult poetry.

Even the well-known literary personages of the opening section, *Dramatis Personae*, may be thought of as metaphors or symbols of this kind. The portrait of George Moore is built up with the greatest richness of description, anecdote, and dialogue; it strikes us with the same impression of unanalyzable reality that we derive from the best fiction. Yet it is also another illustration of one of Yeats's favorite distinctions (one which Allen Tate has recently appropriated to great advantage): "Improvement makes straight roads; he pumice-stoned every surface because *will had to do the work for nature*." Lady Gregory is the personal embodiment of those virtues which, because they are rare in modern democratic society, Yeats prefers to call aristocratic and identify with the essential values of the artist. "We come from the permanent things and create them, and instead of old blood we have old emotions," he explains in making the analogy. So also for all the other members of this private hagiology—Edward Martyn, Arthur Symonds, Florence Farr, Standish O'Grady, and the rest: all are sharply realized as individuals at the same time that they represent different aspects of that ever-broadening and ever-deepening contemplation of experience which makes Yeats the most considerable of living poets. As in such poems as the elegy on Robert Gregory and *The Tower*, the lives of known individuals become symbols as definite as tree or mountain, and like them the more real for being seized as wholes by the imagination.

This is perhaps most clearly seen in the case of Synge, who has been for Yeats throughout his later career an archetype of the modern intellectual man. Here it is less Synge's personality than the circumstances surrounding his death that provide Yeats with his pattern. Behind the two diaries, *Estrangement* and *The Death of Synge*, lies the whole drama of Yeats's own struggle to preserve his role in the resharpened teeth of the men of action. Written in 1909, at a moment of intensely revived political hatreds in Ireland, they correspond to the most anguished and uncertain period of his verse. What Yeats sees in his friend's troubles with the patriots and religious fanatics is really a challenge to his own view of the special role of the man of imagination. The notations provide a rare record of a great artist's most intimate efforts at self-understanding and self-justification.

Needless to say, their interest for us is greatly increased by their relevance to current preoccupations, their evidence that the drama which occupies us at the moment was played out by Yeats thirty or more years ago. Retracing the history of the "Young Ireland" school of poets and of his own movement, Yeats explains how he found it necessary to renounce "the deliberate creation of a kind of Holy City of the imagination, and express the individual." Nearly everything that Yeats has to say about the patriotic rhetoricians of his time is equally true for the writers of so-called revolutionary literature today: "The ethical ideas implied were of necessity very simple, needing neither study nor unusual gifts for their understanding." And again, "Neither the grammars of the Gaelic League nor the industrialism of the *Leader*, nor the *Sinn Fein* attacks upon the Irish Party, give sensible images to the affections." With a few simple substitutions this remains as pungent a statement about the relationship between literature and politics as when Yeats first made it. It is a statement, like numerous others strewn through these attic-sweepings of genius, which bears constant examination and reexamination at the moment. And it may be added that its truth will depend not only on the difficult logic that lies behind it but also on the authority of the speaker, the only authority that counts for very much in matters like the present, the authority of a great example.

WILLIAM TROY

Mr. Forster's Harvest

ABINGER HARVEST. By E. M. Forster. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.50.

FIFTEEN years ago E. M. Forster, though not very well known, was very well thought of; then he wrote a best-seller and became deservedly famous; today he seems to have gone honorably on the shelf. Latterly the fault may rather be his than ours, for he has produced very little, and that not at the top of his bent; yet he remains, I think, among the not numerous modern writers worthy of our attention, and the present book—despite its shortcomings—may restore to him part of his vanished stature. It would be a pity if it didn't. For though neither a writer of the first rank nor a writer who satisfies our most pressing needs, he is one with a peculiar value and charm, and these ought not to be wasted.

In many respects, of course, Forster writes both in a tradi-

tion and as part of a generation; yet that much is only like seeing his face with no expression in it. The expression that brings it to life, the smile as much directed against the face itself as against the world, is what makes all the difference. It has saved him, if not from disappointing, at least from displeasing us. He might so easily have been somebody who went to school in his youth to Meredith and Henry James and then fell regularly into line. As it was, he did not altogether escape the pitfalls of his special generation, the generation that comprises among others Strachey, Virginia Woolf, and Rebecca West. Shuttling between creative work and critical, being rather ostentatiously snooty toward the present and rather dreamily indulgent of the past, turning precious half out of fear of turning stuffy, conducting their experiments somewhat *en amateur*, this group have only been intellectuals who exhilarated us, never people who nourished our deep needs.

Forster, with much of their temperament, has avoided many of their mistakes, and hence has come off by far the best. He has been the least self-indulgent, the least self-conscious, the least mannered. With him as with the others race and education have proved both a hindrance and a help, but at any rate wherever he has reacted to life with that besetting English upper-middle-class sin of frivolous urbanity, he has done so with light humor and not with high-handed wit. Strachey's pomp, Rebecca West's glitter, Virginia Woolf's chastity have spoiled all three as human beings; but if Forster, like the others, has failed of full creative or critical growth, at least he remains an admirable person, and one who never claims for himself more than he can show. He is always engaging and honest, and usually thoughtful and keen.

The present book, for all its inequalities, is not a bad index to his character and talents. No more than its immediate predecessors is it the book one really wants from him. It is after all a harvest of scattered and sometimes dated grain—old sketches and essays and book reviews, some written with journalistic haste, others with journalistic levity, others with no more than journalistic liveliness. There is no sense of art in it, or of a considered intention and a core. But there is no bunk in it either, no cant, no chirping and twittering, no strutting and posing; and in addition to much good sense and somewhat less good criticism, there are two very praiseworthy things.

The first is a fused and radiant personality. Whether Mr. Forster is writing—to use his own designations—of *The Present* or *The Past*, of *Books* or *The East*, the same gusto tempered by caution, the same sensibility disciplined by toughness, the same humor and grace and generosity come through. He is the least fanatical writer I can think of who at the same time shows no deference to the opinions of others. He always adopts sound attitudes. Journeying through the East, he is ever conscious of being a Westerner and never of being a well-born Englishman. He loves Jane Austen but manages not to write about her like a doting ass. He admires Virginia Woolf but manages not to write about her like a Bloomsbury neighbor. He touches the past with both hands and writes quite as shapely essays about it as did Strachey, who never touched anything with more than the tip of one finger. He discusses the English character without either waving the Union Jack or jumping up and down on papa's grave. And it is all done in terms of a sensitive personality; his abilities may sometimes have withered in the bud, but his personality has flowered.

The second praiseworthy aspect of this book is the portrait it provides of the best type of modern liberal. Mr. Forster has not shrunk from life and he does not shrink from sharp comment upon it. Almost everything he has observed of upper-class England comes in for his condemnation, sometimes for

being vulgar and silly, but oftener for being selfish and corrupt. It is a condemnation which takes the shape of protest, and now and then—as in *Me, Them and You*—the protest is magnificently effective. Forster's principles are as clearly defined as his personality; since both are admirable, one finds it harder to accept those minor qualities, those lapses not from integrity but from intensity, those artistically relaxed moments, here and elsewhere, which have kept Forster from becoming a major writer. Somehow he should be occupying in modern letters, not an honorable place, but a distinguished one.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

The Director as Translator

ROMEO AND JULIET. By William Shakespeare. A Motion-Picture Edition. Random House. \$2.

FILM AND THEATER. By Allardyce Nicoll. Thomas Y. Crowell Company. \$2.50.

THE shortest way to appreciate the difference between plays and films is to examine a portion of some play which has been made into a film and note what has happened to it. It is seldom possible for a layman to do this, but he may do it easily with "Romeo and Juliet," which Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer now publish in two versions, Shakespeare's and their own. The producer, the director, the author of the shooting script, and many other functionaries of the film have appended essays the purpose of which is to convince us that they approached Shakespeare with the greatest respect and changed him as little as possible. Yet a glance at any portion of the script reveals how great must be even the minimum change in such a case.

Take, for instance, the seven lines in which Shakespeare's Friar John explains to Friar Laurence why he has not delivered the all-important letter to Romeo in Mantua:

Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth.

These lines are not spoken in the script, which substitutes for them a series of elaborate scenes showing us the events themselves. Friar John, who incidentally takes no associate with him, enters on his way to Mantua a village wherein a folkplay is being given before a happy crowd. As he stands watching it a terrified woman runs to him, whispers, and pulls him into a house nearby. Entering with him, we find a man stricken by the plague—news of which, spreading through the town, creates pandemonium and brings soldiers to nail up the doors and windows of the house so that Friar John cannot proceed on his errand; though at this very moment Balthasar rides with *his* news to Romeo and as a matter of fact passes the door behind which Friar John is detained. Or take the better-known passage of the play in which Romeo, standing before the apothecary's shop, describes its contents. The film, of course, gives us the contents themselves; conducts us into the shop with Romeo and lets us look at

■ tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses

as well as at other properties which the imagination of the studio has added—"snakeskins, skulls, vials, retorts, bottles"; and omits the speech.

The lines in both cases have been translated from Shakespeare's language into that of the motion picture. There are images in both, but that is the only resemblance. Shakespeare in such passages depended on his words to create the necessary vision; the motion picture tries to give us the vision. In other passages which are dramatic rather than descriptive the need for translation may be less, and indeed the great moments of "Romeo and Juliet" seem to have passed over in the present instance almost without change. The differences, however, between play and film remain very great, and so must they always be when both things keep their character. In advance of seeing "Romeo and Juliet" on the screen one cannot say how good it is, since it cannot exist on paper; one can only be prepared to judge it in its own terms, which will not be Shakespeare's. The merit of the present production would seem to be that those who were responsible for it knew perfectly when Shakespeare was writing for them and when he was not. They would seem to have been experts in the art of translation.

Mr. Nicoll, having written many books on the drama, turns now to the film; and as might have been expected he is sharply aware of the differences between the two forms of story-telling. His analysis of these differences, while never absolutely novel, is both sane and comprehensive, so that his book may be recommended as one of the best elementary guides to the subject. It is a large subject about which much remains to be said, as Mr. Nicoll, a historian of the theater, knows better than anybody. In his opinion there is no eventual danger that either of the two arts will destroy the other. They are rivals, not enemies, which means among other things that each must know its own business and its own strength. The theater must do what it alone can do, and so must the movies. And Shakespeare can exist in both.

MARK VAN DOREN

"The Boy I Was"

LANDSCAPE WITH FIGURES. By Lionel Wiggam. The Viking Press. \$1.75.

LIONEL WIGGAM, just twenty-one, names his first book of poems well. "Landscape" here is more important than "figures." Almost all these poems are pictorial. Mr. Wiggam is not, as yet, writing of human relationships. He is writing of himself and of a certain scenery which expresses his own feeling. Nor is the scenery specifically Middle Western—country of this poet's birth; it is rather a kind of setting drawn in simple lines, and against this setting moves sensitive youth in its own poetic dream.

This young poet is extremely competent, almost dangerously at ease in writing. So faultless a technique in one so young can mean a lack of intensity and a lack of inner struggle. There seems to be no surplus of passion in Mr. Wiggam's lines, no over-richness of sensuous impression in his imagery. Nor is he trying against difficulties to shape language to his own music and purposes. His music is always the same, fairly conventional, quiet, and charming. His phrasing is very precise, but not striking.

The best poems in this first book are those in which Wiggam expresses the awareness of boyhood developing dreamily toward young manhood. Yet even in these poems the poet tends to describe the experience rather than to enter into it and give it back to the reader.

And all I shall ever know I discovered there:
Where the buzzard achieved a sullen altitude,
Where the sun was lusterless brightness on dry air,
And the earth was a pattern somberly pursued.

The least successful and most broadly derivative poems in this collection are those lyrics descriptive of young girls in love. Here the influences of George Dillon and of Louise Bogan are marked. The poems are romantic, pictorial, and rather obvious. Wiggam has not Miss Bogan's intensity and subtlety. He merely describes an emotion:

Some women walk in wilderness forever
They live obscurely in a cave of grief.
Their hearts are softly crumbling, as in winter
The blown leaf

Miss Bogan, on the other hand, chooses images to fix exactly her psychological analysis of women:

Women have no wilderness in them,
They are provident instead,
Content in the tight hot cell of their hearts
To eat dusty bread.

To say that Lionel Wiggam shows influences of older poets, that his music in many poems is learned from MacLeish, that he has written poems directly comparable to some by Miss Bogan and Mr. Dillon, is not necessarily to condemn him as unoriginal. A young poet usually shows that he has studied older poets. But Wiggam at present is lacking in any striking originality of thought, of feeling, or of language, and one or more of these qualities is present in the best poets. Although his book contains a number of very lovely lyrics, many of these seem written a little too easily. Poetry like his can wear thin and become mere magazine verse of a high order. If, however, with his competence in verse forms and his instinct for the right word, Wiggam matures in feeling, learns to draw more from a real scene and to search more deeply his own sensibilities, he may develop into a very interesting artist. His first book of verse is praiseworthy for its clarity and its music; he has taste, and little awkwardness. The trouble, as I see it, is that he has achieved control of form without having learned specifically what is his own to say.

EDA LOU WALTON

Art and Mr. Bulliet

THE SIGNIFICANT MODERNS. By C. J. Bulliet. Covici-Friede. \$4.

ALTHOUGH much muddy water and muddled paint has passed under the bridge since the publication, in 1927, of C. J. Bulliet's "Apples and Madonnas," its author still considers "significant" a synonym for "modern." "Apples and Madonnas," it will be recalled, derived its title from the statement that "an apple by Paul Cézanne is of more consequence artistically than the head of a madonna by Raphael." This determination to consider Raphael only in the light of the Perry prints is typical of Mr. Bulliet's methods of selection and elimination. The sixty-eight moderns whom he has singled out for consideration in the present volume can hardly be accepted as representative of the modern movement in its entirety, since the title, like Thomas Craven's "Men of Art," is more inclusive than the contents.

Mr. Bulliet's elect include Cézanne and Renoir but neither Manet nor Degas; and those interested in influences will be surprised to find Forain sandwiched in between Dufy and Foujita, instead of preceding Toulouse-Lautrec. Mr. Bulliet still takes seriously the magazine covers of Marie Laurencin

and writes ecstatically of the painting and parties of the "horribly sophisticated" Hélène Perdriat. Among the women painters "Rosa Bonheur and Mary Cassatt, of course, don't count," but a self-portrait on silk by Salcia Bahnc "challenges the masterpieces of medieval times." Suzanne Valadon is considered less in the light of her masterful line than as the unhappy parent of Maurice Utrillo—the tale of whose brutal begetting Mr. Bulliet repeats in the biographies of both mother and son. He deals kindly, if cautiously, with such faint flashes in the Parisian pan as Picabia, Miro, Georg, Gris, Lhote, Ozenfant, and Kees van Dongen, and writes respectfully, if somewhat repetitiously, of the experiments of the *Brücke*, *Blaue Reiter*, and *Bauhaus* Germans. The Italian elect are the futurists, Balla, Severini, and Carra; the last-named Bulliet considers "the painter of the best picture the movement produced, the only one that ranks high in the general output of the extreme modernists over all Europe." On the strength of this masterpiece—The Funeral of the Anarchist Galli—which is elsewhere described as Miltonic, Carra "may claim kinship with Dante." The canvas of this "one-picture genius" which Mr. Bulliet reproduces is rather less impressive. The omission of any mention of American art, from Thomas Eakins to today, is unexplained except by the condemnation, in the Introduction, of America as a land "where the artists have always preferred the easiest way of a lazy naturalism." In view of the author's tolerance for the least of contemporary European painters, this clean sweep of the American slate seems somewhat drastic. If the best of Brooke, Hopper and the early Blume lacks significance, what about the celebrations of Foujita and Paul Klee?

"Art critics are useless and detrimental." This credo, from the futurist manifesto, with which Mr. Bulliet irrelevantly opens the chapter on Carra, applies more pertinently to the present volume. For as soon as Mr. Bulliet abandons the simple journalism of the early chapters on Cézanne, Rousseau, and Van Gogh (and even here he is careless enough to state that Van Gogh painted the portrait of Dr. Gachet at St. Remy), his style becomes turgid and vulgar, and his critical opinions, whenever they are without benefit of earlier opinion, lack both acumen and discrimination. Even more prejudicial to a consideration of the book as a definitive work is its constant pornographic appeal. Culture, for C. J. Bulliet and Thomas Craven, is a pill to be sugar-coated with scandal, and the royalties resulting from this pandering to popular taste should soothe the sting of the censorious—which in the case of the present reviewer would be less severe were not Mr. Bulliet's salacious stories so very stale.

VIRGINIA NIRDLINGER

Four Case Histories

STERILE SUN. By Caroline Slade. Issued in a special edition, the sale of which is limited to physicians, psychiatrists, sociologists, social workers, educators, and other persons having a professional interest in the problems of adolescence. The Vanguard Press. \$2.75.

CAROLINE SLADE was a social worker for many years in a town in upper New York. Her book, the bitter fruit of such experience, presents the story of four prostitutes in their own language. In each of these stories Mrs. Slade brings out unobtrusively but clearly the economic forces which drove these girls into their respective "careers." One of them, Sue, is hardly more than a child. At the age of twelve she is placed in a home where she is to help with the housework and

go to school. When the husband seduces her and pays her for it, she learns that she has something that men want and that they will pay for. Step by step, through maltreatment, casual reprimands, threats of the reform school, and the like, she drifts along until she is a professional prostitute. Another of the girls, Winkie, has been an underpaid employee in a five-and-ten-cent store, where the attentions of men lead to increased income. She becomes a routine prostitute, and struggles to save money, find a man, and join a church. Her fear of disease becomes an absorbing terror, and her life becomes a kind of miserable race between the dangers of syphilis and the growth of her bank account. A third works at her trade in order to support her children, is driven to drink in order to tolerate herself and her life, and ends by being sentenced to a long term in a reformatory and losing her children. The fourth receives human aid and kindness only from a pimp.

"Sterile Sun" is an uncompromising indictment of society. Its case histories uncover some of the most disgusting social cancers which a capitalistic economy creates and permits. They reveal the processes by which prostitutes are made, the routine futility of social workers, the role of the pimp in the life of a prostitute, and the uselessness of reformatories as instruments of reformation. However, the book is not merely a series of case histories, not merely a presentation of data. If our censorship laws were not so uncivilized, "Sterile Sun" could be presented as a volume of short stories; its effect is that which we get from stories projected with truth, and force, and genuine art. The first part of the book, recounting the story of the child Sue, can stand comparison with most of the stories to be found, say, in the yearly O'Brien anthologies. "Sterile Sun" is both an important social document and a moving piece of writing.

JAMES T. FARRELL

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An Analysis of Egotism

THE ETHICS OF POWER. By Philip Leon. The Macmillan Company. \$3.

A YOUNG English philosopher, as yet unknown in this country, has written one of the most important, wise, and discriminating books on moral theory that have appeared in recent years. The book is really an analysis of human egoism. Its title is therefore misleading, though the author does incline to accept Adlerian psychology and therefore to regard the will-to-power as the fundamental characteristic of the libido. But the Adlerian thesis is not accepted unreservedly or without testing it in terms of the classic moral theories of past centuries.

The analysis makes a sharp distinction between egoism (appetition) and egotism (ambition). The egoist enjoys life. His conduct may roughly conform to the pattern which hedonism ascribes to all human conduct. The egotist, on the other hand, "loves neither goodness nor himself determined as, or identified with, this or that experience or process. . . . He loves just himself." It is this egotistic self-love which is the root of all evil. Man does evil "not because he loves evil, but because he loves himself." The quintessential character of egotism is the tendency of man to regard his determinate and contingent self as Absolute. Since the whole of multifarious reality outside himself negates this claim of absoluteness, egotism expresses itself in terms either of isolation from or of identification with the whole of life. In the one case the egotist withdraws from life in order to worship himself *in vacuo*. In the other case he seeks to absorb life into himself and identify himself with the Absolute. These tendencies must logically end in either dementia praecox or paranoia, to use not the author's phrase but one coined by Lewis Mumford in defining the aberrations of modern nationalism on the one hand and imperialism on the other. Nationalistic isolationism and imperialism are in fact perfect illustrations of the two contrasting expressions of human egotism, so accurately analyzed by the author.

The traditional distinction between egoism and altruism is properly questioned. Leon does not follow Hobbes in deriving the latter from the former but merely calls attention to the fact that the one is continuous with the other. "In alteregoism [a phrase which admirably defines this relationship] there is not an abolition of the barriers but only a moving of them further on so that they inclose a wider territory." Hence the great difficulties faced in problems of collective behavior, in which the force of individual other-regarding impulses is compounded with collective egotism.

It has been the habit of modern moral theory since the Age of Reason to regard increasing rationality as a guaranty of increasing sociality. Reason has been conceived as a force of universality moving against recalcitrant egoistic impulses. One of the chief merits of this treatise lies in its vigorous challenge of these modern assumptions. In elaborating his position upon this point the author comes very close to the old theological doctrine of "original sin." He declares upon one occasion:

We have tried to prove that egotism is as primary as appetition and that it is not derived from appetition nor necessarily subservient to it. What we have called its forms are a priori like those of thought. These also cannot be shown to be derived from anything; all we can say is that they emerge *pari passu* with the emergence of intelligence. . . . Self-regarding sentiment is present

germinally at least in the form of self-feeling even in children and animals, developing its conceptual side later as intelligence develops.

Naturally Mr. Leon has little patience with those who hope that either education per se or a new social order per se will be able to overcome this basic egotism. He fears the idealists who "see big and far and think constantly in terms of humanity, the world, the nation, the state, the ideal, the race or the millennium." He fears them as egotists who do not know themselves. It must be admitted that there are problems of collective man which this analysis does not fully comprehend or appreciate. It is nevertheless a sobering and illuminating contribution to moral theory and to moral life.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

Shorter Notices

TO MY CONTEMPORARIES. By Edwin Rolfe. New York: The Dynamo Press. \$1.

Edwin Rolfe is one of the earlier poetic recruits who have been developing a Marxist ritual in this country. His concern—in his own words—is with the creation of "clearer visions," of maintaining the cause of "fists, tight-clenched around a crimson banner," against the cause that "waves a flag and blows hot air through a star-spangled banner." Like Spender, who protested a "palpable and obvious love of man for man," Mr. Rolfe espouses the "natural love of man for fellow-man" as a major article of faith; the prevailing mood, however, is one of pride, scorn, impatience—almost arrogance—toward the non-believer, and militant enthusiasm toward his comrades. The most telling lyric in the book, Definition, shows the poet keenly aware of incidental bad faith within the ranks, but maintaining nevertheless a sure belief in the symbolic integrity of the fraternal salutation. Technically, Mr. Rolfe can hardly bear judgment by even the most elementary of poetic canons. His medium is a prose medium, with only the roughest and readiest of poetic rhythms and an entirely fortuitous use of rhyme. He convinces us, through naivete, by first disarming us; and then, not of the fact that he is a poet, primarily, but that he is a true believer whose candor is not to be questioned.

HEAD O' W-HOLLOW. By Jesse Stuart. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.50.

The literature of eastern Kentucky and of the Appalachian region in general has always been a regional literature in the narrowest sense. If home-made, it was also home-read; if foreign made, it had all the defects of a manufactured product. Mr. Stuart's book of stories, "Head o' W-Hollow," is of another sort arising from a true impulse to self-expression, and it is good to have. Mr. Stuart's is the most honest writing that has ever been done about Kentucky mountain people. He has always the genuineness and realism which are the *raison d'être* of regional literature, and he sometimes expresses enough of essential humanity to rise above that level. A few of the pieces are dull: Red Jacket and Governor of Kentucky might have been left out. Mr. Stuart speaks most lyrically through his life-loving farmers; one can hardly fail to be attracted by Big Eif Porter, who spent his last day exactly as he wished and died punctually at ten o'clock in the evening. Accidental Death, in which a section boss picks a Negro off a coal-car with a cinder, has a gruesome Faulkner touch. The Word and the Flesh and Snake Teeth are episodes in the relationship between religion and snake-bite—a theme which, if newspaper-picturesque, is nevertheless authentic. Dark Winter is a hesitant work of art,

remarkable for its selectiveness and its lack of emphasis at the same time. Mr. Stuart knows the terrible importance to the Powderjays family of the hunger, hard work, illness, death, and recovery which go to make up the flow of the relentless winter; and he knows how the winter shrinks when it goes to take its place as a unit in their past lives. Having read Mr. Stuart, one knows a great deal about life in W-Hollow, but the generalizations are one's own; he is objective and concrete.

A STUDY OF LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST. By Frances A. Yates. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

LOST PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE'S AGE. By C. J. Sisson. The Macmillan Company. \$3.75.

Both of these interesting books support the theory, slowly gaining ground among responsible scholars, that the Elizabethan drama was frequently more topical than it has been the rule to assume, or than it is possible after three centuries always to prove. As for Shakespeare himself, "Love's Labor's Lost" has seemed clearly his most-topical play; and it has often been examined from that point of view. The merit of Miss Yates's study is that she extends the examination to a point where it includes and reconciles a number of previous conjectures and indeed reduces them, because of what she adds, to certainties. The play becomes in her hands the work of a young man who had to answer for himself the then popular question whether poets learned more from life or from books; and who answered it in a ripe-minded satire not so much against individuals like Florio as against the type of person who knows more than he understands—or, to appropriate Brander Matthews's definition of the high-brow, who is educated beyond his intelligence. Mr. Sisson, working not with conjecture but with legal documents, unearths several unsavory stories of Elizabethan plays which got into court because they were libels on living unfortunates. His detective work consists first in reconstructing the situations in real life upon which the plays were based, and then in reconstructing the plays themselves, the actual texts of which have been lost. The result is an entertaining and rather terrible book; and it has its importance because one of the playwrights concerned was George Chapman, whom Miss Yates, incidentally, pretty well establishes not only as one of the pedants whom Shakespeare found typical for his purpose but as the rival poet of the Sonnets.

RECORDS

AFTER seven years Toscanini has made a series of new recordings. The first to be issued is an album of Wagnerian excerpts, which includes the preludes to the first and third acts of "Lohengrin," the "Dawn and Rhine Journey" music from "Götterdämmerung" in a Toscanini-Humperdinck concert arrangement, and the "Siegfried Idyll" (Victor, five records, \$10). The magic that one has come to expect each time Toscanini leads the New York Philharmonic-Symphony is, of course, there. Note the effectiveness of the string diminuendos at the close of the first act prelude and on the first side of the "Siegfried Idyll"; the ominousness of the brasses in the "Nie sollst du mich erfragen" theme at the close of the first prelude, achieved without the usual ritard; the exquisite horn playing after the first climax on the third side

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of the "Idyll"; and the extraordinary range of dynamics, which you may even see by noting the bands on the surface of the third-act-prelude disc. You may also note such little features as Toscanini's humming in the first-act prelude, a slight hitch in one of the many turns of the Brunhild theme passage on the first record of the "Götterdämmerung" selection, and the awkward spots at which most of the records must be turned. These shortcomings are unimportant, for the set is superb. The next to be released, according to rumor, is Beethoven's Seventh. Hosanna!

Columbia's leading contribution for the month is an album of twenty-four Franz *Lieder* sung by Ernst Wolff to his own accompaniments (five records, \$6.50). One seldom has a chance to hear so much Franz together, and he stands up under the test with extraordinary consistency. The songs are slight and brief and the lyrics frequently sentimental tosh; yet each *Lied* is a piece of perfection—and Franz wrote ten times as many. The recital has the obvious advantage of an artist accompanying himself; for Herr Wolff is an artist and not a mere baritone. Yet one wonders whether the difficulty of attending to both ends of the performance may not account for an uneven quality in some of the top tones. One may also not entirely like the slight overemphasis in some of the simplest songs—for example, in the "Kennst du die eignen Lieder nicht?" lines from "Widmung." But it is a beautiful voice, beautiful accompanying, and beautiful music. You cannot want much more.

Another type of one-man show is that given by Samuel Barber, who sings his own setting of Matthew Arnold's "Dover Beach" to the accompaniment of the Curtis String Quartet (Victor, one record, \$2). Here is intelligent music intelligently sung—and with a naturally beautiful voice. Mr. Barber has made literal musical expression of such lines as

Begin and cease, and then begin again
With tremulous cadence slow

and there is a rich and idiomatic quality in the string-quartet accompaniment. His diction is clear and careful—though he does sing "moon-beach'd land" for "moon-bleach'd sand."

The International Ladies' Garment Workers Union, 3 West Sixteenth Street, New York, has issued two records chiefly for use with amplifiers at labor meetings. With the exception of the "Internationale" the lyrics and the tunes are nothing to boast of, but the discs must serve their purpose admirably, the singing being straightforward and vigorous, and the recording excellent.

For hot-weather consumption, Victor has issued the fourth Dvorak symphony played by the Czech Symphony Orchestra under Vaclav Talich (five records, \$7.50) and the Mendelssohn E flat quartet played by the Budapest String Quartet (three records, \$6.50). The Dvorak is seldom played in America, and one can understand why. It is pleasant music enough, but it dates badly—more than the "New World" symphony. The Czechs give it a loving performance. They are blessed with a more than ordinarily component wood-wind section, and they come through in particularly fine style in the most attractive of the movements, the last. The quartet, composed by Mendelssohn at the age of twenty, shows strongly the influence of the Beethoven of the second period, excepting in the frequently heard Canzonetta movement. It is played as the Budapest Quartet always plays—with brilliance and complete absence of affectation. The virtuosity of the players comes out in the trio of the Canzonetta, which is taken at a terrifying speed, and in the precision of the swift last movement. But the best of the movements is the first, which bears many repetitions, especially as played here.

HENRY SIMON

Letters to the Editors

BROWDER TO HACKER

Dear Sirs: Having been out of my office for a few weeks, I have just read in your issue of April 22 Louis Hacker's review of my recent book. May I be permitted a few remarks regarding it?

It seems to me that under cover of a book review you have given us a very stale rehash of sectarian attacks against the Communist Party. If *The Nation* were an organ of Trotskyism, there could be no objection to this; but when it is smuggled in under the banner of "liberalism" or even of "radicalism," then it smells badly of false pretenses. The same thing happened with my previous book in your columns. I need not assure you, I hope, that I do not expect an uncritical dealing with Communist Party literature; certainly the handling of both these books by the *New Republic*, for example, was far from uncritical—in both cases the reviews were by my political opponents—but it was unexceptionable from the point of view of good faith, being without trickery. The readers of *The Nation* have a right to be guided in their reading on communism otherwise than by the distorted lenses of a discredited sect.

Both your reviews made great play of proving confusion and inconsistency in the estimate of fascism; in both instances dishonestly. For example, Mr. Hacker says: "Last year the New Deal was fascist; a half-year ago the Longs and the Coughlins were the fascists; today the fascists are the Republican Party and the American Liberty League." The impression is created that I have expressed three mutually contradictory positions. But clearly explained in the book was my opinion that in 1933-34, when all the Liberty League forces, Hearst, and a large number of the Republicans were in concentration around Roosevelt, the Administration plainly exhibited the signs of a drive in the direction of fascism; that in 1935, with the rise of the Liberty League opposition with Hearst, with the passing over of Hugh Johnson and his type into opposition, and with the Republicans coming out with their slogan to "gang up" with the American Bankers' Association, the Manufacturers' Association, etc., the whole political picture of America changed. The new reactionary combination attracted to itself most of the fascist-tending forces of the country.

During all this time our view was uniformly expressed that Long and Coughlin must be classed among the fascist forces. One can agree or disagree with this analysis. But only a dishonest person can present it, as Mr. Hacker did, as nothing but confusion.

Perhaps Mr. Hacker should not be taken so seriously on political questions, which seem to take him out of his depth. But since he has something of a reputation as a "Marxist" historian, a field in which I cannot claim special qualifications, it might be expected that his critical remarks on the historical questions would be at least plausible and intelligent. Unfortunately, his history is on the same level as his current politics.

Mr. Hacker implies that I said the revolution of 1776 was to wipe out feudalism in America. That is nonsense. I used a brief formulation to indicate that 1776 marked the beginnings of American capitalism, which was forced to throw off "the fetters of a dying feudal system," clearly indicating thereby the fetters of British rule, which for the colonies was not "mercantilism" but feudal remnants which bound them to British mercantilism. British liberals themselves understood 1776 as "only the counterpart of the heroic struggle led by Russell, Cobden, Bright, and Gladstone at home to establish the dominion of the English mill-owners over Crown, clergy, and landed aristocracy"; that is, to use my formulation, to "free a rising capitalism from the fetters of a dying feudal system" (See Beard, "Rise of American Civilization," p. 190).

Mr. Hacker questions my authority for the statement that the men who wrote the Declaration of Independence were nurtured upon the most progressive thought of England and France. This he considers an error. Perhaps he will accept better authorities than either myself or Mr. Hacker. V. L. Parrington says: "Jefferson was equally at home with the English liberals of the seventeenth century and the French liberals of the eighteenth" ("The Colonial Mind," p. 343). "In the major doctrines of his political philosophy Jefferson was an amalgam of English and French liberalisms, supplemented by the conscious influence of the American frontier" (p. 344). Both Thomas Paine and Jefferson were "profoundly in sympathy with French revolutionary ideals"

(p. 327). "Locke became the textbook of the American revolution" (p. 189). Why does not Mr. Hacker attack these ideas, if he disagrees with them, in their elaborate expression in the books of established historians, instead of choosing my own humble comments, which but faithfully paraphrase, in our own structure of argument, these particular established facts?

Mr. Hacker claims to be a Marxist and charges that I have "left behind" my Marxism. He then proceeds to prove this by rebuking my claim that we Communists are the inheritors of the revolutionary tradition of 1776. This, he says, is terribly un-Marxian. "True," he says, "the workers of today and tomorrow must learn from example. But their heroes and their slogans are their own and not those of another class." By this Mr. Hacker only proves that if he ever read Marx's work "he has read it hastily." Quite contrary to Mr. Hacker, for whom the bourgeois revolution has no lessons for the proletariat and no relation to the proletarian revolution, the very essence of Marx's teachings is the continuity of history. This was the essential thought of the "Communist Manifesto" of 1847. Read, for example, in its concluding paragraphs, that classic formula: "The bourgeois revolution in Germany will be but the prelude to an immediately following proletarian revolution." Remember, in this connection, how the incomplete and compromised character of the German bourgeois revolution delayed and distorted the proletarian revolutionary movement. Study Lenin and the close interconnection between the bourgeois and proletarian revolutions in Russia. Remember how Lenin not only studied but honored the great bourgeois revolutionists of his country. Recall his famous slogan: The Bolsheviks are the modern Jacobins! No, Mr. Hacker may be anything else, but he is no Marxist.

But quite aside from Marxism, what shall we think of a "historian" who states that in our Civil War of 1861-65, "a suppressed class seized power." That is great news indeed, if true, and as finally discovered by Mr. Hacker some seventy years after the event, deserves a more prominent place in the columns of *The Nation* than an obscure review of my book.

New York, May 6 EARL BROWDER

HACKER TO BROWDER

Dears Sirs: It is difficult to believe that Mr. Browder is seriously trying to conduct a debate. He has committed a number of egregious blunders but instead of retreating gracefully he thinks that by bluster he can still hold his position. For example: Mr. Browder is not really quoting Charles Beard, for in the cited passage Beard was simply recording the fact that nineteenth-century English liberals were thinking this and that about the first American Revolution. That wasn't Beard's opinion. I am a little amused that Mr. Browder, who talks so loftily of honesty, is trying to convey the impression that it was. As for Parrington, I am sorry to record that he was partially wrong; and that where Parrington was right, Mr. Browder misunderstood him. Jefferson himself, in speaking later of the writing of the Declaration of Independence, recorded his debt to Aristotle, Cicero, Locke, and Sidney. This has nothing to do with the French Encyclopedists or the "British classical political economists" (Mr. Browder's original words). Also, I confess my complete inability to understand Mr. Browder's final paragraph. Mr. Browder seems to be sarcastic about something: I assume he is trying to indicate I have made a great discovery about the Civil War. He should be told that my characterization of the Civil War as another revolution is now a commonplace and perhaps is already incorporated in public-school textbooks. At any rate, if Mr. Browder had read the second volume of Mr. Beard's history he would have found there the classic formulation of the theory.

I have nothing to say about Mr. Browder's discussion of fascism, except to record again my surprise. The upshot of Mr. Browder's analysis seems to be that everybody he doesn't like, at any particular moment, is a fascist. The inevitable result must occur even to the most simple-minded: that when fascism really threatens, Mr. Browder's warning will have about as much authority as that of the little boy who cried "Wolf" once too often. And as for his willingness to consort with the Divines, Olsons, and Townsends, that is his business, but it has as much relation to the building of a revolutionary party as attending a Sunday School picnic has. If Mr. Browder wants to go ahead telling the workers and submerged farmers all about Jefferson, Lincoln, Milo Reno—and Daniel Webster!—that is also his business; but I must confess I am somewhat shocked at his willingness to drag in Lenin's reference to the Jacobins as a cover for his

blunderings. The Jacobins were a lower-middle-class party which separated from its allies in a revolutionary period and set up a class dictatorship. Where does Mr. Browder find their counterpart in American history?

The substance of Mr. Browder's letter is not as important to me as his method of conducting a controversy. Here are to be found the typical untruthful, bullying, and snide remarks that have turned so many people against the present Communist leadership. Mr. Browder calls me a Trotskyist, which, without prejudice, I may say is simply not so. He says quite coolly that I am dishonest; in view of the fact, however, that we are unknown to each other I am moved to wonder on what basis he is in a position to question my motives so readily. I want to call attention, also, to Mr. Browder's childish trick of putting words between quotation marks, particularly "Marxism" and "historian." About my Marxism, my review must speak for itself, but I must insist that I am a historian and not a "historian." If Mr. Browder thinks I am a bad one, that is his opinion; but surely, in view of the fact that I have published rather extensively, he will allow me the formal designation.

Finally, I am interested to note that Mr. Browder says nothing about his war position in his replies to me and to Norman Thomas in the *New Republic*. I am sure that there are some curious persons who would like to read Mr. Browder's categorical reply to the following question, particularly in view of the fact that Mr. Browder fills the two positions of vice-president of the American League Against War and Fascism and secretary of the Communist Party, U. S. A. Will he support an American declaration of war against Japan, which obviously could be made only to further our own imperialist designs in the Far East, if Japan, at the same time, is also engaged against the U. S. S. R.?

LOUIS M. HACKER

New York, May 17

BROWDER TO HACKER

Dear Sirs: Answering Mr. Hacker's question, I am glad to inform him that the *New Republic* has agreed to publish a full article by me on the question of war, and I shall be pleased to give *The Nation* another one on the same subject. Briefly, the answer is that opinions like Hacker's on war help disarm the world in the struggle against it; we believe that the United States should have an active peace policy, supporting the efforts of the League of Nations and making a

pact with the Soviet Union to keep the peace of the Far East.

New York, May 25 EARL BROWDER

CONTRIBUTORS

BENJAMIN STOLBERG, well-known author and journalist, whose provocative articles on Governor Talmadge appeared recently in *The Nation*, will shortly contribute a study of John L. Lewis.

MAURY MAVERICK of Texas has emerged from his first term in Congress as one of the leading liberal Congressmen. His chief enthusiasms are peace, civil liberties, national resources, and the South; and his speeches may yet make the *Congressional Record* a best-seller.

LOUIS FISCHER, *The Nation's* Moscow correspondent and author of "The Soviets in World Affairs," has lived for thirteen years in the Soviet Union. Among the Russians themselves he is perhaps the best-known of all the foreign correspondents.

STUART CHASE spent several weeks in the Tennessee Valley, in the course of which he obtained material for his TVA series in *The Nation*. His concluding article will appear next week.

JAMES T. FARRELL, author of the "Studs Lonigan" trilogy, has for his next assignment the Louis-Schmeling fight, which he will report for *The Nation*.

VIRGINIA NIRDLINGER has been art critic and book reviewer for *International Studio* and *Fine Arts*.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR is associate professor of the philosophy of religion at the Union Theological Seminary and author of "Reflections on the End of an Era."

HOWARD COOK, well known for his lithographs, etchings, and woodcuts, has twice held a Guggenheim fellowship. On the first he went to Mexico to study mural painting. He is now at work on a fresco for the Pittsburgh federal courthouse.

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CONTENTS

THE SHAPE OF THINGS

789

EDITORIALS:

ALL DRESSED UP . . .	791
HOMEKEEPING HEARTS	793
NO PEONAGE	794
WASHINGTON WEEKLY by Paul W. Ward	795
CARTOON: THE ELEPHANT GOES WEST by Edmund Duffy	796
THE ELEPHANT PACKS HIS TRUNK by Oswald Garrison Villard	797
MR. HEARST'S CONVENTION by Heywood Broun	800
THE CASE OF JOHN A. KINGSBURY by James Rorty	801
TVA: THE NEW DEAL'S BEST ASSET by Stuart Chase	804
BOOKS AND THE ARTS:	
FIVE YOUNGER POETS	807
NOVELIST BITES CRITIC by Edmund Wilson	808
SOLILOQUY IN THE DARK by William Troy	810
THE MACHINERY OF WORLD PEACE by Vera Micheles Dean	811
FABLE IN NAPLES by Louis Kronenberger	812
"O TIME IN YOUR FLIGHT" by Broadus Mitchell	813
ART AS DISCIPLINE by Ben Belitt	814
THE MORAL TOP OF THE WORLD by Margaret Marshall	816
THE INSTINCTS OF A BARD by R. P. Blackmur	817
SOCIAL-SECURITY TACTICS by Eveline Burns	819
MUCH ABOUT A LITTLE MAN by Mark Van Doren	820
FILMS: UNSETTLED ACCOUNTS by Robert Giroux	821

The Shape of Things

*

MR. ROOSEVELT, DURING HIS TOUR OF THE Southwest, gathered to himself some of the limelight that might otherwise have been shed on Cleveland. In a series of speeches from which, though they were ostensibly historical, his hearers could clearly draw allusions to contemporary problems, he took up the questions of monopolies, labor, conservation, social security, going the Republican platform one better on each of these. Ably skirting the pitfall of the too specific, he concentrated on the past. He managed, however, when talking in Arkansas about the Louisiana Purchase, to allude to the fact that it was made "without the unanimous approval of every member of the legal profession" and that no one took the case to the Supreme Court. And while complimenting Texas on its pioneering legislation for trust-busting, he brought in references to the present-day monopolies and vested interests. Nor was he afraid to tackle the question of the hour—the right of Congress to legislate for the national welfare. Despite the President's curious circumlocutory technique, reminiscent of the eighteenth-century poets who would not call a fish a fish but a "finny denizen of the deep," we venture the interpretation that he is against a constitutional amendment but is willing to take his stand on the necessity and validity of federal regulation on problems of national concern. "Unless the action of states is substantially uniform and simultaneous," he said, "the effectiveness of reform is nullified." Since such action can hardly be expected, we deduce that the President believes federal regulation to be necessary. But whether this is to be accomplished by the appointment of new judges or by more drastic measures is left unclear. Here is a plank for the Democrats to hew away at.

*

THE SEASON OF HARD-WON DEGREES AND free advice is once more upon us. Commencement orators are lucky; no matter how much platitudinous nonsense they talk, their audiences cannot walk out on them. This year the Commencement Day addresses and baccalaureate sermons used this rare advantage to the limit. There was the usual talk about the ideal of service, the need of religion, the menace of radical teachings, and so on. There was also, we are gratified to note, recognition here and there—as in Dr. Angell's baccalaureate address at Yale—of the menace of economic and political reaction. At New York University, Dr. Fred I. Kent called "that great political slogan, 'social security,' " destructive to employment,

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while Secretary Perkins told the graduates of Alfred University that "the greatest opportunity of youth" lay in "the development of a social technique for security." You pays your money and you takes your choice. If we were among this year's graduates, we should plump for social security. It may be true, as Dr. Ernest Martin Hopkins declared at Dartmouth, that the opportunities of our forbears were "few in number and inconsiderable in importance as compared with those which today lie close at hand for all of us"; but our forbears were also few in number as compared with all of us, competition was not so keen, and holding companies did not exist. If we were called upon to advise the current crop of bachelors, we should exhort them to take stock of the world as it is, not as speakers say it is. And we should probably close with a peroration about rolling up their sleeves and setting out to make this land once more a land of opportunity.

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PREMIER LEON BLUM ENTERS HIS SECOND fortnight of responsibility with many of his most pressing problems behind him. The epidemic of strikes which threatened for a time to embarrass his first days in office has been settled in such a way as to contribute greatly to his prestige. At least a million French workers, suffering from years of hardship as the result of the deflationary policies of previous governments, have obtained increased wages, reduced hours, and vacations on pay. The government bills providing for a compulsory forty-hour week and two-week vacations on pay, restoring pay cuts to government employees, and guaranteeing the right of collective bargaining were pushed through the Chamber with no more than seven dissenting votes. But the government's economic troubles are not ended. In opposing devaluation of the franc M. Blum has taken the position that the rise in working-class buying power through increased wages will stimulate lagging economic activity. Actually there is little chance that this will occur. Increased wages, shortened hours, and vacations on pay cannot but increase the costs of French producers, which are already high in comparison with foreign competitors because France has seen fit to cling to the gold standard in the face of almost universal devaluation. As a result there is danger of economic stagnation unless the government takes immediate steps to devalue the franc. With the gold flow as yet unabated it is probable that at best devaluation can be staved off only a few months. The question is whether M. Blum will act quickly enough to benefit from this inevitable step.

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THE LANDING OF JAPANESE TROOPS AT AMOY may be the decisive factor in transforming China's threatened civil war into united resistance against Japan. While recent developments have indicated that the two Kwangsi leaders, Li Tsung-jen and Pai Chung-hsi, have been motivated more by personal antagonism against Chiang Kai-shek—because of the diversion of their former opium revenues—than any desire to fight Japan, the anti-Japanese movement appears to be assuming mass proportions. Not since 1927 has China seen anything comparable to the

great popular demonstration staged at Canton on June 13. Under the tolerance of the local authorities hundreds of thousands of Cantonese—peasants, industrial workers, students, and coolies—participated in a gigantic anti-Japanese parade, shouting for war against their country's foe. At Peiping five thousand students attempted a similar demonstration, but were dispersed after a sanguinary struggle with the police, although the latter informed the students that they too were "anti-Japanese." Frightened by the possible popular reaction in case of a civil war, General Chen Chi-tang, leader of the Cantonese forces, has withdrawn his troops from Hunan and addressed a further appeal to Chiang Kai-shek to "name the route by which the Cantonese may advance against Japan." While it is evident that Chiang is not yet prepared to run the risk of a conflict with Japan, it is not impossible that he will be driven to war by pressure from below. Nor would China be as helpless in such a struggle as is generally believed. Japan would have every advantage as far as munitions and equipment are concerned, but might find itself as vulnerable in the face of a nation-wide strike as were the British when South China employed the same methods against Hongkong in 1925-26.

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IN REMINGTON-RAND PRESS RELEASES THE strike of 4,000 workers in the company's plants in six cities has been settled almost daily. Back of this rather misleading publicity is a story of attempted intimidation and steady refusal to confer with strikers or to accept mediation by governmental agencies. The strikers, who walked out a month ago when sixteen workers were discharged following a move for higher wages, are demanding a 20 per cent wage increase, recognition of the union, a \$15 bonus, and the reinstatement of striking workers. The company, instead of discussing these demands, has repeatedly threatened to close the plants if the strikers do not return to work, and now it announces that the plants of Middletown (Connecticut), Syracuse (New York), and Norwood (Ohio) will be definitely abandoned. The manager of the Ohio plant is reported as having said that in the announcement concerning it the words "part of" were "unintentionally omitted," and that only one-third of the plant will be moved elsewhere. It looks as if the taxpayers would pay dearly for the company's intransigence, for there is no doubt that hundreds of its discarded workers, with their families, will soon be on the relief rolls. According to the company's latest report, its net profit for the last fiscal year was \$3,010,288, an increase of 72 per cent over the previous year's showing.

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THE WEEK, AN ENGLISH BULLETIN WHOSE reliability is ordinarily beyond question, gives over most of its June 4 issue to a report of the activities of William Bullitt, Ambassador from the United States to the Soviet Union, which should be of serious concern to every American. Mr. Bullitt is charged with having used his influence, unofficially of course, to win certain British leaders to the support of the foreign policy of the present German gov-

ernment. He is said to have urged acceptance of Nazi aims, partly on the ground that they are a "bulwark against Bolshevism," and partly because a conciliatory attitude might postpone a German attack in the West. Mr. Bullitt is also reported to have warned his British friends that a red revolution in France and Spain is not far distant, and to have besought them to prevent the appointment of M. Yvon Delbos as Foreign Minister of France, because he feared that the latter's influence would go toward the strengthening of the Franco-Soviet pact. Despite the usually uncanny accuracy of *The Week's* "inside" information, we find it extremely difficult to believe that an American ambassador, wittingly or unwittingly, could allow himself thus to be drawn into the European political maelstrom. That "Bill" Bullitt, long regarded as a sincere friend of the Soviet Union, should permit himself to be used by the Soviet's bitterest enemy is even more incredible. But in view of the seriousness of the charge and the reputation of the agency advancing it, we should expect more than a routine denial of the allegation. The situation warrants thorough investigation by the highest authorities of the State Department and drastic action if the charges prove to be substantially correct.

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THE STAMPEDE OF THE WASHINGTON STATE Democratic Convention to a production-for-use platform stands without parallel in the current political campaign. Three years ago various left-wing groups in Seattle and Tacoma, including labor unions, organizations for the unemployed, and technocratic clubs, were amalgamated into what later became known as the Washington Commonwealth Federation. These groups played an important role in electing Schwollenbach to the Senate in 1934 on an EPIW (End Poverty in Washington) platform. In early May of this year, when the state's precinct and district caucuses were called, leaders of the Commonwealth Federation were discussing the possibility of a third party in the fall election. But meanwhile they had been carrying on an effective campaign among the rank and file of the Democratic Party. Under the leadership of Howard G. Costigan, thirty-two-year-old executive director of the federation, the left-wing groups swept one after another of the county conventions. After a bitter struggle the state convention adopted the federation program almost *in toto*, though it is considerably to the left of the platform which Upton Sinclair forced on the Democrats of California in 1934. It is somewhat startling to find a Democratic state convention going on record for "public ownership of natural resources, munition plants, and public utilities . . . federal ownership and operation of national banks" and asserting that the need for some plan of production for use "is urgent, pressing, and vital." The Commonwealth Federation is also urging the adoption of initiative measure 119, which would permit the state to organize its unused productive forces in the interest of the entire population. The immediate drive for control of the state may fail in the face of a threatened coalition of the reactionary forces, but production for use appears to have come to stay as the major political issue in the Columbia River basin.

All Dressed Up . . .

THERE can be no doubt that a real coup has taken place in the Republican Party. It does not represent a genuine shift toward liberalism or a new alignment of forces within the ranks. What has happened is that one political gang within the party has turned out the other. Led by Governor Landon and John Hamilton, the Kansas group has effected a palace revolution. The new group is younger and more vigorous than the Old Guard. And is ready to put on a real show. No one will question that. Mr. Roosevelt will need all his own adroitness and all the strategic resources of Jim Farley, Charlie Michaelson, and their cohorts to meet the attack. The Democrats are no longer confronted by an enemy which will make all the stupid blunders that the Republican Old Guard could always be counted on to make. These new Republican boys are a bunch of hard-boiled newspapermen, shrewd tacticians, aggressive go-getters. Their build-up of Mr. Landon before the convention and their masterly tactics in pulling the convention puppet-strings are only a beginning. More will be heard from them. They have a heart-breaking job on their hands, but they have the crusading zeal that is based upon the most powerful of impulses—the determination of an office-hungry group to get the political gravy for themselves. Landon has shrewdness, Knox and Roberts know the newspaper ropes, Hamilton has infinite self-confidence and a brash sort of drive. It is clear that the Republican Party is all dressed up.

No Place to Go. But it is equally clear that it has no place to go. All the talk of progressivism is sheer bunk. The Hearst visit to Topeka and the placing of the official imprimatur upon the Kansas governor represented an amazing flaw in otherwise skilful strategy. The selection as the vice-presidential candidate of a man whose opinions and moral fiber were formed as one of the most ruthless of the Hearst executives is another amazingly unstrategic move and another proof of the Hearst tie-up.

As for leadership, the one impressive fact is that even Herbert Hoover loomed like a giant in the convention of pigmies. Brobdingnag Hoover got up and made a speech in the assemblage of Lilliputian puppets, and the country almost forgot that he was only old Lemuel Gulliver. It is true that much of the ovation he got was synthetic, and the rest of it was due to the fact that the delegates had been so completely shelved that when they finally got a chance to stretch their legs and their voices at the only dramatic moment offered by the convention, they surprised themselves and Mr. Hoover by their enthusiasm. But this only gives an indication of the Republican stature. Landon has maneuvered himself into the nomination by his felicitous gift for vagueness: the logic of his position will compel him to cultivate that gift further. For despite the choice of candidates by acclamation the Republican Party has no inner unity and cohesion. It has been whipped and demoralized by failing to meet the emergency of the crisis when it was in power and to

act as an effective opposition when it was out of power. Its new sources of strength do not lie in any genuine accessions of popular feeling. It is a broken party, trying to cover up its disunity by a factitious agreement upon an unknown leader and a discredited platform.

The Platform. It is fundamentally misleading to think of the Republican Party merely as the representatives of entrenched capitalism. Outside the rank and file of the party's supporters—white-collar and manual workers, small shopkeepers, and professional men and women—whose interests are almost completely ignored in the platform, the articulate elements in the party are divided into three main factions. First, there are the true Tories—bankers, academic economists, and conservatives of the old school—who are passionately committed to the doctrines of laissez faire. This group desires above all else a return to the gold standard, stabilization of world currencies, a balanced budget, the removal of all restrictions on trade, and would like to see a complete abandonment of agricultural subsidies. Though influential in proportion to its members, this faction plays no decisive role in the party.

In agreement with the old school on many points but fundamentally opposed to laissez faire stand the representatives of the Eastern industrial oligarchy which has dominated the Republican Party for the last fifty years. While theoretically in favor of a restoration of the gold standard, this clique may be counted on to fight to the last ditch against such changes in American commercial policy as are necessary to the reestablishment of an international monetary system. Set apart from both these groups by fundamental economic interests are the agrarian Republicans of the West. Although opposed to the high-tariff demands of the Eastern industrialists, they are against laissez faire where it affects agriculture. In monetary policy they tend to be either pro-silver or inflationist, and they are strongly in favor of production control and subsidies for farm products.

Torn between these conflicting opinions, the Republicans have confined themselves largely to violent denunciation of Democratic policies and offer little that is positive. It is scarcely illuminating, for example, to find that they are in favor of a "sound and stable currency" and are opposed to further devaluation of the dollar. The Democrats, the Socialists, and even the Communists might well have identical planks in their platforms. Governor Landon interprets the plank as providing for an eventual return to gold, but as it stands it could apply equally well to a managed currency, a "commodity dollar," the old gold standard, a silver standard, or bimetallism.

On a few points it is evident that the Republicans have learned a great deal from four years of wandering in the wilderness. Unlike the 1932 platform, which contained no mention of monopolies, the regulation of the security markets, the right of collective bargaining, child labor, or civil-service reform, the present platform contains fragmentary statements on all these points. Similarly, it is encouraging to see the G. O. P. coming out emphatically—in contrast to its silence on the subject in 1932—for old-age and unemployment insurance, though it would leave the burden primarily on the states. Moreover, it is

in advance of the Democratic Party in insisting that the revenues for social insurance should be derived from general taxation, although its qualifying phrase, a "direct tax widely distributed," sounds suspiciously like advocacy of a sales tax.

The plank on foreign affairs is perhaps the most disappointing of all and represents a distinct retreat from the 1932 platform. In opposing America's entry into the World Court the party follows Hearst's leadership as against the specific recommendations of three Republican Presidents, while its blanket rejection of the League is utterly incompatible with the pride with which it previously detailed the instances in which Republican Administrations had found it advisable to cooperate with Geneva. No mention is made of the three primary issues of present-day foreign policy—neutrality, collective security, and nationalization of the arms trade.

A few sections of the platform are frankly and undeniably reactionary. Perhaps the most vicious is the proposal to return the responsibility for relief to the states, and to make federal aid conditional upon the assumption of "a fair proportion of the total relief burden" by the states and local governments. For many parts of the country, particularly the South and Middle West, this amounts to throwing the unemployed into the streets to starve. Equally indefensible, though somewhat confused, is the party's stand on the tariff. It comes out unqualifiedly for the repeal of the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act and advocates "sufficient protection to defend the American farmer and wage-earner," but at the same time pledges itself "to furnish government assistance in disposing of surpluses in foreign trade by bargaining for foreign markets," and to adjust tariffs with a view to promoting international trade. If this means anything at all, and the phraseology has purposely been made confusing, it suggests the Peek plan of rigorous regimentation of trade and the bludgeoning down of the trade defenses of weaker countries by superior economic force. It is scarcely a program for restoring international economic stability. The platform's phrases about balancing the budget through the immediate curtailment of federal expenditures also have an ominous ring. It is unthinkable that any Administration would actually reduce emergency expenditures to this extent, but if carried out such a measure might easily provoke a reaction which would drive the United States back to the dark days of the depression. The elimination of federal relief, the dismissal of thousands of federal employees, the raising of the cost of living through an increase of tariffs, the abandonment of federal unemployment and old-age insurance are a fitting platform for the party responsible for the great crisis, but hardly one upon which to win a Presidential election.

Fishbait for the Farm Vote. Since the main Republican hope lies in an invasion of the farm area, the farm plank is particularly important. In its main features it pirates the policy of the New Deal, but with qualifications designed to insure ineffectiveness. Instead of benefits based on limitation of production, the Republicans promise benefits based on domestically consumed portions of the crop "to make the tariff effective." The allocation of

the domestically consumed portions of the crop to the individual farmer, and the division between landlord and tenant would involve difficulties of administration even greater than those encountered by the AAA. The amount of subsidy, if it were really to make the tariff effective, would exceed a billion dollars. A party pledged to balancing the budget, and in fact controlled by the financiers, cannot keep any such promise. It is merely bait for the farm vote, which has in the past taken the Republican hook even without bait.

The Roosevelt policy of retiring marginal land is accepted but with the provision that the acquisition of such land must be with the approval of the legislative and executive branches of the states concerned. This means that for a project like the Tennessee Valley involving several states, the governor or the legislature of any one state, or the interests controlling such a state, could hold up the project. In every case federal action would wait upon state legislation, with all the delays inherent in such a division of authority. The farmer is promised increased protection against the importation of farm products. This is a revival of the old hocus-pocus that protection can help an export industry. The farmer is promised government assistance in securing foreign markets, which cannot be secured without the reciprocal concessions the Republicans are pledged not to make. He is promised cheap farm credit when and if the party finds the money to lend it. He will be subsidized for his cooperation in striking a balance between soil-building and soil-depleting crops if this can be done consistently with a balanced budget—as it cannot be.

All benefits, if there are any, are to be confined to the family-type farm. The Chamber of Commerce farmers, like Tom Campbell, are to be thrown to the wolves. When in danger a capitalistic crowd always makes a generous gesture like this.

The Real Platform. Of course the real Republican platform was never formally adopted or published. The real platform is hatred of Mr. Roosevelt. It came out in Senator Steiwer's incredibly malignant speech and in Mr. Hoover's hysterical oratory. There is little chance of the Republicans winning, but if they should ever win we should have the spectacle of a gang held together by greed and hate, with not the slightest evidence that they have enough social intelligence to guide this greed and hate to anything like even the rational order of their own interests. What they would do would be to carry the country a long way farther toward the kind of social disaster which Mr. Hoover so successfully inaugurated. The striking thing about both the Republican convention and the Republican platform is their amazing moral bankruptcy. Not one breath of idealism has been allowed to filter through the entire striving for power. There is no indication that the group in control cares anything about the things that move the common man today in America—the desire for increased bargaining power in the hands of the workers, the intense desire of every plain American for neutrality and peace, the growing recognition that we form a national economic pattern and that we cannot go back to the extreme states' rights that characterized the Articles of

Confederation. Even the group of hard-boiled go-getters who form the clique which now controls the party will not be able to swing a campaign on such a dearth of social and moral intelligence.

Homekeeping Hearts

THERE is a hoary superstition, kept alive by a whole army of sentimentalists, that housekeeping makes the whole world of women kin. This supposed kinship was stressed pretty heavily in the plentiful publicity which the press gave the Congress of Associated Country Women of the World, lately assembled in our national capital. The reporters made much copy of "titled women who supervise their own farms" sitting "elbow to elbow" with those who actually till the soil, "absorbed in each other's experiences and problems." It was as if Owen D. Young had been caught rubbing elbows with a Third Avenue vendor of radio sets, both absorbed in their common interest.

The A.C.W.W.'s official pamphlets reveal that its honorary president is Ishbel, Marchioness of Aberdeen and Temair, president of the International Council of Women; that its president is Mrs. Alfred Watt, holder of the Order of the British Empire for war services; and that other officials are Lady Tiphaine Lucas of France, Lady Eleanor Cole of East Africa, and Baroness Schröder and Countess Keyserling of Germany. These horny-handed tillers of the soil are officers of an organization which, if the assembled delegates in Washington were representative, is made up pretty exclusively of middle-class and upper-class countrywomen. The foreign delegates, except for the Germans and Latvians, whose expenses were paid by their governments, were obliged to foot their own bills; and perhaps this partly accounts for the conspicuous absence of working countrywomen from their numbers. Herr Hitler, who could have sent some women workers, was evidently more concerned with furnishing able Nazi propagandists to an international movement so closely akin to his own fantastic *Kirche-Küche-Kinder* policy that it would be greatly to his advantage to capture its control. His delegates were Frau Reith, appointed leader of peasant women in South Germany, and Frau Küssner-Gerhardt, adviser to the Minister of Agriculture. Baroness Schröder participated as an unofficial German delegate. The American delegates, we have it from a reliable and attentive observer, were mostly wives of the landed gentry.

And what were the problems that occupied the conference? The labor problem was one. Among the American delegates there was considerable complaining about demands for higher wages from their "hired help" or "niggers." Frau Reith's description of the "most successful" Nazi method of assuring cheap domestic labor aroused much enthusiasm—this method consists, it will be remembered, in placing girls as apprentices in private families, where they work fifteen hours a day for wages ranging from nothing to \$10 a month. Baroness Schröder's description of the government labor camps where girls are trained for domestic and agricultural service also aroused

much interest. A South Carolina delegate commented, "We just can't get girls to work as apprentices for low wages, and niggers are expensive too." And another delegate remarked, "I wish we had some scheme like the German where girls *got into their own line of business*." The sisterhood of homekeeping hearts melted away before the desire for an inexhaustible supply of cheap labor.

They were interested in peace, but merely as an ideal, said Mrs. E. M. Orr, English delegate—"something we feel we will achieve by desiring it." Mrs. Orr felt that Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt "overstepped in talking about peace so strongly." According to Miss Grace Frysinger of the United States Department of Agriculture, it is the purpose of the association "to concentrate on the fundamental things women can do." And the conference left a strong impression that in the association's opinion the most fundamental thing women can do is to withdraw from industry and the professions and converge on the home. "We in England feel," said Mrs. Orr, "that men should have the jobs so many young women now have." Frau Reith assured the delegates that "all the girls in Germany are happier in their homes." She discreetly refrained from mentioning the announced increase of 28 per cent in the German divorce rate in 1934.

Here is a fine reactionary way of concealing the true extent of unemployment. If women can be removed from industry and the professions, the employment of men will mount and the indices of unemployment will fall, as women are classed as unemployable. And with only domestic employment open to women, those fortunate enough to have homes and incomes will be assured of finding plenty of cheap "hired help" among those who have neither. There is no Russian representation in the A.C.W.W. It would never do to advertise that a socialized state offers a wide range of opportunity to women workers. To a declining capitalism women in gainful employment now mean an embarrassing official percentage of unemployment and a corresponding large expenditure for relief. But so-called democratic governments could hardly attempt to force women back into the narrow sphere of exclusive domesticity. Better depend upon persuasion by interested women. "If you must have an issue," said the late Calvin Coolidge to the late Dwight Morrow, "talk about the home. Everyone's for it."

No Peonage

NO LAW of our country makes the share-cropper a slave. But, as we have learned in the past year, law, when it meets hard domestic fact, can turn its face the other way. As the strike of the Arkansas share-croppers continues with desperate steadfastness day after day and slowly gains more notice in the press, we are becoming aware that in a section of our country slave labor still prevails. To get any work at all, the share-croppers have been forced to accept yellow-dog contracts at wages of 75 cents for a ten-hour day, and even this they owe in advance for rent, food, and clothing; so that many of them never handle a coin from one end of the year to the other.

Starved into the last ditch, the cotton workers could retreat no farther. They began to climb out. They organized. Negroes and whites together forgot the urge to hate in the urge to live and joined to form the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union. The planters tried to shatter it by instituting a system of terror by eviction. In answer the union called the present strike, in which six thousand workers are demanding a wage increase to \$1.50 a day.

Planters, police, sheriffs, and judges are concentrating their efforts on breaking the strike. State rangers are driving the workers back to the cotton fields at the point of a gun. The National Guard has dragged machine-guns into the village streets, and although there has been no shooting, has forced picket lines to disband by intimidation. Harassed by threats to "leave or be lynched," many of the workers have crossed the state line to seek refuge in Tennessee. But the terror they fled from was there to meet them. In Memphis last week a judge sentenced five cotton choppers from Arkansas, arrested in a police raid, to a fine of \$50 each in order "to set an example of the men and prevent agitation." At the same time a picket line of refugees was charged by the police and one of the pickets killed. Meanwhile in Arkansas the cooperation of law and private property has forged a savagely effective weapon against the strikers. The law brings about the arrest of the strikers on charges of vagrancy, sentences them to fines instead of imprisonment, and then makes them work out the fines by picking cotton on the private plantations. In one town a man named Beachers ordered the arrests in his official capacity as chief of police, and then in his private capacity as plantation owner contracted with himself to put the prisoners to work in his own fields. In this situation the special assistant district attorney sent down by the Department of Justice to investigate violations of the federal peonage, or "forced-labor," law was helpless. For while the state of Arkansas has abolished private contracting for prison labor, several counties allow it. Thus, when Governor Futrell of Arkansas promised Whitaker, the Department of Justice man, to remedy whatever illegal conditions the investigation should disclose, he knew he was quite safe since Whitaker would have to report, as he did, a finding of "no peonage."

What makes the situation so grim a deadlock is the fact that the planters are in their way as desperate as the laborers. It is true that in cotton the margin of profits is so thin that higher wages might narrow it down to nothing. Cotton is the sick man of the South. It may have been king once, but like all kings who feel their power slipping it has become a tyrant, and this accounts for the brutality which has marked the planters' efforts to break the strike. Even in the unlikely event that the share-croppers should win their extra 75 cents a day, that would be but a temporary solution. The roots of the problem go deeper than the question of wages and hours; they reach down to the fundamental cause—the bankruptcy of Southern agriculture. Unless a program of diversification of crops and the breaking up of large-scale, single-crop holdings into individual farms is adopted—and the federal government allowed to put it into practice—no stop-gap remedy will save the share-croppers.

WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

Hopson's Choice

Washington, June 14

HAVE you been buoyed up of late by an impression that the Black committee's exposures have broken the power trust's grip on Congress? Then prepare for a sinking spell. Evidence just come to light here shows that the power lobby still operates in Congressional antechambers. In fact, its latest sortie, led by the Hopson gang, surpasses in desperateness any that has preceded, for it is one whose purposes cannot be masked. Neither can the fact that two Administration Senators—Van Nuys of Indiana and O'Mahoney of Wyoming—cleared the way for the buccaneers.

The story begins back in 1935 when the late Representative Perkins, a New Jersey Republican, introduced an amendment to Section 77-b of the Bankruptcy Act. Under Section 77-b as it stood any three creditors of a company, provided they had claims amounting to at least \$1,000, could go into federal court and file a petition for that company's reorganization. Under the Perkins amendment it would be necessary for those petitioners to hold at least 5 per cent of the outstanding debt claims against the company. Aimed ostensibly at prevention of "strike suits"—that is, at protecting big shysters from the forays of little shysters—the amendment looked innocent enough, and it was passed by the House. Sent to the Senate, it was referred to the Judiciary Committee and thence to a subcommittee composed of Van Nuys, O'Mahoney, and Hastings of Delaware.

When Van Nuys, O'Mahoney, and the inconsequential Hastings had finished with the bill, it had undergone further amendment. They not only took the Perkins proposal to their breasts but made it retroactive and applicable to all suits pending under Section 77-b. Then they slipped the bill through the full committee and on to the Senate floor, where it was adopted without debate and passed back to the House for concurrence in the Senate amendments. It was all done so quietly that the bill was on the verge of routine enactment into law before a few gentlemen of good faith awoke to the situation and threw a wrench into the machinery. Incidentally, the best hurler was a gentleman in the Senate who is damned week in and week out by liberals and radicals as a black-blooded reactionary and champion of the vested interests. An appeal to his sense of fair play was all that was needed to get him to jam the legislative machinery at once and bring about the bill's hasty recall to the Senate, which promptly sent the measure back to the Judiciary Committee.

In the hearings that followed, the true significance of the amendments and the identity of the forces behind them were spread upon the public records by William O.

Douglas of the SEC, C. M. Hester, the Treasury's assistant general counsel, Frank J. Wideman, until recently an assistant attorney general in charge of tax cases, and last but not least one Tom McKeown, a former Congressman from Oklahoma. Their combined testimony offered unmistakable evidence that the amendments were the work of the Associated Gas and Electric Company's lobby and were directed solely at keeping the Hopson empire from being brought down in a heap by a reorganization proceeding instituted under Section 77-b at New York two years ago by holders of \$750,000 worth of A. G. and E. securities. McKeown, in fact, owned up to having been the author of the amendments, and he is a self-confessed lobbyist for the company. McKeown—who drew Van Nuys and O'Mahoney into his own coterie by saying to them, "We had difficulty as you may remember in trying to write out the proper thing"—also owned up to having had knowledge that his amendments would wipe out the case against the company in New York, but he asked the Senate to believe that he was acting at the time merely as a public-spirited individual. He said he was employed by Associated before and after he wrote the amendments but not while he was selling them to the committee. There are indications, some of which are matters of record, that in his selling feat he had the help of such respected gentlemen as Bruce Kremer, Basil O'Connor, Pat Hurley, Jim Watson, Nathan Miller, and Joseph Proskauer.

Had McKeown's trick succeeded, it would have done more than merely wipe out the New York suit which the Hopson gang has kept in suspension to date by a series of legal stalemates that have cost the petitioners thousands and the company more than a million dollars. According to Hester, it would seriously have impeded the government's \$50,000,000 tax judgment against the Associated, which is scheduled for adjudication along with the 77-b case. The potential general effect of the McKeown amendments was illustrated by Douglas of the SEC. "What the result will be is clear," he said. "It will mean that all the vices of the old friendly or consent receivership will reappear with little check on them. The insiders can proceed at their own leisure to set the stage for a reorganization of their own liking and to move quickly and with dispatch toward a consummation of the plan which will give them the greatest degree of protection."

Will the committee heed his warning? At last report it was busily engaged in changing the wording but not the effect of the McKeown amendments and in adding a new one which would enable Associated to slide out from under the New York case, if greased ways proposed by McKeown failed. However, there is little likelihood that these proposals will get by the Senate. Senator Norris is now lying in wait for them.



THE ELEPHANT GOES WEST

The Elephant Packs His Trunk

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Cleveland, June 12

THAT is what has happened here—and nothing else. The Republican elephant has been taken over by the Kansas crowd, not without the usual compromising and shifting, of course. But because they were the only ones who had a possible candidate to offer from the right geographical section and had successfully concealed his real opinions from everybody, and because their candidate has been too inconspicuous to make any enemies, the men who put Landon over have annexed the elephant. He has packed his trunk and his other belongings in the hope that he now has a chance of saving them from a bankruptcy sale, and after four lean years is heading for the drought- and dust-stricken area of the Middle West. Will his trek across the prairies lead him to Green Pastures fresh? Will he ever come back? Will his new masters exploit him to the full, or will they be compelled to make terms with his late owners, the Old Guard, to get the wherewithal to carry on their political show business?

These are the questions the party now faces after the usual asinine performance which in America is termed a "national party convention." No one can answer them because no man knows whether the new owners realize how great an opportunity is theirs, or what use they propose to make of their sudden power. No one can guess as yet whether the Governor of Kansas will lead or be led; whether or not John Hamilton, Henry J. Allen, Bill White, and Roy Roberts will seek to give a 1912 Bull Moose slant to the campaign without regard to the feelings of Wall Street and the wealthy backers of the party who control its purse. It is an unparalleled situation in many ways. Not since the days of Grant has the party nominated a man by acclamation. This time it is not a national hero to whom this honor has gone but a mystery man with whom not only the country but the present leaders of his own party will have to become acquainted as the campaign develops. It is to be the Unknown Battler, wearing a mask until now, against the Known Champion of the ring. One of the few remaining Old Guard leaders admitted yesterday that he had never met Landon and had not the faintest idea what his real views were, or whether the Governor might not surprise him and his pals by turning out sufficiently progressive to send cold chills down the backs of the business men who are most opposed to the New Deal. They did not like that telegram from Topeka at all.



Snell as Permanent Chairman

There are, of course, those who think that the tactics of the Old Guard in making little effort to fight the Kansans are very shrewd, that these men feel in their hearts that Roosevelt will win, and that therefore it will be just as well to let the other fellows bear the stigma of defeat. In that case they would expect to be the heirs of the Kansans and bring the elephant back to his old Wall Street quarters, give him plenty of hay, and train him for another race in 1940 with a mahout of their choosing on his back. When it comes to getting the campaign funds, they are probably arguing, the new managers will have to come to them and that will be the time to make terms. Perhaps so. Perhaps they are reckoning without their Hamilton. For that

young man is an aggressive go-getter, and Mr. Landon has been a gambler in the oil business who has dared and won. And what is to keep this Kansan from making an acceptance speech that will go half or more of the distance of the New Deal? They cannot feel wholly encouraged by the result of the platform fight. They carefully packed the subcommittee on resolutions with some of their choicest spirits—Dave Reed, Hiram Bingham, George Moses, and Walter Edge, ex-Senators all. The member from New York, Representative Taber, had obviously not had a new idea in forty years. The chairman, Congressman Herman Langworthy, although a Landon man, ranks as anything but a progressive, and so does J. Reuben Clark of Utah, who played a big role in the day-and-night sessions of the subcommittee. Still the Old Guard did not get what it wanted. In many of its planks the platform accepts the philosophy and teachings of the New Deal. The Landon forces kept in touch with the Governor, and when they lost points it was because of political ineptness or their yielding to Borah. But in the main they got pretty much what Governor Landon wanted. It is a safe bet that the Old Guard will not write the speeches for Landon, and if ever I saw a disgruntled group of men it was Fletcher, Hilles, Wadsworth, and Bingham in a group by themselves at the Hotel Cleveland early this morning.

But what will happen with Landon? Is he in a position to cut loose from Hearst? Is it his idea to make over the party, give it a national headquarters in Chicago, call young men to the key positions, and generally build up a liberal, grass-roots party, free from all taint of Wall Street? If he and his Kansas associates have this in mind, we may be witnessing the beginning of a real political revolution.

But here again no man knows. The California-Hearst episode and Landon's reception in Topeka of Hearst himself have put the Governor under a suspicion that he must live down promptly, especially as his running mate, Colonel Knox, was for years the willing tool of Hearst, whom he served as general manager of his newspaper properties—which by itself ought to disqualify him.

It is a fact that many of the delegates who voted for Landon have marked doubts as to his fitness for the Presidency. Let no one be deceived by the press reports of a united and happy Republican front as a result of the convention. There was acceptance of the accomplished fact, and resignation, and belief that the best of an exceedingly poor string of candidates had been picked. But real enthusiasm there was not, outside of the Kansas crowd. No intelligent and honest person would assert that he had witnessed any great occasion or that a real crusade to save the Republic is under way. Governor Landon may rise to his opportunity and prove himself something else, but the belief is that he has so far been only a pleasant politician of the ordinary type. It is known that two of the other candidates are anything but enthusiastic over Landon. Can he now convince the people that he is of the caliber for the

greatest American job in the worst crisis in our history?

As for the convention, all the childish features of these occasions have been in evidence—the blaring bands, shriller and louder than ever, the driveling campaign songs, the Negro singers, the shrieking soloists, the presentation of the oldest living Presidential widow, incredibly bad speeches, fortunately far fewer than usual, and cattle-like herding of the delegates, who were more like ventriloquists' dummies than ever before, if that be possible. It is not surprising that one of the Russian journalists, from Stalin's kept press, expressed his amazement yesterday at the total absence of any democracy in the proceedings. "Why," he said, "when our Soviets meet, every delegate has the right to be heard, and here not one was. We debate all morning and all afternoon and in the evening we go to the opera, but we don't interrupt the proceedings with vaudeville." Even with the vaudeville, the convention was dullness itself until Hoover appeared.

The speaking? Well, so far as any recognition of the dangerous situation of the world is concerned or any intelligent discussion of our own grave crisis, the speeches would have been unworthy of the smallest county fair. The keynoter, Senator Steiwer, was execrated by every intelli-



A Kansas Family Affair



Borah Represented Himself

gent Republican editor here. The *Herald Tribune* said editorially that he showed how to lose and not how to win a campaign, but its representatives privately used far less polite language than that. Snell as permanent chairman went over the same ground a bit more effectively—he probably was wise enough not to accept the aid of the twenty-one counselors who had spoiled Steiwer's broth. I've been over both these speeches, line by line, and Hoover's also, and I cannot find a really concrete suggestion as to how the economic situations they complain of can be remedied. The whole strategy has been to concentrate the attacks upon the President and to charge him with treason, oath-breaking, fascism, and communism. If that is kept up, it is obvious that it will cause a reaction in the President's favor. It is well to talk of having a President with a conscience, but those who urge this should set the example of being conscientious enough not to impugn the President's motives or bring ridiculous and hysterical charges against him. Ungrammatical as it was and distinctly hysterical, Hoover's speech was effective, and he may well be satisfied with the fifteen-minute cheering which greeted him, for it was genuine and spontaneous.

Like all the other speeches, Hoover's had no reference to the crux of the whole matter—our relations to the rest of the world. The worst of this convention was its utter remoteness and detachment from the world as it is. One would think that when the nation stands again in utmost danger of war, when democracy is everywhere threatened by absolutism and dictatorship, a great party assembled to take counsel on the state of the Union would have devoted much time to discussion of what was going on at home and abroad. Not at all. Peace, disarmament, neutrality—these were not even mentioned. In this respect as in others the platform is a disgrace. The Kansans, out of an utterly needless fear of Borah, let him write the international plank. Bill White, ex-Governor Goodrich, and the others calmly let Borah act not only for the platform committee but for the entire convention. The platform does not represent the party's opinion but only Borah's. It is current gossip that Landon wanted to denounce the reference to

the World Court but refrained from a direct break with the convention. Yet the fact remains that out of sheer cowardice the narrowest isolationist was permitted to write this plank. Borah represented nobody but himself. He cut a miserable figure in his interview with a corps of correspondents, who left the room with ill-concealed contempt for his backing and filling. Had the committee threatened Borah, as it well could have, with reprisals in Idaho, he would have gone under the nearest bed. He should have been utterly ignored, for he would not have bolted but merely have sulked at home. Whether one believes in the League and the World Court or not, this is a shameful way to handle a vital international problem in the quadrennial convention of a great party. If Borah's reputation survives it, it will be surprising. The humor was grim with which an Idaho delegate remarked that the delegation was for Borah "as long as he hung together."

Finally it remains to be added that the Old Guard was represented by a handful of men only. Not a member of Hoover's Cabinet took part in the convention. The old order is certainly disappearing, and it was highly significant that Walter F. Brown, Hoover's Ohio-gang Postmaster General was defeated for reelection as national committeeman by a rich bank president and coal-mine owner from Massillon — not much of a change possibly so far as liberalism is concerned, but still one to be rejoiced at. If this disappearance of the old leaders is amazing, it was still more incredible to sit in a Republican convention and to hear speech after speech pleading for freedom of the individual,



Hoover—Effective but Irrelevant

freedom of the press, and so on. This new-found passion for human liberty has been forced upon the party largely by Franklin Roosevelt's errors. Not since the Civil War has the Republican Party busied itself with any American's freedom; under its recent Presidents we were all becoming more and more slaves to the big interests, and Hoover, Coolidge, and Harding cared no more about the constant breaches of civil rights all over the United States than has Franklin Roosevelt, who has yet to say his first word against these infringements of the Constitution. But let us be grateful for the new stand of the Republicans. Perhaps Landon and Knox, Hamilton and Fletcher, will now apply for membership in the Civil Liberties Union.

[Mr. Villard's regular page, *Issues and Men*, will appear next week as usual.]

Mr. Hearst's Convention

BY HEYWOOD BROWN

IN ALL fairness to the Republican national convention it must be said that it could have been much worse. I'm not speaking now of its quality as a theatrical entertainment—everybody admits that in this respect it was deplorable. What I have in mind is the social significance of the gathering. It is my impression that the Republican Party has moved one and three-quarters inches to the left. The G. O. P. has so constantly frozen the ball when in power or indulged in purely defensive punting that to some extent this very slight gain may be mistaken for a first down. The head linesman ought to be called to the middle of the field to measure. As usual the Republicans are in the middle.

Time alone will tell to what extent Alf Mossman Landon is a liberal. His platform telegram cuts both ways. The suggestion of the possibility of an amendment was couched in the mildest possible terms; yet even so it was a step forward. But the vague hand-wave to the gold standard was distinctly reactionary. It is a pity that the platform writers of the Republican Party are always ambidextrous. The party gives and the party takes away.

Such changes as have occurred in Republican leadership and liberality are largely superficial. Some of the older bosses are gone, and new men, a little younger and a little more westerly, have taken their places. But if Landon is a Kansas Coolidge, in all probability Hamilton will prove to be a Topeka Will Hays or even a small-town Farley. At first view the new campaign manager seemed far more interested in tactics than in principles. I make this charge with no great rancor, for that is the way the game has always been played. I merely suggest that Farleyism is a fake issue. It may go with the voters, but any Republican politician, after the second drink, will admit that his chief complaint against Jim is his political shrewdness. They hope that Hamilton can do as well.

Up to date he has made some bad blunders. John Hamilton took not much more than six or seven minutes before saying, "I place in nomination for the Presidency of the United States the name of the Governor of Kansas, Alfred Mossman Landon." I thought it was one of the greatest nominating speeches I'd ever heard. None of the phrases were particularly eloquent but the whole thing had been simple and short. The demonstration was about as lively as the caliber of the convention could afford. But to my consternation I suddenly found that John Hamilton had done no more than a preface and that he purposed to go on again as soon as the mild din was over.

You can't do that. It's against tradition and against common sense. The custom of conventions is that as soon as you have named your man you must sit down again. And that's one of the few convention customs that are really reasonable. Hamilton tried to get two demonstra-

tions for his candidate instead of one from a convention which hardly had the energy for a single hoopla.

But Hamilton's greatest blunder lay in not fighting more fiercely against the nomination of Colonel Frank Knox for the Vice-Presidency. I don't mean that the good gray colonel is a devil with horns or that his mentality is below the run of the mine supply of Throttlebottoms but in naming the publisher of the *Chicago Daily News* the convention let two cats out of the bag. A strong effort was made to keep quiet about Hearst. Although he is the chief adviser of Governor Landon, his discoverer, and his leading propagandist, William Randolph Hearst came up in no discussion on the floor. Still, the Democrats are not likely to forget that for some five years Colonel Knox was general manager for Hearst.

Indeed, the significant thing about the Republican convention is a real change in the power directly behind the throne. The convention practically announced that the newspapers of America not only represent big business but are actually big business themselves. They have been the shock troops for the financial interests for many years. Now the brass hats are prepared to let them openly shoulder the greater part of the show. This decision may have been partly brought about by a recognition of the fact that the slaughter in the campaign will be terrific.

Again it may be that some strategists felt that the Hearst issue might be met by saying in effect, "It isn't just Hearst who is running Landon but all the great publishers of America." It seems to me that this is a decision made by men who are drunk with power. The editors of America are naive enough to believe that their readers love them. That good old slogan "the freedom of the press" has been so useful as a weapon to serve every material interest of newspaper owners that it is being trotted out again as a campaign issue. The voters of America are being asked to preserve democracy by turning the rulership of this country over to William Randolph Hearst, who may if he chooses ask some slight assistance from Colonels McCormick and Knox.

The cohesion of the publishing fraternity in this new plan of fourth-estate dictatorship is almost unbroken. Very few are left outside the magic circle. Even leaders of papers generally identified as liberal and pro-New Deal have been extremely polite in dealing with the Republican proceedings in Cleveland. Some had the audacity to refer to Senator Steiwer as an orator even after he had delivered his keynote speech. Mr. Hoover's address was hailed practically everywhere as magnificent. Mr. Hoover had been tactful enough to refer to the courage of the American newspapers. The sage of Palo Alto can recognize a lord and master when he prances on the stage wearing across his chest an eight-column headline.

The Case of John A. Kingsbury

BY JAMES RORTY

ON APRIL 5, 1935, the Board of Directors of the Milbank Memorial Fund announced the resignation of John A. Kingsbury, executive secretary of the fund. "Differences of opinion as to policy" was given as the reason. Behind this polite diplomatic phrase, however, lies a sorry tale which can now be publicly told. Its main features are the following:

1. A campaign by doctors to force the Milbank Fund to abandon a fifteen-year program in the field of medical economics because it favored "group payment" plans for medical and hospital care. In this campaign there developed a boycott, conducted by physicians, of the products of the Borden Company, manufacturers and distributors of milk and milk products. The boycott worked because 45 per cent of the income from the Milbank Fund's \$10,000,000 capital is, or was, derived from its holdings of Borden stock; also because Albert G. Milbank, president of the Milbank Fund and chairman of the Board of Directors, is also chairman of the board of the Borden Company.

2. A concomitant and subsequent campaign of vicious, slanderous gossip directed at Mr. Kingsbury—the specific form being that classic canard of gutter politics, whispered doubts of his mental balance.

3. The highly significant about-face of Albert G. Milbank, who, besides being president of the Milbank Fund and chairman of the board of the Borden Company, is head of the great Wall Street law firm of Milbank, Tweed, Hope, and Webb, counsel for the Rockefeller interests, the Chase National Bank, and the Title Guarantee and Trust Company.

4. The panicky retreat from liberal leadership in medical economics of the Milbank Fund—a foundation committed to the principles of science and of academic freedom, which for fifteen years, under the supervision of its dismissed secretary, had done more probably than any other single agency to make possible higher standards in the health services.

To understand the details of this lurid drama, the historical setting must be recalled. The United States is today almost the only civilized country in the world which has failed to institute some form of compulsory health insurance. Here as elsewhere the efforts of social workers, enlightened physicians, and public-health officials to bring adequate medical care to the whole population have been confronted by the vested interests of "organized medicine." But in no other country has the medical hierarchy, faced with the demonstrated chaos and inadequacy of existing health services, resorted to such unscrupulous methods of sabotage and obstruction.

The long struggle to democratize the nation's health services, led first by the American Association for Labor

Legislation, for a time abandoned, and then renewed under the aegis of the philanthropic foundations—especially the Milbank Memorial, the Julius Rosenwald Fund, the Twentieth Century Fund, and the Pollak Foundation—came to a head in the fall of 1932, when the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care rendered its report. Although a minority of doctors on the committee dissented from the recommendation of the majority, the factual findings of the committee have never been successfully challenged. In briefest summary, they showed that, in the prosperous years at least, Americans spent more per capita for medical care than any other people and on the whole got less for their money. In 1930 the total expenditure was \$3,700,000,000, or about \$30 per capita. This, according to the late Edgar Sydenstricker of the Milbank Fund staff, who was generally conceded to be the leading statistician in the field, "is enough money to buy reasonably adequate care at current average prices." Yet what did we get for this huge expenditure? Again, quoting the same authority:

In a year's time, even in a prosperous era, millions of families cannot afford to obtain any medical care; hundreds of thousands of cases of illness needing medical attention are unattended; less than 7 per cent of the population have even a partial physical examination, and less than 5 per cent are immunized against some disease. . . . Although we are accustomed to boast of our achievements in medicine and public health as manifested in a lowered mortality among infants, children, and younger adults, the death-rate among adults of middle and old age has not appreciably diminished in the past fifty years. . . . Even the mortality among mothers and infants in a large class of the population of the United States is still far above that in some other countries.

The doctors were and are among the chief sufferers from this fantastic situation. In 1929 one-third of American physicians had net incomes of less than \$3,000 and one-half less than \$3,800. Since the depression they have been "plowed under" at an appalling rate, and for every doctor unemployed some hundreds of patients who could not afford to pay their bills have been neglected.

The majority of the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care included, among other conservative physicians, its chairman, Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, former president of the A. M. A. and Secretary of the Interior. The committee recommended that physicians practice in groups to reduce their overhead and increase their effectiveness and that they offer service to the public on a periodic-payment plan—small fixed contributions, in return for which each subscriber would receive all the medical and hospital care he needed. Unfortunately, however, the minority clique of prosperous, well-placed, and reactionary medical politicians who control the destinies of the American Medical

Association did not realize that this plan would mean more certain income for the doctor. So they proceeded to obstruct and sabotage practically every subsequent attempt to effectuate the committee's recommendations.

On the day the report of the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care was released, metropolitan city editors all over America had on their desks advance proofs of an editorial by Dr. Morris Fishbein which was published a few days later in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. I will quote the most significant portions of this widely circulated document:

So definite was the trend of the committee's studies in this direction [so-called "socialized medicine"] that one must view the expenditure of almost \$1,000,000 with mingled amusement and regret. . . . The *Journal* has pointed out repeatedly that such practices will mean the destruction of private practice; that they represent the exploitation of physicians for the gain of business; that they put medical schools into competition with their own graduates; and that they are, in a word, "unethical." . . .

The alignment is clear: on the one side the forces representing the great foundations, public-health officialdom, social theory—even socialism and communism inviting to revolution; on the other side the organized medical profession of the country urging an orderly evolution.

Not satisfied with this burst of demagogic nonsense, Dr. Fishbein returned to the attack in subsequent issues. On December 10, 1932, he said:

Intent on their daily and nightly task of preventing disease, healing the sick, and ministering to the afflicted, they [physicians] have given scant attention and but little of their time to a consideration of the way in which their work was being invaded by big business. . . . This is the question of Americanism versus Sovietism for the American people.

The medical politicians soon realized that the progressive doctors, together with the social workers, public-health workers, and economists, backed by the liberal foundations, were determined not merely to give effect to the mild recommendations of the majority report but to press for legislative action in terms of compulsory health insurance. It would appear that some of the medical obstructionists then determined upon "direct action." Because the Milbank Fund technicians, specifically John A. Kingsbury, the late Edgar Sydenstricker, and Dr. I. S. Falk, had been outspoken and effective in their public advocacy of health insurance, and because the fund had an Achilles heel in its Borden investments, the attack centered from the beginning upon this particular foundation.

A boycott of Borden products boiled up early and actively in Indiana. Other state and county medical journals soon began to print unveiled incitements to doctors to boycott the Borden Company. Reports of progress detailing the cumulative effects of the boycott followed. Eminent names are signed to some of this literature. For example, Dr. Nathan B. Van Etten, then vice-speaker of the House of Delegates of the American Medical Association, in a published letter to the editor of the *Bronx County Medical Bulletin* wrote:

It is difficult to reconcile the individualistic accomplishments of the chairman of the directors [of the Borden

Company] with the collectivistic activities of the president of the foundation [the Milbank Fund] in the delivery of medical service. . . .

Most astonishing of all, however, were signed assurances, printed in the same publication, from Louis J. Auerbacher, president of the Dryco Company, a Borden subsidiary, and director of medical relations of the Borden Company, to the effect that he was "100 per cent with the doctors" and was doing everything in his power to get the fund and its employees out of medical economics.

In February, 1935, the following piece of propaganda, whose origin is not known, appeared in the *Philadelphia Medical Roster and Digest*, and was reprinted in many state and county medical journals:

KNOW YOUR FOUNDATIONS

We are often unmindful of the eventual fate of the dollars we place in the hands of our business friends. . . . At times we may discover to our dismay that his profits are applied to philanthropy that is ill-directed or actually destructive. A man may be the soul of honor and possessed of rare business acumen and yet be misled by social and economic soothsayers to turn his millions into a foundation the activities of which are not above reproach.

As illustrations we might consider the foundations which have lately interested themselves in the problems of medical care of the people, and some of which have vigorously espoused the cause of socialized medicine. That many of the dollars used by these foundations to the detriment of the practice of medicine have been furnished directly or indirectly by the medical profession goes without saying. If members of the profession were to stop using or recommending the products of the corporations supporting these foundations, the enthusiasm of their social experiments would be cooled more readily than by any amount of verbal protest. In fact, it has been rumored that one of the foundations has already modified its elaborate plan to sell state medicine for the simple but effective reason that many discerning physicians have stopped prescribing a certain product.

There is appended a brief listing of the four foundations referred to, with the Milbank Fund heading the list, and the concluding injunction: "If you do not approve policies of these foundations, make certain that you are not contributing indirectly to their campaign funds. Know your foundations."

Conceivably, both the Milbank Fund and the Borden Company might have found this sort of thing actionable. But Milbank had already practically surrendered in a speech before the Indiana secretaries. And the ineffable Mr. Auerbacher, representing the Borden Company, had presented to Mr. Milbank, Mr. Kingsbury, and the fund's technicians an alternative program for the fund that would have withdrawn it entirely from the field of medical economics. When this program, which had to do with the nutritional values of milk, was curtly rejected both by Mr. Kingsbury and Mr. Milbank, Mr. Auerbacher returned to his ardent collaboration with the embattled medicos.

Still Mr. Kingsbury received no direct intimation that his dismissal was being considered, although rumors to this effect were current everywhere among medical men. But the hunt was nearing its end. The *Detroit Medical*

News of April 29, 1935, announced the kill as follows:

NOW THEY UNDERSTAND

The Milbank Memorial Fund has announced the termination of the services of John A. Kingsbury and others with this brief explanation: "Differences of opinion as to policies." The fund clearly indicates a new understanding of the individual medical practitioner's social and economic problems. Mr. Kingsbury was the genius guiding the activities that seemed to have as their objective the socialization of medicine.

Mr. Louis J. Auerbacher of New York City, president of the Dryco Company and director of medical relations of the Borden Company, was most influential in accomplishing this result, and is to be congratulated for his services to the public and to the profession.

In the face of this evidence Mr. Milbank has assured the writer that the medical boycott was not the determining factor in the dismissal of the internationally known and universally respected social worker whose efforts over a period of fifteen years, by Mr. Milbank's own acknowledgment, had placed the Milbank Fund in the forefront of American foundations, whom he had known and worked with intimately for twenty-five years, and who had been the friend and confidant of his cousin, Mrs. Elizabeth Milbank Anderson, the founder of the fund. Mr. Milbank, in fact, went so far as to assert that the dismissal of Mr. Kingsbury was determined upon almost a year before it was announced; that the execution of this decision, necessary in Mr. Milbank's opinion because Mr. Kingsbury was a "fanatic," was deferred first by the death of Mr. Kingsbury's son and then by the medical boycott of the Borden Company. Mr. Kingsbury, in turn, presents some rather convincing evidence in rebuttal of this ex post facto explanation; according to him Mr. Milbank had at least one moment of elation when he declared to Kingsbury that if it became necessary to choose between the fund and the Borden Company, he, Milbank, would choose the fund.

Mr. Milbank's assertion that the medical boycott was not the determining factor in Kingsbury's dismissal is heavily discounted by most of the informed doctors, social workers, and public-health workers with whom I have talked. Moreover, it is flatly contradicted by Mr. Kingsbury on the evidence of the decisive interview with his chief which occurred on April 1, 1935, three days before the faithful Mr. Auerbacher delivered his Message to Garcia in Detroit.

According to Mr. Kingsbury, who dictated an abstract of this three-hour interview immediately upon its completion, Mr. Milbank told him flatly that he found himself obliged to choose between his responsibility to the Borden Company and his responsibility to the fund; that even if the fund substituted other securities for its Borden stock—except possibly government bonds whose yield would be insufficient—it would still be in a vulnerable position; that he had prayed about it and arrived at the irrevocable decision that the fund could not continue under Mr. Kingsbury's leadership, for Mr. Kingsbury was at heart a socialist, intimate with such people as Brandeis, La Follette, John Dewey, and the late Theodore Roosevelt, while he,

Milbank, was a capitalist who had inevitably moved to the right during the depression.

Concerning the last point there can be no dispute. On March 16, 1933, before the assembled boards of counsel of the fund, Mr. Milbank had said:

Sickness insurance—or more precisely insurance against the costs of medical care—is needed. This, as you know, is recommended by the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care as a voluntary and local measure. But in my opinion such insurance will not produce the results contemplated unless the scheme is compulsory and at least statewide in its scope.

On a precisely similar occasion two years later, and three days before Mr. Kingsbury received his dismissal, Mr. Milbank stated:

Our Board of Directors has not indorsed compulsory contributory health insurance or any other plan to distribute the costs of medical care. We have not sponsored any form of legislation, federal or state, bearing upon this subject nor have we given, directly or indirectly, any financial support in furtherance of such legislation.

If you talk to eminent medical politicians you may hear that, since Mr. Kingsbury was paid his 1935 salary in full and retired on a life pension of \$8,000 with a provision of half that amount for Mrs. Kingsbury in the event of her husband's death, he ought to be grateful for such princely generosity and quite content to "quit and go fishing." According to Mr. Kingsbury, however, the retirement provision represented in large part merely the execution of an understanding arrived at about eight years ago. At the urgency of the late Dr. Linsley Williams, the Milbank Fund employees were then enabled to participate in the Carnegie pension system. At that time the fund undertook to pay back annuities to 1920, when the fund was started. This would have given Mr. Kingsbury about \$4,000 a year even had he voluntarily resigned. The additional amount was made up partly by the fund and partly by Mr. Kingsbury's own contribution through the cashing of his life insurance. The \$8,000 pension amounts to retirement on half salary, which is not ordinarily considered either unusual or excessive in corporation circles.

You may also hear that Mr. Kingsbury was really dismissed because the accidental death of his only son in June, 1934, coupled with the persecution of the medical politicians, had rendered him mentally irresponsible. I have examined the record of Mr. Kingsbury's behavior at various stages of the events here chronicled, and I have talked to several of his close associates during this period. I can say, with the knowledge that I shall be fully supported by men and women of unimpeachable integrity, that this vicious gossip is without foundation. It is in fact an all too familiar political canard.

Mr. Kingsbury is now employed by the Works Progress Administration on work for which he is eminently fitted, and his mental and physical health is excellent. As for Mr. Milbank, well, the Borden boycott was called off, was it not?

[This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Rorty on medical economics. The second will appear in an early issue.]

TVA: The New Deal's Best Asset

BY STUART CHASE

IV. The Great Transition

IN THE preceding article we noted the wisdom of the TVA in cooperating with local organizations in the distribution of power. There are other functions where the same wise cooperation is in evidence. Let us consider the land program. Here TVA works through the Extension Service units of the land-grant colleges, which have been functioning for years. The farmers have come to trust these people. A program of vocational education operates through local agencies set up under the Smith-Hughes law twenty years ago. Here again is no break with the past.

Public-health work is carried on through the State Health Department and through the long-established county agents. Dr. E. L. Bishop is the technician who is evolving the crucial program of malaria control at the reservoirs, but the contact work is done by local agencies. He has discovered among other things that alternately raising and lowering the reservoirs about a foot so disturbs the ecology of marine life at the brink that food for mosquito larvae is kept at a minimum, and the pests starve before hatching. He is working out a method for dusting reservoir surfaces by airplane to poison the larvae. He has saved \$260,000 in the costs of clearing Wheeler reservoir by a new method which also aids the control of mosquitoes.

One of the most dramatic examples is the cooperation with local labor unions. This story has often been told, and I shall only review it briefly. Credit is due primarily to Dr. Arthur E. Morgan. The TVA principle is: allow no labor conflicts on government jobs, standardize the wage structure, eliminate the peaks and valleys of employment, look always at the worker's annual income, for this is what his family lives on, not on a high day rate. Business agents of the unions were at first suspicious. They put on their poker faces and prepared for the usual game of bluff. But the TVA granted collective bargaining at once and invited the agents to assist in preparing the whole bargaining structure. The policy, every item of which was checked by the unions, was adopted in May, 1935, including full machinery for grievances and wage adjustments. Some 85 per cent of the skilled workers are organized, 50 per cent of the unskilled, and 10 per cent of the white-collar group. There is a man named Killen who has a genius for settling jurisdictional disputes. The bluffing game has gone. Both sides lay their cards face up on the table. Men usually prefer to play square if you give them a chance. Norris Dam as a construction job will be a little below the average cost, yet its wages have run from 5 to 20 per cent above average. The WPA may be cutting prevailing wages, but the TVA is bettering

them. There is no sabotage; output per man-hour is high. The accident rate is phenomenally low. Labor throughout the region has been won to the TVA and will fight for its continuance.

The Valley has been convinced, with the exceptions noted above. The strategy has been that of the "middle road." Planning is by democratic consent rather than by dictatorial blueprint. To balance resources against population, figure a possible living standard, and appoint every man to his post, is not an excessively difficult job on the drawing-board. I have done it myself on occasion. But to get men, particularly Americans, and particularly the native stock of the Tennessee mountains, to go to their posts is something else again. The connection is remote. Blueprints are necessary. They assess the potential well-being of any region; they furnish a goal. In the shape of land-planning maps, of course, they are as vital as working drawings for dams or integrated power load. But when it comes to the practical matter of getting people to move, of changing long-established institutions, of shifting encrusted habits and folkways, it seems to me that Dr. H. A. Morgan's policy is the right one—indeed, the only one short of revolution. Of all the many problems which the TVA is tackling this seems to me the most vital: how to make Americans conscious of their resource base, and how to encourage them to act for themselves.

There has been much confusion about the whole matter of planning. Let us see if we can get the basic concepts clear. It is agreed that our objective is to raise the living standards of a given area. There are three approaches:

First: If the area is virgin territory with few people living in it and no vested rights, the planning becomes a straight engineering job. Assess the natural resources, design the plant, and invite the people in. Examples are the Panama Canal, the original city of Washington, the PWA town in Alaska, the TVA town of Norris.

Second: Granted an inhabited area, planning may be autocratic. Vested interests which object are exiled or wiped out. People are moved about like chessmen. Prevailing institutions are swept aside. The idea is: we are going to take charge of your standard of living whether you like it or not. Examples: Liberia and other large plantation areas in the tropics; parts of Russia, Italy, Germany; coal-company towns; the state of Delaware under the du Pont dynasty.

Third: Granted an inhabited area, planning may be attempted with the consent of those who live therein. Vested interests are deflected, outgeneraled, and not encountered head on except in critical cases. Prevailing institutions and folkways are reckoned with. There are no dictatorial powers, but rather persuasion, example, yardsticks, cooperative agreements, education. Examples: Swe-

den, Norway, Finland, many programs in Great Britain, Australia, New Zealand—and the TVA.

This is not to say that the TVA is on the way to inevitable success. It may be wrecked on any of a dozen reefs. This is only to say that its goals are undeniably the right ones, that the strategy employed to reach those goals appears to be a shrewd one, that the opposition is for the moment in retreat, that visible progress is being made. The reefs are there, treacherous beneath the channel. Perhaps the power gentlemen and their courts can break not only the power yardstick but the whole experiment. I doubt this, but it is always a possibility until we break the unconscionable habits of power gentlemen. In Sweden they have been broken, but many private companies still sell power and make a good living at it. They do not, however, monkey around much with injunctions.

In the physical frame of reference the TVA makes such obvious sense that even a tory might grasp it. In the pecuniary frame the case is not so clear. As resources are built up and transformed into crops, industrial products, and energy, vested interests in scarcity outside the Valley are bound to be alarmed, even though the chances are that they will be helped more than they will be hurt by the increased prosperity of the region. Their behavior will be on all fours with the behavior of many of our best people today, who are wailing because the government spends so much, while the net effect of that spending has been to put them back on their financial feet. Plain facts are no guide in the premises, however. If enough vested interests come to believe that the TVA is destined to harm them, even though it is actually enriching them, they will gang up on it, as big business has ganged up on the New Deal, and will move heaven and hell to put it out of commission. By vested interests I mean farmers beyond the Valley as well as industrialists and power companies—indeed, all and sundry who fear for their own markets.

The TVA will certainly reach a point when the matter of developing local industries will have to be squarely met. At present this subject is in the laboratory. One hears of ceramics, canning, sorghum syrups, woodworking, and so on. I doubt if the sale of raw materials to the outside world will ever give the Valley enough in the way of exchange values to provide really adequate living standards. So the Valley will have to take some of its cheap power and produce certain strategic manufactured goods for its own consumption. Otherwise the whole experiment will hang in mid-air, like a lopsided moon. At this point every manufacturer of similar commodities outside the Valley will cry, "Ho! Help, murder and police!" Let them cry. Too much middle-road technique might end by tempering the project to so many winds that it would lose all momentum.

The TVA may be gently, even tearfully, starved to death by a Washington Administration pledged to economy, unaware that to reestablish the resource base of a large region is the soundest conceivable economy in the long run. Again, the local administration may become confused following divergent policies—dams, for instance, as against soil rebuilding—and exhaust its energies in an internal struggle, losing the united picture of

an integrated watershed in which no one function takes precedence.

The future is none too clear. American institutions have changed markedly since 1929, but they must change considerably more before we can enrich our livelihood with forthright, honest regional planning. The TVA, at the present stage of what historians may some day call the Great Transition, must inevitably be a compromise—as the navigation clause which legally justifies it is a compromise—between what is and what is to be.

Finally, the world outside the Valley may sharply ask why this region should be marked off for assistance above other regions. There is a good answer to this question, but it may be disregarded. The charity is also an investment for the nation as a whole in certain ways which are worth stating categorically. The TVA can help us all:

1. By reducing our bills for electric power through the yardstick device. This is already beginning to happen.

2. By helping to prevent floods on the lower Mississippi and so saving heavy losses to people outside the Valley.

3. By giving a cheap phosphorus fertilizer to the nation.

4. By working out a practical program to replace the one-crop cotton culture of the South. This affects the whole cotton belt.

5. By working out the techniques of integrated watershed control, good for any valley.

6. By working out techniques for the control of erosion, for land use, forestry, recreation, free ways (controlled motor highways); for decentralization, resettlement, town planning; for the control of malaria; for labor policies—all of which have wide general application.

7. By creating a degree of local prosperity which will be infectious beyond the local boundaries. If average farm income can be raised from \$100 to, say, \$500, a large new market is created for imported goods. (As noted above, however, the beneficiaries may be so busy protesting against new Valley industries that the fact will escape them.)

8. By developing a middle-road technique for the human and institutional aspects of regional planning, applicable throughout the Republic during this phase of the Great Transition.

The TVA can help the rest of us, particularly the boys and girls of the lost generation, by giving us hope, by furnishing tangible evidence that there is a way out.

Compromise or no, to see the Authority in operation is a spiritually refreshing experience. To look at the clean, strong walls of Norris Dam between the hills of pine; to feel the will to achievement, the deep integrity of a thousand young-minded men and women, schooled in the disciplines of science, free from the dreary business of chiseling competitors and advertising soap; to know that over this whole great watershed from the Smokies to the Ohio men's faces turn to a common purpose and a common goal—these things intoxicate the imagination. Here, struggling in embryo, is perhaps the promise of what all America may some day be.

[*This is the concluding article of Mr. Chase's series.*]

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

FIVE YOUNGER POETS

A Flashing Cliff

BY MURIEL RUKEYSER

Spinning on his heel, the traveler
sees across snow a flashing cliff.
Past the plain's freeze, past savage branches
immune in ice, a frozen waterfall,
clamped in December, glistens alive.

Love, will you recognize yourself displayed?
Or is the age defective, cold with storm
to lock fast water in iron artifice,
whitening cataracts?—contempt and loss,
and nothing, in the great world, can lie calm,

travel alive, but is frozen solid,
and will not face its mirror nor speak its pain.
Will you fight winter to break in immense speed
resisting and sensitive, a waterfall-flash
sparkling full across the vicious plain?

Fight down our age, the mad vindictive time?
No victory's here. Now, any passion suffers
against proud ice, flashing, angry, and jailed.
You, maniac, catalept!
And, love. You are all rivers.

Genesis

BY THEODORE ROETHKE

This elemental force
Descended from the sun;
A river's leaping source
Is locked in narrow bone.

This wisdom floods the mind,
Invades quiescent blood,
A seed that swells the rind
To burst the fruit of good.

A pearl within the brain,
Secretion of the sense;
Around a central grain
A meaning grows immense.

January Crossing

BY CLARK MILLS

After the frenzied movement and the thunder,
salt in the mouth, and sound of voices driven
across the mind, rippling the mind, like cavernd water under
low granite shelves

—never the clear word given
freely, but sound of seventy voices blown—

in this house on the crest of the northmost hill
I am alone and I am not alone
who see men to the east, buried in tumult, and men to the west,
who are still,
for I have grown about their lives, and seen
what they have seen, laughed as they laughed, grieved for
their dead
—upon the fixed ice, and across the tip-visible green
slopes to the north, and at the northern fountainhead
that branches below day and flows in seven
torrents of light about this open haven.

Such as the Trick Chameleon

BY W. R. MOSES

The art is not unlike the trick chameleon's
Whereby both oak and gum trees grow in balm
As though rich Balm of Gileads alloyed May—
An art, for fall as usual hints decay.

A cotton poverty is sick in fields,
The leaves of maples by the year worn thin,
But as, unprincipled, the air flows soft,
Chameleons, weathercocks, gums bear aloft

May cartilaginous—and surely man
Is brother to the leaf that perishes.
The sloshing acids made to burn him hard,
Remove the flesh, reveal determined shard,

May fall—and still one liquid laugh can melt,
Two little tears can melt the saline form,
Not like a sharp-edged stone, or clear medallion,
But only like the slight, the trick chameleon.

Upon Twelve

BY JOSEPHINE MILES

Now has been contrived in the increasing noonday
Some show of order wherein to be at rest,
Some stilling of the need that space be tended,
That time be pressed.

Where in our path was the ambitious clutter of morning,
The leaf shadow and stir, the brush and broom,
Now at the base of trees is a clean sunlight,
At the door, room,

We can sit with minds quiet with the loftiness, though cooler,
That the sun has for its meridian,
In the fine short space before the roof eastward
Darkens again.

NOVELIST BITES CRITIC

BY EDMUND WILSON

JAMES T. FARRELL'S "Note on Literary Criticism"* is quite a remarkable event. For one thing, it is one of the few intelligent discussions of literature from the Marxist point of view which have yet been written by Americans. But it is especially conspicuous as being the work of one of the ablest of the younger novelists. The book suffers a little, it is true, from Farrell's characteristic faults: it is diffuse and badly organized; it runs to footnotes as long as the chapters; and the line of the argument is not always kept clear. But it is inspiring to see a novelist getting up to argue general principles with the critics and actually showing authority in that field in which they have been pretending to instruct him. And one is surprised, after reading Mr. Farrell's novels, which derive so much of their effectiveness from the total immersion of the author in the lives of unreflecting and limited people, to discover behind them a mind capable of philosophical abstraction and analysis.

In order to take up properly all the questions raised by Mr. Farrell in this book—questions of the relation of Marxism to literature—it would be necessary to write a book oneself. I shall therefore confine myself to noting points which seem to me important.

The first thing to plant firmly in the foreground of any discussion of Marxism and literature is a definition of dialectical materialism. The most depressing thing about the Marxist disputes which have been raging in the literary reviews is that the writers who consider themselves Marxists know as little what they are talking about as the anti-Marxists with whom they are trying to argue. Both sides are always assuming that Marx's and Engels's dialectical materialism is crude economic determinism and that the aim of the Marxist critic is simply to explain the work of art in terms of its economic origins. Real dialectical materialism is of course a much more complicated affair, which allows man to make his own history, though "not just as he pleases," but conditioned by "circumstances as he finds them," which allows works of art and ideas to influence economic conditions as well as economic conditions to mold ideas and art, and which conceives the various departments of human thought as continually straining to set themselves free from the entanglements of class relations and to establish professional classes of their own. Editors of magazines really ought to demand from leftist writers nowadays some kind of certificate of competence which would show that they have at least read Marx and Engels and that they can explain dialectical materialism. Mr. Farrell does display such competence, and he goes about his task correctly when he pulls out the real Marx and Engels at the very beginning of the discussion and holds them to the heads of his opponents.

The next thing which ought to be forced upon the attention of the practitioners of leftist criticism is that, even when we understand Marx, Marxism can tell us nothing whatever about the goodness or badness of a work of art. A critic may be an excellent Marxist and yet, confronted with a bad book and a good book, both of them ideologically unexceptionable, be unable to choose between them if he is lacking in imagination and taste. That is why leftist critics with no real aptitude for literature sometimes write interestingly about inferior productions which may be taken at their surface value and have no importance save as social documentation, but are likely to go horribly astray on books by first-rate writers—because in literature of the highest quality the vision of life is likely to be complex and the moral implicit rather than explicit. Also, there are writers whose real meaning is something quite different from what they think they mean. And a critic who is insensitive to literary effects is certain to be seriously misled. This has been admirably stated by Mr. Farrell.

What Marxism *can* do, however, is throw a great deal of light on the origins and social significance of works of art. The study of literature in its relation to society is as old as Herder—or even Vico. The great bourgeois master of it was Taine—whose responses to books were so vivid that his summings up of writers and re-creations of periods sometimes rival or surpass their subjects. Marx and Engels deepened this study of literature in its relation to its social background by demonstrating clearly for the first time the importance of economic systems.

But Marx and Engels are worth listening to about literature, not merely because they invented Marxism, but because they had literary appreciation. When Lassalle sent them his poetic tragedy, "Franz von Sickingen," and asked them to criticize it, Marx replied that "setting aside any purely critical attitude toward the work," it had on a first reading affected him strongly—characteristically adding that on persons of a more emotional nature it would doubtless produce an even stronger effect; and Engels said that he had read it twice and had been moved by it so profoundly that he had been obliged to lay it aside in order to get a critical perspective. Then they make some purely literary observations: both had been poets in their youth and were exceedingly sensitive to poetry. Only after pulling themselves together and devoting some special thought to the subject, do they get to the point of analyzing the political content; but they then, in their usual masterly manner, proceed to discuss the historical period with which Lassalle's drama deals and to show him how his own political position has led him to mistake the role of his hero. One would like to be able to imagine that the members of the committee which chooses plays for the Theater Union begin by blowing their noses like Marx and Engels when a particularly affecting script is submitted to them, and

*"A Note on Literary Criticism." By James T. Farrell. The Vanguard Press. \$2.50.

only afterward go on to an ideological examination, rather than starting with a few hard-and-fast formulas and using them as a Procrustes bed.

Mr. Farrell's way of getting at this point is to show that the social-economic pigeonholes into which the leftist critics put works of literature do not constitute "categories of value." Of course not; and the incapacity of these critics to appreciate literary values is the proof of a simple lack of competence.

Then there is the question of proletarian literature. The best discussion I have ever seen of this is in Trotsky's "Literature and Revolution." Trotsky, writing in 1924, did not believe in a proletarian culture which would displace bourgeois culture in Russia. The bourgeois literature of the French Revolution had ripened under the old regime; but the illiterate proletariat and peasantry of Russia had had no chance to produce a culture, nor would there be time for them to do so in the future, because the proletarian dictatorship was to be transitory and lead the way to "a culture which is above classes and which will be the first truly human culture." And it certainly seems to be working out that way in Russia, where they have recently, with the most positive emphasis, been falling back on their classics and on able contemporary writers who learned their trade before the revolution.

The situation is, however, certainly a little different in America. Our working class and our farmers are better educated than the corresponding groups were in Russia, and it is easier for middle-class writers to share their experience; and we have lately been getting something which is perhaps proletarian literature in the sense that it deals with industrial and rural life from the point of view of the factory worker and the poor farmer under conditions which are destroying him and forcing him to fight. Yet even here, where the themes and point of view do represent a new development in our literature, the style and the form have shown no signs of making a break with the past: on the one hand, we have had since Mark Twain a classic literature which is based on the common speech, so that a more democratic idiom is hardly possible, and, on the other hand, it is evident that the proletarian writer is able to profit by the technical sophistication developed by the bourgeoisie. One of the best of the recent strike novels, "The Land of Plenty," by Robert Cantwell, obviously owes a good deal to Henry James.

Mr. Farrell does not reckon with Trotsky, and he approaches this subject in a different way. But his theory of the "carry-over value" of literature brings one back to the same considerations.

This brings us to "Art is a weapon." It is true that art may be a weapon; but in the case of some of the greatest works of art, some of those which, in Mr. Farrell's language, have the longest carry-over value, it is difficult to see that any important part of this value is due to their function as weapons. "The Divine Comedy," in its political aspect, is a weapon for Henry of Luxemburg, whom Dante, not understanding the nationalistic movement of the Italians to get away from their Austrian emperors, was so passionately eager to impose on them. Today we may say with Carducci that we would gladly have seen his

"good Frederick's" crown rolling in Olona vale: "Jove perishes; the poet's hymn remains." And though Shakespeare's "Henry IV" and "Henry V" are weapons for Elizabethan imperialism, their real center is not Prince Hal but Falstaff; and Falstaff is the father of Hamlet and of all Shakespeare's tragic heroes, who, if they illustrate any social moral—such as that Renaissance princes, supreme in their little worlds, may go to pieces in all kinds of terrible ways for lack of a larger social organism to restrain them—do so without Shakespeare's being aware of it. If these works are weapons at all, they are weapons in the more general struggle of European man emerging from the Middle Ages and striving to understand his world and himself—a function for which "weapon" is hardly the right word. The truth is that there is short-range and long-range literature. Long-range literature attempts to sum up wide areas and long periods of human experience, or to extract from them general laws; short-range literature preaches and pamphleteers with the view of an immediate effect. Mr. Farrell's definition of propaganda is relevant here: "the scheme or plan or process or technique of propagating a system, a scheme, an idea or set of ideas, a doctrine, or an attitude or attitudes, all with the aim of producing acquiescence in a proposed course of action."

And this brings us to the question of what sort of period is most favorable to works of art. There seems to be an assumption on the part of some writers of the left that revolutionary or pre-revolutionary periods are for some reason particularly favorable. This is, of course, not at all the case. The more highly developed forms of literature require leisure and a certain amount of stability; and periods of revolution make both impossible. The literature of the French Revolution consisted of the orations of Danton, the journalism of Camille Desmoulins, and the few political poems that André Chénier was able to write before they cut his head off. The literature of the Russian Revolution was the political writing of Lenin and Trotsky, and Alexander Blok's poem, "The Twelve," almost the last fruit of his genius before it was nipped by the cold wind of the storm. Pre-revolutionary periods, in which the new forces are fermenting, *may* be great periods for literature—as the eighteenth century was in France and the nineteenth century in Russia—though there was a decadence after 1905. But great literature is likely to be produced not by impending revolutions but by the phenomenon of highly developed literary technique in the hands of any writer who derives strength from a set of strongly established institutions. The germs of the Renaissance are in Dante and the longing for a better world in Vergil, but neither Dante nor Vergil can in any real sense be described as a revolutionary writer: they sum up or write elegies for ages that are passing. The social organisms which give its structure to their thought—Rome and the Catholic church—are already showing signs of decay. There is no use, therefore, in attempting to identify the highest creative work in art with the most active moments of creative social change. Marx suffered from no such illusion. Mr. Farrell quotes from the "Critique of Political Economy" his statement that "certain periods of the highest development of art stand in no direct connection with the general devel-

opment of society, nor with the material basis and the skeleton structure of its organization."

Finally, Mr. Farrell is to be congratulated for having stood up not merely to the local boys but also to the Russian panjandrums—such as Radek, whose rubbish about Joyce in "Problems of Soviet Literature" he has been able to shoot so full of holes that I hope nobody will ever again be impressed by it. And one should mention his discussion of the class struggle in literature:

The class struggle is not something that the worker breathes, so that he goes about breathing two parts of ozone to one part of class struggle. It is an objective set of relationships, fundamental in a society, and it has a devious, shifting, differentiating influence (sometimes direct, sometimes indirect) on individuals and on classes. We cannot, then, treat the class struggle as if it were just some lumpy force pushing men in an equal and coordinate way toward two sides of a barricade where they will proceed to fire guns and throw bricks at each other. I repeat, therefore, that the class struggle, as I understand it, is a fundamental set of relationships, and that out of this fundamental set there grow many potentialities of conduct, of thought, feeling, dream, fantasy, as well as of overt action. And I say that the class struggle is not, for the Marxist, simply an article of faith. It is something that he examines, traces, correlates, understands.

The effort to examine and to understand is what Mr. Farrell has been able to bring to literature as well as to life; and it is what is most needed if the writing of the left is to perform any really serious function.

BOOKS

Soliloquy in the Dark

DAYS OF WRATH. By André Malraux. Random House. \$1.75.

AFTER reintroducing Western literature to the pattern of classical tragedy in "Man's Fate," Malraux returns in this novel to that fragmentary or at least subordinate form to which it has become almost resigned in the last few centuries—the soliloquy. Through all but a few pages at the beginning and at the end we are at the center of a conflict that is waged exclusively within the individual consciousness. The antagonists, in Malraux's own words, are the hero and his "sense of life." For this struggle the central situation, the imprisonment of a German Communist agitator in a Nazi concentration camp, is a symbolical framework: the walls of the prison cell represent the impenetrable barriers set up between the individual and his fellow-men by the conditions of the modern world. Symbolical of the imminent breaking down of these barriers is the scene in which Kassner, at a particularly anguished moment, deciphers the tapping of a prisoner in a neighboring cell as the laborious spelling out of the German word for "comrade." For the most part, however, there is not even this much communication; the Nazi captors themselves are no more than the agents of a grimly automatic historical destiny. Inside there is a mind in dizzy pursuit of images that will sustain its life; outside, it is "the time of contempt," the

temporary historical cancelation of those images. For unlike the heroes of "Man's Fate," whose integration was a previously accomplished fact making possible an instantaneous participation in action, Kassner is forced by his predicament into a weighing and reweighing of those ideals on which he has staked his existence. A feverish *examen de conscience* replaces the brilliant drama of the earlier book; action is stilled by introspection. It is as if Malraux had replied to the charge that action is no more than an anodyne or showy form of escape for his heroes by submitting one of them to the full pressure of circumstances that shall bring his faith to the test. Kassner is therefore comparable to the early Christian martyr, except that in every sense the arena is a private one. The physical torture inflicted by his enemies is less harrowing than the internal clash of the twin demons of faith and despair. What is required is not a public demonstration of faith but the more difficult proof of his faith to himself in a situation in which every hope is a mockery. And, finally, his triumph, when it is marked by his departing sane from the eleven days' confinement, is not salvation but the mere preservation of his belief in the possibility of salvation.

The soliloquy, both as an incidental and as a separate form, is a renowned vehicle for rhetoric; for in this form the individual is commonly engaged in opposing to his real or actual self an imaginative reconstruction of himself based on some system of moral or philosophical idealism. In Shakespeare the rhetoric derives from the hero's recognition, at the end, of his failure to measure up to his ideal; in the romantics, on the other hand, it is produced by an identification or perhaps confusion of the hero's limitations with his ideals. But in both cases the attempt at self-understanding involves a celebration of those things on which the individual believes his true identity can be based. For Malraux the only hope of integration for the modern individual lies in the creation of a society in which man himself will be restored as a value. That salvation for the race is a prerequisite to salvation for the individual is the first principle both of his ethics and of his psychology. It is the conviction which, operating actively in the conduct of Kyo and others in "Man's Fate," becomes rhetorically explicit in the present work. The climax is not a decision, that is, a spontaneous act of will, but an experience, the moment in which Kassner assembles the scattered fragments of his personality by identifying a strain of music heard through the walls of his cell with the struggle of his comrades throughout the world in the same cause.

It was the call of those who, at this very hour, were painting the red emblem and the call to vengeance on the houses of their murdered comrades, of those who were replacing the names on street signs with names of their tortured fellow-workers, of those in Essen who had been beaten down with bludgeons, and who, as they lay there, limp like strangled men, their faces gory with the blood that streamed from their mouths and noses, because the S. A. men wanted them to sing the "Internationale," had shouted the song with such fierce hope ringing in their voices that the non-commissioned officer had drawn his revolver and fired. Kassner, shaken by the song, felt himself reeling like a broken skeleton. These voices called forth relentlessly the memory of revolutionary songs rising from a hundred thousand throats . . . their tunes scattered and then picked up again by the crowds like the rippling gusts of wind over fields of wheat stretched out to the far horizon. But already the imperious gravity of a new song seemed once more to absorb everything into an immense slumber; and in this calm, the music at last rose above its own heroic call as it rises above everything with its intertwined flames that soothe as they consume; night fell on the universe, night in which men feel their kinship on the march or in the vast silence, the drifting night, full of stars and friendship . . .

This is rhetorical writing of a very high order, and of a general type that has perhaps not appeared in France since the romantic movement. It is language infected by positive vision until, like that of Marlowe and the early Elizabethans, it takes on vigorous new rhythms and a fresh accretion of imagery. But it is also subject to all the objections that we commonly raise against rhetoric. It is the reflection of ideas and values which have not yet been wholly assimilated by the sensibility, so that at times Kassner seems to be resolving his conflicts by a kind of verbal self-hypnosis. From the standpoint of its author's work as a whole "Days of Wrath" is almost certain to be regarded as a momentary lapse from that full conviction about his theme which made possible the highly disciplined art of "Man's Fate." Its excitement resides too much in a certain use of language and too little in the ordering of materials.

WILLIAM TROY

The Machinery of World Peace

ON THE RIM OF THE ABYSS. By James T. Shotwell. The Macmillan Company. \$3.

THE title of Dr. Shotwell's book does not imply, as one might assume at first sight, that the world is about to plunge headlong from a precarious precipice into the chaos of war and revolution. It refers to a figure of speech once used by M. Paul-Boncour, who "pictured the nations as in an abyss shaped in concentric circles which, from the outer rim of greatest security, constantly narrow as they deepen toward the center of the gulf where those reside who are most threatened by war and have suffered most from it." Since the danger of war menaces various nations in widely differing degrees, their obligation to take military action in case of aggression should be correspondingly graded. In a universal system of collective security built "in concentric circles of graded responsibilities for the maintenance of peace" the United States, according to Dr. Shotwell, would stand on "the outer rim" of the abyss, but not beyond the danger zone of war. The task he undertakes in this volume is to describe the forms of cooperation which the United States could establish with the League of Nations while remaining outside its membership.

Dr. Shotwell begins his argument like one who has tasted the Dead Sea fruit of disillusionment and has measured the distance between ideal and reality. He opposes both the doctrinaire pacifists, who reject all solutions falling short of unworldly perfection, and the doctrinaire isolationists, who would preserve the United States under a glass bell, free from the taint of outside political—but not economic—contacts. His middle-of-the-road program contemplates an arrangement by which the United States, without joining the League, could participate in the Council or Assembly whenever its interests were involved, thus avoiding the misunderstandings, cross-purposes, and duplication of effort which characterized the Manchurian and Chaco affairs. The United States, under Dr. Shotwell's scheme, "would have the negative duty of not impeding the pacific processes of the world community, but could not be looked to for those positive measures"—under the bugaboo Articles X and XVI of the Covenant—"which even the European states are unwilling to take unless they coincide with national self-interest."

Dr. Shotwell's argument thus appears to be based on a restudy of the role which the League may be expected to play in world politics, as demonstrated by Japan's invasion of Manchuria and Italy's conquest of Ethiopia. The cause of the League, in his opinion, is by no means hopeless; "but it is obvi-

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ously at a crisis that calls for the strictest realism." Yet far from displaying such realism, Dr. Shotwell answers the major problems of our day with copy-book aphorisms, making no effort to translate them into terms of effective international action. Such general statements as "police action is not enough by itself to maintain peace"; "the only way out of the vicious circle . . . is by genuine loyalty to the system of collective security and by real effort to make Article XIX [regarding treaty revision] a more effective means for granting justice"; "collective security must mean real security"; "social justice is the basis of permanent peace"; the choice which confronts us "depends upon whether the procedure of peaceful change can really be made effective"—all these statements, while good and wholesome in themselves, are only jumping-off places for a process of thought which Dr. Shotwell fails to pursue.

To take only one important issue which hangs over the world like the sword of Damocles: what constitutes "justice" in international affairs? Is there such a thing as abstract justice? When we speak of "justice for Germany" do we mean a settlement which would satisfy Hitler, such as absorption of Austria or the German part of Czecho-Slovakia by the Third Reich, or a settlement which would take into consideration the interests of the international community as a whole? Does "justice" require the return of Germany's African colonies—or would this represent "injustice" to the natives, handed over to the rule of a government intoxicated with racial superiority? Can treaty revision, even if theoretically desirable, be effected today without resort to war? When Hitler or Mussolini attempts to gain his ends by aggression, should we make concessions in the hope of pacifying the aggressor or at least localizing the conflict, or should we resist dictatorships on the march by force if necessary?

Instead of probing these and kindred questions, Dr. Shotwell spends most of his time tinkering with the machinery of international peace, adding here a screw, there a piston, in the hope of making it work. Yet important as is the development of international institutions, it should not be allowed to overshadow the substance of life itself. The mere drafting and signing of new treaties will not advance the cause of peace. What we need is not more or better machinery, but sterner determination to use such instruments as are already available. Where there is a will to peace, a way will be found. Without the will, all the peace machinery which can be invented in the research laboratories of the world will prove so much useless scrap. In this critical period our crying need is not for engineers familiar with structural problems but for social philosophers who can tell the engineers the ends their building must serve. One looks in vain in Dr. Shotwell's book for a well-defined philosophy of international relations.

VERA MICHELES DEAN

Fable in Naples

SANFELICE. By Vincent Sheean. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

MR. SHEEAN has found the fable for his new novel in Naples at the close of the eighteenth century. A boorish king and a rapacious queen have ground the city under their heel and bled it dry. Queen Caroline, the real ruler, abhors the French, who guillotined her sister, Marie Antoinette, and adores the English; Lady Hamilton is her confidante, Nelson her hero. Through England she hopes to regain Malta for her kingdom, and with outrageous assertiveness she sends an army to fight the French in northern Italy. The campaign fails,

and the court abandons Naples for Palermo. French troops, with Italian Jacobin refugees in their train, advance upon Naples, subdue a beggarly mob which has remained royalist, and set up a republic. But the infant republic, with no confederate except a France too busy to help it and with all the rest of Europe for its enemy, soon topples; its leaders are imprisoned and executed; and the old regime is reestablished.

This is the background to "Sanfelice"—an interesting and formidable background not empty of historic lessons. The parallel with pre-revolutionary France is obvious. We have an oppressed and mismanaged kingdom with every incentive for overthrowing the dominant order. We have incendiaries and *philosophes* prepared to agitate and lead. We have an army, even if a foreign one, prepared to effect the transfer of power. But the parallel is incomplete, and for two excellent reasons the adventure miscarries. First, the masses will not turn against their masters; second, the little republic becomes a pawn in international politics and, unaided at home, is annihilated from outside.

In so far as he has played the historian Mr. Sheean has drawn for us a vivid picture of an ill-fated revolution, explaining why it took place and why it failed. In so far as this is true, "Sanfelice" jibes well enough with the social awareness of our times and stands in little danger of being underrated as a contribution to social literature. The danger is all, indeed, in the opposite direction, and because Mr. Sheean also wrote "Personal History," I suspect that "Sanfelice" will be over-emphasized for its revolutionary utterances, for its expression of historical materialism, for its use of the past to assay the present, for anything and everything, that is, except for being a fairly orthodox historical novel. Yet despite the implications of the story's background, it remains an orthodox historical novel at heart, and will do little toward "informing" anyone not previously informed. I do not mean that it wholly lacks significance, or that the story of the lustrous Sanfelice is mere cloak-and-sword melodrama. But neither do I believe that, say, "A Tale of Two Cities" is wholly without significance, or a mere cloak-and-sword melodrama.

The Sanfelice herself is the kind of woman described in such blurb-French phrases as *grande passion* and *femme fatale*, and to my mind she is almost as stale as the phrases. An aristocratic Neapolitan married to a rotter who abandons her, she takes up with a bourgeois Jacobin, becomes embroiled in politics because she is sunk in love, remains royalist at heart while by the merest accident she is hailed as the Mother of the Revolution, and ends her life on the scaffold. As a woman she fails in these pages to transmit her glamor. As a symbol, her revolutionary role is, by Mr. Sheean's own showing, a mere coincidence—historically she is not integral to the narrative; and in order to make her carry the burden of the tale Mr. Sheean has to sharpen rather too patently his wiles as a novelist. She is the most important and the least interesting character in the book. Some of the other characters—her mother, her lover, the Duke of Lauriano—are at least striking if not quite real, while the unspeakable Queen becomes a stage character of commanding vividness. One would have been angrier with her, however, had not Mr. Sheean been so angry himself.

The romantic baggage of "Sanfelice" has not only constituted a limitation; it has been a danger. It invests the book with a tinge of something meretricious. There are varieties of romance, and I think that Mr. Sheean has hit upon the very worst kind possible. He has chosen the tone of romantic irony, which is romanticism gone highbrow, and such irony is never too far from either phoniness or sentimentality. It is in the mode of a James Branch Cabell to make the Sanfelice both heroine and

martyr of a cause she never understood or believed in. Surely the honors of the book might better have gone to an agitator, a careerist, a vacillating intellectual, a man or woman of will, or even to some anonymous befuddled member of the mob. To hand them over to a woman whose only language was passion, to a woman who even failed to want power, instrument though she was at times of other people's lives, was not the way to articulate the past or explain the precepts of history. Nor to my mind does this highly geared but feebly drawn lady much adorn a novel either. She decoyed Mr. Sheean into a theatrical mood, which was unfortunate enough in itself; but she failed to be good theater, which was fatal.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

"O Time in Your Flight"

WHO OWNS AMERICA? Edited by Herbert Agar and Allen Tate. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.

THIS is a symposium by the "Nashville agrarians," together with recruits to their company since the earlier book, "I'll Take My Stand," was published. Their philosophy and its application have broadened in the interval. While desire to rectify the culture of the South is still their starting-point, they recognize that this requires changes in the national economy.

Several things are to be said for these authors in the beginning, before any word of adverse comment. They are competent writing men, and so express their ideas attractively. They are publicists, trying to think of the general advantage, never seeking to serve selfish or local interest. They do not whine, but go resolutely about the work of convincing the average reader of the usefulness of their proposals. They represent very much more than a disgruntled literary rejoinder. Furthermore, human beings are the end and aim of their social thinking; they see the necessity of making abundant room for the development of moral values.

Fundamentally they object to the consequences of matured capitalism, with its functionless ownership, its concentration of control in a few hands, its separation of workers from production for their own use, its urbanization of the population. Recently they have been influenced by the exhibits of Messrs. Berle and Means, by the new emphasis upon regionalism, by the accounts of Scandinavia's successful attacks upon private monopoly, by the TVA and the Resettlement Administration. Fascism and the totalitarian state have stirred them to fresh efforts to prevent the small business men and independent farmers of America from flocking to the support of dictatorship.

But their thought has not struck deep enough into either the causes of their complaints or the construction of their own remedies. They fail to understand that they are not contending against social wilfulness and neglect but against a development which, by and large, was inevitable, and which was foretold ninety years ago. Their remedies are legislative or hortatory. They are utopians in the sense that they do not take account of the vitality of the forces which oppose them. They repeatedly lapse into mere wishful thinking. Nor are they at all consistent. They deplore the extension of state authority, and yet the intricate opportunist reforms which they advocate would require governmental action at every turn. The individual rather than the group is in their minds, yet they have to count upon all sorts of collective undertakings.

In economic matters one feels that they suffer from "the tyranny of the unread." Were they acquainted with the staples



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of Socialist literature, they would themselves want to throw out half of this volume. We cannot recapture the practice of colonial and frontier America or restore its spirit through the self-reliance of subsistence farmers. Capitalism is not so much a misfortune as it is a fact; having come so far with capitalism, we must go farther and regain liberty by collectivist, not by individualist, means. The giant corporation which owns America is the prelude to the reassertion of common ownership. The whole social structure embodies a principle of growth which may be prompted and guided and checked but may not be gainsaid. It is useless to repine for what might have been. It could never have been. The country has gone through phases, and our hope is in the control of a new phase, not in return to an old one. Revolt against the devastating effects of capitalism upon culture is natural, particularly to sensitive minds, but to nourish nostalgia for vanished institutions is to cry down the wind.

The agrarians begin to arrive at a cohesiveness which sets them off, in their own view, at least, against the proletarian writers who are moved by economic determinism. The agrarians, who are really literary men rather than students of society, consider that there is too much mechanistic economics in the novels of revolt. This may be true, but the agrarians possess too little grasp of economic trends. They too easily become lyrical in impossible plans. They do not accept the first rule of good art, which is that of remaining within the limitations of one's medium. A good example in this collection is Andrew Lytle's article, *The Small Farm Secures the State*. This is Washington Irving revived for incredulous modern readers. These authors see visions and listen to voices. It is too harsh to say that they may next be turning to pastoral poetry, but every now and then, in these pages, one thinks one hears the shepherd's flute.

BROADUS MITCHELL

Art as Discipline

STORIES OF THREE DECADES. By Thomas Mann. Translated from the German by H. T. Lowe-Porter. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.50.

THE twenty-four tales here brought together represent all Thomas Mann's shorter fiction over a period of more than thirty years, ranging from *Little Herr Friedemann*, published in 1897, to *Mario and the Magician*, published in 1929. If, as Mann urges somewhat whimsically in his preface, the volume constitutes "an autobiography in the guise of a fable" as well, the fable is easily deducible from the autobiography. His earliest novel, *"Buddenbrooks,"* published when he was twenty-five, furnishes in itself a sufficiently fabulous index to a talent that was, apparently, dedicated to its craft from birth, with all its sacred books thoroughly committed to memory.

Few living writers have achieved a place in the sun as early in youth as Thomas Mann, or sustained their high position with a similar purposefulness. The range and variety of his major novels, moreover, make it clear—if testimony of this sort is at all needful—that Mann has shunned the repetitious in his work almost as scrupulously as he has shunned the synthetic and the second-rate. Every new novel, as well as his finest *Novellen*, has been in the nature of a decision purchased at the free expenditure of energies such as only the most complete and complex spirits have it in them to give out. Like the Tonio of his admirable story, he has pursued his craft "not like a man who works that he may live, but as one who is bent on doing nothing but work," confident throughout that "he who lives does not work; that one must die to life in order to be

utterly a creator." His exacting concern in matters of form and technique has only added to the enormity of his labors. Gifted with a sensitivity unusual among his countrymen, he has steadfastly refused to sanction the irresponsible lyricism—as Romain Rolland in France and Bunin in Russia have not—in which sense impressions are employed to substitute ecstasy for information. "Feeling, warm heartfelt feeling," he declares in the person of Tonio, "is always banal and futile; only the irritations and icy ecstasies of the artist's corrupted nervous system are artistic. . . . The very gift of style, of form and expression, is nothing else than this cool and fastidious attitude toward humanity." Instead, he has preferred to believe, with Gustav Aschenbach, aging protagonist of *Death in Venice*, that the artist is "happiest with an idea which can become all emotion, and an emotion all idea."

At its finest, his work takes its polish from a conflict between discipline at its most strenuous and feeling at its highest, wherein abrasive surfaces are turned upon one another like millstones, and instead of generating chaos, refine the grist of experience between them. In all these stories, even the most trivial, the terrific and sustained impact of intellect upon passion and passion upon intellect, of art as a vital principle in the process of devising forms to contain itself, of germinal forces directed, not upon a void or an ego, but upon living materials, becomes almost physically oppressive. There comes to mind, time and again, the figure of Aschenbach, whose greatest works were "heaped up to greatness in layer after layer, in long days of work, out of hundreds and hundreds of single inspirations," and who devoted "to actual composition none but his best and freshest hours."

Just such a method, doubtless, has been as instrumental in creating a *Death in Venice* as a "Magic Mountain." One is, however, compelled to admit that its effect has by no means been entirely good in certain of the major pieces here collected. A story of such magical potentialities as *A Man and His Dog*, for example, necessitating as it does a lyric approach that is free, graceful, and not without quality of artlessness, has been at least partially stifled by over-refinement. *Fiorenza*, the lengthy drama in three acts, is similarly, though with more artistic justice, enervated by an urbanity too rigidly held within formal reservoirs. It is only in the more clinical appraisals of temperament, such as *The Blood of the Walsungs*, *Felix Krull*, and *Mario and the Magician*—each more admirable than the other—that the imposition of powerful technical restraints is completely vindicated as a discipline of first importance.

It remains in the end, perhaps, a difference between degrees of inspiration, rather than between inferior or superior methods of approach. Given a theme of great intrinsic subtlety such as *Death in Venice*, or a theme of great intrinsic poignancy such as *Disorder and Early Sorrow*, or a theme of great intrinsic moral earnestness such as *Mario and the Magician*, the emotional counterpoint summoned up to sustain and convey it to the page adequately complements the ideational. In the less impassioned sketches which make up a large portion of the book, wherein emotion cannot keep pace with idea, it is perhaps sufficient that Mann should say, as in *A Gleam*, "Hush! Let us look into a human soul. On the wind, as it were, and only in passing, only for a page or so," and conclude as summarily with, "We stop here. No more, it is enough. Just this one priceless detail." If it is true that the point of departure in cases of this sort is precisely the point at which emotion should transcend and irradiate art, it is hardly any less true that Mann has, in each of his major pieces, achieved brilliantly this very perfection of synthesis, and in so doing, achieved the perfection of art itself.

BEN BELITT

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Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

THE Soviet Union is by far the most important event of our own time. In history it is a major landmark in the stirring, unromantic struggle of man, the primitive communist, to assimilate his own inventions and the gigantic fruits of his collective labor, and arrive at a final form of communism which will be a heaven on earth, paved with gold perhaps but requiring no death certificate for entry and equipped with the latest thing in streamlined bathrooms and all the arts of life.

It is no wonder that the first settlement on the high plateau of socialism should have aroused the curiosity of all peoples in an intensely personal sense. It is not surprising, either, that that little band of men and women who do the world's reporting was thrown completely off its base by a major event in world history. It is nevertheless a pity that most reporting on the socialist outpost has been either glorification or slander and that the reality of Soviet Russia has seldom broken through. The little men on the right have seized upon every backward element in a country just emerging from the Middle Ages and ascribed it to socialism. The little men on the left have indulged in a form of utopianism which would have offended Marx even more deeply than that of his own day, for if lying rosily about the future seemed to him "silly, stale, and basically reactionary," what would he have thought of romanticizing the first experimental station in socialism?

It is, of course, impossible to be impartial in reporting Soviet Russia for the reason, already implied, that every living being is too deeply involved in what it represents to see it with cold eyes. It is possible to be honest. And when scrupulous honesty is combined with a talent for recognizing and setting down significant detail, we get such an account as that which makes up the second half of Edmund Wilson's observations in two democracies. Its tone is that of a man talking off the top of his mind. Its form is casual, to give play to those quick, often violent, shifts of scene and feeling which make a Soviet journey one of the most stimulating as well as one of the most exhausting of modern experiences. But the accuracy, both emotional and pictorial, with which Mr. Wilson has set down a traveler's-eye view of Soviet life and Russian character indicates with what care the observer, as writer, ordered his materials. For another reason, although the form is casual, the effect is not. There is evident throughout an intense determination to be completely truthful in the face of a world-shaking phenomenon, "a new set of social dimensions," and this intensity gives to the whole an emotional force that binds together its apparently casual parts. Such an attitude, of course, leads Mr. Wilson to commit, in the name of reality, many a sin against left utopianism, for he reports the ridiculous, the inefficient, and the reactionary in Soviet life as well as its noble, delightful, intelligent, and moving aspects. But it also adds great weight to the affirmation with which the book closes.

"Travels in Two Democracies" is interesting from another point of view, in that it records the impact of the first socialist state upon the mind and heart of an American deeply concerned with the future of his own country. Mr. Wilson is already persuaded that socialism is the ultimate solution. He is even convinced that "the socialist ideal is more natural to us than to the Russians." But he has not yet seen devised a method for achieving socialism in a petty-bourgeois democracy whose population is not simply part slave and part free and therefore bound to proceed to a decisive conflict, but where almost every

individual is part slave and part free and therefore deprived of that desperate singleness of purpose which leads to action.

The search for a solution for America and for the American is in fact the theme of Mr. Wilson's book. The first section, U. S. A. November, 1932—May, 1934, is made up of miscellaneous articles and sketches ranging from a deadly analysis of Charles E. Mitchell to a visit to the author's old family home. This section lacks the unity of the Russian section. The quality of the writing, also, is uneven. It does serve as a stock-taking of past and present, and as prelude to a Soviet journey.

Mr. Wilson's "final reflections" are illuminating and interesting. He has already noted the sense of precariousness which hovers over the first socialist settlement. "Here, even by the tomb of Lenin, . . . the fate of humanity itself must sometimes seem precarious. They must sometimes be haunted as we are by a terror lest all we have done and are doing may lose its meaning and value, and slide back to ruin again." It is not surprising that his strongest impression of the Russians is one of extraordinary heroism in all walks of life. "And the effect of this," he writes, "is very sobering. Only idiots gush about Russia. Only idiots pretend that life there is easy." It is this heroic determination in the face of great odds to establish socialism on a firm basis which makes the traveler in the Soviet Union feel that he is "at the moral top of the world where the light never really goes out." As for America, Mr. Wilson is convinced that "American republican institutions, disastrously as they are always being abused, have some permanent and absolute value," and that they will not necessarily be destroyed in the course of the transformation of society.

Mr. Wilson ends his reflections with a paragraph on Lenin's relationship to the Russian people, which every traveler to Russia must have felt. It is, as he points out, a central force in Russian socialist life. I came upon it on a Black Sea steamer when I talked to a woman from Leningrad who had been a young girl in 1917. The name of Stalin lit no fires, but when I asked her if she had seen Lenin, her eyes lighted up and her reply was the Russian word which means both beautiful and red. Lenin, she said, was "krassivy, krassivy." Mr. Wilson has offended some communist partisans by his elevation of an individual, even though it be Lenin himself, who had the genius to evoke from the "loose and sluggish plasm" of his countrymen "all those triumphs to which life must rise and to which he thought himself the casual guidepost." Mr. Wilson himself would probably be quick to agree that neither masses nor leader can function one without the other. Meanwhile American itself offers the best example of the helplessness of masses waiting to be led but without leaders possessed of that accuracy of insight and courage of judgment which Mr. Wilson celebrates.

MARGARET MARSHALL

The Instincts of a Bard

A FURTHER RANGE. By Robert Frost. Henry Holt and Company. \$2.50.

IT IS a hard thing to say of a man grown old and honored in his trade, that he has not learned it. Yet that is what Mr. Frost's new volume, with its further range into matters of politics and the social dilemma, principally demonstrates. The new subjects, as they show themselves poetic failures, reflect back and mark out an identical weakness in poems on the old subjects. It is a weakness of craft, and it arises from a weakness, or an inadequacy, in the attitude of the poet toward the use and substance of poetry as an objective creation—as something others may use on approximately the same level as the poet did. Mr. Frost is proud of his weakness and expresses it

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THE *Nation* ANNOUNCES...

Two changes of importance to those who use *The Nation* in reference work will be made soon.

Date of Issue—The date of issue of *The Nation* will be advanced from Wednesday following the day of publication to Saturday. There will be no change in the day of publication. The next issue, on sale in the East on Thursday, June 25, will be dated Saturday, June 27, 1936.

Volume Numbers—In accordance with the American Recommended Practice for Reference Data for Periodicals, beginning with the issue of July 4, 1936, the Volume data will appear in Arabic numerals. Numbers within the volume will progress from 1 to 26. There will be two volumes published each year, as now, beginning January and July. The issue of June 27, 1936 will be Volume CXLII, Number 3704. The issue of July 4, 1936 will be Volume 143, No. 1.

in the form of an apothegm at the close of the poem called To a Thinker.

At least don't use your mind too hard,
But trust my instinct—I'm a bard.

If we may distinguish, and for more than the purposes of this review, a bard is at heart an easygoing versifier of all that comes to hand, and hence never lacks either a subject or the sense of its mastery; and a poet is in the end, whatever he may be at heart, a maker in words, a true imager, of whatever reality there was in his experience, and every resource of the mind must be brought to bear, not only to express his subject, to transform what Mr. Frost means by instinct into poetry, but also to find his subject, to know it when he sees it among the false host of pseudo-subjects. These are the labors of craft—in relation to which the bard's labors are often no more than those of a pharmacist compounding a prescription by formula. In the old bards we look mostly for history, in the modern for escape. Swinburne is the type of modern bard, Yeats of the modern poet. It may be that by accident a bard is also a poet—as Swinburne was; but a poet who writes with only the discipline of a bard writes unfinished poetry of uncertain level and of unequal value. That is the situation of Mr. Frost; and when, as now, he attempts to make poems of his social reactions without first having submitted them to the full travail of the poetic imagination, the situation becomes very clear.

More precisely, taking the longest and most "serious" poem in the book, Build Soil—A Political Pastoral, which is a blank-verse dialogue between Tityrus the poet and Meliboeus the subsistence farmer, we find not poetry but an indifferent argument for a "one-man revolution" turned into dull verse. As bad religious poetry versifies the duty of an attitude toward God, bad social poetry versifies the need of an attitude toward society. Both the duty and the need may be genuine and deeply felt—it is our stock predicament and the great source of fanaticism and deluded action—but before either attitude can become poetry it must be profoundly experienced not only in intention but in the actuality of words. It is the object of craft, and only craft can secure the performance, to complete and objectify the act of experience. Craft in poetry is not limited to meter and rhyme, cadence and phrasing, gesture and posture, to any of the matters that come under the head of incantation, though it must have all these; for great poetry, craft is the whole act of the rational imagination. It must combine the relish and hysteria of words so as to reveal or illuminate the underlying actuality—I do not say logic—of experience.

Mr. Frost does not resort to the complete act of craft. His instincts as a bard do not drive him to the right labor, the complete labor, except by accident and fragmentarily, in a line here and a passage there. In a sense, his most complete and successful poems, the short landscape images where versification seems almost the only weapon of craft needed, are unfinished fragments. The good lines emphasize the bad, the careless, and the irrelevant, and make them intolerable; which is most often the case in activities which depend at critical points upon instinct. Instinct is only dependable in familiar circumstances, and poetry seldom reveals the familiar. A consideration of Desert Places, which is as good as any poem in the book, will show what I mean.

Snow falling and night falling fast oh fast
In a field I looked into going past,
And the ground almost covered smooth in snow,
But a few weeds and stubble showing last.

The woods around it have it—it is theirs.
All animals are smothered in their lairs.

I am too absent-spirited to count;
The loneliness includes me unawares.

And lonely as it is that loneliness
Will be more lonely ere it will be less—
A blanker whiteness of benighted snow
With no expression, nothing to express.

They cannot scare me with their empty spaces
Between stars on stars where no human race is.
I have it in me so much nearer home
To scare myself with my own desert places.

The same profound instinct that produced the first two stanzas of observation becoming insight allowed Mr. Frost to end his poem with two stanzas of insight that fails to reach the viable point of becoming observation. It may, practically, be a matter of bad rhyming in the fourth stanza, of metrical shapelessness in the third; but at the bottom, in so ambitious a poet as Mr. Frost, it must have been instinct that made the second pair of stanzas evade the experience forced into them by the first pair.

R. P. BLACKMUR

Social-Security Tactics

INSECURITY, A CHALLENGE TO AMERICA. By Abraham Epstein. Third (revised) Edition. Random House. \$4.

WITH characteristic incisiveness Abraham Epstein has rechristened the Social Security Act "our Social Insecurity Act." Such pointed comment from a leader whose sincerity and vigor compel respect has caused consternation among many of his admirers. In the third edition of his "Insecurity, a Challenge to America," he retreats not at all but restates his views in more extended form.

The "insurance" features of the act—the old-age benefits and the unemployment-compensation programs—are the principal object of his attack, and properly so. The old-age benefits are both ethically and economically unsatisfactory. There is little social justice in a scheme that places upon the shoulders of those in the lower-income groups the major part of the cost not only of their own old-age security but also of the "unearned annuities to be paid after 1942 to those who are now old." There is as little economic wisdom in the gargantuan reserve resulting from the naive embodiment of private-insurance principles into a social-insurance plan. This financial snowball will be difficult to control and have unpredictable, but certainly disturbing, effects on the economic system.

The provisions in the act for unemployment compensation are even more sharply condemned. Mr. Epstein points out that the federal government has shirked its plain duty of establishing minimum standards of protection in the face of a surprisingly unanimous plea for them from labor leaders, social workers, and experts. Indeed, the federal government has studiously sought to leave the states free to set up almost any type of compensation system. Thus the door is left "wide open to any weak and harmful provisions local politicians may see fit to enact." The adoption of the tax-offset device instead of the more convenient and widely urged subsidy, or grant-in-aid, to facilitate state action, further obstructs federal prescription of minimum standards and in addition exposes the act to more serious constitutional challenge. Its administrative complexity must also intensify the opposition to be expected from employers.

Mr. Epstein by his well-grounded and forcefully expressed criticisms raises three perplexing questions: Do the faults of the act justify references to "the failure of the Social Security

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Act" and the change of title that he has suggested? Is it tactically desirable to oppose the act in these terms? Why was the act passed in so faulty a form? Mr. Epstein discriminates between major and minor defects. "The defects involved in the old-age-retirement plan can easily be remedied since it is based on a sound national plan. Changes can be made without difficulty in the contributions and benefits. The huge reserves can be eliminated." He believes that the provisions for grants-in-aid to encourage the setting up of state pensions for the aged, the blind, and dependent children may be strengthened by more stringent federal control of standards, although here he seems somewhat optimistic. The unemployment-compensation program, on the other hand, can be made satisfactory only by radical change. Clearly, the weaknesses of the various parts of the act are not all equally fundamental.

The trenchancy of Epstein's attack is influenced by his fear that the present act "must affect adversely the fate of a constructive social-insurance movement in the United States." The work of years may be destroyed by "unnecessary blunders." But in considering the best tactical approach to this imperfect act it must be remembered that political reactions are guided more by the emphatic sweeping phrase than by carefully guarded words. There is a danger that Epstein's own striking phrases of wholesale condemnation may cause the American people to "become so disillusioned that they will cast out the entire act, good and bad, and conclude that social insurance is beyond the capacity of our government."

The faults of the act cannot be attributed to either experts or social reformers. In small measure they may be due to the technical complexities in the act which hindered criticism in the legislative process. In greater measure they are due to the absence of widespread conviction that any plan to give social security to the poor at their own expense is a bad plan, and to the presence of a belief that it is better for the states to be free to do little or nothing than for the federal government to provide real security. Satisfactory social security awaits a more general acceptance both of the use of the taxing power to reduce inequalities of wealth, and of the extension of federal action in fields where the states are impotent.

EVELINE BURNS

Much About a Little Man

THOMAS DE QUINCEY. A BIOGRAPHY. By Horace Ainsworth Eaton. Oxford University Press. \$5.

DE QUINCEY AT WORK. By Willard Hallam Bonner. Buffalo: Airport Publishers.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY was little in almost every way. He stood only two or three inches above five feet; his courteous and intellectual face consorted queerly with one who walked so much like a spider—"with an odd one-sided, and yet straightforward, motion, moving his legs only, and neither his arms, head, nor any other part of his body"; he was both fussy and inefficient, both grandiose and procrastinating; and he never came within a million miles of writing the great books he rather humorlessly dreamed of writing. He fancied himself a philosopher who "should accomplish a great revolution in the intellectual condition of the world," but he ended up as one who had written chiefly about himself, his habits, his eccentricities, his dreams; or, if not about himself, then about an assortment of second-rate subjects ranging from the sentimental to the macabre. He was a man, in other words, for whom it has been difficult to have respect.

Yet here from Mr. Eaton's hand is a biography of more than

five hundred pages dealing with every known aspect of De Quincey's existence; and in it De Quincey becomes more interesting than many men who have been greater. He turns out to have deserved so formidable and excellent a book, every leisurely page of which is sure to be read by anyone who makes the start, and every intonation of which is in perfect biographical taste. Mr. Eaton is neither worshipful nor unsympathetic toward his subject; he merely knows him through and through, and has the art to leave him in our minds as an object of clear and sober yet fascinating knowledge. Whoever reads what Mr. Eaton has written will know an individual as few individuals have been known.

One sign of this in the reader will be the discovery that he has no judgments to pass upon De Quincey. No moral judgments; the thousand drops of laudanum per day, the perpetual insolvency, the almost unimaginable inefficiency, the dreaminess, the foolishness—these will not even have to be forgiven in view of the far more interesting fact that they were. And no intellectual judgments either; it will not matter in the least that De Quincey was less the artist and the philosopher than he thought he was; the quality of his mind will be forgotten in its nature. We are won by the creature before we know it, and it may not occur to us to wish that he had been otherwise than exactly what he was. We learn to put up with as many as a hundred pages detailing the full story of his pitiful war with creditors—pitiful, and somewhat ridiculous too, and yet in the end a war in which we recognize De Quincey as the little champion whose colors we wear. Nor are we bored, as in another case we might be, by the perennial tedium of a magazine writer's relations with his editors; for De Quincey was never anything but a magazine writer, a desperate searcher after subjects, a haunted contributor whose letters explaining his delays were often complained of as too long to be convincing. He lived a literary dog's life, and we should despise it; but we do not for the simple reason that we see it being lived, and seeing it are moved both to compassion and to admiration. It is almost as if Mr. Eaton had been free to create De Quincey, and had done so in this book. Perhaps that is indeed what he has done, notwithstanding the evident fact that he never invents or supposes.

He leaves all sorts of things to be discovered or put together by the reader. It is only in footnotes, for instance, that one learns how long-lived the De Quinceys were. Thomas's mother was born in the early 1750's and one of his daughters died in 1917; not bad for a man who took opium all his adult life and himself endured to be seventy-four. Mr. Eaton, partly because he knows how to make comment unnecessary, seldom pauses in his narrative to indulge in criticism of any kind. When he does so he is telling; as when he remarks that De Quincey's "was a nature of much reason and little judgment," or emphasizes the importance for one who was to write so much about dreams of his having mastered "a great and precise vocabulary" and "large prose rhythms."

It is not slighting Mr. Bonner's book to consider it as an appendix to Mr. Eaton's. It consists of letters, new or newly edited, written by De Quincey or his daughters during the last decade of his life. Most of them concern the collected editions of his works which were being published by James T. Fields in Boston and by James Hogg in Edinburgh, though there is much in them of a delightfully incidental nature. They leave Mr. Eaton's picture of this decade precisely as it was; nor is it surprising to learn from their two prefaces that Mr. Eaton and Mr. Bonner were in possession of each other's information as they worked.

MARK VAN DOREN

FILMS

Unsettled Accounts

HOW to disturb an audience is of course as big a problem in the cinema as in the theater. Director Fritz Lang has been highly successful with the problem in his first American movie, made after more than a year of idleness in Hollywood. One might say too successful, for "Fury" (Capitol) is disturbing for the wrong reason: the problem it poses is entirely unresolved at the close. The audience is subjected to a high degree of strain during the cumulative course of the film, but one's emotions are unpurged at the end, for the catharsis is incomplete. Mr. Lang and his associates have disregarded an important corollary to disturbing an audience, that is, calming it by fulfilling its aroused expectations.

There is no misunderstanding the abhorrence with which the makers of "Fury" regard lynching. The directorial presentation of the good citizens of Strand, U.S.A., burning the jail from which they cannot snatch Joe Wilson is quite clear; to make it even clearer Mr. Lang later anatomizes every horrible detail of the mob in the newsreel shots used at the trial. But "Fury" is the story of Joe Wilson, and it is also clear that his vow, after his escape, to have the lynchers destroyed by the machinery of legal justice is a bitter and tragic one, for it means his self-destruction. At this point the film is already complete as tragedy. Joe Wilson has been changed from a sentimental and good-natured average man into an incurable victim of inhumanity; we await the resolution.

This is the meaning of lynching—not merely that human beings are capable of acting like beasts, but that the lives of two people we know, Joe and his girl, and the lives of twenty-two citizens are ruined by it. The story by Norman Krasna seemed to be a perfect invention for saying this. What are we to understand, then, when Joe Wilson enters the court just as the death sentences are being pronounced and saves his lynchers? That one man was capable of an act of perfect charity? But Wilson curses his lynchers in court and vows he'll never be the same again, although he has just performed the one act impossible to his altered character. What does "Fury" mean? Nobody's hurt; Joe and his girl are ready to marry and start life over, and the lynchers have had a big scare. The whole business is, I suppose, just one of those messes which human beings are always getting in and out of.

In directing the film Mr. Lang makes full and efficient use of his imagination only in presenting the mob and in creating small-town life. It is regrettable that he did not, or could not, make "Fury" the first-rate tragedy it might have been. Spencer Tracy as Wilson and Sylvia Sydney as the girl are handicapped by dull opening scenes, but their acting, particularly Miss Sydney's, improves as the film gains in intensity.

Alfred Hitchcock's long-awaited "Secret Agent" (Roxy) is another disappointment. As in "Fury" the situation is still unsettled at the end. The strain this time is a matter of mechanics rather than, as it should be, of suspense; the result is discomfiting rather than exhilarating. All the elements for an excellent spy film are there, including the dazzling trio of Madeleine Carrol, Peter Lorre, and John Gielgud; but the pace of the narrative is desperate, not easy, and the incontinent use of noise to emphasize emotion or situation, though it is in some cases effective, tends to become a substitute for emotion or situation itself.

ROBERT GIROUX

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By Louis Adamic

In The Nation (Next Week)

Letters to the Editors

ARAB AND JEW

Dear Sirs: Why must *The Nation* accompany the splendidly objective article by Albert Viton, *Why Arabs Kill Jews*, in the issue of June 3 with an editorial comment that seems to ignore the facts presented by Mr. Viton? Mr. Viton stresses how incidental and relatively superficial is the Jewish problem in Palestine as compared with the more extensive Arab nationalist revolt, which is directed against all outside aggression, be it British, French, or Jewish. *The Nation*, however, sees fit to characterize this movement editorially as "the private war which the Arabs are waging against the Jews in Palestine."

But *The Nation's* remedy for the situation is even more amazing for a radical journal. In my opinion it here reaches a low-water mark in its record for consistency and liberalism. It suggests that the rise in Jewish immigration be maintained and that the British use force to subdue the Arab protests.

Is *The Nation* in favor of force to put down nationalist movements in Egypt, India, China, Puerto Rico, and Ethiopia? Why does the presence of Jews on the Eastern shore of the Mediterranean put *The Nation* in a position where it must condone the use of imperialist force? Would it not be better to reexamine the premises of Zionism than to commit oneself to such a policy?

SAMUEL HALPERIN

Brooklyn, N. Y., June 10

[If Mr. Halperin will reread the paragraph to which he takes exception he will find that it deals with the actual disorders in Palestine. There was neither space nor need to drag in a general discussion of the whole Arab nationalist movement; more especially since it was dealt with in Mr. Viton's article, to which we called our readers' attention. As for the sentence supposedly suggesting a remedy for the situation, we ruefully admit that it was open to that interpretation. Our intention was to predict, not to recommend. Our attitude toward nationalist movements is likely to be determined in each specific instance by the nature of the movement itself and the circumstances which condition its rise and development. We are certainly not opposed to the Arab revolt against foreign imperialism. On

the other hand the situation in Palestine must be recognized for what it is. With some 375,000 Jews there who went in under British protection, the British government can hardly deny them protection now. Therefore it seems logical to predict that unless the Arab revolt can be settled peacefully, the British government will find itself unable to avoid the use of force.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Dear Sirs: Your Palestine correspondent, Albert Viton, makes several incorrect and misleading statements in his article *Why Arabs Kill Jews*. He gives a completely distorted picture of the Zionist position, even going so far as to misquote the Zionist leader, Ben Gurion.

"The Arab nationalists point out . . . that they are losing their country," writes Mr. Viton, citing in confirmation of this "loss" the growth of the Jewish population since 1919 and the sale of land to Jews. He might in all fairness have mentioned that in the same period the Arab population increased by 28 per cent. He might also have pointed out that 50 per cent of the land acquired by Jews was uninhabitable marsh and desert which Jewish pioneers made habitable through drainage and irrigation. Furthermore, when occupied land is purchased, the tenant must be provided with funds in order that he may establish himself elsewhere on the land in Palestine.

Mr. Viton states that "the Federation of Jewish Labor makes keeping work from Arabs one of its chief aims." He should have explained that the struggle for "Jewish labor" in Palestine is the struggle against the Jewish plantation owner who employs cheap, unorganized Arab labor in preference to organized Jewish workers. There is no danger of the Jew displacing the Arab worker. Arab opportunities for employment have increased tremendously since Jewish colonization, but the competition of the cheaper Arab is a constant menace to the Jewish worker in the very industries and agricultural developments created by Jews. Ben Gurion, in his speech against Jewish capitalists who replace unionized Jewish workers with exploited Arabs frequently imported from outside Palestine, did not say, as Mr. Viton wrote, "Just as it is unthinkable for a Jew to open a house of prostitution in one of the Jewish villages, so unthinkable must it

be for a Jew to employ Arabs." Ben Gurion really said, "To open a house of prostitution is a lesser disgrace than to deprive Jews of their labor on the soil of Palestine." (The Hebrew text of the speech appeared in *Haaretz* of March 10, 1932, and was reproduced in the Communist *Freiheit* of December 15, 1935.)

Mr. Viton also announces that only exceptional Jews want "peace and cooperation" with the Arabs, and that "every good Zionist sees the Arab as an unnecessary obstacle to his homeland dream." This statement is both vicious and irresponsible. Zionism is based on the belief, now borne out by experience, that with the introduction of modern methods of intensive agriculture Palestine can support a much larger population, Jewish and Arab, than it does at present. Jewish colonization is not only reclaiming a barren land but increasing its absorptive capacity. The growth of the Jewish population is accompanied by a steady increase of the Arab population as well as an improvement in its standard of living.

MARIE SYRKIN

New York, June 6

EDUCATE VERMONT!

Dear Sirs: I have been following your articles in *The Nation* concerning the Vermont marble strike with the greatest interest. I know many people in Rutland and my relatives live in Rutland. The damnable part about the whole frame-up is that the people in Vermont do not know the truth. Even friends I have talked with assume that everything is all settled and that the Proctors have been both fair and honorable in all their dealings with the "red element," as these good citizens insist the strikers are. The Rutland papers print only Proctor reports and propaganda, and with the state officials apparently in the pay of the Proctors a decent respect for rights, liberties, and our constitutional freedom is being dragged in the mud by Vermont. This is all the more ludicrous as these same good citizens are nearly all staunch old Republicans who are making a great hue and cry about preserving the Constitution.

I think it is possible to reach these good citizens and warn them. If each reader of *The Nation* would clip out your article in the issue of May 27 and mail it

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to his Vermont friends, asking them to read it and try to understand what is happening to freedom in Vermont, the force of united opinion might arouse them to a realization of the precipice toward which they are rushing.

STANLEY E. SAXTON

Saratoga Springs, N. Y., May 29

Dear Sirs: Replying to your favor of the fourteenth instant be assured I have been very much distressed at the Vermont Marble Company strike, but I believe that better conditions will come out of it. I believe that you have been somewhat misinformed. I sincerely hope and believe that happy conditions will be brought about.

CHARLES M. SMITH, Governor

Montpelier, Vt., May 28

HATS OFF TO MOTHER!

Dear Sirs: I have your communication requesting my stand on the question of removing hats in elevators. As you state, many people are confused on my position on the matter of hat-doffing. It seems that there have been conflicting newspaper reports, and I have also been accused of making conflicting statements.

You will understand that, on the one hand, I believe in progress; and, on the other hand, I also believe in observing our forefathers' customs. I believe that we should have the Wagner Labor Relations Act, the NRA, the AAA, and the Rural Resettlement, all of which are unconstitutional, and believe that we should do whatever it takes to get those acts. On the other hand, I revere our forefathers, especially those who wrote the Constitution, and also revere the fine old gentlemen who constitute the Supreme Court. I believe that something should be done. I believe that liberty is all right, but at the same time I do not believe that liberty is license. I believe that the spirit of optimism should prevail in this nation and that we should look forward to building a great nation in which to live and to bring up our children.

In reference to your question as to my definite position, I want you to know that I always will stand for Americanism, the fireside, and true beliefs. In this stand I do not believe that there is a man who will rise and oppose what I have had to say. Do you dare oppose a single thing that I say? Certainly not. I know you would not, because you are good Americans and you would not fly in the face of the home and a mother's heart.

MAURY MAVERICK

Washington, June 12

PROGRESSIVE EDUCATION IN BROOKLYN

Dear Sirs: It should be of interest to your readers, especially those living in Brooklyn, that a low-tuition, progressive school is opening in Brooklyn in September, in response to a long-felt need for progressive education among families of moderate means. It will be known as the Community School and will be housed in a modern, completely fire-proof building, at 2059 Bedford Avenue.

Even the most ardent adherents of progressive education find it difficult to circumvent the criticism that classes in progressive schools are too small and therefore do not afford an adequate social experience to the children in them. Since the depression, small classes have been growing smaller. The smaller the classes, the more sheltered is the school environment and the more difficult is it to prepare the child for the social scene outside.

The only way to liberate progressive schools from this dilemma is to enlarge classes to a point midway between the average of progressive schools and public schools. Elizabeth Irwin, director of the Little Red School House in Manhattan, pointed the way eight years ago. Large classes will make possible lower tuition fees, and lower tuition fees will attract a more democratic and cosmopolitan school population. In our school, as in most good progressive schools, academic subjects will receive enough attention to prepare children for accredited high schools, and the curriculum will be enriched by many creative activities, such as arts, crafts, and dramatics. Children will receive individual attention but not at the expense of their social development.

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Inquiries should be addressed to the undersigned at 247 East Fifty-seventh Street, New York.

AUGUSTA ALPERT, Director
New York, June 1

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CONTRIBUTORS

JAMES RORTY, having uncovered the feet of clay of the advertising business in "Our Master's Voice," is now doing the same for medicine in a *Nation* series.

STUART CHASE has lately returned from the Tennessee Valley, where he obtained the material for his series of articles, concluded in this issue.

THE POETS whose work appears in this issue are all in their early twenties and were among the contributors to Ann Winslow's anthology of college verse, "Trial Balances," published last fall. Since then Muriel Rukeyser has won enthusiastic recognition from the critics for her book of verse "Theory of Flight"; Josephine Miles has been the recipient of the Shelley Memorial Award for poetry; and Clark Mills has been awarded the annual *College Verse* prize. Lack of space has limited our choice, but it is our belief that the poems we have selected are sufficiently representative to warrant their publication here in a group.

EDMUND WILSON, literary critic and commentator on American life, has recently published "Travels in Two Democracies," the democracies being America and Soviet Russia.

WILLIAM TROY, formerly film critic of *The Nation*, is now in the English Department of Bennington College.

VERA MICHELES DEAN, editor of the Foreign Policy Association's publications, has long been a student of European affairs.

BROADUS MITCHELL is associate professor of political economy at Johns Hopkins University and author of "A Preface to Economics."

R. P. BLACKMUR is a critic and poet whose verse has appeared frequently in the *Virginia Quarterly Review*. He is the author of a book of essays on contemporary literary figures entitled "Double Agent."

EVELINE BURNS is a member of the Economics Department of Columbia University and the author of "Toward Social Security."

GEORGES SCHREIBER, *The Nation's* Washington pictorial correspondent, went to Cleveland to do the drawings appearing in this issue. That special look in the Hoover portrait is due to the fact that coming home on the train Mr. Schreiber sat opposite the ex-President at breakfast.

